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BLACKWOOD'S
MAGAZINE.

VOL. CLXXXI.

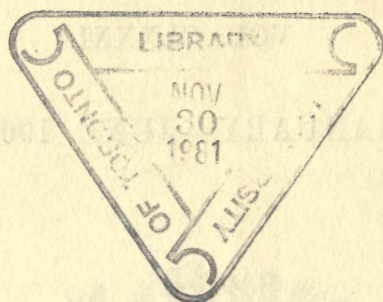
JANUARY—JUNE 1907.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;
AND
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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MXCV.

JANUARY 1907.

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VOL. CLXXXI.

THE JOINT IN THE HARNESS.

BY "OLE LUK-OIE,"
AUTHOR OF "THE KITE."¹

"A dreadful sound is in his ears: in prosperity the destroyer shall come upon him."—
(The Book of Job.)

"Railways are the arteries of modern armies. Vitality decreases when they are blocked, and terminates when they are permanently severed."—('Imperial Strategy,' 1906.)

I.

"HISS—click—*Bang*."

The monster pile sank perceptibly as the monkey descended with a thud, and the ooze at its foot quivered in ripples of protest which expanded into circles of silver where they caught the electric light. A gout of oil shooting out on to the mud formed a blot of nacreous colour, which, slowly fading as it spread, became lost in the film of scum. The steam pile-driver rained vicious blows with almost the precision of a Nasmyth hammer, its armoured-hose steam-pipe kicking convulsively in the air in a grotesque dance to the measure.

A young man sat in his shirt-sleeves smoking, watch in hand. He was a pleasant-looking young fellow—the engineer officer on duty. Every now and again he made a note in a pocket-book as he took the time, for he was timing progress. Slow work it seemed to him, this advance by inches, as each blow produced small visible result in the tenacious silt; but if slow it was sure and not entirely mechanical, for every stroke with its hiss-click-bang seemed to him to say in a tone of cheerful confidence, "*so-much-done*," "*so-much-DONE*." It was the pile-driver that regulated the progress.

¹ 'Maga,' June 1906.

The honest fellow who was apathetically jerking at the string of the steam regulator did not seem to be moved by any such thoughts. A sleek man, he puffed contentedly at his pipe, quite oblivious to the beautiful iridescence of the condensed steam and lubricating oil which showered over him from the exhaust at each stroke. His companion in this shower-bath sat on the edge of the coal-bunker, fumbling, after the fashion of his kind, with a piece of dirty waste. His gaze wandered from the wobbling needle of the pressure-dial to the water dancing up and down in the gauge-glass in the dim light of the oil-lamp. He occasionally rose and opened the furnace door to throw in a shovelful of coal, thus casting a warm red glow over the glistening objects at railhead. For this spot was "Railhead," which was to be hastily pushed across the river on this temporary pile-bridge at low level, pending the slower repair of the high-level girder-bridge—broken by the enemy.

The pile-driving machine was carried on a caterpillar-like truck of many wheels, some of which were clamped to the rails of the bridge. At its rear end was the boiler; in front, supported by long arms, which overhung the end of the bridge by some distance, was the gaunt framework and guide, almost hugging the pile which the monkey above was maltreating. The end of the bridge had reached a point about the centre of the river,

where the water shoaled on to a sandy mud-flat; but from below the many wheeled truck, back to the near bank of the river, the dark stream was swirling against the piles, a man's height underneath. So swift was the current, it was not good to gaze for long down between the sleepers at the oily water streaking past with a chuckle, from the moonlight into the shadow of the bridge and out into the light again. Behind the pile-driver, by the loaded trucks, waited a group of men. They were for the time all quite idle, pending the arrival of their turn with its allotted task. Some were lying asleep, some were leaning against trucks smoking, or sitting on the rails, head in hand, elbows on knees; others were squatting on the timbers playing a mysterious game of cards by the light of a naked candle, which burned steadily without a shade, so still was the air. In their dirty suits of dungaree, it was not possible to say exactly what these men were. To a soldier, however, the fact that these were soldiers was hinted at by the action of some. One was drumming with two bolts on a fish-plate, keeping time to the lilt of a rollicking rag-time air which a second was softly playing on a mouth-organ. Whatever their race,—for music-halls have made rag-time music international,—it was more like a soldier than an ordinary workman to produce a mouth-organ to keep things going in the small hours of the morning. Their talk settled the point:

they were soldiers—sappers to be exact.

Their task would soon come, when at the last stroke of the monkey a new pile would have to be hauled into position, or, if a pile-pier were completed, the heavy baulks be placed, and the sleepers and rails spiked down. Then the cumbersome, caterpillar truck would be slowly pushed forward over the creaking timbers of the newly-finished span to a fresh position, where its pæan of brute force would start again. Behind these men, along the pile-bridge, stretched a line of trucks loaded with baulks, rails, and sleepers; and alongside, down-stream, floated fresh piles, swaying to and fro in the stream as they waited to be towed out in their turn. In the half gloom they seemed like captive saurians, as the flood foamed against the blunt snouts and their wet edges gleamed.

There was bustle, there was haste, but there was also method on this low-level bridge. For long periods comparative calm reigned, with no sound but the hiss of steam, the rush of the water, the roar of the high-pressure flare-lights, the distant clang of the riveters' hammers on high, and the refrain of the pile-driver, monotonous on the night air as the tom-tom obligato of a Persian nautch-song. But when the whistles shrilled, this peace, such as it was, changed to turmoil, as sheaves squealed in the blocks, men grunted as they hove on the falls of tackles, and bolts and spikes were hammered

home. The insistent keynote of the scene was work—strenuous, unresting work.

The river was wide. Even allowing for the deceptive moonlight, it seemed a quarter of a mile from bank to bank. A burnished strip in the bright light of a full moon, it was dotted here and there with eyots that stood out dark. It flowed between steep banks at the bottom of an amphitheatre—a complete circle of hills, save for the gaps through which ran the river and the railway which had crossed it. Away on the far side, starting from a point on the dry sand, in prolongation of the pile-bridge, and swinging in a double curve up the steep bank, were a number of lights—smoking naphtha-lamps. Below, in the bed of the river, groups of men were digging out boulders, the metallic click of their crowbars sounding faintly across the water. Ant-like strings of workers were carrying the loosened stones to a causeway which was growing up in alignment with the bridge. Higher up, following the curve of lights, and silhouetted against clouds of illuminated dust, a swarm of toilers were excavating the cutting which was to take the steep deviation loop from the level of the pile-bridge up to the main line.

But after all, neither this bridge nor its approaches—though at present the centre of pressure and activity—were the feature of the scene; for right up, sixty feet above, loomed the broken high-level

bridge. With its huge girders and titanic piers it dwarfed its lowly neighbour and dominated the scene, its grandeur accentuated by the chasm of the break in its centre. In this gap stood three unharmed piers, like sentries, gaunt, black, and shining. A fourth—the damaged pier—was surrounded by a cluster of staging and tall derrick-masts, dripping ropes and tackle, and was completed on top by a funnel mouth, the undersides of which stood out darkly against the arc-light above. In the centres of three of the broken spaces were large timber stages, each in a different state of completion, but all alike in that they twinkled with lights and swarmed with men, some climbing, some in slings, but all hammering, boring, or sawing like demons. Between the piers lay the broken girders, moved to one side, half in half out of the water—a network of iron through which the muddy river foamed. Above the derricks and the tangle of cordage—carried on timber frames at intervals along the girders—two steel cables gleamed in the moonlight. Every few minutes, with the bleat of a motor-horn, a dark body, upon which glowed a red lamp, silently glided out upon them from one end of the bridge to a point above the broken pier. It stopped, a trap opened, and a glistening cascade of concrete poured with a rattle into the maw of the funnel and so down into the hollow iron pier. Then the dark body slid back

to its lair at the bridge end as silently as it had come out. Beyond, under the big girders, could be seen a floating bridge which stretched from bank to bank.

The spectacle of the colossal bridge reaching out majestically from each dim bank, with this gaping wound in its centre, was pathetic. The blank ends stood up opposite each other, dumb but reproachful witnesses of the havoc below.

From a little distance it was quite a fairy scene. The great harvest moon shone down, flooding the whole landscape with peaceful light. Above the high-level bridge the blinking arc-lamps shed their violet rays, thrown downwards by the shades, so that they formed shimmering cones with edges clear defined against the night beyond. In contrast, the under side of the bridge seemed cut of black velvet, and the dark shadows danced on the water. The riveters' fires along the girders glowed red, the flare-lights on the low-level bridge shone yellow, and golden was the glare on the dust-clouds on the far bank. The crudity of the colours in places seemed softened by the spirals of escaping steam, winding aloft in the calm night air, and the whole gamut of illumination was reproduced in the drawn-out quivering reflections which reached across the glistening waters to the sluggish pools near the shore.

It was not a safe place to walk about, for there were loose planks, greasy spots, bights of ropes, and other

traps for the unwary. Things were continually falling. Sometimes a red-hot rivet would drop from above with a flop and a hiss into the river. Occasionally a warning shout of "stand clear!" would ring out, followed by a crash, and perhaps a couple of men would slowly bear away something on a stretcher to the shore. But no one else stopped; there was no sympathetic gathering; the work continued without a pause.

Now and again from a hill-top to the north the darkness was pierced by a succession of flashes — flash, flash, flash. Flash, flash, flash, came the reply from somewhere to the south, and then—a long medley of dots and dashes between the two points. No use to try and read the messages, even for one knowing the code, for these were in cipher. If there were still any doubt as to the nature of the toilers this would settle the matter, for no civil works could require signalling-posts on the hills around.

The great moon grew more mellow as she sank. A mist rose from the waters, creeping up till it lay a solid white mass over the river, halfway up the giant piers: a damp mist suggestive of malaria—not one to

spend a night in; but no workers left the bridge.

The moon faded blood-red into the haze. The air turned colder as the night wore on. Another day dawned, at first grey and sad, then rosy and golden. But, heedless of the glory of the changing heavens, the workers toiled on, and, though muffled, there could be heard rising from the moist white blanket the song of the pile-driver.

The mist curled off the water in thin wisps in the warmth of the rising sun; the lights went out and the scene of the night's toil stood revealed. The day exposed all the squalor, grime, and discomfort,—the muddy swirling water, the weary bedraggled men, the burnt-out lamps, dripping timbers, and rusty iron work. Even those iridescent blots which had seemed so beautiful in the light of the moon, or in the glare of electricity, showed up for what they were—foul pools of viscid oil or tar. The glamour of the night had indeed gone, but not the need for work, and still the toilers strove, for they were working for their comrades of the army ahead—perishing for want of food and in danger owing to the lack of munitions of war.

II.

It was again night.

Throughout the livelong day the work had proceeded as shift relieved shift.

It was not till some time

after the mist had risen that the same young engineer, once again on night duty, left the work. Closing his note-book, he picked his way, stepping

carefully from sleeper to sleeper, lantern in hand, along the low-level bridge, which had grown in length and by now passed the little mud-flat. He buttoned his jacket as he went, for, no longer at work, he felt the damp chill of the mist, which was dripping from his hair and moustache. A thick-set man, his squatness was exaggerated by his bulging pockets filled with note-books, while from one of his breeches-pockets protruded a foot-rule. As he passed under the glare at the end of the bridge it could be seen that he was smiling. Of a sanguine temperament, he was cheered by the progress of his work at a time when others were depressed. Stumbling on abstractedly over the lighted area into the comparative gloom on the dry mud beyond, he had proceeded scarcely a hundred yards and just climbed above fog-level when a hoarse voice addressed him from the shadow of a bush, where a man was sitting smoking. It was that of the Railway Traffic Officer.

"Well, my Captain of Plumbers, how goes it? Aren't you across yet?"

"Hullo, Shunter-in-chief, is that you? What are you doing down here, away from your beloved yard? What is your grumble now? Come, talk with me a while and learn something."

"Oh, I'm taking half an hour off, watching your pretty illuminations and looking for you in this deadly mist. Things above are quite hopeless. Sit down and smoke."

"No, I'm too cold. You come and stroll, or dance with me all in the moonlight, you old truck-fancier." With that he executed a *pas seul*, scuffling about in what he called a "cellar flap."

The other got up and joined him, but not in the dance. A taller and older man, he was hollow-chested and thin. It was light enough to see that he wore uniform, and had a serious expression. He coughed violently.

"I say, it's just as well you don't have to work in that mist; you would soon cease to trouble us. With that cough, I can forgive you for hogging it in the lap of luxury up above, so snug among your trucks. Walk as far as the pontoons?"

With that the "plumber" took a frayed cigar out of his pocket, examined it ruefully and lit it, and the two strolled off towards the invisible pontoon-bridge.

"You seem very cheerful, young man, and not as if you had just spent half a shift in that fog. Have you struck a spouting-well of liquid gold with that beastly noise machine of yours, or have you discovered a ford fit for railway traffic? What is it? I don't see much to dance about."

The "shunter" was not of a sanguine temperament, and was a much-worried man. Moreover, as time went on he had not the satisfaction of seeing visible progress made. On the contrary, every hour made his position more hopeless and more complicated.

"That's just it; we should make the most of all our little gifts, and smile at anything we can, just now. Old man, she's a beauty. That little steam pile-driver is going to save the situation—to save the third army. Just listen to her now, snorting and butting so cheerily down there. It's music."

He continued, "I've now timed sixteen more beastly piles and four spans being put in, and it will take us, at the present rate, earthquakes excepted, just fifty-one hours from midnight, say forty-eight from now, till the rails are fished up and the first train runs across. Let's see; this is Monday morning. That is, by three o'clock the morning after next—Wednesday. I told my chief six o'clock, yesterday, and as the Commandant has wired that all over the Continent, I shall let it stay at that, which will give me a margin of three hours for 'unforeseen contingencies'; not that it is necessary, 'cos there ain't going to be any. I've foreseen all. The men want no driving, they are still working like devils. I tell you, '*Mit Hast, ohne Rast*' is our motto; but I wonder how long they can stand the strain. Some are already used up. Eight hours on and eight hours off is pretty stiff, you know, and the mist knocks out all the chesty ones. But it's the knowledge of what their pals are suffering that keeps them going. Well, I think the third army should see the first train reach them, say, at noon on Wednesday; followed, I suppose, by a solid stream of 'em. However,

my job is done when the first train gets across."

"Oh, I'll shove trains enough across when the time comes, but they won't be the trains they want first. Before I prepare for this great event, tell me, Are you *sure*? Have you taken every factor into your calculations—made allowance for everything?"

"Yes, old croaker, everything. I've foreseen every single thing within the wildest dreams of probability. The deviation approach on this side is already done, and is working. The earthwork on the other side 'll be done in twelve hours and the rails laid in twelve more, so all that will be done before my show. If only we could have put in trestles instead of piles, we should have been across this cursed river by now. I am sorry for the never-to-be-sufficiently-execrated fool who reported that this river could be trestled. He will be the cause, if the army gets scuppered; but he'll probably arrange to be killed, I should think. Anyway, taking the pile-bridging as the slowest part, it is the ruling factor, and fixes the time, and I tell you it is moving—'*Mit Hast, ohne Rast*' is our——"

"Oh, damn your motto; if you say it again, or talk of *Sturm und Drang*, I'll hit you. How about accidents—floods?"

"All right, all right; slowly, softly, catchee monkey. There's not the remotest chance of any accident. I have crowds of timber, piles, and stuff all ready. The driver ain't a sensitive plant exactly, and the

boiler is new and working at low pressure. As to floods, the glass is high, and they can give us forty-eight hours' warning of any storm away up in the hills yonder, and it's got to be a big flood to rise over my bridge—and that will be finished in fifty-one—I mean, forty-eight hours. Besides, even if we do have a flood, so long as we are able to rush across all the waggons you have in your yard—and engines—before it arrives, it won't much matter. That little lot will be enough to keep the army shooting and eating for some days, and by then the high-level bridge will be repaired enough to run over—then so much for the enemy's great demolition!"

"How about the enemy interfering?"

"This place simply stinks of men now since we got the extra infantry and guns—you know perfectly well. They would need a much larger force than they can spare to attack it. The line ahead has been cut several times already, but any footling damage they can do is made good as soon as done; they can't touch us here, though, and this is *the* spot." He sighed, as he continued: "What a time those poor devils at the front must have had! We've not been sitting on plush settees eating oysters exactly,—have we?—but we've always got our 'vittles regular.' Now, you tell. I've been so busy down below, I heard nothing."

"I only know that they have further reduced rations, how

much reduced I can't say, as the chief keeps a good deal of the worst news to himself—I mean, what would cause despondency, and would not be of use to us to know. They've fired almost their last round of gun ammunition; they have had a lot more sickness in the last two days, and they are now dying like flies. It's touch and go whether they can last. It's awful."

"I suppose you're working your head off."

"Pretty well. I do nothing but send and answer wires, receive traffic, and see stray idiots who want to go to the 'Front.' The yard's so crowded with trucks we can't move. I have now 453, including 45 of ammunition; we have already added ten extra sidings, and shall have many more down by the time you're through with the bridge. And what annoys me is, that though I wire till I am blue to stop all trains, the fools keep on automatically cramming up more. They say that the little bridge away back at 94 is weak, and they're rushing everything over they can, in case it breaks. That's your doing. That comes of you scamping your work."

"Couldn't help it; had to get through. It has already carried more trucks than you can deal with, so I don't see what you are grouching about. After we've done here I can see to it again."

"You'd think they might know at the front what a state we are in here; place stiff with trucks chock-a-block.

Well, the supply officer comes to me with all the fool-telegrams he gets, asking for individual pet trucks to be sent up with first train. Single trucks to be sorted out from this mess, mind you! Why, I shan't be able to let them have even whole trains in order of urgency. I must just let them have what comes—I can't shunt. They would have had five trains of forage first, if I hadn't been able to off-load it."

"You'll be hanged if you don't send up trucks in the exact order they're wanted. That's what you're for, to sort out and arrange trucks, nothing else. When their stomachs are full again at the front, and their tails are up, they will remember, and some one on the Staff will say: 'Where is that incompetent officer who sent up truck 45672 loaded with Gruyère, instead of 45627 loaded with Double Glo'ster? Haul him out! Try him! Shoot him! Waster!—doesn't know his job.' They won't believe you were crowded, my boy, not they. Oh yes, whatever happens you'll be hanged all right."

With that he whistled offensively.

"Daresay. Can't help it. Can't off-load and re-load trucks with no room. As you are here, I wish you would come up and see after Numbers eleven and twelve sidings. There is some hitch, and they are not shoving on as they should. That's one reason why I was looking out for you. I'm expecting two more trains before morning. The

main line will be solid with trains and cold engines soon—a lot are cold already,—the brutes have emptied the boilers to make their coffee."

"Right-o. Cheer up. I'll come up on my way, though it's 'against professional etiquette,' as the 'doc' would say. It's not my job."

"By the way, we caught a brute in plain clothes about two hours ago up near the forage. He had a lot of fuzees, and dropped a can of kerosene. We tried him on the spot, and——"

"Yes, we heard it, and wondered what the shooting was about."

"Just imagine, if the forage had been set on fire. How are you against that sort of thing down here?"

"Outpost system excellent——"

"I know, but I mean single spies. One man with a dynamite cartridge would upset all your nice estimate, my boy. Have you allowed for that possibility?"

"That's all right," chuckled the other. "The place is so well organised and guarded that not a man could get near the bridge, or dynamo, or engines, without being seen. It's all lit up near the shore ends, and, where required, like a billiard-table. They can't get near it, unless they have trained birds or rats to carry dynamite on their tails—eh, what?"

The idea tickled them, and both laughed as they arrived at the deserted pontoon-bridge—all strained into a curve by

the current. A guard at the end, and sundry cable-watchers seated cross-legged like images of Buddha on the decks of the pontoons, were the only signs of life.

"Pretty dreary for those poor devils 'in the mist,'" said the engineer. "Why is there no traffic now?"

"No transport. We've sent up all we have and can get. That big capture took a lot; crowds of animals have died and motors broken down. Anyway, road transport is no good to deal with the bulk we have to handle. No one expected such delay here, thanks to that infernal fool. The railway is the only thing possible—railway and trucks." Trucks were his obsession.

Turning back towards the pile-bridge, they went down into the mist, where an engine was standing on the low level; and, with much panting from the little locomotive and shrieking of wheels against the guard-rails, they were soon speeding out of the mist up the steep grade and sharp curves of the newly laid deviation-approach.

As they moved along their nostrils were greeted with a succession of odours, ranging from the stench of river mud, through that of dead animals and refuse-pits, up to that of tarpaulins and forage, as they got in the "yard." The quiet moon seemed to have drawn up and distilled from the earth all its scents, which hung heavy in the still air. From the top of the bank the white tents of the sleep-

ing troops in the different camps could be seen, for by this time many men as well as trucks had collected at this congested spot, and there was quite a small army composed of "details," detachments, and individuals seeking their regiments,—the flotsam and jetsam of the communications.

This yard, that seemed to weigh on the shunter's mind so much, was a maze of loaded trucks, nothing but rolling stock. He must indeed have been a fancier, that railway traffic officer, for his collection was large and varied. Here were covered trucks, open trucks, box trucks, short trucks, bogie trucks, black trucks, brown trucks, grey trucks,—all full of supplies for the army ahead. This mass had overflowed the original fan of sidings, and fresh ones had been laid everywhere, inside the yard, outside the yard, even down the streets of the little village—everywhere where the ground was fairly level. At one corner stood huge mountains of forage, some not even covered. At frequent intervals in the lanes between the lines of rail strode sentries. Above spluttered electric lights, whose beams were reflected from the shining tarpaulins, and in places there were lamps under the waggons to illumine the dark corners where a man might lurk. On high the red and green lights of the signals twinkled derisively as they waited for the traffic which did not

come. The station itself was a roofless ruin.

The engineer proceeded towards a cloud of dust lit up by flare-lights which showed the position of the work on the new sidings, leaving the shunter in his element. After very few minutes he picked his way over to the office of the commandant, to report to his own chief, who was with the latter. The commandant was busy, even at this hour, for he had just got a chance of a talk on the wire to his distressed senior, the commander-in-chief of the third army. As the plumber entered, he heard—

"Yes, we shall be through without fail at six on Wednesday morning, and you will have your first train in the afternoon. — What? — Yes. — What? — No, that's the very best we can do. — *Afternoon* of Wednesday. — Yes — yes. — Till then. — Of course — I know. — Yes. — We are — hustling all we know —" The speaker looked up—

"Hullo. You've not come to tell me that you will have to put off the time of getting through, again?" — he snarled in his anxiety. "You've heard what I told the chief? Is that still right?"

"Quite right, sir; same time — six on Wednesday morning," was the reply.

"I'll tell him again — 'Hullo — hullo —' Nonsense — eh, what? — line cut again? Damn these brutes, they cut the line every two minutes. This is the first talk I've had with the chief for thirty-six hours.

However, I told him the main thing luckily. I wish they had their wireless!"

For five minutes the "plumber" conferred with his own chief, who was in charge of all the bridging operations, and was then dismissed. "I'm glad all is going so well — you'd better be getting back — good night."

"Poor old commandant," he thought, as he strode on his way back to the bridge in the gloom, for the moon was just setting, — "no wonder he is a bit ratty, with this responsibility and strain." Just then he almost ran into the shunter, who was gazing up in the sky towards the West.

"Did you see that?" the latter shouted.

"No — what?"

"I saw something pass overhead — a sort of blur in the luminous sky towards the West, and I heard something too — a soft noise like a motor."

They both looked up. There was nothing in the serene sky but the after-glow of the moon.

"A bird — vulture — bat — goose — mongoose?" suggested the other.

"It was much too big for a bird."

"Look here, my man, get to bed and rest; you're jumpy from worry and want of sleep. Go to bed — your trucks can't run away."

"Perhaps you're right, I am chock — full of quinine. I'll turn in. Good night." He turned in, but not to sleep, for the intermittent screeches of a circular saw some distance

away seemed to him the cries of a Banshee—an omen of evil.

The plumber went on his way whistling,—he was of a sunny nature, and at last the end seemed in sight. As he neared the low-level bridge,

the sound of the pile-driver greeted his ears again—that cheering sound of progress. Little did he guess that it was her swan-song she was singing down there in the mist.

III.

The bridge, slowly creeping forward behind its noisy head, was not the only spot where progress had been made that day. The same sun that dissipated the clinging mist from the river and revealed the bridgers at work, lit up another scene of toil in a village some thirty-five miles away,—of toil less imposing, but no less important in its results. The little deserted village, the “Hornet’s nest,” was the lair of one section of the raiders. Nestling on one side of a low hill, hidden by others slightly higher all round, the spot was well chosen for its purpose. On each side of the principal street straggled houses, once white but now roofless and blackened. From a cow-byre at one end there issued the sound of hammering, and now and then the hum of a motor engine, driven for short bursts at high speed, rose to a whine. Tarpaulins clumsily stretched on charred rafters and weighted with stones formed the roof of the shed. Never a savoury spot, an odour as of a motor garage now hung about the place, its pungency unpleasantly intensified by the smell of some extinguished acetylene lanterns, for here

also they had been working through the night. Men kept passing in and out of the shed,—they were erecting machinery out in the yard.

In a room of the village inn, still the best house in the place, four officers had just finished a hasty meal and were pushing back their ammunition-box seats from the packing-case table. One of this group was noticeable: very pale,—he carried his arm in a sling and had been eating clumsily with his left hand. Another was almost as conspicuous: a wiry man, with a freckled face and red hair, he wore a hybrid naval uniform. Upon his yachting cap shone a metal badge representing some insect. The third, the Commandant of the section of raiders, was big and bull-necked, and the sly expression in his protuberant eyes made him look like a cunning frog—if such a thing can be imagined. All these were youngish men, but the fourth was the youngest. He had nothing to distinguish him but his pink cheeks and a bread-and-butter face; he was attached to the nautical man only, and did not wear his uniform.

“We can’t spread this map

in here," said the senior, in a guttural voice, lighting his pipe; "let's go into the next room, or, better, into the tap-room, where there's a bar." Following him, they separated on each side of the long counter, the pewter top of which was thick with dust, pieces of plaster, and broken glass. It was a moment's work to sweep this off to add to the wreckage already inches deep on the floor. The little run, where some buxom "*patronne*" or "Miss" had formerly reigned, was more than ankle-deep in broken glass and crockery; the shelves behind were bare of their former array of bottles. Behind the shelves, the sharp edges of the slivers of a dusty mirror, radiating outwards from one or two points, caught the light in a prismatic sparkle, and gave the one touch of brightness to the brutalsqualor of the room. Even the smell of dust and plaster had not altogether exorcised the established reek of stale tobacco-smoke and spilt liquor which still hung about.

"Anyway, I am greatly relieved that you have come," said the last speaker. "I heard you were on your way, but many expected things do not arrive these days, and I was not too hopeful. And though I must confess that I am even now a bit sceptical about your box of tricks, I am only too keen to try. Have you unpacked your—what do you call them—squadron, fleet, covey, swarm?"

"Yes, sir," somewhat stiffly answered the man in the

nautical suit. "They've all been unpacked, and my men are rigging them up in a shed we found. I have twelve—the Gadfly, Wasp, Bee, Mosquito, Tsetse, Ichneum——"

"Steady, steady—I haven't time to listen to the whole entomological dictionary. How many will be ready for this evening—for business, I mean?"

"All—I hope."

"Are your anarchists, engineers, chauffeurs, or skippers prepared to proceed on individual forlorn hopes? Mind you, those who do not blow themselves up, or get smashed by a fall, or taken prisoner, will almost certainly get shot as spies, and it's odds that 'good-bye' at starting will be good-bye for ever."

"We quite realise all that, sir, and we'll take our chance. 'Tis a forlorn hope in a way; but the prizes are large. Why, just think, given a chance——"

"Yes, yes, I know. I see you are a cran—I mean, an enthusiast, and quite rightly. Well, I'm going to give you a bellyful of chances!" The other smiled.

"Now, listen. As you are a newcomer, I'll put you in touch with the position in a few words. Never mind if I tell you something you know already, don't interrupt—listen. See square D 14? That's where their third army is, some seventy thousand strong. They're in a good position, at a strategic point, and are holding some villages, the names don't matter. They've been there five days. Our Western force, which is

not strong enough to attack, has been hanging on to and harassing them; we cannot make a grand attack, yet we hope to scatter their army and bag much of it. It has marched a long way, fought a lot, and lost nearly all its transport, and—this is the point—it must be starving, quite played out and very short of ammunition, *and* it has only got one line of rail communication, which is cut! The railway's back along here—see?" The other nodded. "Of course we cut this line when we retired. In fact, I believe, though I'm not entirely in the confidence of the 'Generalissimo,' that he wished the enemy to advance here. Naturally they have been doing their best to reopen communication, and, being splendid engineers, have done a lot; but so far they have not succeeded, for no trains have gone up, and only a small waggon convoy or two—a mere trifle. The country all round for miles is a desert as far as supplies go, *we* saw to that, and they must be in a very bad way. We know from spies that they have been for days on reduced rations and have many sick, and their guns are not so busy as they were. My duty, like that of the other raiding parties, for the last five days has been to prevent communication being re-established on the railway. We've cut the line and telegraph—their wireless is not working, for we captured all their gear—till we are sick. The bridges are very strongly guarded, and all the

petty damage we can do is repaired almost at once, for unluckily it is a double line, and they repair one pair of rails from the other. Altogether, our efforts are futile. Now, I don't believe in your new machines flying about vaguely and killing a few wretched men here and there by a bomb, and I think the chief must agree, as he has sent you here. I believe in attacking some sore spot, and going back to it again and again. The one place where they are vulnerable is at the big broken bridge—here, one hundred and thirty odd miles from the army. They're working like devils to repair the break, or rather to cross the river by a temporary bridge first, and they are doing it much too quick. They may be through in a day or two, and if so—their army is saved; but if we can delay the repair for three or four days even, I think it is lost! They know all this, and they've made a Port Arthur of the bridge-head, and got a large garrison there. We've tried in vain to get near it, but the whole place is surrounded by outposts, barbed wire, and all that, and they have lit up the bridge till it looks like a gin palace. My engineer officer, who blew up the bridge originally, spent some hours the night before last watching them from a hill, and, thanks to their lighting, saw a lot. He had three men carrying dynamite with him: one blew himself up, two were captured, and he himself was wounded in the arm. Nothing

that *walks* can get near the bridge. But that's the place to attack—that's their sore spot, and here you are—O Beelzebub, Prince of Flies, with your horde! Your duty will be, so long as a single insect remains, to fly to that spot every night and bite or settle or sting, or do what you will to delay the work. Remember, if the bridge is delayed for three days I expect the third army will fall into our mouths like a ripe plum. No food, no ammunition, no horses, they cannot retreat far. Now you have the position."

"Yes, quite; but as to the details——"

"My sapper here—I presume you know each other, being in the same corps—has a large-scale plan of the place, and knows every inch of it. He will arrange all details with you. He has the very latest information. I'll leave you two."

"Very good, sir."

"Hold on; there is one thing more, and then you will have all my ideas. The aerial attack will be made to-night. Now, how about the news of this reaching the other forces of the enemy?"

"Oh, that seems simple," interposed the youth. "I suppose you'll have every wire cut, and kept cut, so that not a whisper——"

"Not so fast, young fellow. I see you are not yet a psychologist, and do not appreciate the moral factor in war," he answered, quite pleased at catching the youngster. "The attack takes place to-night,

and, whether it succeeds or not, it will certainly cause consternation and alarm at the bridge. I *want* that consternation and alarm to be transmitted to the starving army. I *want* the news of the blasting of their hopes, or even of the mysterious attack, exaggerated by fancy and ignorance of its exact nature, to be the last message they receive. Therefore, from daylight till ten to-morrow morning, their wires will not be interfered with; but after that they will be cut, and kept out, without chance of repair, and we'll stop all messengers, so that after this there will be mysterious silence. That will give time for the news to rankle, for rumours to breed, and for the doomed army to exercise its power of imagination: the silence will assist. To men in their position a word of discouragement is worth an army corps to us. Afterwards, if any machines are left unexpended, we might further assist their hunger-bred fantasies by flying over them and dropping a bomb or two, or even by flying over them and showing a light. That's all, now. I'll leave you to arrange details. You come along and show what your box of tricks is like." With that he went out, followed by the youngest officer, who stopped, put his head in at the door, and said, in a whisper of deep admiration, "Perfect devil, ain't he?"

Then followed a long confabulation between the two engineers over the large-scale

plan of the bridge, which showed the information gained the previous evening.

"How many, and what size bombs do you carry?" said the man with the wounded arm.

"One each; eight pounds of stuff."

"Well, that's not much good unless you get a detonation alongside some vital spot. It won't do the structure of either bridge itself much harm. Can you drop accurately?"

"If the night is as calm as it is now, we shall be able to drop three bombs out of four on to a patch a little bigger than this room. If the wind rises it is more difficult, because we have to turn up wind to hover, and the balancing is not so easy. You see we have to hover anyway to aim, and that's the difficulty. That's what the secret gear and auxiliary-lifting propeller are for—the thing you called the little 'whing-whang,' I mean."

"Quite. Now I know what sort of thing you can do, and this, I think, is the scheme. You see, their rate of work must absolutely depend on their pile-driver; if that is destroyed they will have to drive by hand, which will take—oh—five or six times as long. Therefore, that's the sorest point in the sore spot. They're working night and day, partly by the aid of their electric light; if that's destroyed it will hamper them, but will not make them take even twice as long, because they have enough flares to carry on the low-level

bridge. That's the second sorest point. Agree?" "Beelzebub" nodded. "As they're so deuced near finishing, we must try and make a dead cert. of stopping them to-night, as, once their bridge is done, we cannot really damage it with these little bombs. Therefore I think you should sail out with all your fleet, and do your devilmost to-night."

"Yes; that's sound. I quite agree."

"Take on the pile-driver first, and if you get that, or burst the boiler, switch off on to the dynamo-house. That will be a much easier target. It's bigger; and if you get only one bomb to burst inside, even without hitting anything, it will probably wreck the show, for one splinter in the moving parts of the engine or dynamo revolving at high speed will cause the whole thing to fly to bits. Two fair shots should do the trick. Can you count on two bull's-eyes out of twelve shots?"

"I think so, if there is no wind. Can't we set anything alight? I'm stocking a splendid line in incendiary bombs, pretty things of petrol and celluloid, that look like capsules?"

"Nothing. I don't know where their ammunition is, though they must have tons there. Hold on,—yes, I saw some mountains of stuff, just here; mark it on the map, will you? That is probably forage. After you have done all you can, and expended all your explosive, sail along and drop a few capsules on to these

mounds and over the yard. You may set something alight with any luck. By the way, can you signal to each other?"

"Yes — we carry coloured lights and little lamps in our tails. How about finding our way?"

"I was thinking of that. When you get over the hills about eight miles away from the bridge, you can see the glare of it in the sky, and you can steer straight for it. To assist you before you can see this glare, we'll send out a dozen men who will have lights on poles, shaded so as to shine upwards. Will that do?"

"Excellent. And about a place for landing, in case any of us come back,—that's the great difficulty. Have you a pond near here?"

"Yes, about half a mile away. I'll take you to it later."

"That will do. You must put lamps to mark the pond, in case it is still dark when we get back, and, if it is deep, have a man with a raft of sorts to haul us out."

"Right."

"Beelzebub" went out to coach his men in the details and finish off the flies. As the other sat still musing, he thought of the feelings of those whose work was going to be so suddenly destroyed, and he had a fellow-feeling of sympathy for them.

As the day passed the number of curious-looking erections drawn up behind the cow-shed increased. Each was sup-

ported by a sort of dwarf bicycle and tied down. They were skeletons, with great flat awnings of membranous material and queer shape stretched taut on light frames stayed with wire. In their spidery appearance they had a remote semblance to reaping-machines. This semblance was borne out by the gaudy fancy of the artist who had painted them, for he had run amuck with his vermilion and blue in a manner usually confined to agricultural machines or toy locomotives. All the metal was painted, and there was no such bright brass or burnished steel about the machinery as might have been expected. Each carried a small silk national flag at one end, and had its name painted on.

"Good heavens! what gingerbread-looking things!" had been the somewhat uncomplimentary remark of the officer commanding raiders, when he first saw them rigged up.

"Shades of Icarus, Lilienthal, Pilcher, and all others! What d'you expect?" retorted the pseudo-naval man, somewhat nettled. "D'you want traction-engines or the winged bulls of Assur-bani-pal?"

It took the foxy one at least five minutes to smooth matters over, and he had to suffer a long technical lecture before he succeeded.

An hour and a half before the moon went down, the first fly made a start down the sloping road. She was the "flagship," manned by the "admiral." He was seated in

his machine, held up by four men.

"All aboard?" he said. "All clear, you?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Cast off."

With that the assistants gave the machine a running shove forward, the skipper pedalled, the motor snorted, and the propeller began to revolve. Faster, faster spun the blades as the clumsy machine gained way, until the propeller was nothing but a halo, and its loud hum almost drowned the throbbing of the motor. The Thing buzzed down the street like a cockchafer, and, when clear of the houses, it soared away steadily into the

moonlight, shedding its wheels like the skin of a chrysalis. This was repeated successfully eleven times, but when the last machine, manned by the pink-cheeked second officer, should have left its wheels and soared away into the night, there was a flash, and a violent detonation shook the houses. Fragments rattled back among those watching two hundred yards away.

"There go the bravest men I've ever met," remarked the chief of raiders. As he reached the hole blown in the road, he added—"poor young fellow!" and his voice was even a little more guttural than usual.

IV.

It was near four in the morning, and "all was well" when the "plumber," reaching his post on the bridge once again, made himself snug on a plank resting upon two sacks of fish-bolts. The pile-driver still insulted the ear with its din, the steam and the flare-lights still roared, and the water lapped against the timbers, while the mouth-organ whined a hymn-tune a short distance away.

A sudden hiss, and—"plop" into the river, not a pile's length away, fell something; all but simultaneously, with the muffled report of an explosion under water, a column of spray shot up, and falling backward revealed a heaving blister of mud, just visible through the mist. The men playing dropped their cards

and sat up, the whine of the mouth-organ froze in the middle of a bar, but the pile-driver continued its blows, for the fat man still mechanically jerked the string, though his eyes were all but starting out of his head. Silent, stupefied surprise held all. The mud fountain had barely subsided, when—a second hiss and splash close alongside the bridge, and another subaqueous explosion followed with its geyser of mud and water, which, falling on the bridge, would have washed the dazed fat man away but for the string to which he clung. At last the pile-driver stopped. Barely had the soused soldiers got their breath after this douche, when they were shaken by a racking detonation some thirty yards

back along the bridge, accompanied by the sound of rending timber. The air hummed with fragments, while all near the end of the doomed bridge lay prostrated by the blast of this shock. Still another detonation followed, this time right among the men, as the bomb struck a sack of bolts. Bodies were thrown right and left mingled with a volley of bolts, which shrieked as they spun through the air, dealing death all round. It was worse than any shrapnel-shell, for these missiles were heavy and jagged as potleg, and the force behind them was terrific. The boiler must have been pierced by one, for it burst with a deep roar, capsizing the truck, and the whole machine toppled over into the swirl below, but not before a cloud of steam had gushed out, scalding the maimed and helpless men close by. To add to the horror, the wrought-iron reservoir of the flare-light was shattered; the blazing oil poured out over the timbers into the water and spread in a flaming film, momentarily lighting up the inferno before it was swept down-stream. The cries of the mangled filled the air.

After a minute's respite, a faint crash sounded overhead, succeeded by a burst of yellow light, and two flaming masses fell, spinning in a sickening spiral, plumb on to the girder-bridge above, where their flight ended in a double detonation against the iron. Again the sound of flying metal filled the air. This sudden cataclysm was too much. Men born of

women could stand no more; discipline was lost, and a general wail rose up. Those who had for day and night toiled like slaves, dropped their tools, their work, and fled off the bridges towards shore.

A bouquet of dazzling red stars flamed out on high with a soft liquid report, and slowly floated to earth. In the crimson glow the panic-stricken fugitives paused in terror. What was coming next? There was not much time to doubt, for a succession of flashes and detonations round the corrugated-iron dynamo-shed showed where the attack was falling. These ended in one report with a metallic ring, for which there was no flash, and the electric light went out as a grinding crash sounded from the shed. A second shower of red stars slowly sank to earth. Then, with many little explosions, fires sprang up in the "yard" away by the station. Most of them soon burned out without doing damage, but the stacks of forage had been touched and burst into a blaze. As the dense clouds of smoke and long tongues of flame mounted up, from overhead a shower of magnesium stars were wafted gently downwards, lighting the whole landscape as they fell. The work of destruction ceased. In the intense light, the flying machines, as they circled round, were visible to all those above the mist.

Rifle-shots rang out, close by at first, then growing into a general fusilade, which became fainter in the distance, like an

irregular *feu-de-joie*, towards the farthest outpost line, marking the course of the angels of destruction, still to be seen in the light of the conflagration. This wild shooting was not quite without result, for a mass of fire was seen to fall—curving towards one of the hills in the north.

As the flames of the burning forage roared higher, and the clouds of sparks and lurid smoke rose in huge volume to the sky—now of the grey hue preceding dawn,—the roar

and crackle of the flames drowned all other sounds.

The half-dressed figure of the consumptive railway traffic officer might have been seen later against the glowing embers, gazing helpless at the scene—the realisation of his fears. He was no longer thinking of his yard, of his poor friend the “plumber,” or even of the horrors all around him. He was dreaming of the fate of an army, and of the ultimate results of its destruction.

V.

A solitary man stood by a hedge. In his hand was a charred pole, on top of which a light, screened from below, was burning feebly. Close by a hobbled horse cropped the scant grass. No other sound broke the stillness of the night as the man gazed steadily upwards. The moon had sunk and the stars were growing pale in the grey of false dawn, when the horse threw up his head and snorted. The man gave no sign. A moment afterwards he heard a faint rustle in the sky as of flight-

ing geese. Ghostly in the mysterious light a shape loomed up and swept past overhead on a long slant. Eight times this happened in quick succession. To the weary eyes of the watcher the shapes seemed to be travelling in long swoops—now up, now down—and slower than when they had passed him on their outward journey.

For the others that he had seen go out he waited,—waited till the hills to the east stood out purple against the blushing sky,—but waited in vain.

THE GROWTH OF THE CRUISER.

WHATEVER be the ultimate object of a war, the immediate aim of any special operation is to acquire control of one or more particular water areas, in order that our own ships may be free to circulate in them without hindrance while those of the enemy cannot do so. This involves the presence in the area of a force superior in fighting power to that of the enemy. The force must be of two kinds—

1. A massed fleet of capital ships.
2. Detachments of lighter vessels—of cruisers and small craft.

The control of the area depends primarily upon the first, but can never be complete without the aid of the second. Before the decisive battle the reciprocal action of the one fleet on the other compels concentration, governs movements, and prevents the detachment of any ship whose absence would weaken materially the fighting power of either side. This leaves a large part of the area free to the action of isolated ships of no great force. The

capital ships must be massed, the lighter vessels can be spread. The insignificance and dispersion of the latter covers them from effective attack by the former. The cruisers and small craft menace communications, attack the trade, and are free to fight it out together undisturbed. After the decisive battle the victors can relax somewhat their concentration, and are able to send their capital ships to aid their cruisers. But the numbers of the former are small, and the secondary services then become more numerous and exacting. Hence the calls for the latter become louder, especially on the part of the victor. It is proposed to show that these are the lessons evolved from war experience in the past, and to examine the extent to which they are applicable in the present.

The necessity for ships of different sizes has always been admitted in practice. In the year 1588, which saw the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the Queen's ships in commission consisted of—

BURTHEN IN TONS.						
	Above 600.	400 to 600.	200 to 400.	100 to 200.	50 to 100.	Below 50.
Number . . .	5	10	5	3	7	3

Some fifty years later, similar gradations in size still existed, and the Royal ships were divided into six classes or "rates." This classification, which lasted upwards of two

centuries, followed no recognised military principle, but was an administrative arrangement to facilitate supply, and to govern the wages paid to the officers and men.

Under the Commonwealth the number of men carried. the "rate" depended upon Thus—

	1st Rate.	2nd Rate.	3rd Rate.	4th Rate.	5th Rate.	6th Rate.
Number of men .	400	300	200	140	80	40
	and upwards					

Ships having less than 40 men were not "rated."

The first clear evidence of the influence of any military principle on shipbuilding is to be found during this period. It will be remembered that the Civil War began in the year 1642, that the King was be-headed seven years later, and that in the year 1652 broke out the First Dutch War, which lasted two years. Then came the expedition of Penn and

Venables to the West Indies, Blake's cruise to the Mediter-ranean, and finally the war with Spain in the year 1656. During this period the con-trolling minds had large ex-perience of war both by land and sea, the latter especially being on a large scale. The result is distinctly seen in the shipbuilding under the Commonwealth, as summarised in the following table:—

SHIPS BUILT UNDER THE COMMONWEALTH.

Year.	CAPITAL SHIPS.					CRUISERS.					Small Craft.
	LARGEST.			SMALLEST.		LARGEST.			SMALLEST.		
	No.	Burthen in tons.	No. of guns.	Burthen in tons.	No. of guns.	No.	Burthen in tons.	No. of guns.	Burthen in tons.	No. of guns.	
1649	4	778	64	375	30	...	...	...	...	...	...
1650	9	571	40	354	30	1	...	26	...	...	...
1651	5	...	56	...	32	6	289	22	...	20	...
1652	5	...	46	400	32	1	...	20	...	...	5
1653	9	740	60	481	38	...	...	...	...	...	1
1654	13	769	52	550	40	7	319	28	255	22	2
1655	2	1229	80	742	52	3	269	22	230	22	4
1656	2	1050	64	...	...	3	235	26	194	20	4
1657	...	...	...	...	...	1	230	22	...	...	6
1658	1	1108	70	...	...	1	230	28	...	...	...
1659	2	703	52	636	44	...	...	...	...	...	1
	52					23					23

The table does not include 33 capital ships, 25 cruisers, and 35 small craft which were either bought or captured and added to the navy. Of the 98 ships referred to in the table, 52 were of more than 350 tons burthen, carried up-

wards of 30 guns, and may be looked upon as capital ships; 23 were between 200 and 300 tons burthen, were armed with 20 to 28 guns, and may be classed as cruisers; the remainder were small craft. The capital ships grew in size

and power, the smallest built after the Dutch war being as powerful as the largest launched before it. The cruisers did not increase in size: the margin between the two classes became wider and more pronounced. The cause is to be found in the different work required from each. The former were developed under the stress of the great battles with the Dutch, which were decided chiefly by fighting power and inaugurated engaging in line—a formation favourable to uniformity in size. The latter were required to deal with the fast Dunkirk privateers, and were evolved under the recollection of the damage done to British trade by those ships and by the Sallee rovers during the reign of Charles I. In it the aim was speed and not fighting power, as in the capital ship. Here is seen at work the military principle which eventually divided the ship of the line from the

frigate or cruiser used for detached service. When the Third Dutch War ended in the year 1674, the principle was generally acknowledged. Ships of the first, second, and third rates were alone considered suitable for the "line." Pepys said that the fourth-rate was quite unnecessary, and added, they "serve now only for convoys (which fifth-rates for the most part can do) and to fight against the Turks, . . . so that the thirty-six fourth-rates we now have are fully as many or more than necessary." As a consequence, the 30 ships built under the special Act of 1676-77—the Naval Defence Act of the day—included only first, second, and third rates. No fourth-rate was launched until ten years later. The particulars of the smallest ship of the line or capital ship, of the intermediate class or fourth-rate, and of the largest fifth-rate or cruiser of the period, were—

	Rate.	Number of guns.	Weight of broadside in lb.	Burthen in tons.	Number of men.
Smallest ship of the line or } capital ship	3rd	70	620	1072	460
Intermediate	4th	50	?	644	280
Cruiser	5th	32	159	333	135

The smallest capital ship was three times the size and force of the largest cruiser. Between the two was an intermediate class, which the stress of actual war had forced out of the line and into the convoy service.

New conditions soon altered this relation between the several classes. The War of the League of Augsburg (1689 - 97) in the time of

William and Mary, and the War of the Spanish Succession (1702 - 13) in the reign of Anne, were neither of the same kind as the wars with the Dutch. They were waged by Great Britain in alliance with Holland and other Continental Powers against France assisted by Spain. They were not purely maritime. The struggle at sea was subsidiary

to that on land. In the Dutch wars the leading and only feature was the great sea battle, but this was not so in those with France. In the one case a massed fleet of capital ships sufficed; in the other a numerous force of cruisers and small craft was required in addition for detached service, because, after La Hogue in the year 1692,

as after Trafalgar a century later, the aim was to reap the fruits of victory—i.e., to hold completely the water area bordering on the scene of the land operations. The difference can be seen by comparing the shipbuilding and the composition of the navy during the two periods. The ships built, omitting those below sixth-rates, numbered—

	1st Rate.	2nd Rate.	3rd Rate.	4th Rate.	5th Rate.	6th Rate.
Dutch period, 1660 to 1688 . . .	10	14	32	15	7	7
Part of French period, 1702 to 1712	2	6	28	36	34	20

The British Navy at the undermentioned periods consisted of—

Rate.	At the Restoration, 1660.	After the Third Dutch War, 1675.	Before the French War, 1688.	At the Peace, 1697.	At the Peace of Utrecht, 1718.
1st	3	8	9	6	7
2nd	11	9	11	13	13
3rd	16	22	39	43	43
4th	45	37	41	56	70
5th	37	16	2	42	44
6th	16	8	6	40	30

During the Dutch period the numbers of the three larger rates—the true capital ships—doubled, of the intermediate fourth-rate remained constant, and of the two smaller rates decreased. During the French period the very reverse occurred.

It was not in numbers only that the difference lay. The gap between the capital ship and the cruiser was closed

during the French period. On the one hand, in accordance with the law of equality, fourth-rates carrying 50 to 60 guns were readmitted to the line, because a large proportion of the French capital ships were less powerful than the Anglo-Dutch third-rates. The composition of the fleets at the battles of Beachy Head in the year 1690 and of Malaga in the year 1704 shows this.

GUNS.	BEACHY HEAD.			MALAGA.		
	Dutch.	British.	French.	Dutch.	British.	French.
80 and upwards . . .	2	8	8	1	14	16
60 and below 80 . . .	12	22	20	9	22	18
Below 60	8	4	40	2	3	17
	22	34	68	12	39	51
	56			51		

On the other hand, a smaller "intermediate," classed as a fifth-rate, gradually came into being during the eleven years' War of the Spanish Succession, and at the Peace became stereotyped as a 40-gun ship. She carried her guns on two decks, and was not distinguished for speed. This may have been due to the convoy system, which required in the ship escorting slow traders fighting power rather than speed. The cruiser proper carrying her guns on one deck was represented by a 20-gun ship classed

as a sixth-rate. This war tended to distribute fighting power rather than to concentrate it, because the French objective after their defeat at La Hogue was the trade and sea communications of Great Britain, and not her military force, at which the Dutch had aimed. The two groups of wars indicate that the size and power of the ships, and the number of these in each class, depend largely on the ships used by the enemy, and on the sort of war.

The following typical ships were the result of this war:—

	Rate.	Number of guns.	Weight of broadside in lb.	Burthen in tons.	Number of men.	Cost. £
Smallest ship of the line or capital ship	4th	50	315	755	280	13,212
Intermediate . . .	5th	40	180	594	190	8,731
Cruiser	6th	20	60	374	130	4,702

During the middle and end of the eighteenth century, four great wars were waged by Great Britain with France, assisted from time to time by Spain. They were the connected acts of one great drama, with intervals of peace preparation to renew the struggle. In the first two wars the Navies of the allied Powers were beaten, but after each defeat they grew in strength and efficiency until the third, when Great Britain held her own with difficulty. The long struggle culminated at Trafalgar, with the final defeat of France. Like the Dutch wars, they were contests for sea supremacy, but the scene was laid in a wider field. They were not confined to the narrow waters of the North Sea, where the massed fleet of

capital ships could effectively hold the whole area, but were fought out on the wide ocean—where a large force of cruisers, both public and private, was found necessary to cover the field outside that immediately commanded by the great fleets. They show not only the capital ship growing in fighting power as in the Dutch wars, but the parallel development of the cruiser.

The first war (1739-48) began with Spain, who was joined by France five years later. It is distinguished for the inefficient way in which the navies on both sides were handled. The causes of the British failure are not far to seek. The War of the Spanish Succession had been waged by Great Britain with a large superiority of force. It had given her un-

questioned maritime supremacy and a peace lasting virtually a quarter of a century. The first condition tends to engender conceit, the second to encourage pedantry, the two qualities combining to produce a self-complacent attitude of mind more favourable to error than to truth. Precisely the same phenomena presented themselves after Trafalgar, with results which were felt during more than two generations. To a somewhat similar cause may be ascribed the destruction of the Prussian Army at Jena by Napoleon.

Mental stagnation was the predominant feature of the British Navy in the year 1739. During the preceding long interval of peace, no attempt had been made either to improve the ships or to add to the military knowledge and efficiency of the officers. Fortunately both France and Spain had limited their efforts to the first, and neither the one nor the other produced a naval Napoleon during the war which followed. Time was given to introduce reforms. The *personnel* was invigorated by the rise

of capable leaders like Hawke and Boscawen; the *matériel* was improved by the ship-building reforms initiated in the year 1744-45 by Sir John Norris's Committee, which proposed no change of type but an increase in the size and force of the various classes of ships to place them on an equality with the corresponding ships of France and Spain. The resulting growth of the capital ship has been already set forth in 'Maga'; the effect on the cruiser remains to be explained.

The quickening influence of the war was felt on both sides. After the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in the year 1748, the French naval mind became extremely active. The Navy was rebuilt on improved lines. French genius, more active than British, produced a new and faster type of cruiser or frigate. The result was that a great corresponding change was brought about in the British Navy during the following Seven Years' War, which began in the year 1756.

At the beginning of this war, the typical British ships were—

	Rate.	Number of guns.	Weight of broadside in lb.	Burthen in tons.	Number of men.	Cost in the year 1745. £
Smallest ship of the line or capital ship	4th	50	414	1047	350	20,251
Intermediate . . .	5th	44	285	862	280	14,448
Cruiser	6th	24	102	511	160	7,493

But during the war the typical ships built were—

	Rate.	Number of guns.	Weight of broadside in lb.	Burthen in tons.	Number of men.	Cost. £
Smallest ship of the line or capital ship	3rd	64	600	1340	500	20,922
Intermediate . . .	4th	50	414	1046	350	?
Cruiser or frigate . .	5th	32	174	652	220	7,028
Do.	6th	28	114	599	200	6,326

These last vessels were really similar to those with which France began the war. The law of equality forced Great Britain to use similar instruments. As in the Dutch wars, the fourth-rate was forced out of the line and into the convoy service by her want of fighting power. The 44-gun two-decked ship was squeezed out completely by the descent of the fourth-rate, and by the advent of the one-decked frigate, whose distinguishing characteristic was speed combined with moderate fighting power.

The war was disastrous to the Navy of France, and in a less degree to that of Spain. This was as much due to the energy and genius of the elder Pitt in

directing the operations as it was to the professional knowledge and skill of the great war-bred seamen of the day—Hawke, Saunders, and Boscawen—in conducting them. Out of defeat the French drew fresh inspiration. They rebuilt their Navy, with the result that both Great Britain and France began the third war, in the year 1778, with ships of the same type and force, but class for class the French ships were of greater tonnage. The smallest ship of the line was the 64-gun ship, and the typical frigate carried 32 guns. During the war the frigates on both sides grew in tonnage and power.

The following are typical of those built :—

	Number of guns.	Weight of broadside in lb.	Burthen in tons.	Number of men.
British nominal 38 .	46	297 & 72 ¹	946	280
" " 36 .	44	279 & 72 ¹	880	270
French " 40 .	40	332	1063	360

¹ Carronades.

The difference between the nominal and actual number of guns carried is due to the addition of carronades, which were introduced at this time but were not counted among the guns.

This war, unlike the previous one, was in its results far from favourable to Great Britain. The failure was due in part to the absence of Chatham's directing hand, in part to the great increase in the French and Spanish Navies, and in part to their increased war experience, which produced at least one great leader—the Bailli de Suffren

—who, fortunately for Great Britain, was only employed in a secondary sphere.

During the Peace which followed, France discarded the 64-gun ship, and retained nothing between the 74-gun ship and the frigate. Great Britain retained the 64-gun ship and the other "intermediate classes," continuing to build them in very reduced numbers. This was no doubt done to meet the demands of the convoy service. When the Revolutionary War broke out in the year 1793, the ships of the two navies stood thus :—

	FRANCE.					GREAT BRITAIN.				
	No. of guns.		Weight of broad-side in lb.	Burthen in tons.	Crew.	No. of guns.		Weight of broad-side in lb.	Burthen in tons.	Crew.
	Nominal.	Actual.				Nominal.	Actual.			
Smallest ship of the line or capital ship	74	78	1002 & 80 ¹	1890	690	64	70	600 & 36 ¹	1380	494
Intermediate	...	Nil	...	...	...	50	58	414 & 60 ¹	1044	345
						44	52	318 & 72 ¹	900	297
Cruiser or frigate	40	44	334 & 80 ¹	1148	330	38	42	300 & 36 ¹	950	277
	36	40	189 & 80 ¹	950	300	32	38	282 & 18 ¹	710	217

¹ Carronades.

The French frigate of the larger class was rather more than one-half the size and one-third the power of the smallest ship of the line. The gap between the two was well defined. Out of a total number of 79 frigates only 15 were of this size, the remainder were smaller. During the war, the law of equality again com-

pelled Great Britain to follow the French lead. She gradually ceased to build both the 64-gun ship and the intermediate classes. In the year 1812, after nearly twenty years of continuous war, not more than 13 such ships were in commission, and the typical ones under construction were—

	Rate.	Number of guns.		Approximate weight of broad-side in lb.		Burthen in tons.	Crew.	Cost. £
		Nominal.	Actual.					
Smallest ship of the line or capital ship	3rd	74	80	736 & 246 ¹	=982	1750	600	76,506
Cruiser or frigate	5th	38	50	282 & 288 ¹	=570	1080	284	39,268
Do.	5th	36	42	223 & 234 ¹	=457	950	264	?

¹ Carronades.

This particular class of 74-gun ship represents one-third of the ships of the line then built and two-thirds of those building; the frigates stand for two-thirds of those built and for nearly all those building. It is true that among the total of 153 frigates were 6 of exceptional size. One of

these may be mentioned—the *Endymion*, of 1277 tons, and armed with 28 24-pounders, 2 18-pounders, and 20 32-pounder carronades. The most marked result is the well-defined interval between the ship of the line and the frigate. The fighting power and cost of the former were

nearly double those of the numerical strengths of the latter. several classes are shown in

The fluctuations in the the following table:—

CLASS OF SHIP.	FIRST WAR.		SECOND WAR.		THIRD WAR.			FOURTH WAR.	
	Begins 1739.	Ends 1748.	Begins 1756.	Ends 1762.	Begins 1775.	France inter- venes, 1778.	Ends 1788.	Begins 1793.	America declares war, 1812.
Ships of the line or cap- ital ships	124	138	142	141	131	131	174	113	113
Intermediates	22	42	38	45	16	34	53	30	14
Cruisers .	28	54	45	97	82	105	145	96	153
Small craft .	22	45	48	84	64	119	155	65	343

The large number of ships of the line at the end of the third war marks the severity of the struggle. The intermediate class includes 44's during the first war and at the opening of the second, 50's and 44's after that time. By the year 1812 the 64's are also merged in it, and the whole class is practically about to disappear. The most marked feature is the increase in the number of cruisers and small craft during each war, and especially of the latter during the interval 1775-78, when the revolting American colonies had not yet been joined by France.

The war, which began in the year 1812, marks a critical stage in the development of the frigate. The leading features of that war have been

sketched in 'Maga' for June 1905. To the works of Captain Mahan and Mr Henry Adams the reader is referred for fuller information. The conditions were peculiar. The American Navy included no ship of the line, and consisted of only seven frigates, besides a few small craft. The whole interest centres round the three heavy nominal 44-gun frigates—*Constitution*, *United States*, and *President*. The first captured two British nominal 38-gun frigates—the *Guerrière* and *Java*; the second beat another such ship—the *Macedonian*. The *Constitution* and the *Guerrière* may be taken as types of the two classes. According to Mr Roosevelt, their armaments were—

CONSTITUTION.

32 long 24-pounders.
22 32-pounder carronades.

54

GUERRIÈRE.

30 long 18-pounders.
2 long 12-pounders.
16 32-pounder carronades.
1 18-pounder do.

49

Their comparative force was—

	TONNAGE.		Number of guns.	BROADSIDE.		Crew.
	British.	American.		Weight in lb.		
Constitution .	?	1576	27	358 & 328 ¹	=684	456
Guerrière .	1080	1338	25	264 & 312 ¹	=576	272
		¹ Carronades.				

¹ Carronades.

The *United States* and *President* were armed with 42-pounder carronades, and their broadside was therefore about 100 lb. heavier. These three heavy frigates were really "intermediates." In fighting power they fell below the 74—the smallest ship of the line, and above the nominal 38—the average frigate. They differed little from the discarded 64. They were not remarkable for any superiority of speed. How were they to be met? They could only be defeated by bringing against them a superiority either of skill, or of force, or of both. A large number of British officers, forgetting the teaching of Nelson and other great leaders in war, did not understand this simple truth. Misled by a long series of unbroken successes, and filled with overweening self-confidence, they not only neglected to acquire skill, but took no steps to bring into action a superior force. The result was defeat in the early part of the war. The question of skill lies outside our argument, which is concerned only with the distribution of fighting power.

There are two different methods of concentrating fighting power—in one large unit of great force, or in several smaller ones of moderate force.

The heavy American frigate represented then, as the modern armoured cruiser does now, the first method. The idea underlying both classes is a single ship which shall be superior to any vessel employed on detached service. The reciprocal effect of such an idea must mean dimensions ever growing, until the ship becomes so powerful that she cannot be detached without materially weakening the main fleet. In fact, its logical conclusion is the ship of the line or battleship. The idea must therefore be unsound. The failure¹ of the heavy frigate in the war of 1812, and of the armoured cruiser in the Russo-Japanese war, supports this view. Underlying the second method is the idea that ships not intended for the line shall be as small as is compatible with the work to be done, but not so small that the large ones will not, in combination, be a match for any ship not of the line. The reciprocal effect of this idea tends to decrease size and to increase numbers. The British Admiralty adopted both methods against the American 44's. They built powerful frigates to match them, and they strengthened their detachments, giving orders that British frigates were not to cruise singly.

¹ See 'Maga' for June 1905.

It was to the second method, and not to the first, that success was due. The American ports were blockaded by squadrons. The *President* was captured by a squadron composed of the *Endymion* (40), *Pomone* (38), and *Tenedos* (38). It is true that the *Majestic* (56)—the heavy ship specially cut down from a 74 to meet the American 44's—was present, but she never fired a shot. The *President* would have been captured if the *Majestic* had been absent. It was absolutely unnecessary to build heavier frigates; the real needs were suitable strategical dispositions of the force already in existence, and care to see that the units were individually in an efficient state. There is nothing in the war of 1812 to controvert the lessons taught by previous wars. Even the small, fast American privateers, to whose action the large British losses were chiefly due, were only a revival of the seveneenth-century Dunkirk privateers and Sallee rovers. The

failure to appreciate the conditions correctly need not surprise us, seeing that the nature of war has not been closely studied, and that until recent years no attempt has been made to draw any lessons from the past. As has been clearly proved, the tactical methods employed at Trafalgar were completely misunderstood at the time. The men who were capable of that might well be content to adopt the superficial view that great individual size and power must necessarily be all-important. The direct consequence was the large frigates of the nineteenth century, approaching ships of the line in size and power. It is not necessary to dwell on those vessels in which both sails and steam were used. We pass at once to the ships dependent upon steam alone, to the ships built under the Naval Defence Act of 1889, as a convenient starting-point.

The ships which were either built or grew out of the Act of 1889 were—

	Date.		Class.	Weight of broadside in lb.	Approximate displacement fully loaded.	Crew.	First cost.	Designed speed in knots.
	Laid down.	Launched.						
Capital ships	1889	1891	Royal Sovereign	{ 4 of 1250 5 of 100	{ 14,700	730	£ 840,000	17·5
	1890	1892	Barfleur	{ 4 of 500 5 of 45	{ 11,100	625	580,000	18·2
Cruisers	1889	1890	Edgar	{ 2 of 380 5 of 100	{ 7,750	540	410,000	20·0
	1889	1890	Latona	{ 2 of 100 3 of 45	{ 3,550	273	174,000	20·0
	1890	1893	Astræa	{ 2 of 100 4 of 45	{ 4,950	312	254,000	19·3
	...	...	Gunboat	2 of 45	735	91	60,000	21·0

As in the year 1812, battleships, cruisers, and small craft are all represented in this programme. Omitting ships of the *Barfleur* class, which were not repeated, a wide margin in size and cost is seen between the battleship and the large cruiser. The difference in the number of the crew, and perhaps also in the fighting power, is not so great, which suggests a suspicion that perhaps the *Edgars* were too large. To increase the enduring mobility, the *Latonas* grew into the *Astræas*, and finally into the *Talbots* of about 6000 tons, with some addition to the fighting power. There was

still a great gap between them and the battleship. These *Talbots*, when re-armed with 6-inch guns throughout, represented the ideal cruiser of that date. Such were the conditions when the year 1894 saw the beginning of a great change of policy.

Two years before had been launched an exceptionally large Russian cruiser, the *Rurik*. She now had to be met, and the problem was how to do it. Would two or more *Edgars* or *Talbots* be equal to the task, or should larger ships be built? The decision was to build two *Powerfuls*.

The leading particulars of the above ships are—

Name.	Number of guns and weight of broad- side in lb.	Displace- ment in tons.	Crew.	Cost. £	Designed speed.
Rurik . . .	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 2 \text{ of } 190 \\ 7 \text{ of } 90 \\ 3 \text{ of } 45 \end{array} \right\}$	10,900	770	...	18·0
Edgar . . .	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 2 \text{ of } 380 \\ 5 \text{ of } 100 \end{array} \right\}$	7,300	540	410,000	20·0
Talbot (re-armed)	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 6 \text{ of } 100 \end{array} \right\}$	5,600	470	276,000	19·5
Powerful . . .	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 2 \text{ of } 380 \\ 8 \text{ of } 100 \end{array} \right\}$	14,200	840	705,000	22·0

N.B.—The guns of the *Powerful* were protected by armour; those of the other three ships were unprotected, except two in *Edgar*, which were in casemates.

It will be observed that to match the *Rurik* in gun-power two *Edgars* or two *Talbots* would be required. The *Powerful* was far superior to her.

The action of the British Admiralty in building the *Powerful* and other large cruisers caused Russia to change her policy after the launch of the *Gromoboi*. She ceased to build such ships, and reverted to ships rather larger than the *Talbot*, with the same

armament, but of higher speed—23 knots. May it be that she dimly realised the logical end of the competition in size? But other nations did not follow her. The era of large cruisers had begun, and must necessarily run its course. They eventually developed into the armoured cruiser, and have resulted in the *Invincibles* and *Edgar Quinets*, which are not cruisers, but veritable battleships, in which fighting power has been sacrificed to speed.

This is the natural and inevitable result of reasoning from false assumptions.

We turn now to the existing Navy, as enumerated in the Dilke Parliamentary Return, No. 129, of 24th April 1906, in which are included some ships not fit for service. If all the ships therein mentioned, good, bad, and indifferent, are counted, they may be classified as follows:—

	Built.	Building.
Capital ships . . .	51	16
Intermediates . . .	48	...
Cruisers . . .	61	...
Small craft . . .	44	...
Destroyers . . .	143	18
Torpedo boats . . .	87	...

Among the intermediates are included twelve of the oldest battleships and all the large cruisers, except the *Duke of Edinburgh* and later ships which are counted as capital ships. The oldest battleships are degraded because they are no longer fit for the line. The large cruisers are included because they are not equal in fighting power to battleships, although they carry crews nearly as large or even larger and are almost as costly to maintain. Although not individually equal to capital ships, collectively they include such a large proportion of fighting power that they cannot be detached without weakening the main fleet. Take for example the manœuvres of 1903. The X fleet included 11 battleships with a broadside of 109 guns (6-inch and above), and 6 large cruisers with a broad-

side of 52 such guns. The latter carried nearly one-third of the total number of effective guns, and their help would be important in the fight. As a matter of fact, owing to various causes, 1 battleship and 5 large cruisers, with a broadside of 54 guns, were not present at the sham fight off the Azores. This was a very material loss of fighting power.

When a ship has been detached from the admiral, the time when she will rejoin is always uncertain, for two reasons. The movements of the fleet, which she has to meet, are liable to change, since they are dependent largely on those of the enemy whose intentions are unknown. The decision of her commanding officer, when dealing with the unforeseen, is doubtful. Take, as an example, Nelson's movements before the battle of the Nile. His frigates parted company during the gale of wind which dismasted the *Vanguard*, and never rejoined. The senior officer, erring in judgment, returned to Gibraltar, where he thought the admiral must have gone. The above reasons are equally applicable whether the ships are moved by wind or by steam. Thus, when a ship is once out of communication it is impossible to be certain of her movements. But even when within call she may be too late, unless care is taken. Thus at the Nile the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure*, two ships of the line, were two hours behind time in coming

into action, because they had been detached some twelve miles to do the work of the missing frigates. The battle of Tsu Sima was decided within an hour of the two fleets sighting each other. What would have happened if Togo's armoured cruisers had been two hours distant from him when the enemy was sighted? He did not risk that, but kept them well in hand. The reader will now understand why the true cruiser is a ship whose fighting power is such that she can be detached without detracting from the strength of the fleet. It will be observed that no such ships are building in this country. The vessels under construction are limited to capital ships and destroyers. This is an unprecedented state of affairs. The Navy will presently be reduced to the same condition as was Nelson prior to the Nile. When the next war comes, want of cruisers will be found written in the hearts of British admirals. What is the explanation? Lord Cawdor's Memorandum, dated 30th November 1905, gives the answer. That document reads:—

"Now the last two years has given the Board an opportunity for reviewing the fighting efficiency of classes of vessels which has never before been afforded since modern fighting vessels have been in existence. A great naval war has given us a practical demonstration of the comparative values of the factors that go to constitute the different classes of ships. This has been entirely in accord with the more theoretical conclusions of peace time; but the evidence of war has added authority

to those conclusions, and so invested them with the conviction that action, which previously might have been looked on as premature, could no longer be delayed from mere opportunist considerations."

This is misleading. It affirms that war experience has been in accord with peace theoretical conclusions. To what peace conclusions is this meant to refer? Was it generally accepted before the war that the Whitehead torpedo could do so little damage to a battleship that she could be easily repaired? That a port could be blockaded in spite of the presence of torpedo boats inside it? That large cruisers intended to prey on commerce would not be able to do so? Has the experience of the war been so carefully weighed and considered that we are certain to draw the right conclusions and not the wrong ones, as has been usual after every previous war? The Memorandum from which we quote affords weighty evidence to the contrary. Thus—

"We live in a period when changes are far more rapid and far-reaching in extent than has ever been the case before. The range of modern actions has, we may almost say, jumped from 3000 to 7000 yards, and the sea-going speed of our cruisers has risen from 18 to 23 knots. This means that cruisers of previous types are placed at a hopeless disadvantage in their legitimate function of scouting, since anything that cannot force home a 'reconnaissance' is of little use to collect information; and if to this is added the chance of such scouts being themselves captured or sunk, such vessels become an anxiety rather than an assistance."

There have certainly been many recent changes, but are they more rapid and far-reaching than has ever been the case before? The change from sail to steam was no more far-reaching than that from oars to sail. Neither the one nor the other was rapid. Was the introduction of the ram, or of the Whitehead torpedo, far-reaching? Has not the ram been discarded? And is not the Whitehead torpedo decreasing in value? What is there really far-reaching in the increased rapidity of fire with the quick-firing gun? Does a modern battleship really fire a greater number of shot per minute than did the old 100-gun *Victory*? The *Dreadnought* certainly fires fewer. Again, the increase in the effective fighting range is a change in degree

rather than in principle, and is therefore not far-reaching. How is it possible to contend that the advent of the 23-knot cruiser has placed cruisers of previous types at a hopeless disadvantage as scouts? Togo used these very ships for that purpose, and kept his armoured cruisers in hand for battle, for reasons which we have explained at length. But have cruisers and small craft no work to do in time of war other than scouting? We have written in vain if the reader is not in a position to answer these questions so far as regards the cruiser. To explain the rôle of the small craft in war a separate article is necessary. The writer regrets that for some time he will be debarred from undertaking it.

[For Articles on our Naval Policy by the same Author see 'Maga' for May, June, July, October, December, 1905, and February, May, October, 1906.]

ROBERT, EARL OF LYTTON.

THERE are few more interesting and picturesque figures in the public life of the later Victorian era than the figure of Robert, first Earl of Lytton. He can be assigned to no recognised category or caste, and was the solitary specimen of an unique type. It may be said of him that he was one "*qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.*" He was a traveller and a diplomatist. But he was something quite different from either character in its normal manifestation, just as he could not possibly be mistaken for a mere man of letters. It was right and proper that some memorial of such a personality should be raised by competent and sympathetic hands; and the pious duty could not have been more admirably discharged than it has been by his daughter. Lady Betty Balfour is to be congratulated upon a work¹ which stamps her, not merely as an affectionate and dutiful child, but, as the possessor in the third generation of a literary instinct of no ordinary kind. She has permitted her father to tell the story of his own life through the medium of his correspondence, as far as possible; and what she has added by way of explanation or connecting link is neither defective nor superfluous. The present winter season has pro-

duced at least an average crop of biographical works, but none of them, so far as we have seen, can surpass this one for attractiveness and interest.

Robert Lytton had as bad a "start in life" (as it is called) as any one need pray to be delivered from. The deplorable quarrels between his father and mother broke up the home at an early date, and he and his sister became dependent for their upbringing upon the unflagging benevolence and attention of a friend of Mrs Bulwer's. Miss Greene did much—more, indeed, than could possibly have been expected—for her charges; but the supervision of no stranger however vigilant, and the affection of no stranger however warm, can replace the peculiar influences of true family life. To his father Robert looked up with intense admiration, not a little tempered with awe. Long after childhood had merged into youth, and youth into manhood, Sir Edward seemed stern, exacting, austere—at times even jealous. His letters to his son are strongly illustrative of his character. Their perpetual burden is one which to many young men of high spirit and vaulting ambition is apt to be distasteful: the duty of *succeeding* in life, not necessarily in any sordid or money-grubbing sense, but in the

¹ Personal and Literary Letters of Robert, First Earl of Lytton. Edited by Lady Betty Balfour. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 1906.

sense of reaching the highest possible distinction in the profession or calling to which choice or circumstance has directed one. In reading Bulwer Lytton's reiterated advice to his son on this topic, we are instantly reminded of Mr Jowett's teaching, of which this doctrine formed so vital and characteristic a part. But the Master, to do him justice, never, to our knowledge, subscribed to the proposition, boldly advanced by the novelist, that Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley were not great poets, because they were nothing *but* poets, and because no one in his senses would ever have gone to them for guidance or advice upon some matter of practical life. In Robert Lytton's case (and thrice fortunate are those of whom the same may be said), the father was spared until the son had attained an age at which things had begun to present themselves in their true proportions; and thus their latter intercourse was that of unalloyed sympathy and thoroughly reciprocated affection.

Lytton took little or nothing by his schooling, whether at Twickenham, Brighton, or Harrow. Fortunately, he had an insatiable appetite for reading—one of the most valuable gifts which the good fairies can bestow upon a boy. To "the unconscious social education which boys give each other" at a public school, he joins in paying the customary tribute (i. 19), but he echoes the thoughtless cant of his age

against the "cruel and senseless custom" of compulsory verse composition. He was in truth but too apt in his earlier years to pick up the catchwords and cries of the party which advocates change under the specious guise of "progress." He was not long, however, in finding in Greek a wholesome medicine for a mind diseased. "Greek is the only knowledge," he says, "which I do not regret the time I spent in acquiring: I never return to its pure cool fountains without feeling the better for it" (i. 84). It is remarkable that he had none of the ordinary Englishman's attachment to outdoor sports; while whist alone of indoor games is said to have found favour in his eyes. It is safe to predict that, had he lived ten years more, he would have become an enthusiastic devotee of bridge.

He entered the diplomatic service—that most fascinating of all professions—in 1850, at the age of eighteen, under his illustrious uncle, who then represented her Britannic Majesty in the capital of the United States of America. To Washington succeeded Florence, to Florence Paris, to Paris The Hague, to The Hague Vienna, to Vienna Copenhagen (at the critical period of the Schleswig-Holstein affair), to Copenhagen Athens, to Athens Lisbon, to Lisbon Madrid, to Madrid Vienna once again, and after that again Paris and Lisbon in quick succession, whence he was called by Mr Disraeli's advice to the Viceroyalty of India. His career wound up,

after a period of comparative inactivity, with the Embassy at Paris, to which he was appointed by Lord Salisbury in 1888, and in the occupation of which he died in 1891. The mere outline of such a life suggests the intense pleasure which it must have yielded to one formed, in many respects, for the thorough enjoyment of most of the enjoyable things which life has to afford, and a keen observer of human nature to boot. In most of these places he found the *dulces comitum cœtus* so dear to Catullus, of which his beautiful memoir of Julian Fane¹ is the best possible commemoration. In all, he was making steady progress in his vocation,—though his duties occasionally seemed thankless,—and was rendering substantial service to the country whose interests he tendered so dearly.

That his administration of India met, at the time, with the recognition it deserved may be as safely denied, as it may now be positively affirmed that his minutes as Viceroy—composed usually after the last guest had left the feast, “in the midnight, in the silence of the sleep-time,” to the accompaniment of cigarettes and curaçoa—are reckoned among the most precious treasures of the Indian secretariat. He had incurred much hostility and con-

tempt by his poetical lucubrations; but no one unversed in the temper and methods of the Liberal party could have been prepared for the outburst of malignant detraction which was diligently sustained during his tenure of the Viceroyalty. Political faction having “put its money on the wrong horse” by denouncing in unmeasured terms Mr Disraeli’s former choice of Lord Mayo, plunged still more heavily against Lord Lytton. His private character, no less than his public policy, was assailed with all the rancour of the Nonconformist conscience; and the scantest courtesy was shown him personally when, on Mr Gladstone’s return to power, he was succeeded by Lord Ripon. To say that all the obloquy so unjustly lavished upon the Viceroy passed him over unscathed would be to affirm what is not true; but the defection of his “own familiar friend,” Mr John Morley, was the sorest blow of all. By a singular coincidence that friend is now installed at the India Office, and we are much mistaken if he has not learnt and taken to heart the important truth that the outlook for our Indian Empire is *always* grave, not because its finances are desperate or because the men on the spot are deficient in the ruling instinct, but because “the Government and the very

¹ This volume would be memorable, if for nothing else, at least for the delightful chapter contributed by Mr Vernon Harcourt (afterwards Sir William), which is a *locus classicus* on the University career of the old *condottiere*, and will not, we trust, be overlooked by his biographer.

maintenance of India depend ultimately on the will of a people from whose political life the sentiment and instinct of Empire seems to be dying out" (ii. 93).

India apart,—whence he must have brought home a sense of bitter injustice, qualified only by the warm sympathy and appreciation of his Sovereign,—his life must in the main have been a happy one, as men's lives go. But one crook there was in the lot. It was not that he had an unhappy love-affair in every capital until he married. Doubtless his heart, like many another's, was always "handsomely pieced." It was not that he was frequently pinched for money, his father's kindness being essentially and purposely of the *unremitting* sort. Bulwer Lytton was no niggard, and upon occasion behaved with great generosity towards his son, though as a rule he acted upon the well-known maxim which asserts the superiority in the chase of the hungry hound. But the quantum of bitterness in Robert Lytton's cup arose from his intense desire to distinguish himself in literature, and more especially in poetry. He was not blessed with the triple brass which has enabled men, in the plenitude of self-confidence, to defy the critics, to pursue their own path, and finally to compel the applause of a reluctant world: which then begins foolishly to idolise them, and to form little quasi-religious communities for the purpose

of generating "good, thick, strong, stupefying incense-smoke" in their honour. He had moments—nay, hours—of acute despondency: he knew what to any man of letters with a conscience is the most torturing of all anxieties—the doubt whether his work is very good or hopelessly bad. Yet he never relinquished his aim; and he feels convinced, as he writes to Mr William Blackwood (1873), with whose uncle for many years he regularly corresponded, that his 'Fables' will take a standard place in English verse. Let his own name, therefore, be placed upon the title-page, and let posterity know the book as 'Lytton's Fables'! "I would rather," he wrote to Sir Edward in 1854, "have been Burns at the Scotch alehouse than Uncle Henry in a ship of war, going out to his post with the red ribbon on" (i. 59).

That he fell far short of his lofty ideal few will be paradoxical or partial enough to deny. Rather will he seem to the majority of people to have met the doom he most apprehended, and to have been "a dilettante for life" (i. 80). His father warned him repeatedly of the risk, and laid an unerring finger on the weak spots. He was too fluent, too prolific; he scourged the soil of his brain without remorse; he took a white crop off his glebe for years in succession. Closer concentration was also the lesson preached to him by Mrs Browning, so that if he failed, it was for no want of sound advice. Neither was it

from any lack of that favourite specific of counsellors—taking pains. He polished and re-polished with incredible diligence. The proper position of a comma was the object of acute solicitude; while he would spend weeks in the anxious consideration of the best type and the most suitable title. His letters to Mr John Blackwood and his firm during the passing of the ‘Fables’ through the press would have exhausted the patience and good-nature, we verily believe, of any other publisher. And he possessed that most maddening characteristic of the over-careful—the harking back to an opinion deliberately abandoned, after the whole matter is supposed to be settled for good and all.

If, then, Robert Lytton never reached those poetical heights to which he would fain have soared, the explanation must be sought in some radical peculiarity of his mental constitution, rather than in his surroundings or his habits. Himself has told us that “Genius does what it must, and Talent does what it can.” He deserves praise for doing what he could, and that he could no more was not his fault. In one sense his mind was only too sensitive to the magic of poetry. He could not help, consciously or unconsciously, reproducing in his work unmistakable and “mechanic” echoes of any bard under whose spell he had fallen for the time being, and the resulting effect is deplorable. Yet his ear was obviously imperfect, for he is

guilty of glaring solecisms in rhythm and metre which would have been impossible for any one whose organ was more finely attuned. His passages of sustained excellence are always liable to be abruptly brought to a close by some sadly inappropriate epithet or some palpably incongruous thought. His touch grew firmer, yet never became quite firm; nor could his finger ever be trained to avoid the false note. Moreover, by some unhappy chance, he was specially addicted to galloping measures (of which our language lends itself to not a few), that require consummate workmanship to prevent them from degenerating into doggerel. He was not artist enough to stand this needlessly severe test, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every now and then he reminds us in swing and lilt of no other singing-bird than our own incomparable “Dagonet.” Mr Swinburne’s Parody of Lytton in the “Heptalogia” is ferocious and unmerciful, for Mr Swinburne knows better than to share the darling English fallacy that a parody, a caricature, and a satire should be nothing if not “good-natured”; but no one can say that it was wholly unprovoked.

It throws a striking light upon that mysterious quality, literary sincerity, to remember that the pieces collected under the title of ‘The Wanderer’ are confessedly the record of Lytton’s own experiences of life. No volume of verse ever fell from the press more

thoroughly tainted with insincerity in the literary signification. That was a sound instinct which, in middle life, moved him to attempt the suppression of the greater part of it. For Lytton was no lenient critic of his own performances, and was always striving after something better than he had hitherto attained. His later poetry is pleasantly free from many of the faults of *technique* and taste with which his earlier work abounds. But there is a goal appointed to every man beyond which he may not go, and if Lytton had lived to be a hundred, the secret of the highest poetry would still have eluded him. He did, as we have said, what he could, and the upshot of the whole matter is briefly this, that he was not a great poet, for the one excellent and entirely satisfying reason, that he was *not* a great poet.

Yet, if he was condemned to fall short, where to succeed is a privilege granted to no more than two or three in a generation, he must be allowed to have excelled in one species of composition of which the masters are not to be found at every street-corner, to wit, in letter-writing. The letters here collected by Lady Betty Balfour, and the unpublished letters written to Mr Blackwood between 1859 and 1875 (on which we rejoice to be able to draw freely), are all delightful specimens of a delightful art. In them you find the real man, stripped of affectation and mannerism; in them you feel that he reached his

highest accomplishment. Only one letter in the whole collection is artificial and *maniéré*, full of unnecessary tags of French and Latin, and that was written to his tutor when he was no more than eighteen. Thenceforth, we see that in his correspondence, at all events, he has ceased to pose, even when he talks nonsense. No matter to whom he writes—be it to Queen Victoria or Sir James Stephen, to Mr Disraeli or Mr Morley, to his publisher or his daughter,—the tone of every letter is exactly the right one, and the expression, though never formal or pedantic, though invariably easy and natural, is the manifest outcome of a mind saturated with literature. In a word, his letters possess the supreme quality of “charm,” which he never contrived to communicate to his serious poetical writings. And thus, too, we are enabled to trace the growth of Lytton’s mind and the development of his opinions with a certainty which would be beyond our reach were his letters less obviously a revelation of the writer than they are, or were we compelled to fall back on second-hand authority, however trustworthy and well-informed.

If we were asked to name the most striking feature in Lytton’s mental history, we should be inclined to specify the unusually long period during which the stage of adolescence lasted. It has already been said that he was too prone to adopt the fashion-

able beliefs, or unbeliefs, of the hour, and by no possibility could the epithet Tory have been applied either to his convictions or to his customary attitude of mind for the first four decades of his life. He was unsound, for example, on the question of Governor Eyre (one of the crucial tests), and as late as 1866 he hoped to see the establishment of a system of compulsory secular education, carrying in its train the dissolution of the union between Church and State, which, he writes to John Forster, "I shall fervently rejoice to see" (i. 217). Except in regard to foreign politics, on which he was sound from the first, he coquetted with Liberalism, and Mr Disraeli never exerted much admiration from him until after his return to power in 1874. Another characteristic of his youthful habit was the tendency to form violent friendships,—natural enough, no doubt, in one who had no domestic circle to which to turn for sympathy and refreshment. One of these friendships he contracted with Mr and Mrs Browning at Florence, and there is something touching in the warmth of the admiration and affection he expresses for them in his letters. What is proverbially the sincerest species of flattery he had offered, in no diluted or ambiguous form, in 'Chronicles and Characters.' But for some unexplained reason the attachment cooled, and when 'The Ring and the Book' appeared, Lytton had little good to say

of it. That he should have spoken of Browning's "ingrained vulgarity" (i. 333) is indicative of a strong reaction. The phrase is not happy, nay, is scarce intelligible. Far superior is the gibe that "a poem proving the Claimant to be the right man, and gracefully dedicated to the Duchess of Lothair, by Robert Browning, would no doubt be much praised by the present critics." (To Mr John Blackwood, 25th August 1873.)

It was not until the magic age of forty was close at hand that Lytton began to "settle down," intellectually speaking, and that he threw off the waywardness and irresponsibility which had hitherto marked his mode of arriving at opinions. Not long afterwards the death of his father called him to a seat in the Senate. No man attached less importance than he did to rank for its own sake, and no man was more wide awake to the familiar British foible which the possession of rank is apt to bring to the surface.

"Since I have succeeded to a peerage," he writes to Mr Blackwood on 15th July 1873, "the number of persons who have discovered that I have succeeded as a poet is astonishing and amusing. I am asked to meet at Leeds three hundred workmen from all parts of Yorkshire who wish, they say, to welcome me 'not as Lord Lytton, but as Owen Meredith.' Strange, as I have been Owen Meredith for the last twenty years, and they never wished to welcome me before! *Ainsi va le monde!*"

But the fact that he was now a member of the Legislature stimulated his sense of duty,

and, remiss though he may have been in his attendance at the debates in the Upper House, it undoubtedly brought him into closer contact with men of affairs, whose society was of the utmost value to him. For example, in 1867 he had expressed the view that Lord Cranborne "wants a heart," though "obviously very clever," and a doubt "if he will ever be a great man" (i. 218). In the letter just quoted he informs his correspondent—

"I have been staying a few days at Hatfield, and have come away very favourably impressed by Lord Salisbury. I suspect he is a man who has it in him to play a really great part, if the conditions of public life were different from what they now are in England. But perhaps nothing short of a revolution would bring out his best capacities. In the days of Charles the First he would have been either a Strafford or a Pym, according to circumstances. At present he is only a sort of Tory Ishmael."

It was one of Lytton's merits that, if he found he had been mistaken in his conception of any character or situation, he was not ashamed to make ample confession of his error.

In anecdote, pure and simple, Lord Lytton's letters are not very prolific, and his mental gifts were of too high an order to make him ambitious of the status of a mere *raconteur*. Perhaps his best story is of Lady Derby, the wife of the last Earl, who, when Count Apponyi complimented her on her husband's civility, when at the Foreign Office, to the *corps diplomatique* in London, replied, "Yes, but then he felt

that he was *paid* to be civil." (To Mr Blackwood, 15th November 1873.) But, after all, anecdote is a sensitive plant, and torn from its natural surroundings is apt to lose its most attractive qualities. Better far than irrelevant anecdote are the occasional shrewd glimpses of character, or the current gossip of the hour, however trivial, about eminent contemporaries. We like to hear that Mr Gladstone is supposed to be "hydrophobic" about "The Battle of Dorking," without being too curious to inquire into the truth of the hypothesis; nor have we ever come across anything that gave a pleasanter view of the first Lord Russell in his old age than the following:—

"I went yesterday to see the Russells at Richmond. The old fellow was in bed with a cold, but insisted on seeing me, and I had a long talk with him. He told me he had just received from Gladstone a letter on the reconstruction of his Cabinet, written in very low spirits. No wonder! I must say I always listen with pleasure to Lord Russell on foreign politics. His views about them are not always right—or, at least, not always such as I think right—but his *sentiment* about them is always that of a high-spirited statesman who is proud of belonging to a great nation, and has at heart the honour and greatness of England." (To Mr Blackwood, 11th August 1873.)

Of literary criticism the letters naturally contain a good deal, and those addressed to Mr Blackwood are full of it. Nothing, indeed, could be more agreeable than the relations which subsisted between editor

and contributor, and the free interchange of thought *hinc inde* enables one to appreciate Lytton's strongly avowed preference for the editorial methods of his correspondent over those of the conductor of another magazine who bore a great name in the world of letters. Mr Blackwood is not afraid to say what he thinks. He avows the awful heresy that Darwin's discoveries, if there was anything in them, "would not carry us one hairbreadth farther in knowing whence we came or how we came" (to Robert Lytton, 29th December 1871), and Lytton is equally candid on his side. But it is not as a critic of literature that Lytton chiefly shines in his letters: it is rather as an observer of men and affairs of State. His career had given him unrivalled opportunities for watching political movements of all sorts, and his comments on the tendency of matters in his own country are not less shrewd by reason of his absence abroad. If it is not the whole truth, it is very nearly the whole truth, that "the great misfortune of France is that her political revolution was made a century too late and her social revolution a century too soon" (29th November 1873). Little requires to be added to his remark on the comparative excesses of the Communards and the army of Versailles in 1871: "The ruffianism of those who only aspire to rule or re-

press society is a temporary misfortune; the ruffianism of those who professedly aspire to *regenerate* society is an in-expiable curse" (i. 265). It expresses the philosophy of Taine and of every true anti-Jacobin at once adequately and with precision. That "great empires are not easily broken in pieces" (12th March 1862) is, we hope, the case: it was written of Austria, which has since done something to prove it, for it is as true to-day as it was then that "Austria is always on the brink of a precipice, but somehow or other she never quite tumbles into it." Equally do we desire to believe that he was right in holding that "Fortune never checkmates a nation without first calling check."¹ But the reflection which immediately follows is, alas! equally well-founded: "Check is a word to which democracy will never listen when it is galloping (*sic*) after that flying island 'Progress'" (8th March 1872).

It is difficult to suppose that Lord Lytton could ever have played a really effective part in the domestic politics of this country. He was liable to be misunderstood, and had the very temperament and the very tricks of expressing himself which may be always expected to inspire the average Briton with distrust. It is true that he made some remarkable speeches in the House of Lords, and at least one address delivered by him on

¹ This phrase was reproduced in the excellent prefatory memoir to a collection of his father's speeches (2 vols., 1874), vol. i. p. xlvi.

a public platform attracted general notice, as it well deserved to do. The short passage which has been reproduced for us (ii. 245) is a noble effort of eloquence, obviously conceived on the Disraelian model. But it is next to impossible to think of Lytton as a successful House of Commons man, had he found a constituency so eccentric as to choose him for its member. It is equally out of the question to figure him as a political philosopher of the systematic order like Mr John Mill. He could never have digested his views into an orderly canon, or built up a scheme in which all the component parts fitted into one another with nice accuracy. Yet his political reflections, flung off in his correspondence fresh from his mind, when the impression was strong upon him, are perhaps more valuable than the maxims of a more calculating and less haphazard school. For sheer wisdom they remind us of nothing so much as the writings of Bagehot, a very different personage. We have already exhibited one or two of his more pregnant apophthegms; here is a specimen of a somewhat longer flight:—

“The political prospects at home are not delightful. A Republic with Mr Dilke at the head of it, or monarchy stripped of all that can give it dignity and credit—neither prospect is attractive, to me at least. All the practical business of life, whether private or public, must rest on some hypothesis which is not susceptible of discussion. The man who is constantly overhauling the *a priori* grounds of his religion will end by having no religion at all; and complete social anarchy must be the ultimate condition of any nation

which tolerates the incessant public discussion of the principles of its political constitution as if they were open questions. We suffer in all things from too much talk and too little administration. I cannot help thinking the Gladstone Government directly responsible for these periodical murmurs at the cost of monarchy in England. For if, in order to save four clerks' salaries, each of only £500 a-year, the Government makes it impossible to secure the best judges for the new supreme court—if the country be really so hard up that its administrators are bound to cashier without compensation large numbers of poor dockyard labourers who have been for forty years in the service of the state (conduct on which no private firm would venture), if the small salaries of the most hard-working servants of the Crown are to be annually reduced, whilst the revenues of the Crown itself remain intact, then it is asking too much from human nature (of which neither Gladstone nor his colleagues know anything) to expect that the poorer classes should remain indifferent to the contrast they perceive between downright destructive niggardliness in all the most useful departments of the State and apparent waste in that one department of it of which the utility is least directly appreciable to them. Even loyally disposed persons may possibly consider that England just now needs a good supply of naval stores quite as much as a good supply of royal princes; and when they see such stores sold off at a ruinous loss, with the certainty that at any moment they may have to be repurchased at an equally ruinous cost, it is scarcely surprising that the public mind (which is never very wise) should begin to grudge the monarch that civil list which still leaves the inhospitality of the British Court a by-word and a discredit to the country. Loyalty, patriotism, and honour are human sentiments, and not philosophical principles. They are unfit for discussion, which may destroy but cannot restore them. We ought to be warned by the example of France. But we are living in a fool's paradise of parochial self-esteem.

What we want, I think, is a Minister free from Tory crotchets, uninfluenced by phraseology, whether Radical or Conservative, but resolved to discourage the prevailing spirit of impossibilities, and having sufficient personal weight to enforce the doctrines of common-sense, which are now put on the Index. For this it is not so much talent as *character* that is requisite. But where such a Minister is to come from is more than I see." (To Mr Blackwood, November 23, 1871.)

The passage must, of course, be read in the light of the circumstances in which it was written. Some people have forgotten, and many have never heard of, the early political escapades of Citizen Dilke. Such observations, it may be said, are inapplicable to an age in which the throne seems more firmly established in the hearts of the people than it ever was before. But cavillers will do well to remember that our age is also one in which a Cabinet Minister, whose unexpectedly firm administration of his department has evoked the execrations of the avowedly predatory class of politicians, thought it seemly and expedient in his election address a year ago to profess himself the foe of all hereditary institutions.

Our closing quotation (in which we believe that our readers will have no difficulty in supplying the double name left blank) is no less weighty and suggestive:—

"As regards home politics, indeed, it [Lord Derby's speech] appears to me excellent, and I think the peculiar excellence is in the general *tone* of it—the key, in short, in which he has pitched the tune of Conservatism. This is exactly the kind of note I should like to see

more generally adopted by the party. I think the fault (if I dare say so) of most of the Conservative speeches and manifestoes is that they are too acrimonious, sometimes too personal, and generally too much addressed to the *small* side of the subjects or the men they discuss. I think the language which should be held by any practical statesman wishing to represent the reasonable Conservatism of English society should be one of quiet common-sense, with a good deal of *bonhomie* and heartiness, and a frank contempt, which will be all the more scathing in proportion as it is good-humoured, for the Radical hysterics of the day. Lord D. seems to me to have hit this tone very well in his speech. What I should like to add to it is a somewhat higher conception of the Imperial and National aspect of politics—a fuller appreciation of our place in the world and its history as a great leading nation, and a higher strain of resolution to maintain, and if possible improve, it. His curt dismissal of foreign affairs as unimportant because, forsooth, there happens to be no imminent danger of war just now, and the want of moral elevation with which he seems to regard them, is discouraging. In this he fails to rise above the point of view of that overrated prig———. I don't like to hear English statesmen talking of the great common interests of the world and the age we live in, as if England's only object must always be to keep herself comfortable and inactive—to shirk the responsibility which belongs to a great position and help her neighbours as little as she possibly can. This would be all very well from Gladstone, who is hopelessly afflicted with "silver-streak" on the brain. I should like to hear a higher note from Conservative statesmanship." (To Mr Blackwood, 12th January 1872.)

The advice thus proffered to the Conservative opposition appears to us to be as sound, in a normal position of affairs, as the criticism on the late Lord Derby's instinctive atti-

tude to foreign politics is just. Never were these precepts more punctiliously put into practice than by Lord Salisbury, and his "frank contempt" for opponents, which was never acrimonious, though it led him into so-called "indiscretions," was, we firmly believe, one of the great secrets of his deep-seated popularity with his countrymen. At a later date, in 1887, Lord Lytton, realising that the strength of the Radical and Socialist party lies in its emotional power, was disposed to advocate another policy, and to call for "the *passionate* expression of *moderate* views" (ii. 316). The letter to Professor Tyndall which contains this remarkable phrase is one of the wisest he ever wrote; and we are in-

clined to believe that the time is steadily approaching when, if a stand is to be made against the forces of disintegration, which already menace private property, and through private property the family, and through the family the whole fabric of society, the hint thus thrown out by Lord Lytton must inspire the whole plan of the Conservative campaign. But further to pursue this line of thought would be to open up a delicate and perplexing question.

It is with sincere pleasure that we renew our congratulations to Lady Betty Balfour on the successful accomplishment of a congenial task, and with unaffected regret that we tear ourselves away from these fascinating pages.

"BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD——"

BY JOHN MARVYN.

THE newspapers that day had printed long accounts of the peculiarly atrocious lynching of a negro in the Southern States of North America, and Jephson set himself to sum up an after-dinner discussion of the affair while half a dozen of us around the fire did that comfortable smoke, before rejoining the ladies in the drawing-room, which we moderns substitute for our fathers' more jovial and more gouty attentions to the bottle.

"Of course every one knows that race antagonism exists in the States," said Jephson, "and that south of 'Mason and Dixon's Line' it's a force of dangerous intensity. Still, I doubt if many non-Americans ever quite realise how readily in some parts of that country, and on a certain pretext, the white population will throw off every restraint of law, of decency, even of humanity. After the event the pretext as often as not turns out to have been exaggerated or altogether mistaken, and sometimes it's proved to have been a deliberate lie, the fabrication of a malice too ghastly to be easily believed. And even when the usual pretext is really present in its worst form, that can't make the lynching that follows either more excusable or less wholly inexplicable. For the negro's crime is committed by an in-

dividual, or at most by a very small group, and is nearly always unpremeditated, and certainly always repented; while the criminal is of a race which belongs to one of the lower, less developed families of mankind—a race which, so far as the States are concerned, suffers from the incalculable disadvantages of two centuries' enslavement. But the white man's lust of vengeance leads him to plan and execute the most deliberate and detailed savageries, often to inflict horrible tortures which he taxes his ingenuity to elaborate and prolong; and his crime isn't the work of an individual, of whatever social or political position. It comes instead as the common action of a community usually numbering hundreds, and sometimes thousands, of a highly developed race; and appears in a country which, with at least some show of reason, may claim to have offered the widest freedom for that race's development. These crimes of the white man often make the innocent suffer either with or instead of the guilty, and they notoriously do not cure the particular evil against which they're alleged to be directed. Yet to go on as they do, it's evident they are protected by the moral approval not only of the community immediately

concerned, but of surrounding communities as well. . . . The States must feel in all this a grave menace to their future; and we in England, who are closest to the American ruling class, must consider carefully how it is that our common system of civilisation shows such weakness where, by all the rules of our political logic, it should be strong."

Arthur Jephson, K.C., M.P., was interested in other things than his latest case or the last division, and as he had travelled in the States, and knew them rather better than the rest of us, he naturally had most to say about this lynching business. But we all took a hand except one man, who kept entirely out of the talk, though evidently listening with very close attention, —a rather quiet chap of perhaps forty, who came late, when we were already at table, and was apparently a stranger to every one except our host. I heard this man speak a couple of times in the course of general after-dinner conversation before lynching monopolised us, and there was an intonation not wholly English, although he had neither definite accent nor tangible twang; and his manner had a certain un-English gravity that was not at all nonchalance, yet differed altogether from ordinary reserve. I mentally put him down at first as one of those good-class, nearly indistinguishable Colonials who've been more and more in evidence at Home the last dozen years; but his

silence on American affairs set me wondering after a bit: it was too marked for mere ignorance, and he was plainly anything but bored. Then I saw our host fidget a little while Jephson was summing up so adversely, and once for all changed my mind about the stranger's nationality: he was an American—I made sure of it.

When Jephson ended there came a longish pause, the sort of effect he plays for a bit, I fancy; but really he'd put the whole thing very much as we all felt about it, and we were willing enough to sit for a minute smoking in silence if it pleased him. Then some man threw his cigarette-end into the fireplace, and in another second we'd have been moving towards the ladies, when the stranger spoke. He'd a curiously level voice, and a fashion of taking his words without any hurry, yet without any drawl, very much as a level-headed old hunter takes his fences when he means to be well up all through and knows too much of the game, and of himself, either to jump big or to rap. It was keyed a good two tones below the English average, this voice, and sometimes it had harmonics like a violin, almost like a 'cello; but there wasn't anything of the theatre, and none of the sing-song some of his country-folk make an almost worse inflection than their twang. An unusual voice, perhaps, but still the natural voice of a natural man, and very like the man, I remember thinking

afterwards; and most effective, too, coming on the heels of the silence.

"All that is quite true," the stranger said. "There's certainly a question for you to consider, and certainly there is a danger ahead for us to face, for I am an American——" and he bowed slightly to Jephson, who looked the least bit annoyed but rose well enough to the occasion.

"If I had known that," said he, "I'd have tried to put my opinions less in the form of an indictment. I couldn't honestly have changed my beliefs about lynching; but I might have honestly added what Robarts here knows,"—turning to our host,—"that for very much in the States I've only the greatest admiration."

"Thank you," the other went on, with a smile, "for wanting to temper the wind, but this lamb really doesn't feel the cold—perhaps its hide's too thick. No—what I mean, exactly, is that most of us Americans who live much abroad allow ourselves to become over-cosmopolitan, and in the end take too detached a point of view of all things American. We get to feel that patriotism's a sort of blindness, as others see it,—a partial blindness at the least, generally a blindness of partiality; and we forget that the man who sees things too clearly may pay too long a price for the seeing. For instance, I can see so distinctly those faults of my country which are facts, that I can't any more expound as I should, either to myself or

to you, those virtues which are maybe mostly fictions, but which are none the less valuable and necessary. . . . There's the reason I didn't attempt to defend the States just now, as I know Robarts more than half expected I would—as perhaps he thought, and as perhaps you think, I should have. I had to admit to myself, and so I'll admit to you, the justice of your conclusions and the accuracy of your facts, except in two particulars. You said lynching does not accomplish a cure of the specific evil against which it's alleged to be directed, and, strictly speaking, that's true; it does not work a radical cure, and I don't believe any one even hopes it ever will. Yet a lynching very often produces temporary immunity of a certain sort in its immediate neighbourhood; and it is demonstrably, and in one way unfortunately, true that the greater the brutality of the lynching the stronger is its immunising effect. Still, the mere fact that it's in some sense or degree remedial doesn't at all justify lynching; it still remains wholly inexcusable, as you say, as I believe. But is it 'wholly inexplicable,' as you called it? Before a man can say that with any certainty, I believe he must himself have had close personal experience of those conditions whose reaction on others he finds it so impossible otherwise to understand. 'Inexplicable'? Yes, certainly, to you sitting here in a security perfected down

to its last detail—a security so omnipresent, and protecting especially your social class with such automatic precision, that no one of you could easily get outside it for even a moment without volitional effort. Inexplicable here, if you like; here where the law is so—so adequate, you almost believe your habit of obedience is a fundamental trait of the English character; here where the law's enforcement is so sure, and its results so satisfactory, that you've almost forgotten it was ever necessary, elsewhere, to blow Hindus from the guns and hang Muhammadans with pork in their mouths. You say—in perfect honesty, I know—that terrible as the usual pretext for lynching may be, you still find the flood of savagery so let loose is inexplicable among men of a highly developed race, and especially in the very division of that race most closely akin to your own. Plainly, you feel sure you—Englishmen—would not act in this fashion even on that excuse. . . . It may be so; and for our common humanity's sake I could hope it might prove so, if it came to proof; but God forbid that any one of you should ever have to undergo the crucial experiment."

The American came to an abrupt stop. For a minute or more he had been speaking not exactly to himself, yet less and less directly to us; but now he swept the little half-circle about the fire with a quick appraising look. I think we all knew something con-

crete lay at the back of his brain—something it would be worth while listening to; and no one took advantage of the chance to make a move, which his deliberate silence gave so plainly. Robarts cooked one leg over the other, nursing a knee, with the little wriggle of a man settling himself in a comfortable chair and ready enough to stay there; while the American went back to his study of the dancing flames. And at last—

"I was as sure once," he said, "as you are now. Then at the very top of my certainty I lost it all for ever; and if I could only some way get before you what changed me so completely, I believe I could shake your certainty—at the least."

"Try," said Jephson; and the rest of us echoed him.

"Very well," the American went on, "I must begin, then, with more or less autobiography, and make plain the strength and foundations of that certainty I lost so suddenly—but not so easily. . . . I am a Northerner, by birth, by inheritance, by training. Almost every man in my immediate family went to the front in the Northern armies when the War of Secession broke out in 1860; my father lost an arm at Cold Harbour—and hardly one house among the uncles and aunts I used to visit as a child hadn't somewhere on its walls a forage-cap, and epaulettes, and a sword, hanging under the withered laurel wreath whose price was death. In a way

we were Pharisees of the Pharisees, for one of my mother's brothers managed to get himself mobbed and nearly killed some years before the war on account of his rabid Abolition doctrines, and in Boston, of all places that might appear most unlikely now—for Abolition was nearly as unpopular in the North as in the South almost up to the breaking out of hostilities. All my early sentiments were ardently Abolitionist; and it was a long while before I realised, as so many in the North of to-day are fast realising, that although the negro's sudden emancipation may have been just and necessary even if dangerous, his sudden enfranchisement was an appalling political and economic blunder, whether judged from the standpoint of the South, or of the North, or of the negro himself. I grew up in an atmosphere strongly negrophile, and our servants for many years were all negroes—it had to be all or none; for even just after the war, and in the most negro-loving parts of the North, it was almost as impossible as it is now to get white servants who would work under the same roof with black. So I had for my nurse a black 'mammy' of the most approved Southern sort, whom I loved with all a Southern child's fervour, and learned, later, to respect for qualities of head and heart which would not have discredited any white woman of her class. 'Mammy Sally' was certainly the pick of our lot, but all the

others were good specimens of the best old-time negro servants; and never coming in contact with any others till I was a man grown, it's easy to guess how high an opinion I had of the race as I knew it. No one could have felt more strongly than I the apparent lack of reason in the South's attitude towards the negro, beginning with the days of the Ku-Klux-Klan and developing, through years of constant repression, into open disenfranchisement by means of State laws which are gross violations of the spirit of the Federal Constitution, and, most of us believe, of its letter as well. No one could have understood less than I the apparent hatred of whites for blacks, and the constant lynchings to which this hatred apparently gave rise, often enough without the only specific pretext which even the South dares openly offer as an excuse. And not till I had passed thirty-five did I get my first clear view of the real South, and see for the first time clearly what problems the Southerner has to solve, and under what conditions he faces their solution.

"I was badly knocked up by over-work one autumn. 'You tell me,' said my doctor, 'that business won't let you go abroad, and I say you must have at least a month's complete rest in some better climate than this New England November—so let's compromise on the Georgia pine-woods. I know just the place for you: a little town not far from Atlanta, with a really good country

inn, whose landlord will keep you out-doors all day tramping after quail'—they're part-ridges of a sort, you know—'or paddling along the creeks for duck. Shooting's very good there, for that kind—just you go to Bolton.' . . . Go I did, and with all my prejudices strong in me: prejudice against the Southern white, prejudice in favour of the negro, and nothing further from my thoughts than that my opinions would suffer any change, unless it were to become intensified. But facts, when you actually face them, often upset the serenest theories, don't they? So it happened to me during that month in the Georgia 'Black Belt,' where the whites were outnumbered three or four to one; and the process began at once. In a few days I saw the negroes of my childhood's experience could never have been plentiful in the South; and that what of them were there in the old days had died, or been pushed completely into the background by—by something very different. The 'new negro' clamoured for political and social and economic assistance; but he made very small demands on my admiration, and even left compassion, for the most part, cold. I'll confess that at his best he interested more than he attracted me, this 'new negro' with so terribly much to do, and so terribly little in himself or in his environment to help him do it; and at his worst—Well, I studied him conscientiously enough, but I

wasn't sorry to come across another type equally new to me, which upset some more prejudices, though in a pleasanter way. Occasional Southerners I had met before, but this was my first contact with the species *in situ* and in bulk; and I was a good deal more surprised than I should have been to find these Southern whites as law-abiding as we Northerners under all the ordinary stresses of life, as kindly, as gentle. They were as like us as could be in nearly everything, only—here was the South's biggest surprise for me—all through their lives, their thoughts, their actions, there ran an undercurrent whose nature I could not understand at first nor fathom—a hidden, constant flow of fear: fear of the negro.

"Now I will admit what I think no man need be ashamed to confess: I have felt fear. I'm not constitutionally timid, as many women are, and a few unlucky men; but for all that I've felt fear once or twice, and felt it keenly too. It is a poignant sensation—very. But it passes quickly in activity, in the excitement of attack or defence or escape; or else its edge soon wears dull against the armour of preparation which a man often in danger learns to make for himself one way or another. That is the manner of ordinary fear, such as we may all expect to meet now and again, who do not live wholly sheltered lives; and most men find courage enough to carry them through quite comfortably when the time

comes. But once it was my bad luck to find myself absolutely powerless in the face of extreme physical danger,—to be conscious and unwounded and in possession of all my strength, and yet to realise, after a little useless struggling, that no effort I made could turn the blow which threatened, or break its force. While I saw the fire crawling towards where I lay prisoned and hidden and forgotten under the *débris* of that wrecked train, I felt a fear I could not master; and when relief came at last, by sheer accident, almost by a miracle, I was cringing to the lash of such terror as must very soon have driven me frantic. I'd only myself to think of at the moment, as it chanced, and that was quite bad enough; but how infinitely worse it would have been if the helplessness alone had been mine, and an irreparable, intolerable disaster, worse a thousand times than the death I faced, had menaced some one dearer to me than myself—a mother or sister, a wife, a child. Then there would surely have come to me such a fear as no courage, however high, could overbear—a fear whose power neither duration nor repetition could weaken—a fear which only some horrible, inhuman callousness could hope to meet always with calmness, or even always with complete sanity,—and such, in its essence, is the Southern white man's fear of the negro. In portions of the South it is weaker than in others, less concrete; but in

some form, and with some measure of strength, it exists everywhere. Often enough it is played upon by scoundrels, sometimes to cloak desire for revenge or mere brute lawlessness, sometimes to further private political ambitions or party ends. But all that's beside the mark; it isn't less real, this fear, because it is frequently credulous and sometimes duped. Often enough it is difficult to measure the amount of reason this fear has in actual danger; but that's not a matter over which any one could make himself placidly split grains into decimals; and it isn't less honest, this fear, in places where it has only half the statistical basis it may have in others. . . . No, the vital thing to remember is that such a fear does exist in some, in *any*, degree in the mind of every white Southerner, gaining intensity wherever blacks outnumber whites, and that it is kept active by a constant succession of negro outrages scattered throughout the South, and of late years appearing occasionally in the North as well.

"When I went to Bolton I found, but I could neither measure nor explain, this undercurrent of fear running through the lives of the white population. It was so strange to me that more than once, at first, I nearly got myself into trouble by betraying a doubt of its reality. But living more as a member of my landlord's family than as a guest at his inn, I came to know and like and at last to understand him,

and through him a good few of his neighbours—hard-working, serious, sturdy men, similar in much to your English yeomen of an earlier day—from whom most of these Americans were proud to claim descent. They gradually taught me how real a force was this fear of which I've spoken, and made me see how deeply it coloured their lives. As I came in closer touch with them and with their families, I could feel more clearly what it was they felt; and before I had been long in the South this change in my point of view was focussed, made personal and plain for me, by means of one of my landlord's children. She was a frail little thing, hardly twelve years old, dainty as a linnet, and with all the bird's timid appeal, all its delicate, shy joyousness; very tiny and fragile even for her slight age, with big masses of tawny gold hair almost too heavy for the slender neck to bear up. And her face was so sweet as the faint colour flowed and fled, and happiness deepened the grey eyes to purple, that one wondered with awe into what marvel of loveliness girlhood and womanhood would transfigure so beautiful a child. . . . Small Katie and I hit it off from the start. She was as delightful as she was pretty; and I came to Bolton just at the beginning of her Thanksgiving holidays, so we'd plenty of chance to become fast friends at once. I was quite enough knocked up to enjoy the pleasant excuse

her companionship gave for not going too fast nor too far; and five long days we spent idling about the nearer pastures after quail, paddling along the creeks for duck, exploring, lazily, the resinous shadows of the pines—inseparable. Then when term-time came again I often walked with her, in her father's or grown-up brother's stead, to and from school; for—think of it, you who live in security in England—there in the 'Black Belt' it is not well that women or girls should go alone, even half a mile along a highroad. . . . And, as I grew fonder of my dear little playmate, I felt the Southerner's fear growing in me. I began to know the bitterness of his intangible terror, and taste what torment lay in this endless possibility of something too horrible even to be thought of clearly; something which threatened not me, but—Katie. Was there this danger to her? No matter how small the hideous chance might be, did there fall anywhere, across even the most distant borders of her gentle life, one faintest vestige of such a ghastly shadow? The answer wrung me with the ceaseless racking stress of her father's fear; made me know how, at home or abroad, speaking or in silence, awake or sleeping, it must never leave him—this fear that might drive a sane man mad."

The American's voice sank and was still; and, while he stared at the glowing bed of coals to which the fire had fallen, I watched the steady

cadenced heave and fall of his shoulders as the deep breaths came and went. So we all sat—without speaking, without moving, deep in that ominous hush which comes sometimes before the outburst of a storm. Then Robarts, sitting beside the wood-box, threw a handful of dry birch splinters across the andirons; and when the little flames began to writhe and whisper the American spoke again, with a new sound growing in his voice,—such a sombre undertone as lurks in the pipes when they drone the first miserable notes of some wild lament.

"I have gone so far," he said, "that I will go on now to the end. . . . You were discussing an academic problem of the white man's morals, of his ethics, of his laws—did you think what terrible misery might lie hid behind?"

"It was three days before I meant to leave for the North. In one way I was sorry to go, for I'd come to like my Southern acquaintances. But, in another way, I was glad at going—for I had grown to love Katie; and I had so caught the contagion of fear that the sight of her was almost pain to me, but not to see her always near me was agony. . . . I walked to school that morning with her—with Katie, my golden-head, my little one. Then I went on, gun over shoulder and lunch in pocket, for a long day's tramp in the country to think—to think over again a plan which had come to me: a plan to adopt Katie, to make her my child in all but blood, to

take her out of that shadowed South and keep her always with me to brighten my lonely North. . . . I was a bachelor, and like to remain one, as indeed I have; rich enough and like to become richer; with no family, now, nearer than cousins, and with not too many friends. Katie was the youngest of four motherless children, and her father could scarcely manage to keep outside the boundaries of poverty. I loved her—more than I had ever thought I could love again any one this side the doors of death; and Katie was fast learning to love me. What, then, was there impossible in my dear dream? For the evening before I had spoken clearly enough to her father to test the danger of his refusal; and I could see how the struggle of his affection with itself must end if I made my offer definitely. . . . I kissed my darling at the school-gate as though she were already my own child—and so I counted her. I meant to spend all that day thinking over such a serious decision before it became irrevocable; but I'd never one instant's doubt where the night would find me. . . . Well, I don't think the quail took much harm from my gun. I lost myself again and again, and my lunch lay forgotten in my pocket. My body wandered on alone, almost blindly, through the woods and pastures; but in my heart I was walking hand in hand with dear, dear little Kate along sweet paths that led from happiness to happiness, on and on—on—and on—

for ever. And God only knows what visions I did not see—only God. And so I roamed and dreamed into the sunset's glow, and so I came through the dusk at last back to Bolton, and found the town seething with armed men, mad with rage and horror, and with women moaning and sobbing with horror and with fear. And a man I knew well as an intimate of my landlord's caught me by the arm. 'Here,' he said, 'come with me. I've been waiting for you.' 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Matter enough,' he answered. 'A nigger has outraged—has outraged a white girl, and we're going to burn the damned hound, as he deserves.' And for the moment his fearful threat loomed before me larger than the tragedy that caused it, and my old Northern training and prejudices flashed up. I halted, and turned to him. 'Because a wretched negro,' I said, 'has been worse than any beast, you white men surely won't throw aside all decency and all humanity, to take a revenge on the criminal more cruel than his crime.' And in an instant I was looking into the muzzle of a Colt's revolver. 'You Northern dog!' he choked; then, 'You fool—you blind fool! You may well call me cruel to let you live after that. But now you shall see what I would have spared you.'

"I think I was fey—too filled with my own great happiness to be touched by the reality of anything outside it, even by the crime

which had already been committed, even by the penalty which was about to be required. The outermost surfaces of my mind must have understood that one outrage had just been perpetrated, and that another was in preparation; but it seems to me my whole brain and heart and being were only full of my own joy. I could realise nothing else, I could think of nothing else clearly, except that in so many minutes, in so many seconds even, I should see Kate again—my little darling—my child—mine now for ever. . . . I was fey. I followed my companion through half the town, and never noticed the curious glances of those we met,—through the crowd gathered in front of my inn, and took no account of the pitying silence which let us pass,—into the room where my landlord sat, head sunk on breast, and still I could not read the message of his dumb immobility. Then my companion said: 'Here is a man who doesn't believe in lynching, in burning at the stake; who thinks Sam should be tried by jury—by a jury of niggers, perhaps, and just hanged—or maybe pardoned. And I'm going to take him in there,' pointing towards a shut door. The bowed head made a gesture of dissent, but the other led me—fey, I was fey—in where something lay stretched on a bed,—something covered with a sheet all blotched and stained with blood—something that stopped

my heart as a bullet might. 'I will show you the mercy that hound showed her,' he said, and suddenly drew back that frightful sheet clear to the foot of the bed, and left me alone with — with what had been my darling — my little, little love—my Kate!"

The fire had died down again, and we were almost in darkness except for a single candle burning low on the table behind us. But a flame shot up on the hearth as the American paused, and the gorged veins cast thick shadows across that temple and side of his neck which were towards me. I could see how hard he fought, and it was terrible to watch that struggle of the strong man at grips with such bitter passion of wrath and of sorrow; but when I turned my eyes away, my very ears dinned with the furious turmoil of that silent combat. Then at last he was master of himself; but when he spoke again there surged in his voice the half-throttled diapason of a rage so fierce there came quick to my mind the charging roar of a wounded lion as I once heard it, and almost paid my life for the hearing.

"How long I stood there motionless, rigid, I cannot tell—perhaps as much as a minute, perhaps no more than a thousand years. Then my whole former world split asunder and crashed in on me with all the added weight of my new lost happiness; and from that merciful first numbness of shock I came

back through agony heaped on agony to life again—to a life which had only one hope, one desire, one necessity, only one reason for being lived at all. . . . The sheriff gave up his prisoner to us with no more than a formal protest, and joined us himself as we half led, half carried the negro to the Town Square. On the way one of the younger men struck at the black with a stick, but my landlord caught the blow on his arm, crying, 'None of that!' and the crowd growled, 'Don't hurt him before his time—save him for the stake!' At that word the negro threw himself on the ground, grinding his teeth and chattering with terror; and when we came finally to the square he still could not speak connectedly until two or three buckets of cold water had been thrown over him. Then to those of us most nearly concerned, who gathered closely around, he told what—what had happened.

"He was a full-blood negro, of extraordinary size and strength, and some thirty-odd years of age, who began working for the child's father as house-servant eleven years before, and so had been thrown constantly with the little girl almost from her birth. He had often been 'set to mind her' when she was a baby; he had often played with her when she became a little older and showed towards him that fondness white children in old times so often had for their black foster-relatives, and he had always seemed fond of her.

Then as he grew into a man and earned a character for sobriety and fidelity unusual among negroes of his generation, he came to be trusted more and more. There was the fatal mistake—and yet a mistake so hard to avoid making, even in that land of suspicion and fear, when he was past thirty, and married, and with children of his own. And now—and now he stood dripping and whimpering inside a close ring of pale hard faces, picking at the links which held his handcuffs together. Some one said he'd better tell the truth, as it would be no worse for him in the end; and this he did, with a little jogging now and then, and a little shepherding back when he wandered off into 'camp-meeting' exhortations to repentance and the like. He spoke, at last, quite rationally, and he was certainly sane; and he'd not been drinking either that day or recently. . . . He'd first, he said, been tempted to this crime a year before; but the opportunity hadn't come then, and he didn't think much more about it till he was sent this afternoon to bring the child home from school—a thing which happened only very rarely, when it was nearly impossible for one of the white men of her family to go. Then it came suddenly to him, he said, that he would tell her I'd asked him to bring her to meet me in a certain wood, sufficiently far from the road and from any other houses, where he'd once met us with our lunch when Katie

and I had gone for a morning's ramble and wanted to play at picnicking. If the child had refused, he wouldn't have made any further attempt at that time—'Dat wud hev meant de Lawd wuz agin it,' he said. If she had only refused or even hesitated, all would have been well—and remember there was not another negro she would have followed one step. But his story seemed perfectly natural. She went with him at once, he said, without the least suspicion. . . . I cannot tell you all he told us—but she made as hard a struggle as her feeble strength would allow against his enormous force. In the desperation of her fear, she scratched his cheek—the marks were plain to be seen; and once she had clenched her teeth on his arm till the blood flowed—and can you imagine the agony of terror which would bring a gentle, timid child to *that*? . . . She was alive nearly to the end, he said. When he tore her clothes off she lay still for a moment, and he thought she was dead; but when he used the knife she screamed. . . . After that she only moaned once or twice. . . . He was sure she was dead when he left her—and he seemed to feel escape was hopeless. Anyway, he came at once to Bolton to find the sheriff, and took him one side and confessed what he'd done and begged to be taken to Atlanta before it became known. . . . 'An' now, marse, I'se sorry foh de trubble I done bin mek you-all, an' pleeze t' jess hang me so's de

good Gawd'll fergive ye as I does.'

"We didn't hang him. We burned him slowly—slowly, with a calculating fury that required of him the last pang he owed for his crime. It seemed as if the memory of her sufferings could be softened only by the sight of his—as if life could only be made bearable for us, could only become livable at all, by the bitterest balancing of accounts we could make him render. We burned him slowly; yet he endured only what the law and the church commonly decreed three centuries ago. Such punishments found those willing to execute them then, and I could not hesitate now when I remembered what I had seen on that bed—the bruised, bloodied nakedness to which this black's brutality had brought what was so modest, so pure, so pitifully small, so defenceless—the horrible agony and terror staring from her dead eyes—the nameless mutilation his knife had inflicted. . . . We burned him slowly—slowly—slowly——" The American's voice was tense as steel wire strained almost to breaking.

"You and I may spin fine cobwebs of criminology and measure punishment by delicate ethical standards—when our blood's cold. But touch our women, and while we're men we will oftener act instantly, for our honour's sake, than stop to think; or fire our blood with such an intolerable injury to a child—then everything that is best and fiercest in us, everything that

is highest and wildest, all of everything of every sort that may move men, all cries for vengeance—for a vengeance as terrible, as complete, as the crime." He sprang to his feet and stood towering above us, and suddenly his voice snapped the bonds of his control, and all his rage, his pain, rang out in one rasping cry of "Vengeance!"

Then he stood silent, his hands gripped tight at his sides for quite a minute. And I was beginning to think how tragic his story had been, and how curiously un-English it was to tell it to a lot of men all utter strangers save one—when he spoke again, and with more calmness than I could have believed possible after such passion of the moment before.

"I don't attempt to defend lynching," he said, "nor to excuse it, nor to palliate it. But do you still feel it is always—what you called it a little while ago—'utterly inexplicable'? Is it utterly inexplicable—to you—now? Can any one of you at this moment say worse of me, the confessed lyncher, than, 'There, but for the grace of God, goes myself'?"

And suddenly he whipped round on Robarts, with the lashing speed of a cobra when it strikes—"Can *you* say more than that? Tell me—is what I did inexplicable to *you*?"

Robarts wrenched forward in his chair, his face pinched and pallid in the red glow of the embers—

"God!" he whispered, "if it had been my little Alice."

DRAKE: AN ENGLISH EPIC.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

(To R. C. L.)

Another temple and another song
Are mine, though far away,
And these but do them wrong.

Those, in my dreams, outlast the world's decay;
But these, but these, I know
May scarce outlive the day.

Ah, take—not these, but those that, long ago
Crowning the Grecian Sea
With gleams of rose and snow,

Here, as I dream, still wait, still wait for me!
Take, ere the dream be gone,
My surging Odyssey,
My pillared Parthenon.

BOOK IV.

DAWN, everlasting and almighty Dawn,
Hailed by ten thousand names of death and birth,
Who, chiefly by thy name of Sorrow, seem'st
To half the world a sunset, God's great Dawn,
Fair light of all earth's partings till we meet
Where Dawn and sunset, mingling East and West,
Shall make in some deep Orient of the soul
One radiant Rose of Love for evermore;
Teach me, oh teach to bear thy broadening light,
Thy deepening wonder, lest as old dreams fade
With love's unfaith, like wasted hours of youth
And dim illusions vanish in thy beam,
Their rapture and their anguish break my heart
Which loved them, and must love for ever now.
Let thy great sphere of splendour, ring by ring
For ever widening, draw new seas, new skies,
Within my ken; yet, as I still must bear
This love, help me to grow in spirit with thee.
Dawn on my song which trembles like a cloud
Pierced with thy beauty. Rise, shine, as of old
Across the wondering ocean in the sight
Of those world-wandering mariners, when earth
Rolled flat up to the Gates of Paradise

And each slow mist that curled its gold away
From each new sea they furrowed into pearl
Might bring before their blinded mortal eyes
God and the Glory. Lighten as on the soul
Of him that all night long in torment dire,
Anguish and thirst unceasing for thy ray
Upon that lonely Patagonian shore
Had lain as on the bitterest coasts of Hell.
For all night long, mocked by the dreadful peace
Of world-wide seas that darkly heaved and sank
With cold recurrence, like the slow, sad breath
Of a fallen Titan dying all alone
In lands beyond all human loneliness,
While far and wide glimmers that broken targe
Hurled from tremendous battle with the gods,
And, as he breathes in pain, the chain-mail rings
Round his broad breast a muffled rattling make
For many a league, so seemed the sound of waves
Upon those beaches—there, be-mocked all night,
Beneath Magellan's gallows, Drake had watched
Beside his dead; and over him the stars
Paled as the silver chariot of the moon
Drove, and her white steeds ramped in a fury of foam
On splendid peaks of cloud. The *Golden Hynde*
Slept with those other shadows on the bay.
Between him and his home the Atlantic heaved;
And, on the other side, across the strait
Of starry sheen that softly rippled and flowed
Betwixt the mainland and his isle, it seemed
Hell Gates indeed burst open. The night yawned
Like a foul wound. Black shapes of the outer dark
Poured out of forests older than the world;
And, just as reptiles that take form and hue,
Speckle and blotch, in strange assimilation
From thorn and scrub and stone and the waste earth
Through which they crawl, so that almost they seem
The incarnate spirits of their wilderness,
Were these most horrible kindred of the night.
Æonian glooms unfathomable, grim aisles,
Grotesque, distorted boughs and dancing shades
Out-belched their dusky brood on the dim shore;
Monsters with sooty limbs, red-raddled eyes,
And faces painted yellow, women and men;—
Fierce, naked giants howling to the moon;
And loathlier Gorgons with long snaky tresses
Pouring vile purple over pendulous breasts
Like wine-bags. On the mainland beach they lit
A brushwood fire that reddened creek and cove
And lapped their swarthy limbs with hideous tongues

Of flame; so near that by their light Drake saw
The blood upon the dead man's long black hair
Clotting corruption. The fierce funeral pyre
Of all things fair seemed rolling on that shore;
And in that dull red battle of smoke and flame,
While the sea crunched the pebbles, and dark drums
Rumbled out of the gloom as if this earth
Had some titanic tigress for a soul
Purring in forests of Eternity
Over her own grim dreams, his lonely spirit
Passed through the circles of a world-wide hell
Darker than ever Dante roamed,—no gulf
Was this of fierce harmonious reward,
Where Evil moans in anguish after death,
Where all men reap as they have sown, where gluttons
Gorge upon toads and usurers gulp hot streams
Of molten gold. This was that wilder hell
Which hath no harmony to mortal ears,
But seems the reeling and tremendous dream
Of some omnipotent madman. There he saw
The naked giants dragging to the flames
Young captives hideous with a new despair:
He saw great craggy blood-stained stones upheaved
To slaughter, saw through mists of blood and fire
The cannibal feast prepared, saw filthy hands
Rend limb from limb, and almost dreamed he saw
Foul mouths a-drip with quivering human flesh
And horrible laughter in the crimson storm
That clomb and leapt and stabbed at the high heaven
Till the whole night seemed saturate with red.

And all night long upon the *Golden Hynde*,
A cloud upon the waters, brave Tom Moone
Watched o'er the bulwarks for some dusky plunge
To warn him if that savage crew should mark
His captain and swim over to his isle.
Whistle in hand he watched, his boat well ready,
His men low-crouched around him, swarthy faces
Grim-chinned upon the taffrail, muttering oaths
That trampled down the fear i' their bristly throats,
While at their sides a dreadful hint of steel
Sent stray gleams to the stars. But little heed
Had Drake of all that menaced him, though oft
Some wandering giant, belching from the feast,
All blood-besmeared, would come so near he heard
His heavy breathing o'er the narrow strait.
Yet little care had Drake, for though he sat
Bowed in the body above his quiet dead,
His burning spirit wandered through the wastes,

Wandered through hells behind the apparent hell,
Horrors immeasurable, clutching at dreams
Found fair of old, but now most foul. The world
Leered at him through its old remembered mask
Of beauty: the green grass that clothed the fields
Of England (shallow, shallow fairy dream!)
What was it but the hair of dead men's graves,
Rooted in death, enriched with all decay?
And like a leprosy the hawthorn bloom
Crawled o'er the whitening bosom of the spring;
And bird and beast and insect, ay and man,
How fat they fed on one another's blood!
And Love, what faith in Love, when spirit and flesh
Are found of such a filthy composition?
And Knowledge, God, his mind went reeling back
To that dark voyage on the deadly coast
Of Panama, where one by one his men
Sickened and died of some unknown disease,
Till Joseph, his own brother, in his arms
Died; and Drake trampled down all tender thought,
All human grief, and sought to find the cause,
For his crew's sake, the ravenous unknown cause
Of that fell scourge. Yea, in his own dark cabin,
Lit by the wild light of the swinging lanthorn,
He laid the naked body on that board
Where they had supped together. He took the knife
From the ague-stricken surgeon's palsied hands,
And while the ship rocked in the eternal seas
And dark waves lapped against the rolling hulk
Making the silence terrible with voices,
He opened his own brother's cold white corse,
That pale deserted mansion of a soul,
Bidding the surgeon mark, with his own eyes,
While yet he had strength to use them, the foul spots,
The swollen liver, the strange sodden heart,
The yellow intestines. Yea, his dry lips hissed
There in the stark face of Eternity
"Seëst thou? Seëst thou? Knowest thou what it means?"
Then, like a dream up-surged the belfried night
Of Saint Bartholomew, the scented palaces
Whence harlots leered out on the twisted streets
Of Paris, choked with slaughter! Europe flamed
With human torches, living altar candles,
Lighted before the Cross where men had hanged
The Christ of little children. Cirque by cirque
The world-wide hell reeled round him, East and West,
To where the tortured Indians worked the will
Of lordly Spain in golden-famed Peru.
"God, is thy world a madman's dream?" he groaned:

And suddenly, the clamour on the shore
Sank and that savage horde melted away
Into the midnight forest as it came,
Leaving no sign, save where the brushwood fire
Still smouldered like a ruby in the gloom;
And into the inmost caverns of his mind
That other clamour sank, and there was peace.
"A madman's dream," he whispered, "Ay, to me
A madman's dream," but better, better far
Than that which bears upon its awful gates,
Gates of a hell defined, unalterable,
Abandon hope all ye who enter here!
Here, here at least the dawn hath power to bring
New light, new hope, new battles. Men may fight
And sweep away that evil, if no more,
At least from the small circle of their swords;
Then die, content if they have struck one stroke
For freedom, knowledge, brotherhood; one stroke
To hasten that great kingdom God proclaims
Each morning through the trumpets of the Dawn.

And far away, in Italy, that night
Young Galileo, gazing upward, heard
The self-same whisper from the abyss of stars
Which lured the soul of Shakespeare as he lay
Dreaming in May-sweet England, even now,
And with its infinite music called once more
The soul of Drake out to the unknown West.

Now like a wild rose in the fields of heaven
Slipt forth the slender fingers of the Dawn
And drew the great grey eastern curtains back
From the ivory saffroned couch. Rosily slid
One shining foot and one warm rounded knee
From silken coverlets of the tossed-back clouds.
Then, like the meeting after desolate years,
Face to remembered face, Drake saw the Dawn
Step forth in naked splendour o'er the sea;
Dawn, bearing still her rich divine increase
Of beauty, love, and wisdom round the world;
The same, yet not the same. So strangely gleamed
Her pearl and rose across the sapphire waves
That scarce he knew the dead man at his feet.
His world was made anew. Strangely his voice
Rang through that solemn Eden of the morn
Calling his men, and stranger than a dream
Their boats black-blurred against the crimson East,
Or flashing misty sheen where'er the light
Smote on their smooth wet sides, like seraph ships

Moved in a dewy glory towards the land;
Their oars of glittering diamond broke the sea
As by enchantment into burning jewels
And scattered rainbows from their flaming blades.
The clear green water lapping round their prows,
The words of sharp command as now the keels
Crunched on his lonely shore, and the following wave
Leapt slapping o'er the sterns, in that new light
Were more than any miracle. At last
Drake, as they grouped a little way below
The crumbling sandy cliff whereon he stood,
Seeming to overshadow them as he loomed
A cloud of black against the crimson sky,
Spoke, as a man may hardly speak but once:
"My seamen, oh my friends, companions, kings;
For I am least among you, being your captain;
And ye are men, and all men born are kings;
Ay, all men born, and I the least of these
Because I must usurp the throne of God
And sit in judgment; ay, and now must set
My seal upon the red wax of this blood,
This blood of my dead friend, ere it grow cold.
Not all the waters of that mighty sea
Could wash my hands of sin if I should now
Falter upon my path. But look to it, you,
Whose word was doom last night to this dead man;
Look to it, I say, look to it! Brave men might shrink
From this great voyage; but the heart of him
Who dares turn backward now must be so hardy
That God might make a thousand millstones of it
To hang about the necks of those that hurt
Some little child, and cast them in the sea.
Yet if ye will be found so more than bold,
Speak now, and I will hear you; God will judge.
But ye shall take four ships of these my five,
Tear out the lions from their painted shields,
And speed you homeward. Leave me but one ship,
My *Golden Hynde*, and five good friends, nay one,
To watch when I must sleep, and I will prove
This judgment just against the winds of the world.
Now ye that will return, speak, let me know you,
Or be for ever silent; for I swear
Over this butchered body, if any swerve
Hereafter from the straight and perilous way,
He shall not die alone. What? Will none speak?
My comrades and my friends! Yet ye must learn,
Ay, mark me, friends, I'd have you all to know
That ye are kings. I'll have no jealousies
Aboard my fleet. I'll have the gentleman

To pull and haul wi' the seaman. I'll not have
That canker of the Spaniards in my fleet.
Ye that were captains, I cashier you all.
I'll have no captains; I'll have nought but seamen,
Obedient to my will, because I serve
England. What, will ye murmur? Now, beware,
Lest I should bid you homeward all alone,
You whose white hands are found too delicate
For aught but dallying with your jewelled swords!
And thou, too, master Fletcher, my ship's chaplain,
Mark me, I'll have no priest-craft. I have heard
Overmuch talk of judgment from thy lips,
God's judgment here, God's judgment there, upon us!
Whene'er the winds are contrary, thou takest
Their powers upon thee for thy moment's end.
Thou art God's minister, not God's oracle:
Chain up thy tongue a little, or, by His wounds,
If thou canst read this wide world like a book,
Thou hast so little to fear, I'll set thee adrift
On God's great sea to find thine own way home.
Why, 'tis these very tyrannies o' the soul
We strike at when we strike at Spain for England;
And shall we here, in this great wilderness,
Ungrappled and unchallenged, out of sight,
Alone, without one struggle, sink that flag
Which, when the cannon thundered, could but stream
Triumphant over all the storms of death.
Nay, master Wynter and my gallant captains,
I see ye are tamed. Take up your ranks again
In humbleness, remembering ye are kings,
Kings for the sake and by the will of England,
Therefore her servants till your lives' last end.
Oh friends, mistake not this, our little fleet
Is freighted with the golden heart of England,
And, if we fail, that golden heart will break.
The world's wide eyes are on us, and our souls
Are woven together into one great flag
Of England. Shall we strike it? Shall it be rent
Asunder with small discord, party strife,
Ephemeral conflict of contemptible tongues,
Or shall it be blazoned, blazoned evermore
On the most heaven-wide page of history?
This is that hour, I know it in my soul,
When we must choose for England. Ye are kings,
And sons of Vikings, exiled from your throne.
Have ye forgotten? Nay, your blood remembers!
There is your kingdom, Vikings, that great ocean
Whose tang is in your nostrils. Ye must choose
Whether to re-assume it now for England,

To claim its thunders for her panoply,
To lay its lightnings in her sovereign hands,
Win her the great commandment of the sea
And let its glory roll with her dominion
Round the wide world for ever, sweeping back
All evil deeds and dreams. Oh, ye must learn
Here in this golden dawn our great emprise
Is greater than we knew. Eye hath not seen,
Ear hath not heard what came across the dark
Last night, as there anointed with that blood
I knelt and saw the wonder that should be.
I saw new heavens of freedom, a new earth
Released from all old tyrannies. I saw
The brotherhood of man, for which we rode,
Most ignorant of the splendour of our spears,
Against the crimson dynasties of Spain.
Oh, England, England, home and hope and love,
Oh, little island, far, how far away,
I saw thee shatter the whole world of hate,
I saw the sunrise on thy helmet flame
With new-born hope for all the world in thee!
Come now, to sea, to sea!"

And ere they knew
What power impelled them, with one mighty cry
They lifted up their hearts to the new dawn
And hastened down the shores and launched the boats,
And in the fierce white out-draught of the waves
Thrust with their brandished oars and the boats leapt
Out, and they settled at the groaning thwarts,
And the white water boiled before their blades,
As, with Drake's iron hand upon the helm,
His own boat led the way; and ere they knew
What power as of a wind bore them along,
Anchor was up, their hands were on the sheets,
The sails were broken out and that small squadron
Was flying like a sea-bird to the South.

(To be continued.)

CHINS AND CHARACTER.

BY DR LOUIS ROBINSON.

IF there is one point on which all physiognomists seem agreed, it is that firmness of character is expressed in the chin and lower jaw. We all exercise our knowledge of this branch of the science continually, when brought face to face with a stranger, and it hardly ever leads us astray. There is something quite unmistakable in the lower half of the face of a man of determined character. It can be read at a glance, and from almost any point of view.

Strictly speaking, although we all talk familiarly of a "firm chin," the anatomical chin is not the part which is chiefly concerned in giving that cast of visage which goes with a determined will. It is possible to have a fairly well developed chin and yet to be as unstable as water. The chin proper, which may be defined as that part of the lower jaw immediately adjacent to the "symphysis" (or line where the two halves of the bone are joined in front), appears to be quite distinct, when we consider its anatomical history, from that part of the mandible which gives an index of will power. Some curious facts in anthropology have recently been brought to light through a study of this true chin, chief of which is the reason why man comes to differ markedly in this part of his structure from all other beings. It is

scarcely necessary to state that the chin is a distinctively human characteristic. But apparently no one has hitherto attempted to solve the problem of its origin or primary uses. This, however, although no longer a mystery, is a matter which is hardly ripe for popular exposition, and I do not propose to discuss it here.

At first sight the problem as to the nature of the link which we all admit to exist between the will and the jawbone appears wellnigh insoluble. Why should a man who has certain mental characteristics, the origin of which must without doubt be looked for in the tissues of the brain, show a clear and unmistakable sign of them in his lower jaw more than anywhere else? Although the pronouncements of phrenologists as to the outward and visible signs of various mental qualities have been to a great extent discredited, we all admit the existence of a certain conformity between the shape of the head and the mental character; and one must admit also that this correspondence may depend upon the comparative development of certain lobes of the brain which contain the physical mechanism of this or that mental faculty. But in the case before us there can be no question of "organs" or "bumps," such as the phrenologist depends upon in read-

ing character from the shape of the head. The lower jaw is, anatomically, as independent of the brain as is the hand or foot. How, then, are we to account for the invariable correspondence between a certain shape of jaw and certain mental or moral qualities?

Sometimes, especially amongst a mixed race like that inhabiting these islands, a problem such as this can be solved by searching into racial history. Every one knows that among our fellow-men red hair carries with it certain peculiarities of temper. Breeders of domestic animals also recognise many kindred links between inward and outward characteristics. Thus a chestnut horse with white legs usually has a fiery temper, a brown roan horse is almost invariably placid, and a rat-tailed horse can almost certainly be depended upon as a strenuous worker. Correspondences of a like kind can be found among dogs and cattle, especially in the case of the more recent breeds. Black retriever dogs are supposed to have derived both their characteristic coats and treacherous tempers from a strain of wolfish blood imported by way of Newfoundland, while among shorthorn cattle the wildness often observed in white animals may perhaps find its explanation in Chillingham Park. In all probability most of such instances of correlation may be explained by the fact that, among the ancestry of modern mixed races, some tribe of men or breed of animals possessed in

a marked degree both the inward and outward characteristics which we now find associated, and that wherever the one shows the other is still linked with it. Most likely some deep-blooded and hot-blooded Celtic tribe of the prehistoric ages is accountable for the people among us whose temper and complexion have been vulgarly summed up in the word "ginger." In like manner one may perhaps infer a primeval race of rat-tailed wild horses who lived a strenuous life in some region where flies and provender were not abundant.

It does not seem possible, however, to interpret the link between the jaw and the character in this way, since it apparently exists in equal degree among every section of the human race. It is, in fact, almost as easy to form an opinion as to the firmness of character of a Negro, a Chinaman, or a Carib, from the shape of his lower jaw, as in the case of a European. I say *almost* as easy, because, in the case of the primitive savage, the shape of the jaw is generally influenced by the extremely hard work which the teeth have to do in the mastication of coarse food. This fact, although apparently a complication of the problem, if looked at in another way gives us a very useful clue. There can be very little doubt that the jawbone is greatly influenced both in size and shape by the vigorous actions of the muscles attached to its surfaces. It is surprising how rapidly the shape of many of

the bones of the human body may be altered, even in adult life, by the use or disuse of muscles. Every surgeon who has to examine the part of a limb which remains intact after an amputation has observed how rapidly the bones which have been rendered useless diminish in size and strength. A remarkable instance of this kind came under the writer's observation recently. It is well known that a blacksmith, by the continual and vigorous use of his right arm, obtains not only remarkable muscular development, but also quite as remarkable osseous development. This is most easily observed in the collar-bone, which, on the side of the working arm, is thick, crooked, and rough for the attachment of powerful muscles, such as the *pectoral* and *deltoid*.

A working engineer, who had been doing a good deal of anvil work, and whose right arm was developed accordingly, was so unfortunate as to lose the limb in a machinery accident. Almost as soon as the poor fellow was out of hospital, he determined to train his left arm and hand for the work, and with splendid resolution he succeeded in doing so. Although he was already a middle-aged man, not only did the muscles of his left arm grow thick and powerful, but the bones, especially the collar-bone, underwent within a few months a corresponding change. On examining him a short time ago, I found that his right collar-bone had become as slender and smooth as

a woman's; whereas the left had become not only greatly thickened and strengthened, but had acquired that peculiar "S"-like curve usually found upon a blacksmith's right side. This curious crookedness of the collar-bone attached to the smith's smiting arm, by the way, probably saves the body from the jar which would otherwise be conveyed to it from the use of the hammer.

Now it is easy to see that, supposing certain powerful muscles, such as are attached to the lower jaw, were to become vigorously active, one might in like manner expect a change in the configuration of the bone and in the outline of the face. That such changes do occur can be shown without the introduction of moral or physiognomical problems.

Until within the last few months the crews of our fighting ships have had to live mainly upon "hard tack." Such food throws heavy work on the muscles of mastication, and, as a consequence, one never sees a sailor with a weak jaw. The writer's attention was first drawn to this fact when some years ago he had to pass a number of boys from a London parish district into the Navy. These lads would from time to time reappear in their old haunts when visiting their relatives. The change in them was indeed remarkable, and was made more manifest when they were consorting with their old schoolfellows and companions who had never left the life of the streets.

Undoubtedly the most noticeable improvement in them, next to their superior stature and healthy appearance, was the total change in the shape and expression of their faces. On analysing this, one found that it was to be mainly accounted for by the increased growth and improved angle of the lower jaw.

Recently a remarkable demonstration of the same fact was seen in a crowded London railway station. A train loaded with some hundreds of blue-jackets was standing in the station just at the time when the platform was thronged with citizens on their way to the suburbs. Most of the sailors were looking out of the windows, and the crowd on the platform was looking at the sailors. The contrast between the two sets of jaws thus brought *vis-à-vis* with one another was most striking. Here, on the one side, one had the average civilian, belonging to no one class (many were obviously tradesmen, mechanics, and clerks), but who had been nourished upon the elaborately prepared food common to all tables among highly civilised peoples. On the other were a number of men, not very different in origin, but who had from their youth up been compelled to chew the notoriously hard biscuit and beef with which our seamen have been provided by hide-bound naval tradition for over a century.

A similar development of the lower jaw appears to result from the habit of chewing "gum," which is common in

the United States. Certainly among the classes where this habit is prevalent one can detect a wider dental arch than the average, and also an increased prominence of the lower jaw. Tobacco-chewing, a loathsome habit which happily appears to be going out of fashion among civilised people, has been productive of a cast of countenance which will remain historic for all time. "Uncle Sam" will probably be for ever portrayed as an individual "lean of flank and lank of jaw," as Oliver Wendell Holmes verbally depicts him in his humorous apotheosis. Those familiar with the portraits of the great soldiers of the American Civil War can hardly fail to have been struck by the curious family likeness which runs through their dour determined visages. It is scarcely too much to say that this military type is practically extinct in America now. Almost to a man, these long-faced sallow heroes were tobacco-chewers, as were also many of the prominent statesmen of the same period. It was, however, by no means exclusively an American custom. Most people of middle age can remember, among sailors and working men of Great Britain, men with long angular jaws and wrinkled sallow cheeks resembling those of that extinct ruminant, the "typical Yankee" of caricature.

It is worth while to note in passing that there is one facial trait that the tobacco-chewer possesses in common

with the man-of-war's man and nearly all hard-living savages and barbarians. His mouth shuts firmly, conveying the impression that he knows his own mind. The same may be said of most of the portraits which have come down to us from ancient and medieval times. Let any one curious in such matters compare these portraits with those of modern people, such as may be seen in any photographer's window, and he will find that it is quite exceptional to see among contemporary faces that easy and firm set of the mouth, depending on the shape of the lips and jaws, which is so necessary to the dignity of the human countenance. Three faces out of four which we encounter as we pass along the street lack "character" for the same reason.

When we consider how many otherwise pleasing faces among young people of modern times are marred by a certain weakness in the outline of the jaw, probably due to the fact that our food is now so elaborately prepared for us as to need but little muscular effort in mastication, one wonders that none of the astute and pushing people now figuring as improvers of human looks have offered their services as professors of jaw gymnastics.

One result of the "soft tack" on which we are now all living is that the lower jaw does not attain growth enough to accommodate all the teeth, which, as a consequence, become crowded and defective.

Theories have been put forward that the human species is undergoing an evolutionary change, and that the number of his teeth is diminishing, because in some cases the wisdom teeth do not appear above the gum, or only appear in a very modified form. This is not sound science, if the views of most students of Evolution are well based. Probably in almost every case this defective development is due to individual jaw-indolence, and not to racial degeneration. Were the next crop of children to be as lightly clothed and as hardly fed as were the brats of the root- and acorn-eating ages, the survivors would have a dental equipment as efficient as that of the Ancient Britons.

Having now, I hope, made it sufficiently plain that the shape of the human jaw may be influenced in early life by the action of muscles upon the bone, let us see what bearing this fact has upon the main question with which we set out. If it can be shown that an innate obstinacy of disposition gives rise to habitual activity of the biting muscles, we shall not be far from a solution.

There can be no doubt that the chief ingredients of our moral nature come into the world with us. Without going into metaphysics and discussing the primal causes as to the constitutional differences between soul and soul, we can say with confidence that certain specific arrangements of the nerve cells of the brain,

which exist in each of us *ab initio*, have to do with the outward manifestations of those differences. Not only is the boy the father of the man, but the embryo is father of the boy. Very early in infancy it is possible to observe the differences of disposition between those who are naturally timid and those who are naturally courageous, between the placid nature and the querulous. Every man of obstinate will was a wilful youth and a wilful baby.

Now, every one knows that when we face a sudden crisis of life in a resolute mood we instinctively "set our teeth." To get an answer to the question *why* this is the case we must go back very far indeed, to a state of development when practically every serious difficulty, whether social or other, —except such as demanded instant flight,—was settled by vigorous biting. I have repeatedly drawn attention to the fact that we have more relics of primordial instincts and habits in our nervous systems than in our physical structure, and this is no exception to the rule. Although ever so many thousand years out of date, the old nervous currents are still set going by the same *stimuli* that first called them forth. Darwin shows, in his book entitled 'The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals,' that a sneer is really the remnant of a very expressive threat, viz., a lifting of the lip to display the formidable canine teeth. In like manner the action of setting the teeth, which consists

in bracing the biting muscles (just as a batsman braces the muscles of his arms as the ball approaches), is a relic of the habit of getting ready to tackle a foe, or a difficulty, in the simple prehistoric way: nature for the moment being oblivious of the fact that the old dental tactics have been superseded.

Moreover, careful observation of very young children has shown that, even before there are any teeth to bite with, the infant in a determined mood clenches its gums together by contracting its *temporal* and *masseter* muscles. I am inclined to think that the action of the *temporal* is more responsible for the determined jaw than that of the *masseter*. This may perhaps explain the difference, which is readily discernible, between the square jaw which indicates determination and that to which attention has already been drawn which comes from chewing hard food. In hard-biting animals, such as the bull-dog and the badger, it is the fully developed temporal muscle which gives the characteristic bulging behind the cheeks; and in a man of determined visage not only do we get the effect of a constant pull of the powerful muscle upon the angles of the lower jawbone, but also the equally characteristic fulness of outline of that part of the head between the upper margin of the ear and the brow, where its fleshy body takes origin from the skull. Broadly speaking — although they both act together, the *temporal* appears to be the

biting muscle as far as fighting teeth are concerned, while the *masseter* is the biting muscle as far as chewing teeth are concerned.

Now, given our infant born with a vigorous and dogged will, who habitually braces the above-mentioned muscles whenever that will is brought into conflict with those of other people, we shall have a corresponding growth of the mandible taking place from the very first. As a rule, in young faces, owing to the changes necessary in the growing jaw for the formation of teeth, and also to the fact that there is a mask of adipose tissue giving a general roundness to the face, the development of the angle of the jaw is not very obvious. Moreover, during the long educational period when submissiveness to authority is an

important virtue, and when most of the serious difficulties of life are met by parents and others, a dogged determination of character and its physical manifestations are not much to the fore. Hence it happens that it is when the real battle of life begins we as a rule first notice that the round-faced boy or girl has, often within a very short time, become a square-jawed and formidable person.

Whether the squareness of jaw denote a laudable strength and firmness of character, or mere stupid pig-headedness, is not a part of our present problem. This must depend upon the presence or absence of such brain cells as are necessary for the manifestation of other mental and moral faculties, which are quite distinct from the nervous mechanism of the strong will.

THE DAFT DAYS.

A NOVEL.

BY NEIL MUNRO,

AUTHOR OF 'JOHN SPLENDID,' 'THE LOST PIBROCH,' ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

YES, that was one bright day in the dismal season, the day she tutored the Pilgrim widow in the newer commerce. There was a happy night to follow soon, and it is my grief that my pen cannot grasp the spirit of it, so that reading you would laugh with her and whiles be eerie. There was little in the thing itself, but it met in some degree the expectations that her father's tales of Scotland had sent home with her. Hitherto all had been natural and wellnigh commonplace that she had experienced, all except the sounds she could hear as she lay in her attic bed—the wind-call, and the honk of geese, and the feeling of an island hopelessly remote from the new bright world that best she knew,—remote and lost, a speck on the sea far, far from great America. For she was child enough as yet to shiver at things not touched by daylight nor seemingly made plain by the common-sense of man. She could laugh at the ghosts that curdled the blood of the maid of Colonsay; and yet at times, by an effort of the will, she could feel all Kate's terror

at some manifestation no more alarming than the cheep of mice or a death-watch ticking in a corner cupboard. These were but crude and vulgar fears, self-encouraged little actress terrors. It took more than the hint of ghost or the menace of the ticking insect in the wood to wake in her the feeling of worlds unrealised, encompassing, that she could get from casual verses in her Auntie Ailie's book of Scottish ballads, or find o'erwhelm her of a sudden on looking from her window into the garden bare and pallid below the moon.

This night there should be moon according to the penny almanac, and Wanton Wully lit no lamps, but went home for a good sleep to himself, as his saying went, and left the burgh to such illumination as should come to it by the caprice of the clouds. It lay, the little place, for most of the night in darkness: a mirk so measureless deep, when the shops were shut, that the red-lit garret windows at the upper end of the town seemed by some miracle to lift themselves and soar into the sky—square,

monstrous flitting stars to the vision of Bud, as she stood with Auntie Ailie at the door watching for Uncle Dan's return from his office. To bring the soaring windows back to their natural situation, she had to stand a little way inside the lobby and establish their customary place against the darkness by the lintel of the door.

From the other side of the church came a sound of dull monotonous drumming — no cheerful rhythmic beat like the drumming of John Taggart, but a mournful thumping, fitful in flaws of the bland night wind.

"What's that, Auntie?" she asked.

"The guizards," said Miss Ailie, looking down upon her in the lobby light with a smile she could not see. "Did you never hear of the guizards, Bud?"

Bud had never heard of the guizards; that was one thing, surely, her father had forgotten. She had heard of Hallowe'en, she said, when further questioned. Wasn't it the night for ducking into tubs for apples? The Pilgrim widow had told her Hallowe'en was coming, and it was for Hallowe'en she had sold so many nuts and apples; but the widow said she felt ashamed to do it, for Hallowe'en was not approved of by the Mission, being idolatrous and gay. "Is it very gay?" asked Bud anxiously.

"So I used to think it," said her aunt.

"Then I s'pose it must be wicked," said the child regret-

fully. "I'd have expected you'd have Hallowe'en in the house if it hadn't been very bad. That widow did me a lot of good, showing me what a heap of happy things are full of sin. She knew them all! I s'pose she got them in the tracts. Yes, she did me a lot of good; I—I almost wish I hadn't met that widow."

"Do you feel wicked when you're gay?" asked Miss Ailie.

"Mercy on us! no," said Bud. "I feel plumb full of goodness when I'm gay; but that's my youth and innocence. The widow says it is, and I guess what she says goes."

"Still, do you know, my dear, I'd risk a little gaiety now and then," said Auntie Ailie. "Who knows? The widow, though a worthy lady, is what in Scotland we call an old wife, and it's generally admitted that old wives have no monopoly of wisdom. If you're wanting pious guidance, Bud, I don't know where you'll get it better than from Auntie Bell; and she fairly dotes on Hallowe'en and the guizards. By-and-by you'll see the guizards, and — and — well, just wait and we'll find what else is to be seen. I do wish your Uncle Dan would hurry."

The street was quite deserted, but did not show its vacancy until the clouds for a moment drifted off the moon that rolled behind the steeple. Then the long grey stretch of tenements came out unreal and pale on the other side of the street, their eaves and chimneys throwing inky shadows, their red-lit windows growing

of a sudden wan. Over them hung the ponderous kirk, the master shadow, and all—the white-harled walls, the orange windows, the glittering cold and empty street—seemed like the vision of a dream. Then the clouds wrapped up the moon again, and the black was the black of Erebus. But as it fell, the dull drums seemed to come nearer, and from the head of the street, the windy corner where Uncle Dan had his office, small moons came, purple and golden, fantastically carved. They ran from house to house, and grouped in galaxies, or singly fell apart, swinging and giddy orbs. For a moment Bud looked at them bewildered, then gave a happy scream.

"The lanterns! the lanterns! look at the lanterns, Auntie. Is that Hallowe'en?"

"That's part of it, at least," said her Aunt. "These are the guizards with their turnip lanterns; they're going round the houses singing; by-and-by we'll hear them."

"My! I wish to goodness I had a lantern like that. To swing a lantern like that 'd feel like being a lighthouse or the statue of Liberty at New York. I'd rather have a turnip lantern than a raft of dolls."

"Did you never have one?"

"No," said Bud sorrowfully. "You have no idea what a poor mean place Chicago is—not a thing but common electric light!" and Miss Ailie smiled gleefully to herself again like one possessed of a lovely secret. "I wish that brother of mine

would come quickly," she said, and at the moment he came out of the darkness to them with a comical look of embarrassment in his face and in his hand an unlighted turnip lantern!

"Here, Bud," said he, "take this, quickly, before some silly body sees me with it and thinks it's for myself. I have the name, I know, of being daft enough already, and if it gets about the country that Daniel Dyce was going round at Hallowe'en with a turnip lantern, they would think he had lost his head in a double sense and it would be very bad for business."

"Uncle!" cried the child in ecstasy, "you're the loveliest, sweetest man in the whole wide world."

"Oh, don't blame me," said her uncle, hanging up his coat. "I wash my hands of the responsibility. I got my orders for that thing from your Auntie Bell."

"My! ain't it cute? Did you make it?" asked Bud, surveying the rudely carved exterior with delight, and her uncle, laughing, put on his glasses to look at it himself.

"No," said he, "though I've made a few of them in my time. All that's needed is a knife or a mussel-shell, and a dose of Gregory's Mixture in the morning."

"What's the Gregory's Mixture for?"

"In making a turnip lantern you eat the whole inside of it," said Mr Dyce. "Perhaps I

might have made this one myself if it wasn't that I know I would hate to see the inside wasted, and still I have mind of the Gregory. I bought the lantern from a boy at the head of the street who was looking very gash and ill, and seemed suspiciously glad to get quit of it. I'm thinking that his Gregory's nearly due."

Bud hardly listened; she was so taken up with her gift. She pounced at the handle of the kitchen door and found it snibbed within. "Kate! Kate!" she cried; "let me in to light my lantern."

Kate was to be heard moving within, and there was a curious sound of giggling, but no answer.

"Open the door, quick, quick!" cried Bud again, and this time Auntie Bell, inside, said, "Yes, open, Kate, I think we're ready."

The door of the kitchen opened, and before the eyes of the child was a spectacle the more amazing and delightful since all day they had taken pains to keep the preparations secret. A dozen children, who had been smuggled in by the backdoor in the close, were seated round a tub of water with floating apples, and they were waiting her presence to begin their fun.

Oh, how happy was that hour! But not just then came the thrill of which I'm thinking. It was not the laughter and the ducking in the tub, the discoveries of rings and buttons, thimbles, and scuddy little dolls and silver pieces

hidden in the mound of champed potatoes Kate had cooked; nor the supper that followed, nor the mating of nuts on the fire-ribs that gave the eerie flavour of old time and the book of ballads. She liked them all; her transport surely was completed when the guizards entered black-faced, garmented as for a masque, each thumping a sheepskin stretched on a barrel-hoop—the thing we call a dallan. She had never discovered before what a soul of gaiety was in Auntie Bell, demure so generally, practising sobriety, it might seem, as if she realised her dancing days were over and it was time for her to remember all her years. To-night Miss Bell outdid even Ailie in her merriment, led the games in the spacious kitchen, and said such droll things, and kept the company in such a breeze that Ailie cried at last, "I think, Bell, that you're fey!"

"Indeed, and I daresay you're right," admitted Bell, sinking in a chair exhausted. "At my time of life it's daft; I have not laughed so much since I was at Barbara Musher's seminary."

Not these things, but the half-hour after, was what made the evening memorable for the child. Nothing would satisfy her but that she should light her lantern and convoy the other children home, so Kate went with her, and the happy band went through the street, each dropping off at her own house front till the last was

gone, and then Bud and the maid turned back.

But Kate had a project in her mind that had been there all night since she had burned two nuts for herself and Charles in the kitchen fire, and found them willing to flame quite snug together. That, so far, was satisfactory, but she wanted more assurance of the final triumph of her love. There was, it seemed, a skilful woman up the lane who knew spells and magic, read tea-cups and the cards, and could unravel dreams. Notably was she good at Hallowe'en devices, and Bud must come and see her, for it would not take a minute.

They found their way by the light of the lantern to the spae-wife's door, and to a poor confidant of fate and fortune surely, since she had not found them kinder to herself, for she dwelt in a hovel where foolish servant-girls came at night with laughter and fears to discover what the future held for them. Bud, standing on the floor in the circle of light from her own lantern, watched the woman drop the white of an egg in a glass of water. In the clot of the albumen, which formed some wavering vague figures, she peered and found, she said, the masts of ships and a crowded harbour, and that meant a sailor husband.

"Was I not sure of it!" cried Kate, triumphant; but that was not the end of the ceremony, for she was bidden to sip a little from the glass, without swallowing, and go

dumb into the night till she heard the Christian name of a man, and *that* was the name of the sailor husband. Kate sipped from the glass of destiny, and passed with Bud into the darkness of the lane. It was then there came to the child the delicious wild eeriness that she was beginning now to coax to her spirit whenever she could, and feed her fancies on. The light of the lantern only wanly illumined the lane they hurried through; so plain and grey and ancient and dead looked the houses pressing on either hand with windows shuttered, that it seemed to Bud she had come by magic on a shell as empty of life as the armour in the castle hall. By-and-by the servant, speechless, stopped at a corner listening. No sound of human life for a moment, but then a murmur of voices up the town, to which on an impulse she started running with Lennox at her heels, less quickly since the light of her lantern must be nursed from the wind. Bud fell behind in the race for the voice of fate; the sound of the footsteps before her died away in the distance, and her light went out, and there she stood alone for the first time in the dark of Scotland—Scotland where witches still wrought spells! A terror that was sweet to think of in the morning, whose memory she cherished all her days, seized on her, and she knew that all the ballad book was true! One cry she gave, that sounded shrilly up the street—it was the name of

Charles, and Kate, hearing it, gulped and came back.

"I guessed that would fetch you," said Bud. "I was so scared I had to say it, though

I s'pose it means I've lost him for a husband."

"My stars! you are the clever one!" said the grateful maid.

CHAPTER XIX.

Spring came, and its quickening; forest and shrub and flower felt the new sap rise; she grew in the garden then, the child—in that old Scottish garden, sheltered lowly in the nook of the burgh walls. It must have been because the Dyces loved so much their garden, and spent so many hours there, that they were so sanely merry, nor let too often or too long the Scots forebodings quell their spirits, but got lessons of hope from the circling of the seasons, that give us beauty and decay in an unvarying alternation.

"It is the time," used Ailie to say of the spring, "when a delicious feeling steals over you of wanting to sit down and watch other people work."

"I'll need to have the lawnmower sharpened; it may be needed at any moment by the neighbours," said her brother Dan.

They watched upspring the green spears of the daffodil, that by-and-by should bear their flags of gold.

And Wanton Wully, when he was not bell-ringing or cleaning the streets, or lounging on the quay to keep tally of ships that never came, being at ports more propinque to the highways of the world, where

folks are making fortunes and losing much innocent diversion, wrought—as he would call it—in the Dyce's garden. Not a great gardener, admittedly, for to be great in versatility is of necessity to miss perfection in anything, so that the lowest wages in the markets of the world are for the handy man. But being handy is its own reward, carrying with it the soothing sense of self-sufficiency, so we need not vex ourselves for Wully. As he said himself, he "did the turn" for plain ornamental gardening, though in truth he seemed to think he did it best when sitting on his barrow trams, smoking a thoughtful pipe, and watching the glad spring hours go by at a cost of sixpence each to the lawyer who employed him.

Bud often joined him on the trams, and gravely listened to him, thinking that a man who did so many different and interesting things in a day was wise and gifted beyond ordinary. In the old and abler years he had been a soldier, and, nursing flowers nowadays, his mind would oft incongruously dwell on scenes remote and terribly different, where he had delved in foreign marl for the burial of fallen comrades.

"Tell me Inkermann again, Mr Wanton," Bud would say, "and I'll shoo off the birds from the blub-flowers."

"I'll do that, my dearie!" he would answer, filling another pipe, and glad of an excuse to rest from the gentle toil of raking beds and chasing the birds that nipped the tips from peeping tulip leaves. "To the mischief with them birds! the garden's fair polluted wi' them! God knows what's the use o' them except for chirping, chirping—Tehoo! off wi' ye at once or I'll be after ye!— Ay, ay, Inkermann. It was a gey long day, I'm tellin' ye, from a quarter past six till half - past four, slaughter, slaughter a' the time: me wi' an awfu' hacked heel, and no' a bite o' anything in my stomach. A nesty saft day, wi' a smirr o' rain. We were as black as—as black as—as——"

"As black as the Earl o' Hell's waistcoat," Bud prompted him. "Go on! I mind the very words."

"I only said that the once," said Wully, shocked at her glibness in the uptake. "And it's not a thing for the like o' you to say at all; it's only the word o' a rowdy sodger."

"Well, I'll not say it again," promised the child; "go on, go on!"

"As black as a ton o' coal, wi' the creesh o' the cartridges and the poother; it was the Minie gun, ye ken. And the Rooshians would be just ower there between the midden and the cold frame,

and we would be coming doon on them—it might be ower the selates o' Rodger's hoose yonder. We were in the Heavy Diveesion, and I kill't my first man that I kent o' aboot where the yellow crocus is. Puir sowl! I had nae ill-will to the man, I'll guarantee ye that! but we were baith unloaded when we met each other, and it had to be him or me."

He paused and firmed his mouth until the lips were lost among the puckers gathered round them, a curious glint in his eyes.

"Go on!" cried Bud; "ye gie'd him—ye gie'd him——"

"I gie'd him—I tell't ye what I gie'd him before. Will I need to say't again?"

"Yes," said Bud, "for that's your top note."

"I gie'd him—I gie'd him the—the BAGGONET!" cried the gardener, with a sudden, frightful, furious flinging of the arms, and then—oh, silly Wully Oliver!—began to weep, or at least to show a tear. For Bud had taught him to think of all that lay beyond that furious thrust of the bayonet—the bright brave life extinguished, the mother rendered childless, or the children fatherless, in some Russian home.

Bell, the thrifty woman, looking from the scullery window, and seeing time sadly wasted at twelve bawbees the hour, would come out and send the child in to her lessons, but still the orra gardener did not hurry to his task, for he knew the way to keep Miss Dyce in an idle crack although she

would not sit on his barrow trams.

"A wonderfu' wean that!" would be his opening. "A perfect caution! I can see a difference on her every day; she grows like a willow withy, and she's losin' yon awfu' Yankee awcent she had about her when she cam at first. She speaks as bonny English noo as you or me."

"I'm afraid it would not be very difficult for her to do that, Willy," said Miss Bell. "She could always speak in any way she wanted, and indeed the first time that we heard her she was just yoursel' on a New Year's morning, even to the hiccough. I hope you'll keep a watch on what you say to her; the bairn picks up the things she hears so fast, and she's so innocent, that it's dangerous to let her listen much to the talk of a man that's been a soldier—not that I blame the soldiers, Willy, bless them all for Scotland, young or old!"

"Not a word out of place from me, Miss Dyce," would he cry emphatic. "Only once I slippit oot a hell, and could have bit my tongue oot for it. We heard, ye ken, a lot o' hells oot yonder roond aboot Sevas-tapool: it wasna Mr Meikle's Sunday-school. But ye needna fear that Wully Oliver would learn ill language to a lady like the wee one. Whatever I am that's silly when the dram is in, I hope I'm aye the perfect gentleman."

"Indeed I never doubted it," said Miss Bell. "But you know yourself we're anxious

that she should be all that's gentle, nice, and clean. When you're done raking this bed—dear me! I'm keeping you from getting at it—it'll be time for you to go home for dinner. Take a bundle of rhubarb for the mistress."

"Thanky, thanky, me'm," said Wanton Wully, "but to tell the truth we're kind o' tired o' rhubarb; I'm getting it by the stone from every bit o' grun I'm labourin' in. I wish folk were so rife wi' ploods or strawberries."

Bell laughed. "It's the herb of kindness," said she. "There's aye a reason for everything in nature, and rhubarb's meant to keep our generosity in practice."

And there she would be—the foolish woman! keeping him at the crack, the very thing he wanted, till Mr Dyce himself, maybe, seeing his silver hours mishandled, would come to send his sister in, and see his gardener earned at least a little of his wages.

"A terrible man for the ladies, William!" was all that the lawyer had to say. "There was some talk about doing a little to the garden, but, hoots man! don't let it spoil your smoke!"

It was then you would see Wanton Wully busy.

Where would Bud be then? At her lessons? no, no, you may be sure of it, but in with Kate of Colonsay giving the maid the bloody tale of Inker-mann. It was a far finer and more moving story as it came from Bud than ever it was on the lips of Wanton Wully.

From him she only got the fling of the arms that drove the bayonet home, the lips pursed up, as if they were gathered by a string, the fire of the moment, and the broad Scots tongue he spoke in. To what he gave she added fancy and the drama.

"As black as a ton o' coal wi' the creesh o' the cartridges . . . either him or me . . . I gie'd him . . . I gie'd him . . . I shut my eyes, and said, 'O God, Thy pardon!' and gie'd him the BAGGONET!"

Kate's apron at that would fly up to cover her eyes, for she saw before her all the bloody spectacle. "I'm that glad," she would say, "that my lad's a sailor. I couldna sleep one iota at night thinkin' of their baggonets if he was a man-o'-war. And that puts me in mind, my dear, it's more than a week since we sent the chap a letter. Have you time the now to sit and write a scrape to Hamburg on the Elbow—imports iron ore?"

And Bud had time, and sit she would and write a lovely letter to Charles Maclean of Oronsay. She told him that her heart was sore, but she must confess that she had one time plighted her troth to a Russian army officer, who died, alas! on the bloody field. His last words, as his life-blood slowly ebbed away, were—

"What *would* be the last words of a Russian officer who loved you?" asked Bud, biting her pen in her perplexity.

"Toots! anything—'my best respects to Kate,'" said the maid, who had learned by this

time that the letters Charles liked the most were the ones where Bud most freely used imagination.

"I don't believe it would," said Bud. "It'd sound far too calm for a man that's busy dying;" but she put it down all the same, feeling it was only fair that Kate should have some say in the letters written in her name.

That was the day they gave him a hint that a captain was wanted on the yacht of Lady Anne.

And still Kate's education made some progress, as you may see from what she knew of Hamburg, though she was not yet the length of writing her own love-letters. She would sit at times at night for hours quite docile, knitting in the kitchen, listening to the reading of the child. A score of books had been tried on her by Aunt Ailie's counsel (for she was in the secret of this Lower Dyce Academy), but none there was that hit the pupil's fancy half so much as her own old favourite penny novelettes till they came one happy day to 'The Pickwick Papers.' Kate grew very fond of 'The Pickwick Papers.' The fun of them being in a language quite unknown in Colonsay, was almost all beyond her. But "that poor Mr Puckwuck!" she would cry at each untoward accident; "oh, the poor wee man!" and the folk were as real to her as if she had known them all in Colonsay. If Dickens could have known the curious sentiments his wandering hero

roused in this Highland servant mind, he would have greatly wondered.

While Bud was tutoring Kate that spring, Miss Bell was thinking to take up the training of Bud herself in wise-like housekeeping. The child grew as fast in her mind as in her body: each day she seemed to drift farther away from the hearth and into the world from which her auntie would preserve her—into the world whose doors books widely opened, Auntie Ailie's magic key of sympathy, and the genius of herself. So Bell determined there and then to coax her into the gentle arts of domesticity that ever had had a fascination for herself. She went about it, oh, so cunningly! letting Bud play at the making of beds and the dusting of the stair-rails and the parlour beltings—the curly - wurly places, as she called them, full of quirks and holes and corners that the unelect like Kate of Colonsay will always treat perfunctorily in a general wipe that only drives the dirt the farther in. Bud missed not the tiniest corner nor the deepest nook: whatever she did, she did fastidiously, much to the joy of her aunt, who was sure it was a sign she was meant by the Lord for a proper housewife. But the child soon tired of making beds and dusting, as she did of white-seam sewing; and when Bell deplored this falling off, Ailie said: "You cannot expect everybody to have the same gifts as yourself. Now that she

has proved she's fit to clean a railing properly, she's not so much to blame if she loses interest in it. The child's a genius, Bell, and to a person of her temperament the thing that's easily done is apt to be contemptuous: the glory's in the triumph over difficulties, in getting on—getting on—getting on," and Ailie's face grew warm with some internal fire.

At that speech Bell was silent. She thought it just another of Ailie's haiverings; but Mr Dyce, who heard, suddenly became grave.

"Do you think it's genius or precocity?" he asked.

"They're very much the same thing," said Ailie. "If I could be the child I was; if I could just remember——" She stopped herself and smiled. "What vanity!" said she; "what conceit! If I could be the child I was, I dare say I would be pretty commonplace after all, and still have the same old draigled pinnies; but I have a notion that Lennox was never meant to make beds, dust stair-railings, or sit in a parlour listening, demure, to gossip about the village pump and Sacrament Sunday bonnets. To do these things are no discredit to the women who are meant to do them, and who do them well; but we cannot all be patient Marthas. I know, because I've honestly tried my best myself."

"When you say that, you're laughing at me, I fear," said Bell, a little blamefully.

"I wasn't thinking of you," said her sister, vexed. "And

if I was, and had been laughing, I would be laughing at the very things I love; it's the other things that make me solemn. Your way, Bell, was always clear before you,—there you were the lucky woman; with genius, as we have it in the child, the way's perplexed and full of dangers."

"Is she to be let drift her own way?"

"We got her ten years too late to prevent it," said Miss Ailie firmly, and looked at her brother Dan for some assistance. He had Footles on his lap, stroking his tousy back, and he listened with twinkling eyes to the argument, humming the air of the day, that happened to be "Robin Tamson's Smiddy, O!"

"You're both right and you're both wrong, as Mr Cleland used to say if he was taking a dram with folk that had an argument," said the lawyer. "But I'm not so clever as Colin Cleland, for I can't ring the bell and order in the *media sententia*. This I'll say, that, to my mind,

the child is lucky if she's something short of genius. If I had had a son, my prayer would always be that he should be off and on about the ordinary. It's lonely on the mountain top, and genius generally seems to go with a poor stomach or a bad lung, and pays an awful price for every ecstasy!"

"Shakespeare!" suggested Miss Ailie.

"And Robert Burns!" cried Bell. "Except for the lass and the glass and the ran-dan—Poor misguided laddie! he was like the folk he lived among. And there was Walter Scott, the best and noblest man God ever gave to Scotland, he was never on the mountain top except it was to bring a lot of people with him there."

Mr Dyce cleaned his glasses and chuckled. "H'm," said he, "I admit there are exceptions. But please pass me my slippers, Bell: I fall back on Colin Cleland,—you're both right and you're both wrong."

Miss Bell was so put about at this that she went at once to the kitchen to start her niece on a course of cookery.

CHAPTER XX.

"Katerin!" she said, coming into the kitchen with a handful of paper cuttings, and, hearing her, the maid's face blanched.

"I declare I never broke an article the day!" she cried protestingly, well accustomed to that formal address when there had been an accident among her crockery.

"I wasn't charging you,"

said her mistress. "Dear me! it must be an awful thing a guilty conscience! I was thinking to give you—and maybe Lennox, if she would not mind—a lesson or two in cookery. It's a needful thing in a house with anything of a family. You know what men are!"

"Fine that!" said Kate. "They're always thinking

what they'll put in their internals, the greedy deevils!—beg your pardon, but it's not a swear in the Gaelic."

"There's only one Devil in any language, Kate," said Miss Bell. "'How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!' And I am glad to think he is oftener on our foolish tongues than in our hearts. I have always been going to give you a cookery-book——"

"A cookery-book!" cried the maid. "Many a time I saw one out in Colonsay: for the minister's wife had one they called *Meg Dods*, that was borrowed for every wedding. But it was never much use to us, for it started everything with 'Take a clean dish,' or 'Mince a remains of chicken,' and neither of them was very handy out in the isle of Colonsay."

Miss Bell laid out her cuttings on the dresser—a mighty pile of recipes for soups and stews, puddings and cakes, sweetmeats, and cordial wines that could be made deliciously from elder and mulberry, if hereabouts we had such fruits to make them with. She had been gathering these scraps for many years, for the household column was her favourite part of the paper after she was done with the bits that showed how Scotsmen up in London were at the head of everything, or did some doughty deed on the field of war. She hoarded her cuttings as a miser hoards his notes, but never could find the rich *Sultana* cake that took nine eggs,

when it was wanted, but only the plain one costing about one-and-six. Sometimes Allie would, in mischief, offer to look through the packet for recipes rich and rare that had been mentioned; they were certainly there (for Bell had read them gloatingly aloud when she cut them out), but Bell would never let her do it, always saying, "Tuts! never mind; Dan likes this one better, and the other may be very nice in print but costs a bonny penny. You can read in the papers any day there's nothing better for the health than simple dieting." So it was that Mr Dyce had some monotony in his meals, but luckily was a man who never minded that, liking simple, old friends best in his bill-of-fare as in his boots and coats and personal acquaintances. Sometimes he would quiz her about her favourite literature, pretending a gourmet's interest for her first attempt at something beyond the ordinary, but never relished any the less her unvarying famous kale and simple entremets, keeping his highest praise for her remarkable breakfasts. "I don't know whether you're improving or whether I am getting used to it," he would say, "but that's fish! if you please, Miss Bell."

"Try another scone, Dan," she would urge, to hide the confusion that his praise created. "I'm sure you're hungry."

"No, not hungry," would he reply, "but, thank Providence, I'm greedy—pass the plate."

Bell was busy at her cookery lesson, making her cuttings fill the part of the book that was still to buy, doing all she could to make Bud see how noble was a proper crimped paste, though her lesson was cunningly designed to look like one for Kate alone. Her sleeves were rolled up, and the flour was flying, when a rat-tat came to the door. They looked up from their entrancing occupation, and there, in front, was the castle carriage!

Miss Bell made moan. "Mercy on us! That'll be Lady Anne, and Ailie out, and I cannot go to speak to anybody, for I'm such a ticket. Run to the door, dear, and take her into the parlour, and keep her there till I am ready. Don't forget to say 'My Lady,'—No, don't say 'My Lady,' for the Dyces are of old, and as good as their neighbours, but say 'Your Ladyship'; not too often, but only now and then, to let her see you know it."

Bud went to the door and let in Lady Anne, leading her composedly to the parlour.

"Aunt Ailie's out," she said, "and Aunt Bell is *such* a ticket. But she's coming in a minute, your—your—your——" Bud paused for a second, a little embarrassed. "I forget which it was I was to say. It was either 'Your Ladyship' or 'My Lady.' You're not my lady, really, and you're not your own, hardly, seeing you're promised to Colonel George. Please tell me which is right, Lady Anne."

"Who told you it was Colonel George, my dear?" asked Lady Anne, sitting down on the proffered chair and putting her arms around the child.

"Oh, it's just the clash of the parish," said my little Scot who once was Yankee. "And everybody's so glad."

"Are they, indeed?" said Lady Anne, blushing in her pleasure. "That is exceedingly kind of them. I always thought our own people the nicest and kindest in the world."

"That's just it!" said Bud cheerfully. "Everybody everywhere is just what one is oneself,—so Aunt Ailie says; and I s'pose it's because you're—— Oh! I was going to say something about you, but I'll let you guess. What lovely weather! I hope your papa is well? And Mr Jones?"

"Thank you; papa is very well indeed," said Lady Anne. "And Mr Jones——" She hung upon the word with some dubiety.

"The coachman, you know," said Bud placidly. "He's a perfectly lovely man: so fat and smiley. He smiles so much his face is all in gathers. So kind to his horses too, and waves his whip at me every time he passes. Once he gave me a ride on the dickey: it was gorgeous. Do you often get a ride on the dickey, Lady Anne?"

"Never!" said Lady Anne, with a clever little sigh. "Many a time I have wished I could get one, but they always kept me inside the

carriage. I don't seem to have had much luck all my life till—till—till lately."

"Did Mr Jones never take you on his knee and tell you the story of the Welsh giants?"

"No," said Lady Anne, solemnly shaking her head.

"Then you're too big now. What a pity! Seems to me there isn't such a much in being a big L Lady after all. I thought you'd have everything of the best. You have no idea what funny ideas we had in America about dukes and lords and ladies in the old country. Why, I expected I'd be bound to hate them when I got here, because they'd be so proud and haughty and tyrannical. But I don't hate them one little bit; they don't do anybody any harm more'n if they were knockabout artistes. I suppose the Queen herself 'd not crowd a body off the side walk if you met her there. She'd be just as apt to say 'What ho! little girl,' and smile, for Auntie Bell is always reading in the newspapers snappy little pars. about the nice things the Royal family do, just the same as if they weren't royal a bit."

"Yes, I sometimes see those touching domestic incidents," said her ladyship. "You mean such things as the Prince helping the cripple boy to find his crutch? They make me almost cry."

"I wouldn't wet a lash, if I were you," said Bud. "That's just the Press: like as not there's nothing behind it but the agent in advance."

"Agent in advance?" said Lady Anne, perplexed.

"Yes. He's bound to boom the show somehow: so Jim Molyneux said, and he knew most things, did Jim."

"You wicked Republican!" cried her ladyship, hugging the child the closer to her.

"I'm not a Republican," protested Bud. "I'm truly Scotch, same as father was, and Auntie Bell is—that's good enough for me. I'd just *love* to be a My Lady myself, it must be so nice and—and fairy. Why! it's about the only fairy thing left anywhere, I guess. There's nothing really to it; it's not being richer nor powerfuller nor more tyrannical than anybody else, but it's—it's—it's—I dunno 'zactly what it is, but it's something—it—it's romantic, that's what it is, to be a King, or a Duke, or a My Lady. The fun of it is all inside you, like poetry. I hope, My Lady Anne, you 'preciate your privileges! You must 'preciate your privileges always, Auntie Bell says, and have a thankful heart."

"I assure you I do," replied her ladyship.

"That's right," said Bud encouragingly. "It's simply splendid to be a really Lady with a big L without having to play it to yourself. I've been one as Winifred Wallace quite often; with Auntie Ailie's fur jacket and picture-hat on I'd sit and sit, and feel so composed and grand in the rocker, and let on it was Mr Jones's carriage, and bow sweetly to Footles who'd be a poor man

passing to his work, and mighty proud to have me notice him. But then you see something would happen to spoil everything; Kate would laugh, or Auntie Bell would pop in and cry 'Mersey on me, child, play-acting again! Put away that jacket instantly.' Then I'd know I was only letting on to be a really Lady; but with you it's different—all the time you're It. Auntie Bell says so, and she knows everything."

"It really looks as if she did," said her ladyship, "for I've called to see her to-day about a sailor."

"A sailor!" Bud exclaimed, with wild surmise.

"Yes. He wants to be captain of my yacht, and he refers me to Miss Dyce, for all the world as if he were a housemaid."

"I'm so glad," cried Bud. "For it was I who advised him to, and I'm—I'm the referee."

"You!"

"Yes; it was Kate's letter, and she—and we—and I said there was a rumour you wanted a captain, and he should apply, saying if you wanted to know just what a clean, good, brave sailor he was you should ask Kate MacNeill or Miss Dyce, and I'm the Miss Dyce this time, and you're—why, you're really visiting me!"

Lady Annelaughed. "Really, Miss Lennox," she said, "you're a wonderful diplomatist. I must get the Earl to put you in the service. I believe there's a pretty decent salary goes to

our representative in the United States."

"But don't laugh at me, Lady Anne," pleaded Bud earnestly. "I'm drest set on having Charles off the cargo boats, where he's thrown away. You don't know how Kate loves him, and she hasn't seen him—not for years and years. You know yourself what it is to be so far away from anybody you love. He'd just fit your yacht like a glove—he's so educated, having been on the yachts and with the gentry round the world. He's got everything nice about him you'd look for in a sailor—big brown eyes so beautiful there's only Gaelic words I don't know, but that sound like something broken, to describe how sweet they are. And the whitest teeth! When he walks, he walks so straight and hits the ground so hard you'd think he owned the land."

"It seems to me," said Lady Anne, "that you couldn't be more enthusiastic about your *protégé* if you loved him yourself."

"So I do," said Bud, with the utmost frankness. "But there's really nothing between us. He's meant for Kate. She's got heaps of beaux, but he's her steady. I gave him up to her for good on Hallowe'en, and she's so happy."

Bell had thrown off her cooking-apron and cleaned her hands, and ran up the stairs to see that her hair was trim, for though she loved a lady for the sake of Scotland's

history, she someway felt in the presence of Lady Anne the awe she had as a child for Barbara Mushet. That Ailie in such company should be, on the other hand, so composed, and sometimes even comical, was a marvel she never could get over. "I never feared the face of earl or man," she would say, "but I'm scared for a titled lady."

When she came down to the parlour the visitor was rising to go.

"Oh, Miss Dyce," said she, "I'm so glad to see you, though my visit this time's really to Miss Lennox. I wished to consult her about a captain for my little yacht."

"Miss Lennox!" exclaimed

Miss Bell, shaking hands, and with a look of apprehension at her amazing niece.

"Yes," said Lady Anne; "she has recommended a man who seems in all respects quite suitable, if he happens to know a little about sailing; and I'm going to write to him to come and see me."

At that, I must confess it, Lennox for once forgot her manners and darted from the parlour to tell Kate the glorious news.

"Kate, you randy!" she cried, bursting into the kitchen, "I've fixed it up for Charles; he's to be the captain."

The servant danced on the floor in a speechless transport, and Bud danced too.

(To be continued.)

THE FOREIGN OFFICE OF THE FIRST TWO GEORGES.

PELHAM - HOLLES, Duke of Newcastle, for thirty years Secretary of State, and for almost ten First Lord of the Treasury, is now hardly remembered save for the flouts and gibes of Lord Hervey and of Horace Walpole. That these two witty writers were prejudiced against him is no doubt true, but their contemptuous judgment is in the main confirmed by his own correspondence, the three hundred volumes of which may be studied in the MSS. department of the British Museum. From these it becomes evident that he owed his temporary importance not to any political sagacity, but to the dexterity with which he utilised his vast estates, large income, and wide family connections for the purpose of political intrigue. But though unflattering in the picture they draw of the writer, these letters are illuminating on many obscure points of eighteenth century history, and not least upon foreign affairs, in the conduct of which the Duke was intimately associated for nearly half a century with Walpole, Pelham, and Pitt successively.

Properly speaking, there was no Foreign Minister in Walpole's or Pitt's day. Two Secretaries of State, for the northern and southern departments respectively, each with his separate staff in a separate building, between them administered home, foreign, and

colonial affairs, dividing their functions geographically rather than by subject. Thus the Secretary for the northern province corresponded with Germany, Sweden, Poland, Russia, and Holland, and his colleague with France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Turkey. Each had a voice in home affairs, while the senior of the two gave orders to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Theoretically, however, either Secretary could perform his colleague's functions, and not infrequently added to the confusion by exercising this prerogative.

This curious arrangement, a survival from the reign of Henry VIII., who established the two Secretaries' provinces in 1539, lasted as late as 1782, when the functions of Home and Foreign Secretary were finally divided. As long as kings managed their own business, employing secretaries merely to make known their will, it had no practical inconvenience, but when the secretaries became really responsible for foreign policy, "it was," as Lord John Russell put it, "as if two coachmen were on a box of the mail-coach, one holding the right-hand rein, the other the left!" Under the most favourable conditions, it was obviously unreasonable that our ambassadors at the Porte and at Vienna should not receive their instructions from the same source; but when

the two Secretaries were at variance, either from personal pique or on questions of policy, the situation became almost as absurd as when Louis XV. intrigued by means of secret agents against his own Foreign Minister and accredited envoys.

The incidents preceding the Duke of Newcastle's appointment as Secretary of State in 1724 are typical. Carteret and Townshend were then colleagues, and rivals for the King's exclusive favour. Carteret's plan for securing it was to win over the younger of the King's mistresses by supporting her pretensions to obtain from the Regent of France a dukedom for her prospective son-in-law. He accordingly instructed our envoy, Sir Luke Schaub, to favour the Regent's Italian schemes in return for a promise of the dukedom. Townshend, relying on support from the other mistress, persuaded the King to send Horace, Sir Robert Walpole's brother, as a second envoy to Paris, ostensibly to settle some small dispute, but really to upset Carteret's plot. For some time there was the unedifying spectacle of two envoys at Paris each posing as the true representative of the British Government. Finally the Walpole interest gained the day, Sir Luke Schaub was recalled, and Carteret was sent to Ireland.

The Duke of Newcastle, who now succeeded Carteret as Secretary of State, and remained so from 1724 to 1754, was never able to formulate a con-

sistent foreign policy of his own, nor could he tolerate such capacity in a colleague. His jealous nature was well served by this dual system with its scope for intrigue. At first overborne by Townshend's superiority, he soon felt aggrieved at his own subordination, and gave open vent to his dissatisfaction. He and Townshend thereupon began a game of counter-intrigues. Townshend sent secret instructions to Horace Walpole at Paris, which was in the Duke's province; the Duke charged his colleague with bad faith, and himself pursued similar tactics. Townshend, however, could always have proved a match for the Duke in intrigue as well as in ability. He fell in 1730 because he became too high-stomached for Sir Robert, who also loved subserviency in a colleague.

During his remaining twenty-four years as Secretary of State, the Duke of Newcastle had five colleagues in succession, and all but one of his own choice. But that did not save them from his intrigues. The first of them, William Stanhope, Lord Harrington, from the outset found difficulties in the Duke's unscrupulous interference with his province. In 1732, for example, the Duke writes a "very secret" letter of great length to Robinson, who, as Minister at Vienna, was under Lord Harrington, expounding his views, which, though, as he naïvely states, "perhaps may not be those of any other man in the King's service," he yet insinuates

should be adopted by Robinson. At the same time, he resented any interference with his own province, looking, in the words of a contemporary, "upon the thoughts of anybody else as reflections upon his own; and instead of considering the use that may be made of what is suggested by another, looks upon it as a personal thing, and runs out into a long justification of his own performances, which nobody finds fault with"; he was wont to complain "that he knows nothing of what is going on in the other office, . . . and that he is not considered as much as he should be." Harrington, however, who had lost his ambition, survived for twelve years. Then, for a brief space after Walpole's fall, Carteret's erratic genius again flashed across the firmament of foreign affairs. But Newcastle's dull rushlight was steadier, and means were soon found to bring back Harrington. Shortly afterwards, however, Harrington, by a rare act of assertion in the Pelhams' interest, gave umbrage to the King and was promptly abandoned by the Duke, who forced his colleague to resign in disgust by giving secret instructions to an envoy in Harrington's province. Chesterfield and Bedford followed in quick succession. Both, like Carteret, had too much character to please the Duke; neither had enough to carry the day against his preponderating influences. At length, in 1751, he pitched upon Lord Holderness, a pliant tool after his

own heart, whom he describes as "good-natured, so you may tell him his faults and he will mend them," and as having "no pride in him, though a d'Arcy."

In 1754, when Newcastle finally gave up the seals to become Prime Minister, he had the satisfaction of finding in Sir Thomas Robinson a colleague for Holderness of equal incompetence.

Another fruitful cause of intrigue and of mismanagement is to be found in the King's frequent journeys to Hanover. The first two Georges, as is well known, regarded their own loyal little electorate with far greater affection than their troublesome and censorious kingdom; and they were accused with some justification of treating England as a dependency of Hanover. Altogether, George I. went to Hanover five times during his short reign; while his son made twelve journeys thither, spending about three months out of England on each occasion. In Hanover the King was more than ever inclined to neglect English for German interests, while the English Secretary of State attending him was also apt to fall under electoral influences.

Business was delayed and confused by these journeys. Matters of moment were referred backwards and forwards between Hanover and England, and envoys abroad were often left in doubt whether to take their instructions from the Secretary at home or from his colleague attending the King.

Cabals and intrigues, on the other hand, were encouraged. One Secretary had every opportunity of supplanting his colleague in the royal favour, the other of strengthening his position in English political circles. On one occasion the two Secretaries were so afraid of one another's intrigues that both accompanied the King, leaving the office work to be performed by Sir Robert Walpole; on another a vice-secretary was appointed for Hanover, while both remained in England. The Duke of Newcastle himself rarely went abroad, owing to his far-reaching interests at home. But finding himself obliged to go during Pelham's ministry, he fills his letters with laments as to the discomforts of foreign travel, and with apprehensions as to the plots of real and imagined adversaries in England. These disadvantages were fully recognised and represented to the King unavailingly by men of all parties. "How business can be carried on in a practical manner," Horace Walpole complains, "between the distance of the King at Hanover and his council in England, especially if there should be different opinions, is inconceivable, but should they always agree the tediousness of it would be intolerable."

A bad system of conducting foreign affairs at home did not encourage a satisfactory diplomatic service, on which even more depended in the eighteenth century, when the means of communication were

limited, than now, when an ambassador's initiative is considerably curtailed by the telegraph. It is therefore not surprising to find few signs of ability among the English envoys at foreign courts of the period. With one or two exceptions they may be divided into two classes, either of careful businesslike men who never looked beyond the immediate point at issue, or of flighty favourites of the ruling faction who made no pretence at taking their business seriously, but frankly regarded their situations as a means of obtaining pleasure or profit. It must, however, be admitted that, owing partly to the slipshod financial methods of the time, they were not treated with a generosity calculated to stimulate any but the most disinterested zeal. Their regular salaries were as a rule paid with punctuality; but the "extraordinaries," consisting of expenses incurred in entertaining, in travelling, or for official mourning, which often amounted to considerable sums, had to be asked for with a persistence not creditable to the Government. Even ambassadors of the importance of Lord Waldegrave at Paris, or of Mr Keene at Madrid, were kept waiting for payments long overdue, and the latter tried to recommend his just claims by presents of wine and tobacco to the Pelham brothers. An ambassador to the Porte gave considerable trouble by refusing to leave after he had been superseded, on the ground that the Treasury

refused to pay sums owing to him; while a mere *chargé d'affaires* at Turin was forced to sell a diamond and a gold snuff-box to meet current expenses after his salary had been eleven months overdue.

The ambassadors who showed the most ability during this period were the two accredited to Madrid — Stanhope, who later as Lord Harrington became Secretary of State, and Benjamin Keene. Stanhope, indeed, was far more qualified for success as a diplomatist than as an administrator, since he was an excellent listener and was never put out of countenance, whereas he was not skilful at defending his actions in the House of Lords. He was, moreover, a favourite of Philip V. of Spain, his bluntness carrying more weight with that suspicious monarch than the guile of craftier politicians. But able though he was, he showed little zeal for his work as a diplomatist, and was apt to presume on the known value of his services. Even for an age when begging was universal in high quarters, his reiterated requests are remarkable. If he is not demanding some reward, such as a peerage for himself, it is a place for his brother or something for his "poor chaplain." When Spain threw in her lot with the Emperor in 1725, Stanhope was recalled, but in 1729 was required to return and add the finishing touches to a promising negotiation. In spite, or rather because, of the fact that he was the only man thought capable of conducting

this delicate business, he made every imaginable difficulty about the undertaking. At first he refused to go point-blank, partly because the journey would be troublesome, partly because any failure in his mission would "expose me," he said, "to the loss of my reputation in case I could (as is most likely) do nothing there, and to that of my head in case I concluded any treaty with never so honest intentions," thereby fully justifying Lord Townshend's sneer at his want of courage and resolution. Persuaded at last by the Queen's express commands and by the promise of a peerage, he travelled as far as Paris, whence he wrote that he and Horace Walpole had decided that it would be inexpedient to go farther, and was only induced finally to complete the journey by the most peremptory orders. However, once arrived, he carried through the treaty of Seville with dexterity.

Unlike Stanhope, his successor Benjamin Keene had no family connections upon which to rely, and held no such inconvenient idea of his own importance; moreover, a blunder in his first attempt at negotiation had prejudiced the Government against him. Several other circumstances contributed to the difficulty of his charge. It is characteristic of the unintelligent methods of the day that, although our chief dispute with Spain arose from claims of the South Sea Company, Keene was allowed to retain his agency for the

company while officially representing the Government. In the one capacity he had to advise the company as to their claims, in the other to advise the Government which of these it would be judicious to drop. Apart from this unfortunate conjunction of duties, the position of any Minister at the Court of Spain was one of peculiar delicacy. The Spanish nation, as a result of the war at the beginning of the century, had lost many of their possessions and much of their power, but, as is usually the case with decaying families and races, displayed the more haughtiness and sense of punctilio about trifles. With such a nation only the most extraordinary patience and good temper—qualities luckily possessed by Keene—could have avoided war on matters of comparative indifference. The condition of the Spanish Court made the conduct of business still harder. The King and Queen, both obstinate and jealous of power, each pursued a different object in foreign politics, neither of which could be ignored. To add to the confusion, the King would retire to bed for months at a time, with the Queen in constant attendance: then business was at a standstill, for no Minister would be admitted to the royal couch, and no orders would be issued. At other times a mania for travelling would seize the royal pair. The long journeys, and sojourns in towns where no papers or officials were available, then protracted the delays inevit-

able with Spaniards. But in spite of his troubles Keene's zeal and loyalty increased his credit to such an extent that, when the Spanish war of 1739 broke out, all his detractors, save old Horace Walpole, were silenced, and he returned to Madrid without question after the peace of 1748. Even to-day his despatches are models of such documents, and would be valuable if only for their humorous and lifelike pictures of the remarkable Court to which he was accredited. They also present the clearest statement available in the correspondence of the time of the complicated questions at issue with Spain, and are always lucid in exposing the Spanish point of view. His diffidence and want of originality alone prevented his being a diplomatist of the first rank. But to a Foreign Minister like Pitt he would have been invaluable, as he was utterly devoid of the spirit of intrigue, would tell his chief exactly what he required to know, and carry out his orders with loyalty and intelligence. But, unfortunately, his despatch of 1757, printed in the Chatham Papers, was his last, and he died before Spain had begun seriously to interfere with Pitt's plans.

The elder Horace Walpole, brother to Sir Robert, had a peculiar position in the diplomatic history of the time. He contributed to Carteret's fall, it will be remembered, by his mission to Paris in 1724. Here he continued till 1730, enjoying unrivalled favour at

the French Court, due chiefly to the ascendancy which he had acquired in the following manner over Cardinal Fleury. Fleury, before becoming Minister, had on one occasion been banished from the Court by his predecessor, the Duc de Bourbon. Next day he was recalled; but during the interval Walpole, instead of avoiding him like all the other ambassadors, ostentatiously went to pay him his respects. Fleury never forgot this; nor, to do him justice, did Walpole, to whom this act of foresight was frequently a source of complacent self-laudation. Owing to this exceptional influence, when England was carrying on negotiations with other Powers in concert with France, Walpole was given a free hand to act with Fleury, without having to refer to the Secretary of State. On Townshend's resignation, Walpole was talked of as his successor. In 1734 he superseded Lord Chesterfield as ambassador at The Hague, and in 1736 he acted as secretary in attendance on the King in Hanover. During the whole period of his diplomatic service he retained his seat in Parliament, and was frequently summoned to defend the foreign policy of the Government. He is chiefly remembered now by the picture drawn of him by his nephew, the younger Horace Walpole, who never misses an opportunity of quizzing his foibles. He was, however, by no means the fool that his nephew makes him out to be. His knowledge of the details

of foreign policy was great, and on some questions he was in advance of his immediate contemporaries. But the effect of his good sense was largely neutralised by an intolerably prosy and didactic manner, both in his correspondence and his speeches. In his early days at Paris he was spoilt and flattered by the Duke of Newcastle, and ever afterwards considered it part of his duty to lecture not only the other envoys with whom he corresponded, but even the Ministers at home—from Sir Robert downwards. To the Duke he showed no measure in his candid criticism, sending him vast letters marked "most secret" full of impertinent abuse for his "want of reflexion" and of complaints that his own services were insufficiently rewarded both in money and in praise. The Duke displayed much long-suffering under these attacks; but Sir Robert was frankly bored with his brother, whose "works" he contemptuously talks of submitting to the Queen.

The ambassador to the Emperor, Sir Thomas Robinson, would never have been heard of had he not during his brief period as Secretary of State become the target of Pitt's and Fox's elaborately polished insolence. The Viennese Court, however, with its own pedantic formalism, no doubt relished an ambassador who could write on the occasion of some trifling hitch in a negotiation, "I therefore boldly suspended the affairs of all Europe."

In the smaller Courts of

Europe, where the business was not absorbing, the envoys were often pure amateurs in diplomacy, whose vagaries were more diverting than noxious. The most troublesome of all was Lord Kinnoull, sent to Turkey in 1730 in succession to Stanyan, who was characterised as being "fond of lying on a sofa with women." Kinnoull himself was described by his own successor as "the most incompatible character I yet ever saw. He has quarrels and revenges to take, and which He threatens of almost everybody He has ever had anything to do with here (whether publick or private, and God deliver those who have only his scruples or discretion for their defence)." And from a contemptuous allusion to him by Pope, it appears that he shared Stanyan's fondness for female society. During his embassy the War of the Polish Succession broke out: of the two candidates for the throne, France favoured Stanislaus, Louis XV.'s father-in-law, while the Emperor's candidate was Augustus of Saxony. England, though anxious to avoid being involved in hostilities, threw all her moral weight on the side of the Emperor. At Constantinople, therefore, her policy was to counteract France's endeavours to involve Turkey in a war of aggression against the Empire. Kinnoull was instructed to preach peace to the Sultan, and, with this view, to act in close concert with the Dutch ambassador.

Kinnoull, on the contrary, engaged in a violent quarrel with the Dutchman, remained hand in glove with the able French ambassador Villeneuve, and even recognised Stanislaus's envoy to the Porte. Remonstrances from the Duke of Newcastle having proved useless, Sir Everard Fawkener was sent to supersede him. Even then, after dismissing the man-of-war sent to bring him home, he continued for nearly a year at Constantinople, carrying on intrigues with the Porte and causing much trouble to Sir Everard. Two years later he had the effrontery to claim that the Porte's inaction was due to his diplomacy, and on the strength of this to demand the governorship of the Barbadoes to assist his finances, naively adding that he would do more good there than any governor for the last fifty years, as he had no intention of plundering the colony. This disinterestedness is, however, open to suspicion, as his own connection by marriage left some money to his children "in trust, that it may not be come at by Lord Kinnoull." The cause of his disloyalty to instructions may not improbably be found in his Jacobite leanings, for his brother was the Colonel John Hay who was created Earl of Inverness by the Pretender, and he himself married the daughter of Harley, Earl of Oxford.

Lord Tyrawley was another impetuous diplomatist who found some difficulty in subordinating his own judgment to superior instructions. His

fault, however, lay in no want of loyalty, but rather in the blunt directness of an old soldier unwilling under any circumstances to mince his words. The House of Commons itself once had a taste of his rough tongue, for on being called to the bar to meet some accusation, he turned the table on his accusers, like the late Cecil Rhodes on a somewhat similar occasion, and cross-examined them to such purpose that they were glad to drop the charge. In his youth, he once told Lord Chatham, he had "attended the great Duke of Marlborough as his aid-de-camp at the battle of Malplaquet, when he gain'd the victory in his post-chaise." After much fighting and many wounds in Flanders, Portugal, and Spain, he did service to the state in various diplomatic and semi-military posts; but his heart was always with the army. Twice he was envoy extraordinary at Lisbon, an office which seems to have given him an early and lasting disgust, not mitigated by a seraglio of three wives and fourteen children.

During his first term of service there he was continually demanding some better post or some additional dignity from the Duke of Newcastle, and on the occasion of a diplomatic difficulty gave considerable trouble. A quarrel, having an obscure origin in some adventure of a man on a donkey, sprang up between Portugal and Spain. War seemed inevitable; but this the English Ministers were anxious

at all costs to avoid, as in the case of an outbreak they would have been obliged to give active support to Portugal. Lord Tyrawley, on the other hand, with the keenness of an old fighter, did all he could to urge on the King of Portugal, all the more as he himself was promised a command in the Portuguese army in case of hostilities. In this dilemma the Ministry sent a British fleet to the Tagus, under Sir John Norris, who was given the character of a plenipotentiary, jointly with Lord Tyrawley, and instructed to tell the King that if he opened hostilities the fleet sent to protect him would sail away. The Dutch Minister was also ordered to make representation to the same effect. Naturally the most violent quarrel soon broke out between "a warm discontented Minister and a rough admiral that wants to return home." Sir John Norris refused to listen to any suggestions from his colleague; and "that damned Van Til," as Tyrawley habitually designated the Dutch Minister, must needs add fuel to the flame by ignoring Tyrawley's claims to have a voice in the negotiations. Sir John and Lord Tyrawley accordingly acted as if they had no connection with one another: they sent in separate memorials to the Portuguese Court, and separate despatches full of mutual abuse to England, and corresponded with one another as if they were hostile Powers. Sir John Norris omitted Lord Tyrawley from the guests convened to

celebrate the Queen's birthday, —an omission which provoked the following letter to the Queen from Tyrawley:—

"I should have hoped that *Rancune* apart, We might have drank the Queen's Health together. Nevertheless, Madam, I shall have the honour to drink it at my own house, with my own Friends and in much better Wine than Sir John Norris's Table affords."

He further retaliated by putting obstacles in the way of Sir John's receiving his letters, a measure which provoked Sir John to the following brief explanation to Keene, then Minister at Madrid:—

"SIR,—Radden not coming near me since his getting hither with your Dispatch, and being to go away again to-morrow morning with our answer, I sent for him this afternoon to know the Reason for it; He told me that when he received the Dispatch, you said, you supposed I was always on board, and that Therefore He should carry it directly to Lord Tyrawley; For this reason I do myself the honour to inform you that I live constantly on shore, and that any future dispatches may be sent directly to me.—I am with grate respect, Sir, your most Obed^t, Most Humble Servant, JOH^N NORRIS.

LISBON, ¹¹/₂₂ Aug. 1736.

HON^{ble}. MR KEENE."

It is hardly surprising under the circumstances that the proposed mediation of England and Holland between Spain and Portugal was mismanaged. However, the quarrel blew over, Sir John Norris and the fleet were recalled, and Tyrawley was left to employ his leisure in writing letters to Keene, with their strange mixed jargon of French and English,

their dissertations on Horace, —a theme on which he used subsequently to enlarge upon to Pitt,—and their abuse of Norris, "un cheval de carosse impraticable," and of "the damned Van Til."

Lord Essex appears to have been a kind of elderly spoilt child of the Foreign Office. The Duke of Newcastle had a very tender feeling for him, stood godfather to his son, and even thought of sending him as ambassador to Paris, instead of Lord Waldegrave. This was prevented by Lord Townshend. However, to console him, he was sent to Turin in 1732 to take up the threads of an important negotiation, the object of which was to incline the King of Sardinia to accept the Emperor's offers of alliance rather than those of France and Spain. His task was made easy for him in every way; for Lord Waldegrave was ordered to procure him interviews with the leading French statesmen on his way through Paris, and he was given the fullest directions as to the attitude he should adopt in Turin. But he had not been more than a few weeks at his post before he wrote complaining that the Secretary of State paid him insufficient attention, and at the same time asking for leave to attend the Carnival at Venice. In answer to this letter, the Duke took the trouble to explain that even ambassadors of Keene's and Waldegrave's importance were sometimes left for weeks without letters, if there was nothing new to communicate, and

warned him that so early a request for amusement might hurt him with the King. Thereupon Essex writes to the Under-Secretary, "I beg you to thank his Grace for his fear of hurting me, but if he keeps me this Carnaval he will kill me, and then I shall be pass'd that danger; this is now Hell upon Earth." He seems, however, to have found consolations, for later he describes with much gusto his hospitality, during Lady Essex's absence, to "a fair lady," naively adding that "the Fair Sex, which tho' to some people might be nothing, to me is everything." His mission naturally proved a fiasco, for in October 1733 a Franco-Sardinian treaty of alliance was signed, shortly after he had requested, owing to the lack of business, for leave to go "in Cogg" to the fair at Alexandria. Nevertheless, perhaps on Melbourne's principle that the Garter implied "no damned merit," he made several applications for that order, writing, for example, to "the best of Masters and the greatest of Kings": "I am sorry to be forced to own it even to your Majesty y^t I grow old, and I find y^t without the help of a Blue Ribond to sett me off my green one will do no longer." Finally, in 1736, he leaves his secretary in charge at Turin and returns home. But to the last his love of gadding clings to him, and he has to be summoned peremptorily from Paris, where he had proposed to spend six weeks amusing himself.

A general with no firm plan

of his own is always nervously anxious to find out that of his enemy, and it is the same in the greater strategy of diplomacy. It is therefore not surprising that during the first fifty years of the Hanoverian dynasty the attention devoted to secret intelligence by the Duke of Newcastle and his colleagues is altogether disproportionate to any results attained. Intercepting letters, the employment of spies, and bribing foreign officials were the usual methods adopted for penetrating the designs of our friends and rivals on the Continent, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that about a third of the Duke of Newcastle's foreign correspondence is devoted to these subjects.

So well recognised was the practice of tampering with letters in the post, that Governments occasionally adopted the expedient of sending false information in despatches by the courier, with the knowledge that it would be read. Even ciphers were not safe, for skilled clerks could often decipher them without a key, and they were sometimes saved that trouble by obtaining the keys by bribes to subordinates. During the years 1735 and 1736 it appears that Lord Waldegrave obtained ten ciphers from a clerk in the French Foreign Office, at the rate of 100 louis d'or for each cipher. The tables were naturally sometimes turned on us. About the same time, for example, the Duke of Newcastle has suspicions that our ciphers had been obtained from one of

Keene's clerks. The only fairly safe method was to send despatches by special messengers or servants of the ambassadors, and even that was not invariably secure. Thus mention is made in one despatch of billets from the French Chargé d'Affaires, "taken out of Mr Coetlogen's pocket June 17th, 1737," by one John Hutchins.

Secret agents and spies were naturally eager to offer their services at a time when secret service-money was lavishly bestowed. Of these the most interesting were two mysterious Sicilian Abbots, always referred to under that designation in the correspondence of the period. Their real names were Carracciolo and Platania, and they seem to have commenced their political adventures by obtaining a considerable ascendancy over the weak-minded King Philip V. of Spain, and becoming thoroughly conversant with Spanish politics. This ascendancy soon gave umbrage to the Queen, who banished them to Paris, whence they still carried on a surreptitious correspondence with Philip. The Queen, however, discovered one of their letters in her husband's pocket, and at once tried to get them exiled from France also. Horace Walpole had meanwhile entered into relations with them, and in 1728 facilitated their journey to London, asking the Duke to obtain lodgings for them near St James's or the Cookpit, and adding that an upper storey would be quite good enough. By 1731 they were back again

in Paris, and, in spite of renewed attempts by the Queen of Spain to remove them, remained there at least till 1742. Here their sources of information gave them an unique position. They still kept up a secret correspondence with their friends in Spain, although it was attended with some danger, as two of their informants, according to Keene, were arrested in 1737. By this means, however, they gained an intimate knowledge of intrigues at the Spanish Court, and seem to have had some influence on its policy. They were freely admitted to discuss foreign affairs with the French Ministers, to whom they sometimes gave excellent advice. But their most intimate relations were with the English ambassador, to whom, in return for a yearly salary of 300 louis d'or, they gave the results of their conversations with the French Ministers, together with the information they received from Spain and other quarters. Their knowledge of European politics and their sound judgment seem even to have had an appreciable influence on the English Government, and no better defence can be found for Walpole's refusal to interfere actively in the Polish war than the masterly argument which they drew up in support of that policy. By 1740 one of the abbots was dead, and the last sign of the other in the New-castle correspondence was a request made in 1742 that his pension should be continued and an asylum found for him

in England, if the war should make it necessary for him to leave Paris.

The services of the Sicilian Abbots were cheaply acquired, but other secret agents were far less useful and more expensive. By a strange fatality Lord Waldegrave, who succeeded Horace Walpole at Paris, though an extremely worthy and correct nobleman, spent a great deal of time and money "in the infamous and disagreeable compliance with the low habits of venal wretches," as Bubb Dodington would have said, and through them sometimes found himself forced into positions hardly befitting his dignity. Between 1730 and 1740 he employed at least seven of these agents, without ever receiving any adequate return for the money and trouble involved. Among them was a Scotchman called Conna, who also gave information to the other side; a fire-eating colonel—Gamberini—who offered to spy out French seaports, but was forced to leave France hurriedly for resenting too warmly a Frenchman's reference to his former employer, the Elector of Saxony, as "un imbécile et une Bête"; and Baron Gedda, the Swedish envoy, who for reporting to Lord Waldegrave all that the French Ministers told him, had "transactions . . . relating to his Majesty's goodness" to him. Indeed, at that time no person was thought too exalted to be beyond the reach of a bribe. In Sweden and in Russia it was considered part of an

ambassador's business to take the leading Ministers into his pay. Even Sir Robert Walpole was falsely reported by the Sardinian Minister to be corruptible "through his wife, who took money without his appearing to have anything to do with it"; and various attempts were made to bribe the French Foreign Ministers, Chauvelin and Amelot. The former was offered £100,000; and to the latter Waldegrave was ordered "to talk confidentially upon his own subject, but in such a manner that he might neither through Ignorance nor ill Intention make a bad use of it with the Cardinal." But though Chauvelin at least nibbled at the bait, the negotiation was in neither case successful.

Waldegrave was successful with one highly placed official. M. de Bussy was a "premier commis" in the French Foreign Office, and on several occasions was sent on diplomatic missions, two of them being to England—in 1737, and again in 1761 for the abortive negotiations with Mr Pitt. He must have had considerable tact to make himself necessary, for his employers seem to have had a poor opinion of him in some respects. D'Argenson, Foreign Minister in 1743, said of him that he was "un petit homme de bureau, . . . un homme d'intrigue, un traître, un méchant homme, et grandement soupçonné d'être gagné par l'Angleterre"; and later Choiseul remarks that he was so terrified of Mr Pitt, that he was inclined to jump out of

the window when he saw him. However that may be, he was considered a great acquisition by Lord Waldegrave when he had succeeded in bribing him. The utmost mystery was maintained about his identity, and it is only by unmistakable inference that he can be identified with the "No. 101" by which he is always alluded to in despatches. Trading on the importance of his position, he made the most extravagant demands on the ambassador's time and money. He would make appointments with him in some unsavoury corner of Paris and then fail to keep them, leaving poor Lord Waldegrave to cool his heels for hours, often in the drenching rain. The absurdity of the position would be realised if one could imagine the parallel case of Sir Charles Harding promising to reveal some state secret to M. Cambon outside a public-house in the Whitechapel Road, and then failing to appear. And even a promise of information could not be extracted from him without heavy payments in cash. During five years preceding the War of the Austrian Succession he received an annual salary of 1600 louis d'or, with occasional refreshers varying from 1000 louis to 50,000 livres (£2300), for information expected to be particularly valuable. Altogether he received no less than £15,500 during this period. There was very little return. De Bussy generally paid in promises, and almost the only state document of importance which he communicated was

the Pacte de Famille of 1739 between France and Spain, and this only when the negotiations between the two Courts were already known in England from other sources.

These glimpses into the working of the Foreign Office, though picked out of the huge mass of diplomatic correspondence of the time, present no unfair picture of the haphazard methods of conducting the diplomacy of the country during the forty years preceding Pitt's first ministry. The idea zealously propagated by Walpole that foreign embarrassments must at all costs be avoided, led inevitably to the belief that diplomacy consisted merely in elaborate systems of check and counter-check calculated to avert all awkward questions. During the greater part of Walpole's ministry there was good reason for this policy, but at the time of his fall new questions had arisen which could not be resolved by these timid methods. Unfortunately the Duke of Newcastle, brought into power solely for his unrivalled political connections, had developed a limpet-like tenacity for office without much more than the limpet's power of vision. By excluding men of superior ability from the conduct of affairs, and gathering round him men of a like capacity to himself, he exaggerated all the faults inherent in a bad system, and brought England to a condition hardly less humiliating than it was in the time of Charles II.

BASIL WILLIAMS.

WITH A CAR TO THE GERMAN MANŒUVRES.—II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ON THE HEELS OF DE WET.'

AT the suggestion of the night porter of the hotel—for which suggestion he charged a mark in his bill—the car had been housed for the night at the *garage* of an extensive motor-works in Berlin. Feeling that the recommendation of the leading hotel was sufficient guarantee for the preservation of their interests, the Explorers slept late on the morning after their arrival. About midday they made their appearance in the Unter den Linden, and, following the suggestion of one of their overnight boon companions, searched the Dorotheenstrasse for the lunch supplied by the Hotel Prinz Frederick Karl. The service in this old sporting house was excellent, and Birdie, who for some unintelligible reason had proposed to stand as host on the occasion, was initiated into the vagaries of a Berlin restaurant bill, which required him to pay for a brace of lobsters by weight, and peaches at one mark fifty a time.

After a very excellent lunch the Explorers wandered down to the *garage*, proposing to give the car a short overhaul before starting on their way, and making Frankfurt on the Oder the stable for the night. Arrived at the *garage*,—a huge yard enclosed by iron-studded swing gates,—the

Explorers found three tyres down. Birdie's face lengthened. The manager of the *garage*, who barely understood the best possible French that the Explorers possessed, met all inquiries as to the cause of this sudden subsiding of inner tubes with a non-committal shake of his head.

"C'est très ennuyeux, mais les pneumatiques sont mauvais."

This was poor consolation, since Birdie had equipped the car with new outer tyres before starting on the foreign journey. The manager summoned a gang of blue-bloused mechanics, and in ten minutes their united efforts made it clear to Birdie that the car had been lodged in the yard of one of those vulture firms which prey upon the owners of "bird of passage" cars. An examination of the inner tubes disclosed the fact that the car had been deliberately pushed about the yard on flat tyres. In all probability the valves had been previously unscrewed to render, from a destructive standpoint, this man-handling perfectly effective. But before they were again on the road the Explorers were to have their fingers further burnt by these self-same sharks.

Among the mechanics employed in this *garage* was a Frenchman. When, at last, the injured tubes had been

repaired, and when, in the case of two rendered useless, they had been replaced and the car was ready to move off, the Frenchman came up to Birdie and said, laying a truculent emphasis on his words—

“Monsieur, il faut que vous restiez ici jusqu'à ce que le pneumatique que vous avez commandé arrive.”

This was a deliberate effort to enforce a blackmail: blackmail was written all over the little Frenchman. Birdie, who had got his bonnet up for the purpose of oiling, denied the business claim, whereupon the Frenchman burst into a melodramatic appeal first to Ethel, then to the Major, and finally to the manager and his colleagues of the works. From the melodramatic plaint he quickly enough changed to the aggressive, and announced vehemently: “Nous ne permettons pas que vous partiez jusqu'à ce que vous m'avez payé.”

By this time Birdie had his engines started, and his passengers had taken their seats. But before he could let in the clutch, the Frenchman shouted in a high treble to his fellow-workmen, and they rushed forward, closed the swing gates, and slid down the iron bar which secured them.

The Frenchman, striking a defiant attitude, muttered “Maintenant?” For a moment the situation looked serious.

“There's the making of a fight here, Ethel,” said the Major, as he jumped out of the car. “Now, you go for

the first man that moves.” After this injunction the Major strode to the gate, undid the bar, and pulled the wings open. Ethel was at his heels; and possibly his six feet of perfectly developed manhood overawed the black-mailers, for the heroic Frenchman gave place, and Birdie drove the car out in peace.

This incident is instructive, for it shows the snares and pitfalls which pursue the course of the ignorant and unwary motorist when, in the choice of a *garage*, he is dependent upon the advice of the hall porter of a Continental hotel. The writer has not the smallest hesitation in suggesting that, not only did the proprietors of this particular *garage* criminally do damage to the car entrusted to their care with the specific object of reaping a benefit by the repair thereof, but they also, seeing that the owners of the car were foreigners unacquainted with the language of the country, deliberately attempted to hustle them into the purchase of a particularly expensive auxiliary.

By the time the Explorers drove the car clear of this den of thieves and collected their belongings from their original hotel, the unanimous vote of the party found it too late to attempt to make Frankfurt that night. The difficulties also of getting free of the suburbs in the half light of evening induced them to prefer an early morning start. If they were able—and there was then no reason why they should not—to run into

Breslau from Berlin, they would yet be in time for the Kaiser's review, which preceded the manœuvres.

Variety is always charming, and since, as a rule, it is not pleasant or profitable to return to a hotel within half an hour of paying your bill, the Explorers determined to sample another hostelry from those which had been recommended to them by their friends in Nauen. In this case no difficulty was experienced in securing rooms and a new *garage*, in which Tommy was housed to keep sentry over the welfare of the car. The Explorers themselves set out to discover Berlin by night, and after wandering through a considerable number of uninteresting beer-shops and cafés, came to the conclusion that the Café Riche was the place which gave best promise for a comfortable dinner. Except in the hotels, everybody in Germany apparently dines by daylight. The Explorers climbed the entry stairs to the Café Riche about 8 P.M. Beyond the waiters, this gorgeously decorated dining-saloon was empty. The management, however, was quite prepared to serve their meal, which was styled a supper; but the head waiter explained that the place would not begin to fill until eleven o'clock, and would remain open until eight or nine on the following day. Not wishing to make the acquaintance of the Berlin night worshippers, the Explorers remained the solitary guests of the café until ten o'clock, and then returned to

their hotel to fortify themselves against their projected early start on the morrow.

By seven o'clock on the following morning the car was making the trams stand still on the Frankfurterstrasse. It was a kindly morning, and in the beginning of the run the car was kindness itself. The road out of Berlin is always interesting, through the faubourgs of Friedrichsfelde and Biesdorf. In the grey of the morning, just before the lakes were reached, it would have been quite possible to imagine that the Explorers had arrived upon Newmarket heath. They passed at least three strings of blood-horses wending their way to the gallops. There was no time to halt and investigate; but as far as sheets and bandages and the cut of the stable-boys were concerned, each string might have been turned out of an English stable.

It is not the intention of the writer to dwell long over the narrative of the journey to Frankfurt. It is not a happy story. Although the car had started smoothly enough, thirty kilometres out of Berlin she began her old fit of cussedness. Birdie's face grew longer and longer. He stopped her and tested the sparking plug. He drenched her engines with paraffin. He unscrewed the carburetter, wiped the float, and then intimated in the saddest of sad intonations that he was a beaten man. After every incline the pace became slower, until at last the Explorers looked down into the

valley of the Oder with a car that was doing little more than ten miles an hour. Once on the road a great heavy touring car swished past them. It bore no mark upon its tail-board. It was one of the giant engines belonging to the War Department. There was a pensive look on Birdie's face as he stood still on the roadway, oil-can in hand, and watched the ordnance carriage disappear at sixty kilometres an hour.

Arrived at the pretty little manufacturing town of Frankfurt on the Oder, the Explorers took the car up to the vestibule of the Hotel Prinz von Preussen. Frankfurt was a town of 60,000 inhabitants. There was hope that something might be done to the car. But disappointment gathered thickly in the way of the Voyagers, for Birdie and the Major on investigation found that the only professed motor-smith was nothing more than a bicycle-mender. His men, clever enough mechanics in healing metal hurts, knew nothing of the diagnosis of ailments in the intricate machinery of a car. So leaving a minor break with them to mend, Birdie and the Major returned to the hotel to hold a consultation during lunch. The spirit in which both the lunch and consultation were undertaken was of a despondent character. All three of the Voyagers were so pessimistic that the consultation actually found itself looking up the train services from Frankfurt to Breslau. The nature of the

repast, moreover, was lowering to the spirits. There is little that is encouraging in a choice between the braised back of a hare and the fat roast outlets of a German pig. Birdie suddenly put down his knife. His companions looked at him in astonished expectation.

"What is it, Birdie?" said the Major; "have you had an inspiration?"

"I believe I've got it," answered the owner of the car. "It is all that bad oil they used in Reading. It has bunged up the silencer. We'll take off the silencer and let her rip."

"But it will make the deuce of a row," suggested Ethel.

"What does that matter as long as we get over the ground? besides, it won't inconvenience any one on the road. It's only in towns that the noise upsets people. I know a man who always takes off his silencer as soon as he gets into the country. A car just flies when it's off."

And so it was ordained. The little crowd that had collected in the small front garden of the Prinz von Preussen were nearly scared out of their wits when at last, at five o'clock in the evening, Birdie's small repairs had been effected and he started ignition minus his silencer. For all the world it sounded as if a battery of machine-guns had been brought into action, and there was not a window in the Wilhelmsplatz without a scared face pressed against it as the expedition started again in its endeavour

to make Breslau by dawn on the following morning.

Birdie smiled again as his car jumped to every suggested impulse.

"She's herself once more," he said, looking over his shoulder.

"Well, then, you had better get her out of this place as quickly as you can," the Major suggested, when he could make himself heard above the awful racket of exploding gas which was taking place beneath the car. He was not unmindful that the look of astonishment beneath the *pickel-haube* of the local police might at any moment, as soon as their surprise was overcome, change to one of aggression. In fact, as the car swung down Breite Strasse, scattering a terrified crowd of marketers, the mien of the helmeted henchman who kept guard upon the bridge over the Oder was distinctly truculent. For a moment it looked as if the yellow-haired gendarme was about to raise his arm and signal Birdie to stop. But possibly the vomit of flame and smoke from the exhaust decided him upon a less venturesome course. As the car flashed past, the occupants caught a glance of the admirable flourish with which he drew a bulky notebook. The moment of anxiety had passed. If it were only the number that he required, there was still a hope that the Kaiser's review might be reached in time.

The Voyagers had barely placed Damm Vorstadt behind them when darkness closed down. The car was

now absolutely flying, and was pulling against every restraining injunction that Birdie placed upon her. That journey through the night furnished an experience which none of the occupants of the car are likely to forget. The road, fortunately enough, was perfect, though, owing to the fact that it lay through pine forests, plunged in the deepest shadow. The pace was terrifying, and, in spite of the beam of the searchlight, the dangers of the road were so unexpected that nothing but the skilful driving of Birdie saved the party from total wreckage. The local peasant cart of Silesia is a cumbersome vehicle to move suddenly from the road centre, even if it should chance that the driver be found awake. The principle of lighting at night seldom appeals to these simple folk. As strings of these market conveyances were met that night, the dangers of the road may be imagined when Birdie was prepared to let her out to close on fifty miles an hour. Over and above the mysterious sensation inseparable from a night journey in pine forests, the intermittent din, the vomit of flame, and the rattle of explosion from below the car gave a fillip to a sensation of peculiar weirdness. There was the feeling of exhilaration bred of pace, the anxieties against accident or collision, and the fascinations of novel environment. With a crash and a thunder of cylinder explosion the car would dash through some hamlet, creating

a tumult sufficient to wake the dead. In a flash it was gone, and the inmates left to imagine the rush of terrified peasants to lattice and casement to determine whether it had been mundane visitation or supernatural apparition.

The chronicler of this voyage of exploration would like to write, "And thus they came to Crossen." But it was not so. Black care was still beside Tommy in the back seat, and two miles short of Crossen a tyre went with a report that made itself heard above the volleying from the exhaust. It was a clean puncture. Inner and outer tyre were perforated. The acetylene searchlight was taken off its hook and brought to bear on the damaged wheel. Birdie shook his head and began to peel his coat. The rest of the party fell in at the appointed emergency stations, and there in the gloom of the pine forest, in the white light of the acetylene lamp, did an hour's honest toil. Such is the reward for driving a motor-car against time. The chances of the Voyagers being in time for the Kaiser's review at seven o'clock on the following morning had now contracted to zero. The puncture was so bad that resort had to be made to a shoe, which, luckily, at the last moment, had been added to Tommy's stock-in-trade.

Crossen lies in the vale of the Oder, and, unlike the large cities of Germany, is early to bed. By the time the car descended the steep road into the town and crossed the bridge

over the Oder, there was hardly a soul to be seen in the cobbled streets. With the utmost difficulty the Three Crowns Inn was discovered and the car lodged in the backyard. The head waiter of this queer little village hostel spoke English. He had passed an apprenticeship in the Hôtel Métropole, Brighton, and seemed as delighted to be thrown into the company of Englishmen as the Explorers were pleased to find a comfortable meal. Over a very succulent fillet and the customary poached eggs, the Voyagers held a council of war at which the head waiter was invited to assist. The local paper made it clear that the review would be held on the following morning at seven o'clock. The head waiter ratified the information in the guide-book that Breslau was a good hundred kilometres distant. Birdie's information was the most decisive. He stated emphatically that unless a sufficiently able workman were discovered in Crossen to effect repairs, it was doubtful if the car would get along at all. The head waiter promised that one, Hermann, was a clever repairer, but doubted if he could be induced to work at night. All things considered, the consensus of feeling was against an effort to reach Breslau by seven on the following morning.

It might have been done by train. This alternative was suggested. But the Explorers, with that dislike which is common to all motorists of deserting their car, however unfaith-

ful, finally determined to cut the Emperor's review out of their programme and to content themselves with arriving on the following day at Breslau in time to take part in the actual manœuvres. If they could only have been equipped with second-sight, they might have saved themselves much speculation with regard to how and when they and the car would reach their destination.

On the following morning the Explorers' car furnished the centre of interest in the historic little township of Crossen. The Major took upon himself the task of procuring the services of Hermann the expert. The mechanic's comely daughter carried on her father's business office. Remarkable to relate, although she had never left the village of Crossen, this girl spoke a smattering of English and very fair French. With her as interpreter, the Major discovered the full limit of Hermann's repairing outfit, and the expert promised, after he had surveyed the damages, to have three inner tubes healed in an hour.

It was evident that Crossen had a turn for education, for as far as the Explorers could gather, every one, within ear-shot of Birdie's now unthrottled combustion chamber, who had received a smattering of English arrived to make conversation with the mad motorists. Tommy became so much at his ease that he was even seen to smile while endeavouring to explain the superiority of every-

thing English to anything he had hitherto seen in Germany. The most bouncing of the many visitors was a young sportsman, of the colouring of a Belgian canary, who was absolutely fluent, and introduced himself to the Major with some pride as being the great grandson of the man who had shown Napoleon the ford at Crossen which enabled him to make the passage of the Oder. When asked if he was proud of his ancestor's action, the young fellow suavely replied—

"It is a family distinction, even if it is not creditable."

In an hour the Explorers were evacuating Crossen, if not with the same pomp and grandeur as did Frederick the Great and Napoleon, yet amid as much noise per axle. Outside the town is a steep climb. The car tackled it in as brave a spirit as she had shown when leaving Frankfurt on the preceding evening. Having scared a horse or two, and driven a few market-women in fear behind the plum-trees which border the highroad, the car settled down to her work, and it looked as if it were to be a quick though noisy run into Breslau. How liable is human perspicacity to err! Three miles out of Crossen, just as the car was passing a tiny hamlet, something snapped inside her. A jolt, a rain of substructure blows, and she came to a dead stop, her engines racing as they became relieved of all propulsion stresses.

Birdie stopped the engines,

and standing up in his seat said softly, very very softly—

"That is the limit. The carden-shaft has gone!"

A brief survey substantiated the theory. This indeed was the climax. From the very beginning it had been a chapter of accidents. There had been tyre troubles beyond all precedent; there had been ignition and exhaust troubles; and now, when at last the Explorers thought they had coaxed and humoured her into a satisfactory if noisy temper, she had deliberately broken her back. Birdie emerged from under the car with his final diagnosis.

"Who's the Jonah?" queried Ethel.

Tommy, whose spirits never rose unless his master was in the direst misfortune, proved to be the most practical.

"Please, sir, 'taint who's the Jonah, but rather who's got a pair of horses."

"Well, there is one thing upon which we may congratulate ourselves," suggested the Major, "and that is that she's broken down within three miles of a railway station. Suppose it had happened, as it might well have, thirty miles from everywhere!"

The stationary car soon attracted the usual village crowd. It was some time before the united efforts of the stranded Explorers could make their wishes understood. The average farm-labourer in Silesia does not readily understand the halting pronunciation of his language by the untutored

Englishman. But ultimately the repetition of the word "pferde" brought a gleam of intelligence into the eyes of one of the local sympathisers, who suggested, more by dumb motion than by words, that an envoy from the stranded party should follow him to the residence of one Herr Dash. The Major undertook the new voyage of discovery, and was conducted to the chief edifice in the village. Landing him at the front door of a low whitewashed cottage-villa, the farm-hand deserted. The Major knocked, with the result that a round half-dozen of spaniel puppies rushed to the open door and welcomed him with an effusion that would have been gratifying if his peace of mind had been normal. By dint of more knocking a maid-servant, who looked as if she had just been milking cows or making butter, arrived and cleared away the struggling mass of puppies. Having remembered the name of the farmer, the Major eventually made himself understood. At least, muttering "Ja, ja," and pointing to the overhead storey, the maid disappeared.

After about five minutes Herr Dash arrived. He was totally different from the type of farmer that the Major had expected to find. A young man of two- or three-and-twenty, he obviously belonged to the refined and intelligent class. He was dressed in a well-fitting suit of German green-sporting mixture, and wore irreproachable butcher-boots. He welcomed the Major with a smile,

and the Major attempted to open the conversation in French. To his surprise Herr Dash replied in English, and at once evinced the greatest sympathy in the Explorers' misfortunes. Calling for his Tyrolese hat, he proposed to inspect the scene of the breakdown.

The united efforts of Birdie, Ethel, and Thomas had resulted in the extraction of the carden-shaft. One of the pins at the clutch end had been wrenched off. It was evident that no amateur repository work could cope with the damage. Further progress was a matter for draught animals as far as Crossen station, and a railway track thence to Breslau, accompanied with a prayer that so large a city might possess motor-works capable of coping with the injury. Herr Dash, after a short consultation with a better-class peasant who had joined the circle of sympathisers, and who presumably was his bailiff, promised that we should have the draught-horses as soon as they came in from the plough for their midday meal. This meant an hour's delay; but as there is no wisdom in making a critical examination of the mouth of a gift-horse, the Explorers were content to spend the interval in the local beer-garden regaling their benefactor with the insidious beverage of his country.

Over the foaming beaker Herr Dash, in broken English, became quite confidential. He was a comparative stranger to Silesia. The son of a wealthy scent manufacturer from Col-

ogne, his father had met his taste for an open-air and sporting life by the purchase, two years previously, of the farm he now worked. Asked how he acquired his English, Herr Dash replied that during the long hard winters in Silesia there was little to do, and he had spent many of the dark weary evenings of the last two years in a study of English. "But"—and here his good-natured face brightened—"I shall spend no more evenings learning English. This winter there will be other things to do, as I am soon to marry." The Explorers were not slow in offering this good Samaritan every felicity upon so momentous a venture, inwardly trusting that when the novelty of the new move had worn off their friend would not be driven to a more energetic study of their language.

The Explorers had left Crossen that morning with the exaggerated arrogance of a powerful car bereft of its silencer. The return was meekness itself. At the tail of a lumber waggon, they and their car were towed gently into the goods yard of the Crossen railway station. It was an ignominious finish to a start which had held out a promise of far better things. There was no alternative,—the car would have to go to Breslau by train and follow by goods at the discretion of the German railway officials.

Remembering the trouble that they had had with the Customs, the Explorers approached

the Crossen goods clerks with feelings of some trepidation. But although these be-uniformed worthies talked a great deal, and shouted loudly when they realised that the Explorers knew nothing of their tongue, yet they apparently made no difficulties; for though, reluctantly enough, the Explorers deserted their ship, yet they left it standing on the green of the goods yard without even running off the petrol, and in due course, petrol and details complete, it arrived at Breslau without further damage or undue delay. As for the Explorers themselves, they waited for the *schnell-zug*, and in this tame manner arrived at their destination after dark.

But their troubles were not yet over. Breslau was *en fête*. The Kaiser was in residence. With the utmost difficulty a cab was procured, and the driver directed to take the party to the Monopol. The coachman shook his head in a doubtful manner, and then plunged his vehicle into the seething mass of spectators who thronged the streets. The whole town was illuminated in a curious and striking manner. Without exception, in the window of every upper storey three candles had been lit. Certain public buildings and commercial establishments had invested in electric- and gas-illuminating lights, but for the general impression of illumination the city depended upon this universal candle service. The majority of streets appeared to be lined with troops,

and in such cases as they were not, the Explorers' driver was headed off by truculent gendarmes. With difficulty the Englishmen were brought to understand that the Kaiser had been present at some entertainment at the Hotel Monopol, and, until he left that building, there was as much hope of getting the vehicle up to it as there was of making the driver understand English. For two solid hours the Explorers and their chattels were kept waiting for the thoroughfare to open. They had one interlude. There had been a military tattoo in front of the Palace. The returning massed bands, led by the torchbearers and colour guard, marched down the streets to a funeral slow step. Anyway, if the Explorers had missed the Kaiser's parade, they had seen the street parade of the military tattoo.

When the streets were cleared the party made its way with difficulty to the Hotel Monopol. But even when they had arrived under the portico of the hotel their troubles were not at an end. The hall porter rushed out in all the glory of his servile trappings and ordered the coachman to drive away from the front of their hotel: they were taking no more visitors that night. Precisely what the Major said to this functionary would be neither necessary nor instructive in the elucidation of this narrative. The Major was tired of adversity, and the dull music of the torchlight performance

had been the last straw to an equilibrium of temper never at the best of times too secure. The hall porter fell back aghast. The brilliant assembly of liveried lackeys opened a lane for the indignant Englishman. Half a dozen of the inner retainers of the hotel came forward to repeat the jackal yelp of the hall porter. Royalty and an influx of red, white, scarlet, green, saffron, black, and any other coloured hussar officer that you can think of, had turned their heads. The Major would have none of these under-strappers; he called for the manager. Desperate underlings said, "But it is impossible," and pointed to the open doorway of the ball-room.

"Fetch him out, then," ordered the Major.

In due course the obsequious

manager was drawn out from under the furred dolman of a Princeling Hussar.

"But it is impossible, gentlemen; the hotel is full. Just look, this is an occasion."

"I wired for rooms," said the Major, "two days ago."

"Ah! but that was yesterday. You did not come. To-day, look at the state we are in."

"Am I, then," said the leader of the Explorers, "to tell my friend Prince M—— that, even after his recommending me to come here, you turn me from your doors?"

Instantly the manager softened. For a second time the august name of their Cuirassier friend had served the Explorers upon an emergency. Sleeping accommodation was forthcoming.

CHICAGO.

A JOURNEY TO THE WEST—NIAGARA—"THE GREY CITY."

AMERICA may be defined as the country where there are no railway porters. You begin a journey without ceremony; you end it without a welcome. No zealot, eager to find you a corner seat and to dispose of your luggage, meets you, when you depart. You must carry your own bag when you stumble unattended from the train. This enforced dependence upon yourself is doubtless a result of democracy. The spirit of freedom, which permits a stealthy nigger to brush your hat, does not allow another to handle your luggage. To the enchained and servile mind of an Englishman these distinctions are difficult to understand. A training in transatlantic liberty is necessary for their appreciation. However, no great evil is inflicted on the traveller. The ritual of checking your baggage may easily be learned, and the absence of porters has, by a natural process, evolved the "grip." The "grip," indeed, is the universal characteristic of America. It is as intimate a part of the citizen's equipment as a hat or coat, and it is not without its advantages. It is light to carry, it fills but a small space, and it ensures that the traveller shall not be separated from all his luggage. A far greater hardship than the carriage of

a grip is the enforced publicity of an American train. The Englishman loves to travel in seclusion. The end of his ambition is a locked compartment to himself. Mr Pullman has ordained that his clients shall endure the dust and heat of a long journey in common; and when the voyager, wearied out by the rattle of the train, seeks his uncomfortable couch, he is forced to seek it under the public gaze.

These differences of custom are interesting, because they correspond to differences of temperament. There is a far deeper difference in the character of the country through which you travel. A journey in Europe is like a page of history. You pass from one century to another. You see a busy world through the window. As you sit in your corner a living panorama is unfolded before your eyes. The country changes with the sky. Town and mountain and corn-field follow one another in quick succession. At every turn you see that wonderful symbol of romance, the white road that winds over the hill, flecked perhaps by a solitary traveller. But it is always the work of man, not the beauty of nature, that engrosses you. You would, if you could, alight at every point to witness the last act

of comedy, which is just beginning. Men and women, to whom you are an episode or an obstruction, flash by. Here is a group of boys bathing. There peasants gaze at the train as something inhuman. At the level crossing a horse chafes in his shafts. In an instant you are whizzed out of sight, and he remains. Then, as night falls, the country-side leaves its work; the eyes of the cottages gleam and flicker through the trees. Round the corner you catch sight of a village festival. The merry-go-rounds glint and clank under the shadow of a church. The mountains approach and recede; streams grow into mighty rivers. The grey sky is dark blue and inlaid with stars. And you sit still, tired and travel-stained, having shared in a day the life of hundreds.

Such is a journey in Europe. How different the experience in America! On the road to Chicago you pass through a wilderness. The towns are infrequent; there are neither roads nor hedges; and the rapidly changing drama of life escapes you. The many miles of scrub and underwood are diversified chiefly by crude advertisements. Here you are asked to purchase Duke's Mixture; there Castoria Toilet Powder is thrust upon your unwilling notice. In the few cities which you approach the frame-houses and plank-walks preserve the memory of the backwoods. In vain you look

for the village church, which in Europe is never far away. In vain you look for the incidents which in our land lighten the tedium of a day's journey. All is barren and bleak monotony. The thin line of railway seems a hundred miles from the life of man. At one station I caught sight of an "Exposition Car," which bore the legend, "Cuba on Wheels," and was surprised as at a miracle. Outside Niles, a little country town, a battered leather-covered shay was waiting to take wayfarers to the Michigan Inn; and the impression made by so simple a spectacle is the best proof of the railroad's isolation. There is but one interlude in the desolate expanse—Niagara.

Before he reaches the station called Niagara Falls, the tourist has a foretaste of what is in store for him. He is assailed in the train by touts, who would inveigle him into a hotel or let him a carriage, and to touts he is an unwilling prey so long as he remains within sight or hearing of the rapids. The trim little town which has grown up about the falls, and may be said to hang upon the water, has a holiday aspect. The sight-seers, the little carriages, the summer-hotels, all wear the same garb of gaiety and leisure. There is a look of contented curiosity on the faces of all, who are not busy defacing the landscape with mills and power-stations, as of those about to contemplate a supreme wonder. And yet the

sight of it brings the same sense of disappointment which the colossal masterpieces of nature always inspire. Not to be amazed at it would be absurd. To pretend to appreciate it is absurd also. "The Thunder of the Waters" can neither be painted upon canvas nor described in words. It is composed on a scale too large for human understanding. A giant might find some amusement in its friendly contemplation. A man can but stand aghast at its sound and size, as at some monstrous accident. He may compare the Fall on the American side with the Horse-shoe on the Canadian. He has no other standard of comparison, since Niagara not only transcends all other phenomena of its kind, but also our human vision and imagination. When you see the far-tossed spray lit up with a flash of iridescence, you catch at something which makes a definite impression; and you feel the same relief that a man may feel when he finds a friend in a mob of strangers. To heap up epithets upon this mysterious force is the idlest sport. Are you nearer to it when you have called it "deliberate, vast, and fascinating"? You might as well measure its breadth and height, or estimate the number of gallons which descend daily from the broad swirling river above. A distinguished playwright once complained of Sophocles that he lacked human interest, and the charge may be brought with greater justice

against Niagara. It is only through daring and danger that you can connect it with the human race; and you find yourself wondering where it was that Captain Webb was hurled to his death, or by what route the gallant little "Maid of the Mist" shot the rapids to escape the curiosity of the excise officer.

Nothing is more curious in the history of taste than the changed view which is taken to-day of natural scenery. Time was when the hand and mind of man were deemed necessary for a beautiful effect. A wild immensity of mountain or water was thought a mere form of ugliness; a garden was a waste, if it were not trimmed to formality; and a savage moorland was fit only for the sheep to crop. The admiration of Father Hennepin, the companion of La Salle and the first white man who ever gazed upon Niagara, was tempered by affright. "This wonderful Downfal," said he in 1678, "is compounded of Cross-streams of Water, and two Falls, with an Isle sloping along the middle of it. The Waters which fall from this horrible Precipice, do foam and boyl after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an Outrageous Noise, more terrible than that of Thunder; for when the wind blows out of the South, their dismal roaring may be heard more than Fifteen Leagues off." These are the epithets of the seventeenth century, — "horrible," "hideous," "outrageous," "dis-

mal." Now take the modern view, eloquently expressed in 1879 by the United States Commissioners, whose object was to preserve the Falls untouched for ever. "The value of Niagara to the world," they wrote, "and that which has obtained for it the homage of so many men whom the world reveres, lies in its power of appeal to the higher emotional and imaginative faculties, and this power is drawn from qualities and conditions too subtle to be known through verbal description. To a proper apprehension of these, something more than passing observation is necessary; to an enjoyment of them, something more than an instantaneous act of will." It is the old dispute between beauty and wonder, between classic and romantic. Who is in the right of it, the old priest or the modern commissioners? Each man will answer according to his temperament. For my part, I am on the side of Father Hennepin.

Niagara is not an inappropriate introduction to Chicago. For Chicago also is beyond the scale of human comprehension and endeavour. In mere size both are monstrous; it is in size alone that they are comparable. Long before he reaches "the grey city," as its inhabitants fondly call it, the traveller is prepared for the worst. At Pullman a thick pall already hangs over everything. The nearer the train approaches Chicago the drearier becomes

the aspect. You are hauled through mile after mile of rubbish and scrap-heap. You receive an impression of sharp-edged flints and broken bottles. When you pass the "City-Limits" you believe yourself at your journey's end. You have arrived only at the boundary of Chicago's ambition, and Chicago is forty minutes' distant. The station, which bears the name "102nd St.," is still in the prairies. A little more patience and you catch a first glimpse of the lake—vast, smooth, and grey in the morning light. A jolt, and you are descending, grip in hand, upon the platform.

The first impression of Chicago, and the last, is of an unfinished monstrosity. It might be a vast railway station, built for men and women twenty feet high. The skyscrapers, in which it cherishes an inordinate pride, shut out the few rays of sunlight which penetrate its dusky atmosphere. They have not the excuse of narrow space which their rivals in New York may plead. They are built in mere wantonness, for within the City Limits, whose distance from the centre is the best proof of Chicago's hopefulness, are many miles of waste ground, covered only with broken fences and battered shanties. And, as they raise their heads through the murky fog, these sky-scrappers wear a morose and sullen look. If they are not mere lumps, their ornament is hideously heavy and pretensive. They never com-

bine, as they combine in New York, into an impressive whole. They clamour blatantly of their size, and that is all. And if the city be hideously aggressive, what word of excuse can be found for the outskirts, for the Italian and Chinese quarters, for the crude, new districts which fasten like limpets upon the formless mass of Chicago? These, to an enduring ugliness add a spice of cruelty and debauch, which are separate and of themselves.

In its suggestion of horror Chicago is democratic. The rich and the poor alike suffer from the prevailing lack of taste. The proud "residences" on the Lake Shore are no pleasanter to gaze upon than the sulky sky-scrapers. Some of them look like prisons; some make a sad attempt at gaiety; all are amazingly unlike the dwelling-houses of men and women. Yet their owners are very wealthy. To them nothing is denied that money can buy, and it is thus that they prefer to express themselves and their ambitions. What, then, is tolerable in Chicago? Lincoln Park, which the smoke and fog of the city have not obscured, and the noble lake, whose fresh splendour no villainy of man can ever deface. And at one moment of the day, when a dark cloud hung over the lake, and the sun set in a red glory behind the sky-scrapers, each black, and blacker for its encircling smoke, Chicago rose superior to herself and her surroundings.

After ugliness, the worst foe of Chicago is dirt. A thick, black, sooty dust lies upon everything. It is at the peril of filthy hands that you attempt to open a window. In the room that was allotted to me in a gigantic hotel I found a pair of ancient side-spring boots, once the property, no doubt, of a prominent citizen, and their apparition intensified the impression of uncleanness. The streets are as untidy as the houses; garbage is dumped in the unfinished roadways; and in or out of your hotel you will seek comfort in vain. The citizens of Chicago themselves are far too busy to think whether their city is spruce or untidy. Money is their quest, and it matters not in what circumstances they pursue it. The avid type is universal and insistent. The energy of New York is said to be mere leisure compared to the hustling of Chicago. Wherever you go you are conscious of the universal search after gold. The vestibule of the hotel is packed with people chattering, calculating, and telephoning. The click of the machine which registers the latest quotations never ceases. In the street every one is hurrying that he may not miss a lucrative bargain, until the industry and ambition of Chicago culminate in the Board of Trade.

The dial of the Board of Trade, or the Pit as it is called, is the magnet which attracts all the eyes of Chicago, for on its face is marked the shifting,

changing price of wheat. And there on the floor, below the Strangers' Gallery, the gamblers of the West play for the fortunes and lives of men. They stand between the farmers, whose waving cornfields they have never seen, and the peasants of Europe, whose taste for bread they do not share. But it is more keenly exciting to bet upon the future crop of wheat than upon the speed of a horse; and far larger sums may be hazarded in the Pit than on a racecourse. And so the livelong day the Bulls and Bears confront one another, gesticulating fiercely, and shouting at the top of their raucous voices. If on the one hand they ruin the farmer, or on the other starve the peasant, it matters not to them. They have enjoyed the excitement, and made perchance a vast fortune at another's expense. They are, indeed, the true parasites of commerce; and in spite of their intense voices and rapid gestures, there is an air of unreality about all their transactions. As I watched the fury of the combatants, I found myself wondering why samples of corn were thrown upon the floor. Perhaps they serve to feed the pigeons.

Materialism, then, is the frank end and aim of Chicago. Its citizens desire to get rich as quickly and easily as possible. The means are indifferent to them. It is the pace alone which is important. All they want is "a business proposition" and "found money." And when they are rich, they

have no other desire than to grow richer. Their money is useless to them, except to breed more money. The inevitable result is a savagery of thought and habit. If we may believe the newspapers of Chicago, peaceful men of business are "held up" at noon in crowded streets. The revolver is still a potent instrument in this city of the backwoods. But savagery is never without its reaction. There has seldom been a community of barbarians which did not find relief in an extravagant sentimentality, and Chicago, in its hours of ease, is an enthusiastic patron of the higher life. In culture it is fast outstripping Boston itself. It boasts more societies whose object is "the promotion of serious thought upon art, science, and literature" than any other city in the world. The clubs which it has established for the proper study of Ibsen and Browning are without number. It is as eager for the enlightenment of women as for sending up or down the price of corn. The craze, which is the mark of a crude society, will pass like many others, and, though it may appear sincere while it lasts, it is not characteristic. The one triumph of Chicago is its slang. It has invented a lingo more various and fuller of fancy than any known to man, and if it will forget Ibsen and exercise its invention after its own fashion, why should it not invent a new literature? Mr George Ade, the Shakespeare of Chicago,

has already shown us what can be done with the new speech in his masterly 'Fables in Slang,' to read which is almost as good as a journey to the West; and there is no reason why he should not found a school.

Yet with all its faults and absurdities upon its face, Chicago is the happiest city in America. It is protected by the triple brass of pride against all the assaults of its enemies. Never in history was so sublime a vanity revealed; and it is hard for a stranger to understand upon what it is based. Chicago is Chicago—that is what its citizens say, with a flattered smile, which makes argument useless. Its dirt and dust do not disconcert its self-esteem. The oversized ugliness of its buildings are no disappointment to its candid soul, and if its peculiar virtue escape your observation, so much the worse for you. "The marvelous city of the West"—that is its own name, and it lives up to it without an effort. Its history, as composed by its own citizens, is one long paean of praise. One chronicler, to whose unconscious humour I am infinitely indebted, dedicates his work to "the children of Chicago, who, if the Lord spares them until they shall have attained the allotted span of life, will see this city the greatest metropolis on the globe." That is a modest estimate, and it makes us feel the inadequacy of our poor speech to hymn the glories of

Chicago. And if you suggest a fault, its panegyrists are always ready with a counterstroke. Having no taste for slaughter, I did not visit Packing Town, but, without admitting all the grave charges brought against Chicago's noblest industry, one might have supposed that the sudden translation of herds of cattle into potted meat was not unattended with some inconvenience. This suspicion, you are told, is an insult to the city. What might disgust the traveller elsewhere has no terrors in Chicago. "This Packing-Town odor," we are told by a zealot, "has been unjustly criticised. To any one accustomed to it there is only a pleasant suggestion of rich, ruddy blood and long rows of tempting 'sides' hung up to cool." I prefer not to be tempted. I can only bow before the ingenuity of this eulogy, which is not ironical. And if, more seriously, you reproach the cynicism of the Pit, which on this side or that may compel ruin, you are met with a very easy rejoinder. "The Chicago Board of Trade"—it is the same apologist who speaks—"is a world-renowned commercial organisation. It exercises a wider and a more potential influence over the welfare of mankind than any other institution of its kind in existence." This assurance leaves you dumb. You might as well argue with a brass band as with a citizen of Chicago; and doubtless you would wave the flag yourself

if you stayed long enough in the wonderful West.

But the panegyrist of the Pit, already quoted, helps us to explain Chicago's vanity. "The fortunes made and lost within the walls of the great building," says he proudly, "astonish the world." If Chicago can only astonish the world, that is enough. Its citizens fondly hope that everything they do is on the largest scale. Size, speed, and prominence are the three gods of their idolatry. They are not content until they—the citizens—are all prominent, and their buildings are all the largest that cumber the earth. It is a great comfort to those who gamble away their substance in the Board of Trade to reflect that the weathercock that surmounts its tower is the biggest ever seen by human eye. There is not one of them that will not tell you, with a satisfied smile, that the slowest of their fire-engines can go from one end of the city to the other in five seconds. There is not one of them who, in the dark recesses of his mind, is not sure that New York is a "back number." They are proud of the senseless height of their houses, and of the rapidity with which they mount towards the sky. They are proud of the shapeless towns which spring up about them like mushrooms in a single night. In brief, they are proud of all the things of which they should feel shame; and even when their buildings have been measured and their

pace has been recognised, their vanity is still a puzzle.

For, when all the world has been satisfactorily amazed, what boast is left to the citizens of Chicago? They cannot take delight in the soil, since the most of them do not belong to it. The patriotism of the cosmopolitan horde which is huddled together amid their lofty Cliffs must perforce be an artificial sentiment. They cannot look with satisfaction upon the dishevelled suburbs in which they live. They need not suppose the slaughtering of pigs and beeves is the highest duty of man. But wherever they dwell and whatever they do, they are convinced of their own superiority. Their pride is not merely revealed in print; it is evident in a general familiarity of tone and manner. If your cabman wishes to know your destination, he prefaces his question with the immortal words, "Say, boys," and he thinks that he has put himself on amiable terms with you at once. Indeed, the newly-arrived stranger is instantly asked to understand that he belongs to a far meaner city than that in which he sojourns; and, even with the evidence of misapplied wealth before his eyes, he cannot believe it.

And what amiable impressions do you carry away from Chicago besides the majesty of the lake, ever changing in colour and aspect, and the beauty of Lincoln Park? A

single memory lingers in my mind. At sunset I saw a black regiment marching along Michigan Avenue,—marching like soldiers; and by its side on the pavement a laughing, shouting mob of negresses danced a triumphant cakewalk. They grinned and sang and chattered in perfect happiness and pride. They showed a frank pleasure in the prowess of their brothers and their friends. But, animated as the spectacle was, there was a sinister element in this joyous clatter. To an English eye it seemed a tragic farce—a veritable *danse macabre*.

Unhappy is the city which has no history; and what has Chicago to offer of history or tradition? What has it to tell the traveller? Once she was consumed, though she was not purified, by fire, and

she still lives in the recollection. A visitor to a European city goes forth to admire a castle, a cathedral, a gallery of pictures. In Chicago he is asked to wonder at the shapeless residences of "prominent" citizens. And when the present civilisation fades and dies, what will be Chicago's ruins? Neither temple nor tower will be brought to the ground. There will be nothing to show the wandering New Zealander but a broken city, which was a scrap-heap before it was built; and the wandering New Zealander may be forgiven if he proclaim the uselessness of size and progress, if he ask how it has profited a city to buy and sell all the corn in the world and in its destruction to leave not a wrack of comeliness behind.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

PESHAWAR AND THE KHYBER PASS.

A FEW days' leave from Rawal Pindi, and a chance of visiting the Khyber! Opportunity not on any account to be missed. On two days in the week—Tuesdays and Fridays—the Pass is piqueted to permit the safe passage of a convoy, and on these two days visitors are allowed up. On a Tuesday, therefore, I was early astir, and off while yet the dew lay thick on the fair lawns of Peshawar.

The Khyber has to most people long been a haunted passage; and though the great ghost has been temporarily engaged elsewhere, yet there are lesser spooks, indigenous to the place, whose resentful presence sufficiently maintains its character for grimness.

A high two-wheeled cart, with seats back and front, two ponies, one between shafts and the other pulling from a swingle-tree—such was the turn-out. Before us was a forty-mile drive, and these little fourteen-hand animals did not look as though they could stay five. And yet they went from start to finish almost without a check, and were as fresh as paint on their return, their only feed *en route* having been a few handfuls of lucerne grass.

As we swung rapidly out of the hotel grounds and on through the residential quarter of Peshawar, I was struck with the quiet charm of the place. The rich and lavishly irrigated soil supports all kinds of shrubs

and flowers, so that each bungalow stands in its separate Garden of Eden, hedged round by a profusion of roses and sweet-scented creepers. Too much cannot be said in praise of our Upper India spring. The pitiless heat of the summer months has not yet begun, there is scarce any warning of its approach, and all nature exerts itself, improvidently, to please. You miss none of the cherished flowers of home. Some even of the wild field flowers—and it is these that the exile from England yearns for most—are here in all their prettiness. The garden flowers—tended by the strange *mali*, who spends half the day squatting, trowel in hand, before a single plant—are visions of splendour. I had not realised that the conventional *fleur-de-lis* was after all exactly true to life, until I saw the graceful purple irises that in April bedeck the flower-beds here.

In Peshawar the streets are wide and well kept; refreshing streams flow on either side, beneath the deep shade of well-grown trees. The excellent department that plants our timber deserves well of its country. In the ugly cantonments that have arisen on the African veldt much tree-planting has also been done; and when we revisit that land that does most surely call to the absentee, we may expect to be reminded at times of Peshawar.

In India you must be up

early to anticipate the day's work on the rifle-ranges. As we traversed the outskirts of the cantonments the old familiar toil was in full swing. Our road led us past the cemetery, trim and flower-carpeted, its wall running parallel to the bullets' flight. Almost everywhere in India there is this grimly humorous juxtaposition of range and burial-ground, one providing for admission to the other. Sometimes both are in use at the same moment, and on the range the shooting ceases for a time, while the three pathetic volleys of blank are fired over the newly closed grave.

One range was occupied by native recruits, the other by a draft from our own Highlands; and I noticed that though the "Lancer"¹ was pretty much in evidence, it was by no means confined to the "sahibs'" range alone.

Leaving the cantonments behind us, we sped on into the great plain that stretches to the foot of the Khyber Mountains. To the north, and round in a wide sweep to east and west, these mountains extend.

Peshawar stands isolated in a huge expanse of level ground, and from Peshawar to the Khyber's mouth everything points to a great potential battlefield, carefully studied and perfectly understood. It is ground that any general might pray for and dream about as the theatre of a

master-struggle, with his great army pitched against another, and all the odds in his favour, should even the matchless security of the Khyber be penetrated. Everything non-warlike on that plain exists on sufferance. Crops grow where the trenches are already marked. The fine trunk-road is supplemented by parallel routes. There are roads for wheeled transport, roads for pack animals; there are railway lines equipped far beyond their present needs; there are telegraph and telephone wires, a perfect network: everything spick and span,—nothing left to chance.

An hour's fast drive brings you to Jamrud, at the entrance to the Pass. Here your permit is examined, and you are free to proceed. The chief feature about the village is the towering mud fort, built on an eminence commanding the entrance. It is plentifully loopholed, and has a curious air of solidity about it which recalls the massive impressiveness of the bastions of Valletta. I had a good opportunity for noting the fine bearing of the Khyber Rifles. The various guards were being marched off parade to their respective posts. Their bayonets flashed a brave greeting to us as we passed, and I thought of the alliance that exists among these frontier tribes between cold and hot steel, no necessity having presented itself to their minds to choose between these two ex-

¹ "Lancer"—a joking expression, meaning the red and white flag waved from the butts to indicate a miss.

ponents of close and distant reasoning.

The entrance to the Pass is narrow, and here, as at every point in its course, the road is commanded from either side. It turns sharply to the left, and then rapidly on, by a series of twists, to a height of some 3000 feet. So well is this road constructed that at no portion did the game little ponies have to break from their brisk trot into a walk, swinging round corners in a way dear to all drivers in mountainous districts, and very bracing to one's nerves.

A wind crisp and invigorating as iced champagne hurtled through the Pass, drawn to the hot plains of India from the snows above. You cannot keep your gaze off the surrounding hill-tops; and it is easy to understand the hill-man's fondness for the game he used to play so well, when, from such a vantage-point, he could in perfect safety "open and close the breach, and align the sights on the mark." I wondered, though, how much he would allow for wind as the bullet plunged down through the rush of air on a day like this.

Nowadays the marksmen seated up aloft are there for police purposes. As you look up you catch sight of their solemn turbaned figures, motionless as the surrounding boulders. I soon perceived that some of them *were* actually boulders, raised on end here and there along the skyline. It seemed incredible that the wideawake Afridis could

be taken in by a dodge of this kind. But to properly watch from a sky-line, when you have to expose yourself just that little amount that "gives the show away" to a sharp eye, your only hope is to be lost in a crowd. Tommy cannot sit still as a graven image and keep awake; but the oriental sits for hours without the twitching of a nerve. Hence these upright stones may serve the double purpose of affording cover and an opportunity for the introduction unnoticed of a head of flesh and blood.

Not the sword, but the rifle and ploughshare, seem readily interchangeable in the Khyber. Every man you meet carries a rifle, slung after the fashion adopted by infantry officers when a recent order obliged them to carry carbines on manoeuvres. Cultivation is in progress in every nook that will hold sufficient earth and irrigation. One man works the plough while another paces alongside with his rifle—for the *vendetta* exists in this place, and at any moment your own particular enemy may come sauntering over the hills!

Careful work has ensured a plentiful flow of water to these little bits of verdure. I saw wheat and barley growing side by side, and elicited the information that the same ground would bear a good crop of maize in the autumn.

On our way up to Ali Musjid, which is a small post in the middle of the Pass, the scene of many a past fight, we had fallen in with a seemingly interminable caravan,

pursuing the new road which is in course of construction above the present one. At Ali Musjid the caravan caught us up while we were at lunch. Never had I seen a stranger sight. There were strings of camels—not the large, clean-limbed brutes of India, but the low, squat, immensely powerful Central Asian variety, covered with tufted hair, and with thick, bushy eyebrows. There were mules and donkeys, of course, and buffaloes galore, from the weird and awful *byl* to the trim little fellow that always wants to trot. But the wonder was not so much in the beasts as in their burdens; and for strange, incongruous collections commend me to a Khyber caravan. Some camels stalked along under mountains of forage, while others bulged with huge bales of merchandise. Rows of chickens perched on the backs of some. There seemed to be no burden peculiar to any class of animal, save that one camel, strangest sight of all, carried its own young one on its hump! All the little ones that I saw were able to trot alongside, except this little fellow; and his expression, as he peered out over the bales that formed his nest, was ludicrous in the extreme.

Somehow one gets to gauge the strangeness of an animal by the effect its appearance would produce in Regent Street. In South Africa we used to wish that we could be in Piccadilly to see a perfectly unconcerned Kaffir drive a lumbering waggon, with its ten span of oxen, up the street

of a sunny afternoon in May. Thus I should dearly like to see a *byl* buffalo paraded slowly past, say, Fuller's at its fullest. Of a cinder colour, immensely gross, and yet angular, he has an enormous flat head. Two little beady, but ineffably kind, eyes gaze out into space between absolutely useless horns that curve in close against his bony forehead. All over him there are hollow depressions, which look as though intended for holding water. And it is when the *byl* is in the pool, with only his forehead and snout and bits of his back showing, that you see how built he is for wallowing. Sleepy and satisfied, he cools himself by compartments, the water gathering in the hollows of his back, to his infinite contentment. It always seems to me wrong that he should be made to work away from a swamp. And yet the poor old *byl* is to be met with very far indeed from moisture, bearing his monstrous burden like the rest, and with even less complaint.

I have only once seen one of these buffaloes complain, and his was the usual passive complaint of the beast of burden, which is made by simply coming to a standstill. He was not in the caravan that I met in the Khyber, but a solitary *byl* goaded on by a native, and one might have mistaken him for a bushy tree, so loaded was he with branches. He would trudge along bravely for fifty yards and then stop dead. The goad would then be applied, and another fifty yards

of the hot dusty road accomplished. Another stop, and another goad. As we passed this little tragedy I noticed that as soon as the poor creature got up sufficient speed (his wretched two and a half miles an hour) a certain branch that projected above would begin to bob, and finally catch him a smart rap on the head. Six or seven steadily augmented raps he would bear, and then elect to await the goad. Of course, when he stopped trudging the branch would cease bobbing; and where a monkey could not explain, how could a *byl*? I settled things for him (and have no doubt he was grateful) by making the native break off the branch and dispose it elsewhere. As we sped on I saw the patient march resumed, now happily without trouble.

But to return to Ali Musjid. My permit was only as far as there, and though I dearly wished to push on, I had perforce to be content. Our *ekka*¹ had been followed from Peshawar by another, and this proved to contain an officer of my acquaintance, also from Pindi. We ate our lunch together, under close inspection from an interested crowd of caravan folk, to which were added several Khyber Riflemen—fine, smiling fellows—and a sprinkling of Afridis. These latter were most anxious to dispose of some long, blood-thirsty-looking knives, and seemed much disappointed

when we would not trade; but one and all thought it a really good joke when my companion produced his own knife, one of those wee little silver-plated things, about an inch and a quarter long, and opened the blades for their inspection. Meanwhile a very old, patriarchal Afridi had drawn near, bearing the most extraordinary-looking gun—one of those serpentine arrangements that ought almost to shoot round corners. His smallest action was characterised by great deliberation. We had a pair of very strong Zeiss glasses, and through these he gazed at the men of a piquet perched high above us. I don't know whether he saw more clearly with them, or even saw at all, for he returned them very gravely, without a word. I was very anxious to see his gun fired. He let me aim with it, but would not supply a charge. It felt like aiming with a very long, ill-balanced hockey-stick. We pointed out a conspicuous stone across the defile, and he slowly began to load with powder and ball that he kept in a pocket of his vest. When all was ready he crept out of the crowd, crouched behind a rock, and drew a bead on the object. In all he fired about five shots at different things, and I am bound to say missed most of them. There was always an appreciable time between the striking of the flint and the explosion of the charge, which would prove somewhat discon-

¹ *Ekka*, native cart.

certing to one accustomed to modern firearms. I could have suspected this old gentleman of being a fraud, but for the deference with which he was treated by the crowd. His ruling was accepted upon every point. Knowing the punctiliousness of the East in these matters, we were rather chary of offering a share of our lunch to any one. But one starved-looking boy accepted the remains of a chicken with eagerness. Some one then reminded him that the patriarch must first give his consent, and this the youth asked for. But with a stern gesture the old man bade him drop the offending fowl. (I afterwards saw somebody else make off with it.) In a forgetful moment I offered this stern disciplinarian (who had never once put his gun down) a drop of whisky that remained in the bottle.

I thought as soon as I had done it of Exeter Hall, "fire-water," "civilisation's curse," and the like; but my fears were groundless, for, with an air of calmest righteousness, he emptied the contents on the ground. Would that in my own native glens of Erin this attitude prevailed!

By this time the outlying piquets had been withdrawn, and it was time for us to set out again for home.

I came away with the proud consciousness that no hostile force, with communications and a base to support, could make that passage against opposition into our great empire of India. And should an unforeseen situation arise in which local help might smooth an enemy's way, there still would remain the fortified plain beyond.

P. R. B.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

FREDERICK YORK POWELL—AN UNCONVENTIONAL PROFESSOR—HIS THEORY OF HISTORY COMPARED WITH LORD ACTON'S—HOW IT BROKE DOWN—POLITICS AND LITERATURE—THE WHITEWASHING OF RICHARD III.—SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM'S ARGUMENT—'A LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS'—IMPERIALISM, OLD AND NEW.

THERE are some men who leave in print a complete expression of themselves, and who will go down the ages without the intervention of a biographer. There are others, for whom life is more important than letters, who bequeath but an imperfect record of their mind and art, and who, if they do not meet with a skilful biographer, run the risk of oblivion. The late Professor York Powell built no enduring monument to himself. As Professor Elton¹ says, "One of his deeper instincts was certainly to distrust the life that is staked upon reading or writing books or winning glory for them. He thought he knew too much about books to suppose they were worth all that. Hence he cared less to produce, or to be known to have produced. . . . Other men made books, Powell made himself." So long as any of Powell's friends are left alive, he will live in their memory, but the fact that he made himself rather than books entitles him, far above other men, to the tribute of a biography; and we cannot congratulate Professor Elton too warmly upon his sympathetic and

eloquent work. The single criticism which suggests itself is, that Professor Elton's portrait is painted in colours too grave and sombre. Powell will always survive for those who knew him as a man of careless joviality. Though learning was his craft, though a natural curiosity persuaded him to explore all the things of the mind, he had no sympathy with what Sir Thomas Overbury called "a mere scholar." Though no argument came amiss to him, his friends will always remember his happy laugh, which was a commentary in itself, rather than the logical support with which he backed his opinion. But having made this criticism, we have nothing but praise for Professor Elton's work, which sets before us the man as he lived, and which will transmit to others, who were not fortunate in his acquaintance, the semblance of his life and character.

Powell's career at Oxford—one career of many—culminated in the Regius Professorship of Modern History. A less formal professor cannot be imagined. The very breadth

¹ Frederick York Powell: A Life and a Selection from his Letters and Occasional Writings. By Oliver Elton. 2 vols. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

of his interests marked him off from his predecessors. That Powell should succeed to the chair of Freeman and Froude was not without its irony. He possessed neither the professorial gravity nor the professorial concentration. He resembled the scholars of the Renaissance more closely than the scholars of to-day. He was discursive, vivid, and original. But he talked infinitely better than he lectured, and his real work was done not in the schools, but in his own rooms. His biographer has pointed out his shortcomings with perfect fairness. "Powell," he says, "did not gather round him a serried numerous band of young investigators. He did not become a captain of organised research, like Mommsen. He did not publish any historical work of larger compass than a short article or address." But if he achieved little himself, he was a constant inspiration to others. His encyclopædic curiosity made him the best of advisers. To whatever branch of historical research a young scholar was devoted, he was sure of help and sympathy from Powell. And thus we arrive at the great service which Powell rendered to his University: he helped others to write the books which he himself might have written had he been gifted with another temperament. Above all, he could illuminate the dull records of the past with his own quick experience. One of his pupils declares that "he spoke of King John, or

Machiavelli, or Catherine de' Medici, as he might and did speak of the Oxford celebrities of his day." In other words, he made the past live in the present, and set the drama of history upon the stage of reality.

But though he was no captain of organised research, he had a very clear view as to the design and purpose of history. Like Lord Acton, he regarded it as a branch not merely of literature, but of science. "The literary critic," he said, "is beginning to find out that he reads a history as he might read a treatise on mathematics or linguistics, at his peril, and that he is no judge of its value or lack of value. Only the expert can judge that." The document, in brief, was for Powell the court of final appeal. He regarded Froude as a journalist, not as a historian. He regretted that he did not choose "the fertile plains of romance, or the enchanted forest of politics, rather than the rugged acres of history." He refused to rank him with the thinkers—Thucydides, Machiavelli, and Tacitus. He placed him with those "who have made history the handmaid of rhetoric, a mere department of *belles-lettres*, a kind of pamphleteering on a great scale." But while he agreed with Lord Acton in regarding history as a science whose field was documentary research, he differed wholly from Lord Acton as to the ethical judgment of the past. He did not believe that it was "the historian's

duty to try and estimate the degree of damnation that should be meted out to that dauntless captain and bold statesman Cesare Borgia, or even to his capable but unpriestly father, or to play the moral judge to such men as Thomas or Oliver Cromwell, or 'that great King Harry VIII,' or to Napoleon." However, the theories of historians are ineffectual. The mind of man is not a mere receptacle of documents. It is at once critical and partisan. Lord Acton's theory most eloquently contradicts itself. He can neither take his own counsel nor impose it upon others. When he designed the Cambridge Modern History he insisted that nothing should reveal the country, the religion, or the party of the writers. He praised the Bishop of Oxford because he never let us know what he thought of the matter before him; and then he made his own teaching of no effect by urging his pupils to "try others by the final maxim that governs their own lives." If his pupils accept his advice in this matter, what becomes of self-suppression and impartiality? The final maxims are as many and various as the men and women who compose the human race, and Lord Acton's method of history is neither reasonable nor consistent.

Powell's theory, on the other hand, might be consistent were it not inapplicable in practice. It is impossible to exclude criticism from the achievements of the past. Whether we will or

not, we sit in judgment upon the kings and statesmen who have made or marred the fortunes of their countries. And Powell himself never took up his pen without running counter to his own design. He was not censorious; he did not take a narrow view of crime or intrigue; but being a man of energy, he was always a partisan, and his view of present policy coloured his opinion of other times. Look where you will in his published writings and you will find traces of wholesome prejudice. His praise of Mazzini, of Philip Sidney, of Walter Raleigh, or of Catherine Sforza, to take a few examples at random, do not exclude an ethical judgment. Or let us turn, as Professor Elton bids us turn, to Powell's 'Survey of the Queen's Reign,' written at her death, and you will find a set of vivid character sketches which exhibit not merely the truth, but Powell's conception of the truth. "Lord John Russell," he says, "a nimble-witted man of little real knowledge or ability, full of restless, meddlesome activity, untrustworthy and fond of intrigue, inflated with self-confidence and unabashed by repeated failure, ineradicably convinced of his own wisdom and tact, was a mere politician, with the ordinary views of the Whigs, with whom he had a hereditary connection. He maintained his position by his cunning and self-assertion, and, like other mediocrities, profited by the failings of better, wiser, and stronger men." It would be difficult to improve the vig-

our of this sketch, but in every word of it there breathes a spirit of ethical conviction. The truth is that, as has been said, all theories of history are suspect. A reconstruction of the past, like every other work of science or art, must be judged upon its merits. Plain facts are not enough. They must be tested, weighed, and compared; and in these several processes the mind of the historian must assert and express itself. Nor when the task of criticism is finished is the work of history complete. It is idle to speak, as Powell spoke, of mere *belles-lettres*. The results of research must be presented in the medium of literature—the only possible medium; and if we read Thucydides and Tacitus, Machiavelli and Gibbon, it is not because “they concern themselves with their documents and facts precisely as chemists, physicists, or biologists do with the objects in their laboratories,” but because they were men of letters as well as historians.

There is one branch of history in which Powell was always profoundly interested—the history of his own times. In other words, he was a keen and steadfast politician, and he looked upon politics with the same fresh and original eye wherewith he faced every other manifestation of human activity. It is impossible to say that he belonged to this party or to that. There is no pen in which he could be driven. Like the man in Ibsen's play, he preferred to stand alone. In a moment of enthu-

siasm he would express an opinion which would persuade the over-eager Radicals to claim him for their own, and then he would thunder forth in praise of the England which they hated, and dash their fervid hopes of support to the ground. The truth is, he was something of an Anarch, and very much of an old-fashioned Tory. He had a profound love for personal liberty—the right to think and act as he pleased; and he thought that in the attainment of this liberty even revolution might be justified. So for many years he took an amiable interest in rebels, from whatever country they came. Stepniak and Kropotkin were among his friends, and for a while at least he shared the generous enthusiasms of William Morris. He even went so far as to profess a sympathy with Irish Home Rule; but he disliked the leaders of the Liberal Party, and as he advanced in years the strength of his Toryism increased. He owned that he had been “misled by formulas (half true), by party cries (quarter true), and by all the mists and mirages.” He believed that an Englishman might wish to get healthy homes and stop pauperism without loving Kruger. Above all, he hated the sentimentalism and the blind contempt of reason which he saw about him. “I am all for Darwin,” said he, “and I abhor Rousseau and all his works.” No man, indeed, has better summed up the futility of Rousseau than Powell. “For God's sake,” he wrote in

1899, "let us not be mealy-mouthed over J.-J. Rousseau, *le prophète du faux*, the eighteenth century Mahdi, the begetter of more follies than can be counted, the most absurd of all teachers. 'The good he did' was being done without him, and the evil was all his own." The spirit of truth breathes in these words; and Powell exposed the follies of Ireland, in spite of his sympathy with Home Rule, as clearly as he exposed the mischievous folly of Rousseau. "I only know," said he, "that when I read what Irishmen usually write about their own country it saddens and sickens me—the blind party spirit, the disregard of fact, the blatant sonorous stuff." There were, in fact, two sides to Powell's mind. Among Englishmen he sometimes appeared foreign in his views, but if he encountered the enemies of his country his bristles were up in an instant, and, as Professor Elton says, it needed only Irish company to bring out in the strongest relief the John Bull that was within him.

But if at times he dallied with revolution, he had no illusions concerning democracy. There are no wiser pages in these two volumes than those which bear the title "Thoughts on Democracy." We wish that these "Thoughts" could be printed and sent broadcast over the country. At no time in our history was the warning more earnestly needed than today. Powell saw, as Aristotle saw, as every political philosopher has seen, the danger

and arrogance of popular rule. "Democracy is no heaven-born institution," he said. "There is no right divine about it. . . . If Democracy cannot do its work, it will and must go, as other political methods and expedients have gone." And again: "The greatest enemy of the Democracy is the lie-maker, the flatterer, and the person who tries to persuade the voter that dishonesty is not always the worst policy, and that a bit of boodle for himself cannot hurt him or any one else." And yet again: "Workers are not respectable or to be considered because they work more with their hands or feet than with their brains, but because the work they do is good. If it is not good work they do, they are as unprofitable as any other wasters." We know not where these simple truths have been set forth with a clearer force or a wiser courage; and it would be well, now that the lie-maker, the flatterer, and the boodler hold our country by the throat, if they were read by every citizen before he cast a vote at the poll.

But where Powell parted company most fiercely from the Radicals was in his steadfast patriotism. He was proud of what England had done and was doing, and he would not permit his country to be insulted in his presence. He had no patience with those "intellectuals" who think that cosmopolitanism is a mark of superiority. He had travelled more than most, and his sympathy with foreign

lands and literatures was at once warm and understanding. "I have been abroad enough," he said, "to know that our English ways are not the only ones (nor the worst either)." But a larger knowledge of the world only strengthened his love of England. The achievements of his compatriots always aroused his enthusiasm. "Isn't argon and helium fine?" he wrote in 1890. "We can make our German friends sit up now and then. You can't help being patriotic and hopeful over such things. So much German work is sham and insincere whenever one tests it, and they brag so over their work. They sicken me as the Americans do." It is easy to detect a spice of boyish pleasure in this tirade—and let it be remembered that Powell remained a boy unto the end. But, though he was always happy if he might "sing the praises of England, it was the Boer War which lifted Powell to the topmost height of his Jingoism. He was fierce in anger against those who sided openly with their country's enemies. He believed passionately in the necessity of strengthening the national defence. "You must hammer away," he wrote to Mr Spenser Wilkinson in March 1900; "the Navy is not being prepared as it ought to be, and we have so little time. Why, only three months now, at best, for if intervention, and of course war, comes, it will come like lightning." And two years later he wrote to a friend: "I wish you all luck as a castellan. I wish you

had the power of pit and gallows, and could hang the pro-Boers, and drown the old maids and squabbling parsons and tub-thumpers,—but those good old days are in abeyance now."

It is only by quotation that we can give those who never heard him discourse any impression of the energy and variety of Powell's talk. On every page of Professor Elton's biography we may find proof of Powell's profound learning, high spirits, and wide sympathies. If he disliked Germany and America with the fury of a good hater, he had a keen appreciation of France. He was as easily at home in Paris as in London. No corner of French literature, ancient or modern, escaped his vigilant eye. His judgment of books was just and kindly as his judgment of men. He did not estimate them by the rules of pedantry. He was quick to understand the purpose of the writer, and to pronounce sentence in accordance not with any stubborn prejudice of his own, but with the author's design. And good sense shines in all his comments. He was not led away by chatter or fashion. In a letter addressed to Dr Douglas Hyde, he does not hesitate to pronounce his disbelief in "Celtic glamour," or "the rubbish (good-natured fantastic rubbish) that is being talked now a good deal." And he preserved his good sense and tact because he walked "resolutely in the service of her whom Defoe celebrated as that 'Most

Serene, most Invincible, most Illustrious Princess, Reason,' and whom, long before him, Solomon and the son of Sirach lorded as the Chief of Things, the very emanation and breath of their God Himself."

No king has ever been so sad a victim of the ethical interpretation of history, which Professor York Powell condemned, as Richard III. The chroniclers have heaped all the sins of the world upon his crooked back. He has been made a mule to bear the load of innumerable crimes. His enormities have been pictured with so fine a fancy, that long since he ceased to be a man and grew into an ugly abstraction of ruth and murder. The invectives of the hostile historians met with the inevitable result. A reaction was presently made in Richard III.'s favour. The slandered king had not been dead much more than a hundred years when Sir George Buck undertook his defence. This defence, published, in 1646, after its author's death, has an authentic value, because Sir George Buck had talked with Stow, who had known men who had seen King Richard. It embodies a tradition far kinder than the tradition of the Tudor chroniclers which commonly survives to-day. Sir Clements Markham, therefore, has a sound excuse for revising the popular view of Richard

III.;¹ and though he assumes too much, and carries the battle too fiercely into the enemy's camp, he has done something to clear the character of an unhappy king.

That the historians who first gave the portrait of Richard to the world were prejudiced against him is very obvious. There is not one of them, for instance, who does not describe his deformity in terms of exaggeration. The motive is clear. Sketch a man in hideous colours, and you easily set the world against him. In the biography attributed to Sir Thomas More the following description is given of Richard III. : "He was little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crooked backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard favoured of visage, and such as in states is called warly, in other men otherwise; he was malicious, wrathful, envious, and from afore his birth ever froward." Upon this substructure there is no edifice of horror which may not be built, and Sir Clements Markham does well to examine it with care. In the first place, the defamatory evidence does not agree with itself. One chronicler makes the left shoulder higher, another the right. In the second place, Stow told Buck, on the authority of eyewitnesses, that "Richard III. was of bodily shape comely enough, only

¹ Richard III. : His Life and Character reviewed in the Light of recent Research. By Sir Clements R. Markham, K.C.B. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

of low stature." And Sir Clements quotes a curious piece of evidence from the 'York Records.' Six years after Richard's death a man named Burton was brought before the Lord Mayor of York charged with calling that king a "crouchback." Had Richard been the hideous deformity described by More, the charge could hardly have been made. But the strongest evidence in Richard's favour is his military prowess. That he was a brave soldier and a dealer of shrewd blows, his worst enemies do not deny; and the king who died fighting on Bosworth field could not have been the twisted monster imagined in the sixteenth century. The most reasonable assumption, then, is that he was of light build, and that the symmetry of his figure was marred by a slight inequality.

The chroniclers who assail the memory of the last king of the House of York did their work thoroughly. If their charges be true, Richard was guilty of five murders, and was an accessory in a sixth. Edward of Lancaster, Henry VI., the two sons of Edward IV., and his wife Anne, were all said to be the victims of his malice or ambition, while Clarence's death is attributed to his foul intrigue. The evidence given in favour of these murders is not complete. The witnesses for the prosecution cannot be regarded as independent, since they persistently borrow from one another; and if one crime be disproved,

the probability of the others is at once diminished. If Richard smothered the Princes in the Tower, there is no reason why he should not have put Henry VI. to death with his own hand. But it must be confessed that none of the alleged crimes has a stronger basis than rumour or tradition. There is no evidence, for instance, that the charge of smothering the Princes was brought against Richard in his lifetime. And it is this charge which has been the heaviest blow to the king's reputation. To say that Sir Clements Markham has disproved it would be an exaggeration; but he cites two pieces of evidence which support the theory of the king's innocence. "In the order of King Richard's household," says he, "dated after the death of his own son, children are mentioned of such high rank that they were to be served before all other Lords. The only other children who could occupy such a position were the sons of Edward IV. and the son of Clarence. The conclusion must be that all his nephews were members of his household, and that they were only sent to Sheriff Hutton and to the Tower when danger threatened the realm from the invasion of Henry Tudor." The other piece of evidence on which Sir Clements relies is found in Rymer's "*Fœdera*," dated March 5, 1485, wherein one Henry Davy is directed to deliver certain garments unto the Lord Bastard, who, in Sir Clements' view, can have been no other than Prince

Edward. The testimony is not wholly conclusive, though it is but fair to say that the burden of proof should lie with the other side.

The question of motive may plainly be answered in Richard's favour. When once Bishop Stillington, by proclaiming Edward IV.'s previous marriage, had proved the bastardy of the two Princes, Richard had no reason to commit a foul and wanton crime. On the other hand, the Tudor kings had everything to gain by aspersing Richard's character, and it is not surprising that they should have compiled their charges of intrigue and murder. The difficulty of the case is increased by the fact that Richard was undoubtedly a gallant man and a prudent sovereign, and gallantry and prudence were hard to reconcile with superfluous cruelty, even in the fifteenth century. Bishop Langton described him in terms of enthusiasm. "He contents the people," he wrote, "where he goes best that ever did Prince, for many a poor man that hath suffered wrong many days has been relieved and helped by him and his commands in his progress. And in many great cities and towns were great sums of money given him which he hath refused. On my truth I never liked the conditions of any Prince so well as his. God hath sent him to us for the weal of us all." This is a lofty tribute, but it does not disturb the judgment of King Richard's adversaries, who explain away

his benevolence as a specious cloak of villainy. However, Sir Clements Markham has a good case. But we fear that he is not likely to convert the world from its ancient opinion. "There is no smoke without fire," says the proverb, and a proverb weighs more heavily on the public mind than the closest argument.

'A Lodge in the Wilderness' (Wm. Blackwood & Sons: Edinburgh and London) is history of another kind. It is an attempt—and a very successful attempt—to use romance as a vehicle of modern policy. In form and shape it recalls Mr Mallock's 'New Republic,' or still more intimately Mr Dickinson's 'Modern Symposium.' Its plan is admirably simple. The author sets down his personages in the African home of Mr Francis Carey, an intelligent millionaire, who is, of course, the late Cecil Rhodes with another name. Carey and his visitors discuss questions of Imperial policy with much eloquence and a clear insight into the essentials of a difficult question. The chief interlocutors are Lord Appin, a former Prime Minister, who appears to be a combination of Mr Balfour and Lord Rosebery, and Mr Ebenezer Wakefield, a Canadian statesman of much enlightenment. The idealism of Carey is admirably contrasted with the practical aims of the Colonial politician, and as the argument proceeds the conflicting views are excellently harmonised. The author has a profound knowledge of Im-

perial problems. He writes with ease and moderation; and as he always avoids the extreme view on either side, a study of his book will do much to clear away the falsehoods and superstitions which still cling about England's Imperial policy. "Imperialism," says Francis Carey, "if we regard it properly, is not a creed or a principle, but an attitude of mind." It is an attitude of mind which all sane Englishmen have adopted. The empire is there, with its duties and responsibilities, whether we like it or not. It must be accepted, as Carey says, "like the monarchy, as a presupposition in politics which is beyond question." But the difficulties which lie in the path of unity are great, if surmountable. The Englishman, nursed in tradition, cannot understand the fierce nationalism of our Colonies. A young man who has made his home in the wilds resents the complacency of the untravelled Englishman. It is not easy for Briton and Colonial to stand upon common ground — to waive the charge on the one hand of bumptious self-consciousness, on the other of a narrow priggishness. But one thing is certain: the attitude of mind, which is Imperialism, is bitterly hostile to English insularity. As Lord Appin points out in the most eloquent passage of this book, Imperial-

ism is in no sense the disease of grandeur. We cannot regard our empire "as a mere possession, as the vulgar rich regard their bank accounts—a matter to boast of." It is rather an added duty. It has nothing in common with the crude jingoism of the music halls. Its end is not conquest but settlement, not war but peace. Lord Appin's summing-up of the case is the practical conclusion of the book, and we make no apology for quoting it at some length. "The true Imperialist," he says, "will be very little inclined to a cheap complacency. He is kindled at times to ardour by the magnitude of his inheritance, and he has always, if he keeps the faith, optimism and hope to cheer him. But he is equally weighed down with the burden of his duties and the complexity of the task before him, if he would translate his dream into fact. A dependency to him is not a possession but a trust. The glory of England is not the mileage of her territory but the state into which she is welding it." Here is a basis of sound faith and honourable enterprise, and the statesman who comes before the country with this profession will, when the present fury of shallow cosmopolitanism is spent, unite the patriots of England in a party of sane and practical Imperialism.

"REASON—OR PRESSURE!"

"*The Government . . . open to reason or pressure.*"

—Speech in the House of Commons.

IN running the British dominions
It's always as well to reflect
That, where there are many opinions,
And each is correct,

To humour your several factions,
You have above all to arrange
Your conscience, your words, and your actions,
In view of their change.

Then hear me, you grinders of axes;
And listen, you faddists and cranks;
And you that consider the taxes
All prizes, no blanks;—

My loyal and excellent following,
Remember, if ever you feel
A disinclination to swallowing
The Government meal,

(It may be our views upon schooling,
A scandal of Bishops or slaves,
The crimes of Britannia in ruling
The Wales, or the Waves:)

O don't let your sorrow distress your
Contentment,—just give it a voice,—
We're open to Reason or Pressure:
The former, for choice.

We're eager to meet your suggestion;
Though, doubtless, we had it in sight
When choosing our view of the question,
The Wrong, or the Right;

It may have seemed right, but unfitted
 (Just then) for our Radical throng;
It may have been even omitted
 Because it was wrong.

But be it the former or latter,
 In balancing votes and advice
O what does the principle matter
 Compared with the price?

We're only too ready to seize on
 The slightest occasion to please:—
And so, if it's Right, you can reason;
 If Wrong, you can squeeze.

Your arguments needn't be brilliant;
 Your pressure need not be unkind;
Our flesh is extremely resilient,
 And so is our mind.

A hint in the way of fulfilling
 Your wishes is all that we seek:—
And, if we are wrong,—we are willing:
 If right,—we are weak.

J. K.

THE END OF THE BILL.

THE Education Bill, after prolonged and fruitless efforts to preserve its life, breathed its last on the 19th of December. It was thought that the reversal of the judgment of the Court of Appeal in the West Riding case might have been an additional reason with the Government for desiring a compromise, and that they might be willing to pay a somewhat higher price for the Bill than they would have been before, rather than face all the inconveniences with which they are now threatened. But they were too deeply pledged to recede when the judgment was delivered, and probably under any circumstances the difficulties would have been found insuperable.

The reasons assigned by the learned Judges for overruling the decision of the Court below did not travel beyond the four corners of the Act of 1902. Nor is it necessary, with one exception, to repeat them here. That exception is the concluding part of Lord Robertson's judgment, in which he confirms what we suggested in the October number of 'Maga.' We then wrote, "It is sufficient to say that where a school is kept up for the express purpose of imparting religious education, it seems a strange thing to exclude religious education from our estimate of its efficiency." "And now," says Lord Robertson, "I come to what has not quite received the

attention it deserves. The four schools in dispute are denominational schools, and religious instruction is an essential part of their organisms." Exactly so. And not only that, it is also the final cause of their existence. To ignore this in estimating their efficiency struck us three months ago as very odd; and we are now glad to find so able a judge as Lord Robertson exposing its absurdity.

The more we reflect on the fate of the Bill, the stronger our conviction that the Government must have foreseen it from the beginning. It is the first time that a measure has been introduced into the British Parliament, or perhaps any other, in which securities professedly assigned for the protection of certain great interests are found to reside only in the goodwill and good intentions of its administrators. Can it ever have been expected that the friends of these interests would acquiesce in securities which every man of business would laugh at if proposed to his acceptance in the ordinary transactions of life? Are the provisions of a will, of a marriage settlement, of a deed of partnership, left at the discretion of partners, trustees, or executors to obey them or not as they may choose? The thing is too ridiculous. We are told that the Government were compelled to frame the Bill on this absurd principle by their

Nonconformist supporters. And why did their Nonconformist supporters compel them? If the good intentions and good faith of the local authorities could be surely relied upon; if religious education, denominational teaching, Church of England trusts, would be perfectly safe in their hands and maintained in as great efficiency as if the optional provisions in the Bill had been mandatory,—where was the hardship of making them so? The answer, of course, is that the Nonconformists themselves, who prevented this from being done, knew very well that these alleged securities left at the mercy of men, in many cases hostile to the very objects they were intended to safeguard, were not worth the paper on which they were printed, and could be evaded in practice with the greatest possible ease. It is idle to believe that except on this ground the Nonconformists would have compelled the Government to persevere in a course which has wrecked the Bill, and which the Government themselves must have known could have no other result.

It has not, however, been generally perceived that the course which they have adopted need be no direct injury to themselves. To have brought in such a Bill as this, stabbing the Church of England in the back and setting up the supremacy of Nonconformists wherever it was possible: to have introduced a scheme bristling with inequalities all in favour of Dissenters:

will be just as serviceable to the Government, and gain them just as much credit with the Nonconformists, as if the Bill had become law. Its failure may be a disappointment to some of their supporters, but it will do themselves no harm. We mean, of course, from a purely party point of view. That the whole business will redound very much to their discredit in the country at large is certain. But in their first session they need not trouble themselves very much about the prospects of the last. As Mr Balfour said, they clearly did not want to save the Bill. They had nothing to gain by saving it: nothing most assuredly that would have made a single further concession calculated to irritate the Nonconformist group worth their while. They have shown what they are willing to do to gratify that section of their supporters. And that is enough. We do not believe that the Bill was brought in with any other intention or expectation. In addition to the Bill, they have given the Radicals a good cry against the House of Lords; and they might eat their Christmas dinner with perfect contentment and complacency, if not with very clear consciences,

Mr Balfour's four last speeches—one at the Junior Constitutional Club, one on the Report stage, one in the Debate of December 10, and one the following day on the Lords' Amendments—nearly exhausted what remained to

be said after the previous discussion. We are not about to do what both the leader of the Opposition and the leader of the House refused to do—that is, go through the Lords' Amendments *seriatim*; for now that the Bill is defunct, nothing would be gained by it. But we would call attention to the conclusion of Mr Balfour's speech in reply to Mr Birrell's motion that the Lords' Amendments be now taken into consideration. He thanked the Right Hon. gentleman, he said, for one thing. He had brought out perfectly clearly what was the central point of difference between the two Houses. "The nature of that difference was apt to be lost in the mass of amendments which have come down to us, and the complication of clauses and subsections, until people fail to see the forest for the trees." But Mr Balfour disentangled from the mass what he believes to be the cardinal question at issue, and that is whether the religious education of the children is to be decided by the parents, or by the Local Authorities taking that office on themselves. The contest was between parental and municipal control. The parents, according to the Bill, would have no more voice in the matter than they would have had under Archbishop Laud. Are Government prepared to go to the country on *that* issue? They dare not do it: though some day they may be driven to it.

We must remember, however, that another great prin-

ciple was at the bottom of many of the Lords' Amendments, and that was the equal treatment of all religious denominations. This, too, is a principle on which the Conservative party might appeal to the country with the more perfect confidence. Religious liberty represented by allowing parents a voice in the religious teaching of their children, and religious equality by dealing out the same measure to all denominations alike: with these two principles inscribed on their banner—religious liberty and religious equality—the Conservative party at a General Election would be bad to beat.

In moving first that the Amendments of the Lords be taken into consideration, and the next day that they be *not* taken into consideration, the Prime Minister plumed himself on having created a new precedent. It is certainly a wonderful discovery to have been reserved for a Liberal Government that Parliamentary discussion is not essential to Parliamentary legislation. He had originally thought of giving four days to the discussion of the Lords' Amendments: that was the length of time which he thought they would require. But having reflected that it might be very inconvenient to discuss them on their merits, he took a short cut out of the difficulty. Being unable to answer them, he resolved to burk them. He had the courage of his cowardice; and has now shown to the British people the value

which Radicals attach to that free discussion of which they boast themselves the champions. A debate on the Amendments seriatim could only have brought home to the public mind more forcibly than ever that they were simply a test of Mr Birrell's sincerity,—that their effect was only “to convert his academic professions into legislative reality,” or, in other words, to save his good intentions from being trodden under foot by the wicked in the region which is paved with such vanities.

Down to the afternoon of Monday the 17th, Government had made no offer of any kind in the direction of compromise, except a few trifling concessions demanded by the Irish party, and favouring only the Roman Catholics. On that afternoon, accordingly, when the House of Lords assembled to hear what the Government proposed, public interest was strung up to the highest pitch. Which side, if either, would give way? It was known that the final judgment in the West Riding case had placed the Government in a very awkward dilemma. If the Bill was lost, agitation against the Bill of 1902 would be rekindled, and Government would have to put the law in force against their own supporters. On the other hand, could they possibly make such concessions as would alone satisfy the Opposition without giving dire offence to their Nonconformist friends, and perhaps converting them into enemies? Again, it was

certain that if the leaders of the Church party in the House of Lords—the archbishops and the bishops—showed any signs of wavering, or of retreating from the position which they had so firmly maintained in committee; if they consented to a compromise involving the loss of any important point which their amendments had secured for the Church of England,—their influence and authority over the clergy throughout the whole kingdom would be materially weakened, if not wholly destroyed; and it would be useless in future to talk of trusting the bishops to restrain disorder in the Church, or command the loyalty of men whom they would be thought to have betrayed. What would happen?

There were many popular and plausible topics which could be urged in favour of a partial surrender. Anxiety to terminate a bitter and vexatious controversy; reluctance to precipitate a collision between the two Houses; the probability that the withdrawal of the Bill would be followed by further sectarian lawlessness,—these and other considerations of a less elevated character might weigh with such men as look only to the passing moment. But had such considerations been allowed to prevail, the peace party would have soon found that they were leaning on a broken reed, and that no “partial surrender” would suffice. It would neither have secured what they desire to obtain nor have prevented

what they are anxious to avert. Nothing less than the sacrifice of all the essential points on which the Lords have expended so much time and labour would pacify the Nonconformists, or terminate the controversy. It is doubtful, indeed, whether even this concession would have had the desired effect. For even if it satisfied one party, which is by no means certain, it would assuredly not satisfy the other. Such a Bill as the Government desired to pass would unite all parties in the Church of England against external aggression, and internal dissension would be forgotten in the defence of one common faith. It is thought by many good judges that such a Bill would be unworkable in practice as it was. In the hands of a powerful, united, and hostile Church how would it fare? The Church would have a very powerful public opinion at her back, and an agitation might ensue far more embarrassing to the Government than anything the Nonconformists could have done.

In short, no compromise was possible which either Churchmen or Nonconformists would have accepted as a permanent settlement. The House of Lords, though an immediate collision with the Commons might be avoided, would still have had to bear all the unpopularity of their long resistance, and all the humiliation of their forced submission. If they had given up the least that would satisfy the Government, it would have been a

great deal more than either the Church or the Nation were willing to yield.

Ever since the Bill was printed last April we have steadily pursued the exposure of its thousand vices; and we are happy to see that most of the iniquities which we took the lead in denouncing have been proclaimed by the leaders of the Opposition in both Houses to constitute so grave a danger to religious education in general, and to the Church of England in particular, that a constitutional conflict between the two Houses of Parliament would be a lesser evil than accepting them.

Of the 4th clause, allowing certain facilities for religious teaching to schools in urban areas, where Jews, Roman Catholics, and Nonconformists are most numerous, and refusing them to schools in rural districts, where the vast majority are Churchmen, some slight modification might perhaps have been conceded; but being limited to schools with an attendance of not less than 250 children, it would have been of no benefit to the greater number of English villages. Of scarcely less importance was the provision that religious instruction in denominational schools was not to be given by the regular school teachers, whereby the quality of the teaching would be sensibly impaired and the value of religion as an essential and integral part of every child's education equally depreciated. The effect upon the minds of the

children, said Lord Robertson, in seeing religion thrust out of doors as it were, or degraded to a place below the salt, could hardly be exaggerated. Religious instruction of any kind in provided schools was to be at the option of the teacher or at the mercy of the Local Authority—that is to say, the teacher could not be obliged to give it if he did not wish, but he could be obliged not to give it if he did, the permission of the Local Authority having first to be obtained. Worst of all, perhaps, was the denial to the parents of a right to control the religious education of their children. By their treatment of those clauses in which these oppressive and grossly unjust proposals were enshrined, as well as of those which would gratify Nonconformist spite against the Church of England at the cost of lowering the standard of religious teaching throughout the whole kingdom, the Lords have earned the lasting gratitude of all truly religious minds and of all loyal and reasonable members of the Established Church.

To recur to the debate on the Monday afternoon aforesaid, Lord Lansdowne severely criticised what he perhaps rather hastily called the unconstitutional procedure adopted by the Government in returning the Lords' Amendments without deigning to consider them. But Lord Crewe's reply was wholly beside the mark. It has never been pretended that the magnitude of the majority by which a measure

is sent up to the House of Lords debars their lordships from amending it as much as they choose. Lord Crewe's reply either meant that it did, or it meant nothing. Lord Ripon, two days afterwards, denied that it was unconstitutional, though it might have been unwise, discourteous, or despotic. But, of course, the chief interest at the moment was centred on Lord Crewe's proposals. A glance at them was sufficient to convince us that they were wholly inadequate. They still ignored the Amendments which the Archbishop of Canterbury himself had declared to be vital to the Bill. Religious equality was disallowed. The exclusion of rural areas, in which the Church of England is the Church of the vast majority, from the facilities accorded to urban areas, peopled largely by Jews and Roman Catholics, was passed over in silence. No recognition was shown of the demand so repeatedly urged by the Archbishop of Canterbury, that religious education should be given by the regular teachers, who are best qualified to give it, and to command the respect and confidence of the children; and while conceding the Parents' Committee, the concession was robbed of all practical value by making it only a consultative body without any actual authority. What is the use of the local education authority consulting the committee if they can snap their fingers at all its recommendations? Oh, but, says the Government, they wouldn't be

likely to do that. This is another of those "good intentions" of which the Bill was so largely composed. We respect the innocence which can believe in such securities. But we would rather not take them in exchange for more tangible guarantee in matters of business: and surely any Act of Parliament ought to be a matter of business.

When Lord Crewe had stated what the Government were prepared to do, the House adjourned in order that noble Lords might have time to think the matter over, and digest at their leisure concessions, some of which may have appeared plausible at first sight, but which were not even the hundredth part of an equivalent for what the Opposition were invited to surrender. Lord Crewe, moreover, repeatedly warned his hearers that the Government would agree to nothing which touched the principle of the Bill or its general framework, and that they could not guarantee that their supporters in the House of Commons would accept even the paltry concessions which he had just offered.

It was not till Wednesday evening, the 19th, that the end came. In the meantime Lord Crewe had tabled some other concessions, which, however, proved equally unsatisfactory; and though the negotiations were continued for two days between the Government and the leaders of the Opposition, no real approach to an agreement seems ever to have been made. The Duke of Devon-

shire, indeed, thought that the negotiations had been broken off too soon, and that the door, so to speak, was still ajar, with room for hope to enter. But we can hardly set his opinion against that of the Archbishop, who has been throughout as anxious for a settlement as any one, and who is a prelate not only of exceptional ability, but of well-known liberal and moderate proclivities. We must take his word for it that peace could not have been purchased but at the cost of righteousness,—a sort of bargain of which no good ever comes; and we may also repeat that in this particular instance the settlement on such a basis would have been so short-lived that it would not have been worth the price demanded for it, had no other objection existed. In fact, the naive admission so adroitly drawn from Lord Crewe by Lord Goschen threw a search-light upon the mind of the Cabinet.

Not to weary our readers with the *crambe repetita* of the question, we may state briefly the four points on which the Opposition insisted, and on which the negotiations were broken off. They insisted on the amendment to Clause 1, prescribing universality of religious teaching; they required that mere redundancy of existing school places should be no excuse for not taking over voluntary schools; that in regard to the transference of denominational schools, greater security was required for their continuance as denominational schools; and that

the regular teachers should be allowed to give religious instruction in such schools. These were in reality the four points, though they are not discerned so clearly through the haze of a reported debate. Of the last point of all, we may say that to require, as the Government did, that a denominational school must be a neutral school, shows to what extremities they were driven by their Parliamentary slave-drivers.

As far as the interests of the House of Lords are concerned, it is needless to say that by anything approaching to a wholesale surrender of disputed points they would virtually have committed suicide. The public would never trust them again, and scarce a hand would be raised in their defence when the day of trouble really came. They had better fall with dignity in defence of institutions which they are bound by every tie of honour to uphold to the last, than be ignobly kicked downstairs amid the derision and the insults of those who had once been their friends, but had now been driven into the ranks of their enemies.

Now what is the other side of the picture? What do the Radicals and the Nonconformists hope to gain by raising an agitation against the House of Lords? If it came to nothing, it would only strengthen the Upper Chamber. If it ended in the reform of that House, and the admission into it of a large elective element, have these gentlemen considered in what position they would find

themselves? It has been so often explained that we suppose they must have done so, and in that case are so bent upon the destruction of the hereditary branch of the Legislature that they are careless of what is to follow. "We will chance that," is what they perhaps say to themselves. Well, let them chance it and see how they like it. The country, they may depend upon it, will not readily abandon the principle of a second chamber capable of securing due consideration for all questions on which public opinion has not clearly and deliberately declared itself. A senate of, say, three hundred, all picked men, representing the flower of the educated classes, the best of the aristocracy, the best of the professions, the best of the mercantile and commercial body, would have a will of its own, to which the House of Commons would find itself obliged to submit. We have said nothing as yet of the effect upon the Lower House itself of seriously abridging the legislative powers of the peerage as a body. It might raise a claim, if not to their admission into the House of Commons, at least to the right of voting at elections and of exercising all the influence they possess in favour of such candidates as they preferred. Well, think the Radicals, these are remote possibilities. "Now perish Troy,"—that is work enough for to-day. Let to-morrow look out for itself.

Whatever the ultimate result of the education contro-

versy, we have no doubt that it will lead to some agitation against the Lords: in the one event, because of their strength; in the other, because of their weakness. They may be assailed either as a powerful and obstinate impediment to democracy, or as an effete and useless institution which ought not to cumber the ground any longer, but make way for something better. But whatever leap the Radicals may take from a hereditary to an elective chamber, they will find that it is one from the frying-pan into the fire.

Whether the Government will bring in another Educa-

tion Bill on the same scale is doubtful. Probably they will not. They will most likely take their revenge by squeezing the voluntary schools, and making their position intolerable. But that the whole party would live to regret the day when they entered on a struggle with the Church of England against the religious feeling of the nation we have no manner of doubt. It was Mr Gladstone himself who warned his party of the danger of such a course a quarter of a century ago. And the Church is more powerful and popular now than she was then.

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FISCAL POLICY IN FRANCE AND BRITAIN.

BY SIR R. HAMILTON LANG, K.C.M.G.

ONE of the results of the "entente cordiale" with our neighbours across the Channel is, that the peoples of both countries get to know each other better; and this greater intimacy permits each to compare, in an unbiassed frame of mind, the economic conditions and the civilising institutions of the other. Such comparisons cannot fail to be both instructive and profitable. The two countries, France and England, have for years been marching in the vanguard of civilisation,—*each*, in its own way and with its peculiar idiosyncrasies, studying all that can make for the prosperity and advancement of its people; *both* working out similar ideals, often by very different processes. The studious and unprejudiced minds of both countries have thus opened up to them an interesting field of thought which must lead to far-reaching and edifying results. All English readers of the works of French economists must have been struck with the thorough and impartial studies which these last have made of the economic situation in England—far more thorough and profound than any such studies by English writers on the economic situation in France. With us, the feeling is too general that we have little to learn from such countries as France, Germany, or America; indeed, that wherein we differ from other countries it is to the disadvantage of the latter. The greater intimacy, however, which has happily now been established between France and England may be expected to make more apparent the truth that, in reality, while foreign countries may profit-

ably learn much from us, we have as much to learn from them. In the limited space at our disposal we cannot pretend to treat exhaustively this large subject, but it may prove interesting to summarise some of the many economic and financial points upon which France differs from England. Our object in doing so is rather to suggest subjects for study than to dogmatise. It is to present faithfully suggestive facts and important differences. For the present article we shall limit our remarks to some economic differences between England and France.

The area of France cultivated in all kinds of crops is, in round numbers, 90 millions of acres, and its population in 1901 was 39 millions, as compared to England and Wales, a cultivated area of $27\frac{1}{2}$ millions of acres and a population, in 1901, of $32\frac{1}{2}$ millions. In other words, the cultivated area in France is 2·31 acres per head of population, while in England it is only 0·85 of an acre. This greater cultivated area in France, and the fact that the cultures *there* of vines, beetroot, tobacco, and silk are much more profitable than any in England, make France, agriculturally, far the richer of the two countries.

A striking difference exists in the ownership of the land in France as compared with England. In England 10,000

persons own about two-thirds of the land, and only about 3 per cent of the population own *any* land. In France the number of proprietors of land is very much greater, and it may be said that 12 per cent of the population own land. In France there are 4,700,000 landed proprietors; in England and Wales a little less than 1 million. Again, in England and Wales, in 1901, there were only 988,340¹ of the population occupied in agriculture, while in France, in the same year, there were 8,176,569 persons engaged in agriculture and forestry. These facts and figures indicate for France a great economic superiority over England. No one will deny that it would be a blessing if the number of landed proprietors in England were greater; and it is evident that if agriculture engaged a larger proportion of our population the burning question of the unemployed would be solved, and we would have what Lord Lansdowne has aptly called "a more virile population."

A disquieting feature of the agricultural position in England is that it is steadily deteriorating. In 1851 agriculture employed close upon 2 millions — say about 12 per cent — of a population, *then* about the half of what it is *now*. To-day agriculture only employs about 3 per cent of our population. Unfortunately also

¹ Blue-Book, 1903, p. 362. The Report of the Tariff Commission, vol. iii., par. 149, gives the numbers employed in agriculture as 1,159,100, but it includes sons and grandsons of farmers who may not be wage-earners.

the rush of labourers from the country to the towns is still continuing. The chief importance of land is that it supplies the food of the people of the country. This is attained in France, where the yearly production of wheat is 40 millions of quarters, and during the past twenty years it has very slightly varied. The production of wheat in the United Kingdom is only 7 millions of quarters.¹ It is estimated that the yearly consumption of wheat in the United Kingdom represents 0·77 of a quarter per head of the population.² Consequently France, producing one quarter per head of its population, raises an ample supply for the consumption of its people, whereas the United Kingdom produces only about one-fifth of what its population requires.

Well may we look with envious eyes upon the agricultural position in France; and it is simply marvellous the indifference with which we in the United Kingdom regard the alarming situation of agriculture in our own country. We shut our eyes to the unpleasant truth that we have never more than two or three months of food in our stores, and that in a time of war with a European Power or with a combination of European Powers our food-supplies from abroad may be cut off or greatly restricted. Let us picture to ourselves the situation which would in these circumstances be created for the many

millions of our manufacturing and labouring populations,—their food at famine prices, and the work of their factories limited to the supply of the home consumption of an impoverished nation. It is too dreadful to think of, and therefore the masses of the people refuse to look it in the face; yet in sober earnest all thoughtful minds must admit that in the supposed and quite possible conditions the appalling picture would certainly become a stern reality.

It may be said that the superior agricultural position of France is the consequence of her larger cultivable area, of her richer soil, and of her more valuable cultures. To a certain extent there is truth in this. But what is worthy of our serious consideration is, "Are there not certain measures adopted by our neighbours to facilitate the realisation of their agricultural ideal which it may be wise for us to imitate?" Although we may not hope to produce a sufficiency of wheat for the wants of our people, can we not in some way and in some measure increase our present feeble production, and thereby attract back to the land a portion of those labourers who in recent years have left it for town life? At least can we not do something, and is it not of vital importance to us as a nation to do something, to arrest the steady deterioration of our agricultural interests, realising that if that deterioration

¹ Blue-Book, 1903, p. 109.

² *Ib.*, 1903, p. 108.

continues in the ratio of the past two decades, we are within measurable distance of their complete collapse?

In France, as well as in Germany and the United States of America, the great importance of reserving as far as possible to the people of their own country the production and supply of the necessities of life is fully realised. These countries secure a home supply of these necessities; they maintain attached to the land a large portion of their population, who enjoy the invigorating influences of country life; and they retain in their own country, and for the benefit of their own people, pecuniary resources which otherwise would be sent abroad to nourish the labourers of foreign countries. They consider these advantages so great that they are ready to accept certain sacrifices to secure them. But these sacrifices are of the nature of concessions from one class of the community to another for the general benefit. The nation is regarded as a family, and it is considered that the interests of each member must be so arranged as to contribute to the largest prosperity of the whole.

It is by her fiscal policy that France attains the results which she considers desirable for her national life. That fiscal policy aims at reducing to a minimum the requirements of the country from abroad, and its intention is to make the country self-supplying, self-supporting. By means of a tariff, carefully elaborated, she burdens with an import

duty all foreign importations of the food-stuffs, meat, and manufactures which her own people are able successfully to produce. The tariff, however, is so scientifically arranged that the raw materials necessary for her factories and the food-stuffs which cannot be produced at home are admitted free or nearly so. She goes still further. Considering her colonies as an integrant part of herself, she favours exceptionally their trade with her, and does not treat them as she does foreign countries.

The fiscal policy of England, on the contrary, may be called cosmopolitan. It is that of free imports, and was adopted when England had no important manufacturing competitors. It was then believed that all the world would follow her lead, and thus there would be established the desirable system of free trade. The world, however, did not follow her lead. Nationalism instead of universalism developed everywhere, and with its growth the hopes of Cobden and the other apostles of free trade have not been realised. We may and do regret it, but it is a fact which cannot and ought not to be ignored. After sixty years of faithful effort the hope of free trade must be admitted to be utopian. The world refuses to give us it, and prospers in doing so. Our system of free imports presents also this anomaly, that it enables foreign traders to compete in our markets exempt from burdens which we oblige our manufacturers to bear,

such as limited hours of labour for their workmen, local rates, police taxes, and we thus confer upon these foreign traders a privileged position in their competition with our home industries.

Briefly, the fiscal system of France is arranged to safeguard the interests of its own people and its colonies, while that of England ignores the right of its home industries to any exceptional consideration, and it treats its colonies as foreign countries.

The two systems are entirely distinct, and the question is worth examining, calmly and impartially, which of the two, on the whole, is the better. The French system prevails in all the great civilised nations with the exception of England; and under it, during the last quarter of a century, the ratio of progress in commerce and industry has undeniably been greater than in England. The fact that that system has commended itself to nations of high intelligence and succeeds with them is a strong presumption in its favour, and might reasonably be expected to predispose us towards it. But such a test is not sufficient. Plausible arguments are invoked in favour of the English fiscal system, and it is right that they should be fairly considered.

It is alleged, and with truth, that the total of the fortunes in England is greater than in France, and therefore it is argued that the English fiscal system is best; but the important point is whether the

general wellbeing of the people of the United Kingdom as a whole is greater than in France. The able French economist, Monsieur Paul Leroy Beaulieu, whose writings show that he has profoundly studied the economic condition of our country as well as that of his own, expresses his opinion thus: "If there is less riches in our [French] cities, our peasants are more at their ease. The fortunes are with us less concentrated, but the state of comfort (*aisance*) is more general." We believe that statement to be strictly correct. The estimate of Mr Booth, that there are in England 12 millions on the verge of starvation, nor half that number, could not be made of France. The large fortunes possessed by a limited number in any country are not an indication of general wellbeing; and the truth will be acknowledged by all who know intimately both countries, that a condition of comfort is more largely prevalent in France than in England. Wealth in France is more diffused. If there are fewer thousands of very rich men, there are many millions less of the very poor.

The advocates of the present English fiscal system point with confidence to the greatness of the import and export trade of the United Kingdom, and, as an evidence of superiority, cite its greater proportions as compared with the United States of America, Germany, and France. Such a comparison, as indicative of superiority, is, however, fal-

lacious. Extensive imports from foreign countries necessarily involve extensive exports, but the country which keeps down to a minimum its requirements from abroad (its imports) has less to pay in exports or gold, and although the volume of its foreign trade may be less, its economic position is better. A man who raises in his garden all the fruit and vegetables which he requires for his household, is economically in a sounder position than the man who buys these necessities from the market town. He economises the profits of the grower and the seller, and the transport and time required to bring them to him. So it is with a nation.

Let us analyse the import trade of the United Kingdom and France. Our import trade represents a value of about 520 millions sterling, while that of France only amounts to 200 millions. To make, however, a just comparison between the trade of the two countries, many considerations must be taken into account. First, we must deduct 10 per cent for the difference between the population of the United Kingdom and that of France. Second, we must take into account the fact which we have already established in our previous remarks, that France produces at home a sufficiency, or nearly so, of the necessities of life for her people, whereas the United Kingdom is obliged to procure from abroad these necessities for about four-fifths of her population. The approxi-

mate value yearly of the importations into the United Kingdom of food-stuffs and meat is £192,000,000. Such importations France, by her self-sufficiency, does not need to procure. She possesses the objects of these importations, and thus happily does not need to purchase them from abroad. Their value, however, forcedly, and we may add unfortunately, swells the import trade of the United Kingdom, and explains, let us say to be safe, £180,000,000 of the difference between the import trade of the two countries.

We have still a further explanation to make of the difference in volume of that trade. France by her fiscal system discourages the importation of foreign wholly-manufactured goods, reserving for her own factories and her own labouring classes the production of manufactures required for her home consumption. Such is not the case in England. By her system of free imports the introduction of foreign wholly-manufactured goods is yearly increasing. The value of such goods at present imported into the United Kingdom has been estimated by Sir Robert Giffen at 89 millions sterling, and by others at 100 millions. That is an item which swells the import trade of England, but greatly to the disadvantage of her labouring population. It is calculated—and the calculation has never been contested—that the value of these wholly-manufactured goods represents in wages 50 per cent, and in interest on capital and profit

10 per cent. . Consequently, on Sir Robert Giffen's safe estimate, these foreign importations deprive our labouring classes of about 50 millions sterling of wages, equivalent to the sustenance of about 900,000 families, or over 4 millions of our population.

To summarise the explanations we have given of the much larger import trade of the United Kingdom as compared with that of France, we find that difference of population accounts for £52,000,000 Imports of food-stuffs and meats, &c. 180,000,000 Imports of wholly-manufactured goods 89,000,000

Total £321,000,000

which is very nearly the difference in value of the import trade of the two countries. In view of the nature of these differences, it seems impossible to resist the conclusion that instead of boasting of our greater import trade we have rather cause to regret its necessity.

Again, it is argued that as the United Kingdom from its limited area cannot hope to produce a sufficient supply of the necessaries of life for its population, the importation from foreign countries requires to be encouraged. There is, however, in this reasoning a flaw. Although an ideal is not fully attainable, its pursuit in the measure of the possible is still desirable. Thirty years ago the acreage under wheat in the United Kingdom was

more than double what it is to-day, which proves that with a little encouragement we might easily produce much more than we now do—say sixteen millions of quarters of wheat instead of seven. Thus we would be producing about a half of our required bread-supply instead of, as at present, a fifth.

France, with her larger area, is able to impose a nearly prohibitive duty upon foreign importations of wheat, seeing that she can rely upon a sufficient home production. England is not in such a favourable position, and it might be imprudent to penalise foreign importations to us as heavily as France does those to her. Nor is it necessary. An import duty upon foreign wheat of about say 8 per cent would suffice to encourage our cultivators. It would in no way discourage importations from abroad, for it must be remembered that even with such an import duty our market would still remain the most favourable to the foreigner.

But this question naturally leads us to examine the important feature of the French fiscal system which regards her colonies as an integrant part of herself, and treats them more favourably than foreign countries. If in England we adopt this feature of the French fiscal system, we at once remove the disadvantage of a small area to cultivate. The Dominion of Canada alone represents an area nearly as large as Europe. The Commonwealth of Australia and New Zealand is

three-fourths as large as Europe. British India has an area of one-fourth as large as Europe. So that in these three British dependencies alone we have an area twice as great as Europe. At present our colonies and possessions furnish us with 20 per cent of the requirements of our population in wheat and flour, and under a favoured tariff policy such as that of France, our supplies from them may easily be doubled in a decade. This would be greatly to the benefit of our colonies, and as they are ready in return to give a preference to our exports, the manufacturing industries of the United Kingdom would also benefit.

Much importance has been given by the advocates of free imports to the repugnance of our people to have any tax put upon food; but this argument is absurd, for we already have heavy taxes upon sugar, tea, and tobacco, which are indispensable elements in the cost of living, and the revenue obtained from a moderate tax upon the foreign imports of food-stuffs would permit of a proportionate reduction in the duties upon the articles we have named. There would consequently be no increase in the general cost of living, while the greater extension of home and colonial supplies of wheat would immensely improve our economic position as a nation.

There are those who preach the gospel of cheapness and, on that ground, oppose any change in our fiscal policy. It is said that a tax upon im-

portations of wholly-manufactured goods would deprive the purchasers of the gain from the lower price at which foreign manufacturers are willing to sell these goods in our market. They are able to undersell our manufacturers for two reasons. First, as the foreign manufacturers, by the tariff arrangements of their countries, are guaranteed a monopoly of the supply of their home consumption, on which a profit is consequently secured to them, they are indifferent as to the profit they get upon that portion of their production which they sell abroad. The object they have in view in producing more than is required for their home consumption is to economise cost by a larger turnover; and this economy is to them a sufficient profit. Second, by our system of free imports foreign manufacturers can put their goods upon our markets exempt from burdens which our manufacturers have to bear. For these two reasons foreign manufacturers are content to sell their wares to us 5 or 10 per cent less than our manufacturers can produce similar goods. But against this gain of 5 or 10 per cent must be set the 50 per cent in wages which our labouring classes lose because the goods are not produced at home. On £1000 worth of these foreign wholly-manufactured goods we may even admit that £100 are economised by a portion of our community, mostly the well-to-do, but £500 are lost in wages by another and more

interesting class, the working classes. All will admit that it is expedient, in the interest of the country as a whole, to sacrifice the gain of £100 in order to obviate the loss of £500. Especially is this point important, for if the present loss in wages to our working classes is removed, the burning question of our unemployed finds its solution, and in that case the well-to-do of our community will benefit by a diminution of the burden which now falls upon them for poor's rates.

We have endeavoured, calmly and impartially, to compare the French fiscal system with our own, and the conclusion is forced upon us that its adoption in principle, with some modifications in details, would remedy evils from which we suffer, such as the decadence of our agricultural interests, the too great dependence upon foreign countries for our food-supplies, and the lack of sufficient employment for our working classes. These evils are so great and so alarmingly on the increase, and they menace so seriously our position as a great Power, that it seems strange that any measure for their alleviation should encounter so much opposition from certain classes of our population. The explanation of that opposition is not difficult to find. The long continuance of

our present fiscal system has created interests which fear they may be compromised by any change. Foreign imports are largely profitable to bankers, commission and transport agents, and a crowd of middlemen, and it is only human that these classes should prefer the continuance of a system under which they prosper. Their ever-swelling fortunes, however, interest little those who take a larger view of the wellbeing of a people, and who wish that that wellbeing should be general and not individual. The question is one which especially concerns the masses of our people—the working classes. But it will require time and more independence of judgment than they yet possess for these masses to comprehend how deeply their interests are involved in it. Thoughtful and disinterested minds amongst us must devote themselves to the task of removing prejudices and of placing the question outside of party politics. It is a national and an imperial one. A fiscal system which has undoubtedly proved successful in so highly civilised countries as the United States of America, Germany, and France, and in nearly all of our self-governing colonies, deserves impartial consideration on our part, especially as its adoption in principle presents neither danger nor difficulty.

DRAKE: AN ENGLISH EPIC.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

BOOK IV.—*Continued.*

Now to the strait Magellanus they came,
And entered in with ringing shouts of joy.
Nor did they think there was a fairer strait
In all the world than this which lay so calm
Between great silent mountains crowned with snow,
Unutterably lonely. Marvellous
The pomp of dawn and sunset on those heights,
And like a strange new sacrilege the advance
Of prowls that ploughed that time-forgotten tide.
But soon rude flaws, cross currents, tortuous channels
Bewildered them, and many a league they drove
As down some vaster Acheron, while the coasts
With wailing voices cursed them all night long,
And once again the hideous fires leapt red
By many a grim wrenched crag and gaunt ravine.
So for a hundred leagues of whirling spume
They groped, till suddenly, far away, they saw
Full of the sunset, like a cup of gold,
The purple Westward portals of the strait.
Onward o'er roughening waves they plunged and reached
Capo Desiderato, ay and saw
What seemed stupendous in that lonely place,—
Gaunt, black, and sharp as death against the sky
The Cross, the great black Cross on Cape Desire,
Which dead Magellan raised upon the height
To guide, or so he thought, his wandering ships,
Not knowing they had left him to his doom,
Not knowing how with tears, with tears of joy,
Rapture, and terrible triumph, and deep awe,
Another should come voyaging and read
Unutterable glories in that sign;
While there his men upraised their mighty shout
And, once again, before his wondering eyes,
League upon league of awful burnished gold,
Rolled the unknown immeasurable sea.

Now, in those days, as even Magellan held,
Men thought that Southward of the strait there swept
Firm land up to the white Antarctic Pole,
Which now not far they deemed. But when Drake passed

From out the strait to take his Northward way
Up the Pacific coast, a great head-wind
Suddenly smote them; and the heaving seas
Bulged all around them into billowy hills,
Dark rolling mountains, whose majestic crests
Like wild white flames far-blown and savagely flickering
Swept through the clouds; and on their sullen slopes
Like wind-whipt withered leaves those little ships,
Now hurtled to the Zenith and now plunged
Down into bottomless gulfs, were suddenly scattered
And whirled away. Drake, on the *Golden Hynde*,
One moment saw them near him, soaring up
Above him on the huge o'erhanging billows
As if to crash down on his poop; the next,
A mile of howling sea had swept between
Each of those wind-whipt straws, and they were gone
Through roaring deserts of embattled death,
Where, like a hundred thousand chariots charged
With lightnings and with thunders, one great wave
Leading the unleashed ocean down the storm
Hurled them away to Southward.

One last glimpse
Drake caught o' the *Marygold*, when some mighty vortex
Wide as the circle of the wide sea-line
Swept them together again. He saw her staggering
With mast snapt short and wreckage-tangled deck
Where men like insects clung. He saw the waves
Leap over her mangled hulk, like wild white wolves,
Volleying out of the clouds down dismal steepes
Of green-black water. Like a wounded steed
Quivering upon its haunches up she heaved
Her head to throw them off. Then, in one mass
Of fury crashed the great deep over her,
Trampling her down, down into the nethermost pit,
As with a madman's wrath. She rose no more,
And in the stream of the ocean's hurricane laughter
The *Golden Hynde* went hurtling to the South,
With sails rent into ribbons and her mast
Snapt like a twig. Yea, where Magellan thought
Firm land had been, the little *Golden Hynde*
Whirled like an autumn leaf through league on league
Of bursting seas, chaos on crashing chaos,
A rolling wilderness of charging Alps
That shook the world with their tremendous war;
Grim beetling cliffs that grappled with clamorous gulfs,
Valleys that yawned to swallow the wide heaven;
Immense white-flowering fluctuant precipices,
And hills that swooped down at the throat of hell;

From Pole to Pole, one blanching bursting storm
Of world-wide oceans, where the huge Pacific
Roared greetings to the Atlantic and both swept
In broad white cataracts, league on struggling league,
Pursuing and pursued, immeasurable,
With Titan hands grasping the rent black sky
East, West, North, South. Then, then was battle indeed
Of midget men upon that wisp of grass
The *Golden Hynde*, who, as her masts crashed, hung
Clearing the tiny wreckage from small decks
With ant-like weapons. Not their captain's voice
Availed them now amidst the deafening thunder
Of seas that felt the heavy hand of God,
Only they saw across the blinding spume
In steely flashes, grand and grim, a face,
Like the last glimmer of faith among mankind,
Calm in this warring universe, where Drake
Stood, lashed to his post, beside the helm. Black seas
Buffeted him. Half-stunned he dashed away
The sharp brine from his eagle eyes and turned
To watch some mountain-range come rushing down
As if to o'erwhelm them utterly. Once, indeed,
Welkin and sea were one black wave, white-fanged,
White-crested, and up-heaped so mightily
That, though it coursed more swiftly than a herd
Of Titan steeds upon some terrible plain
Nigh the huge City of Ombos, yet it seemed
Most strangely slow, with all those crumbling crests,
Each like a cataract on a mountain-side,
And moved with the steady majesty of doom
High over him. One moment's flash of fear,
And yet not fear, but rather life's regret,
Felt Drake, then laughed a low deep laugh of joy
Such as men taste in battle; yea, 'twas good
To grapple thus with death; one low deep laugh,
One mutter as of a lion about to spring,
Then burst that thunder o'er him. Height o'er height
The heavens rolled down, and waves were all the world.

Meanwhile, in England, dreaming of her sailor,
Far off, his heart's bride waited, of a proud
And stubborn house the bright and gracious flower.
Whom oft her father urged with scanty grace
That Drake was dead and she had best forget
The fellow, he grunted, "Ugh, a scurvy fellow,
Without a family." For her father's heart
Was fettered with small memories. He knew nought
O' the world's traditions: he had never traced
This earth's low pedigree among the suns,

Walked in the terrible twilight of the Gods,
Or through the blood-red dusk of dying nations.
His faith was in his grandam's mighty skirt,
And, in that awful consciousness of power,
Had it not been that even in this he feared
To sully her silken flounce or farthingale
Wi' the white dust on his hands, he would have chalked
Plebeian across that door in Nazareth
Whence came the prentice carpenter whose voice
Hath shaken kingdoms down, whose menial gibbet
Rises triumphant o'er the wreck of Empires
And stretches out its arms amongst the stars.
And she, his daughter, too, most womanly
Clung to the small romance of her estate
And kept her pride no less, but let her heart
Loveably forge a charter for her love,
Cheat her false creed with faithful faery dreams
That wrapt her love in mystery; thought, perchance,
He came of some unhappy noble race
On evil days now fallen, or perchance
Ruined in battle for some lost high cause.
And, in the general mixture of men's blood,
Her dream indeed was truer than his whose pride
Would sooner wed her to a moon-struck fool
Sprung from five hundred years of idiocy
And traced back to the harlot of a king
Than yield her hand to Drake; would force her bear
Some heir to a calf's tongue and a coronet,
Whose cherished taints of blood will please his friends
With "Yea, Sir William's first-born hath the freak,
The family freak, being embryonic. Yea,
And with a fine half-wittedness, forsooth.
Praise God, our children's children yet shall see
The lord o' the manor muttering to himself
At midnight by the gryphon-guarded gates,
Or gnawing his nails in desolate corridors,
Or pacing moonlit halls, dagger in hand,
Waiting to stab his father's pitiless ghost."
But she—the girl—sweet Bess of Sydenham,
Most innocently proud, was prouder yet
Than thus to let her heart stoop to the lure
Of lordling lovers, though her unstained soul
Slumbered amidst those dreams as in old tales
The princess in the enchanted forest sleeps
Till the prince wakes her with a kiss and draws
The far-flung hues o' the gleaming magic web
Into one heart of flame. And now, for Drake,
She slept like Brynhild in a ring of fire
Which he must pass to win her. For the wrath

Of Spain now flamed, awaiting his return,
All round the seas of home; and even the Queen
Elizabeth blenched, as that tremendous Power
Menaced the heart of England, blenched and vowed
Drake's head to Spain's ambassadors, though still
By subtlety she hoped to find some way
Later to save or warn him ere he came.
Perchance, too, nay, most like, he will be slain
Or even now lies dead, out in the West,
She thought, and then the promise works no harm.
But, day by day, there came as on the wings
Of startled winds from o'er the Spanish Main,
Strange echoes as of sacked and clamouring ports
And battered gates of fabulous golden cities,
A murmur out of the sunsets of Peru,
A sea-bird's wail from Lima. While no less
The wrathful menace gathered up its might
All round our little isle; till now the King
Philip of Spain half secretly decreed
The building of huge docks from which to launch
A Fleet Invincible that should sweep the seas
Of all the world, throttle with one broad grasp
All Protestant rebellion, having stablished
His red feet in the Netherlands, thence to hurl
His whole World-Empire at this little isle,
England, our mother, home and hope and love,
And bend her neck beneath his yoke. For now
No half surrender sought he. At his back,
Robed with the scarlet of a thousand martyrs,
Admonishing him, stood Rome, and, in her hand,
Grasping the Cross of Christ by its great hilt,
She pointed it, like a dagger, tow'rds the throat
Of England.

One long year, two years had passed
Since Drake set sail from gray old Plymouth Sound;
And in those woods of faery wonder still
Slumbered his love in steadfast faith. But now
With louder lungs her father urged—"He is dead:
Forget him. There is one that loves you, seeks
Your hand in marriage, and he is a goodly match
E'en for my daughter. You shall wed him, girl!"
But when the new-found lover came to woo,
Glancing in summer silks and radiant hose,
Whipt doublet and enormous pointed shoon,
She played him like a fish and sent him home
Spluttering with dismay, a stickleback
Discoloured, a male minnow of dimpled streams
With all his rainbows paling in the prime,

To hide amongst his lilies, while once more
She took her casement seat that overlooked
The sea and read in Master Spenser's book,
Which Francis gave "To my dear lady and queen
Bess," that most rare processional of love—
"*Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song!*"
Yet did her father urge her day by day,
And day by day her mother din'd her ears
With petty saws, as—"When I was a girl,"
And "I remember what *my* father said,"
And "Love, oh feather-fancies plucked from geese
You call your poets!" Yet she hardly meant
To slight true love, save in her daughter's heart;
For the old folk ever find it hard to see
The passion of their children. When it wakes,
The child becomes a stranger. That small bird
Which was its heart hath left the fostering nest
And flown they know not whither. So with Bess;
But since her soul still slumbered, and the moons
Rolled on and blurred her soul's particular love
With the vague unknown impulse of her youth,
Her brave resistance often melted now
In tears, and her will weakened day by day;
Till on a dreadful summer morn there came,
Borne by a wintry flaw, home to the Thames,
A bruised and battered ship, all that was left,
So said her crew, of Drake's ill-fated fleet.
John Wynter, her commander, told the tale
Of how the *Golden Hynde* and *Marygold*
Had by the wind Euroclydon been driven
Sheer o'er the howling edges of the world;
Of how himself by God's good providence
Was hurled into the strait *Magellanus*;
Of how on the horrible frontiers of the Void
He had watched in vain, lit red with beacon-fires
The desperate coasts o' the black abyss, whence none
Ever returned, though many a week he watched
Beneath the Cross; and only saw God's wrath
Burn through the heavens and devastate the mountains,
And hurl unheard of oceans roaring down
After the lost ships in one cataract
Of thunder and splendour and fury and rolling doom.

Then, with a bitter triumph in his face,
As if this were the natural end of all
Such vile plebeians, as if he had foreseen it,
As if himself had breathed a tactful hint
Into the aristocratic ears of God,
Her father broke the last frail barriers down,

Broke the poor listless will o' the lonely girl,
Who careless now of aught but misery
Promised to wed their lordling. Mighty speed
They made to press that loveless marriage on;
And ere the May had mellowed into June
Her marriage eve had come. Her cold hands held
Drake's gift. She scarce could see her name, writ broad
By that strong hand as it was, *To my queen Bess.*
She looked out through her casement o'er the sea,
Listening its old enchanted moan, which seemed
Striving to speak, she knew not what. Its breath
Fluttered the roses round the gray old walls,
And shook the starry jasmine. A great moon
Hung like a red lamp in the sycamore.
A corn-crake in the hay-fields far away
Chirped like a cricket, and the night-jar churred
His passionate love-song. Soft-winged moths besieged
Her lantern. Under many a star-stabbed elm
The nightingale began his golden song,
Whose warm thick notes are each a drop of blood
From that small throbbing breast against the thorn
Pressed close to turn the white rose into red;
Even as her lawn-clad may-white bosom pressed
Quivering against the bars, while her dark hair
Streamed round her shoulders and her small bare feet
Gleamed in the dusk. Then spake she to her maid—
"I cannot sleep, I cannot sleep to-night.
Bring thy lute hither and sing. Say, dost thou think
The dead can watch us from their distant world?
Can our dead friends be near us when we weep?
I wish 'twere so! For then my love would come,
No matter then how far, my love would come,
And press a light kiss on these aching eyes
And say, 'Grieve not, dear heart, for I know all,
And I forgive thee.' Ah, then, I should sleep,
Sleep, sleep and dream once more; for oh, last night,
I know not if it were that song of thine
Which tells of some poor lover, crazed with pain,
Who wanders to the grave-side of his love
And knocks at that cold door until his love
Opens it, and they two for some brief while
Forget their doom in one another's arms
Once more; for, oh, last night, I had a dream;
My love came to me through the Gates of Death,
I know not how he came. I only know
His arms were round me, and, from far away,
From far beyond the stars it seemed, his voice
Breathed, in unutterable grief, farewells
Of shuddering sweetness, clasped in one small word

*Sweetheart, a joy untold, an untold pain,
 Far, far away, although his breath beat warm
 Against my cheek and dried mine own poor tears.
 Ah, sing that song once more; for I have heard
 There are some songs, and this was one I am sure,
 Like the grey poppies of Lethean fields
 Where poor dead lovers drift, and in their pain
 We lose our own. Give me that poppied sleep,
 And if—in dreams—I touch my true love's lips,
 Trust me I will not ask ever to wake
 Again." Whereat the maiden touched her lute
 And sang, low-toned, with pity in her eyes.*

SONG.

I.

*Thy house is dark and still: I stand once more
 Beside the fast-closed door.
 It opens as of old: thy pale, pale face
 Peers thro' the narrow space:
 Thy hands are mine, thy hands are mine to hold
 Just as of old.*

II.

*"Hush! Hush! or God will hear us! Ah, speak low
 As Love spake long ago."
 "Sweet, sweet, are these thine arms, thy breast, thy hair
 Comforting my despair,
 Assuaging the long thirst, quenching the tears
 Of all these years?"*

III.

*"Thy house is dark and deep; God cannot hear;
 Sweet, have no fear!
 Are not thy cold lips crushed against my kiss?
 Love gives us this,
 Not God;" but "ah," she moans, "God hears us; speak,
 Speak low; hide cheek on cheek."*

IV.

*Oh then what hungry whisperings, hoarded long,
 Sweeter than any song,
 What eager news to tell, what hopes, what fears
 Gleaned from the barren years,
 What raptures wrung from out the heart of pain,
 What wild farewells again!*

V.

*Whose pity is this? Ah, quick, one kiss! Once more
Closes the marble door!
I grope here in the darkness all alone:
Across the cold white stone,
Over thy tomb, a sudden star-light gleams:
Death gave me this—in dreams.*

Then Bess bowed down her lovely head: her breast
Heaved with short sobs and, sickening at the heart,
She grasped the casement, moaning, "Love, Love, Love,
Come quickly, come, before it is too late,
Come quickly, oh come quickly."

Then her maid
Slipped a soft arm around her and gently drew
The supple quivering body, shaken with sobs,
And all that firm young sweetness, to her breast,
And led her to her couch, and all night long
She watched beside her, till the marriage morn
Blushed in the heartless East. Then swiftly flew
The pitiless moments, till—as in a dream—
And borne along by dreams, or like a lily
Cut from its anchorage in the stream to glide
Down the smooth bosom of an unknown world
Through fields of unknown blossom, so moved Bess
Amongst her maids, as the procession passed
Forth to the little church upon the cliffs,
And, as in those days was the bridal mode,
Her lustrous hair in billowing beauty streamed
Dishevelled o'er her shoulders, while the sun
Caressed her bent and glossy head, and shone
Over the deep blue, white-flaked, wrinkled sea,
On full-blown rosy-petalled sails that flashed
Like flying blossoms fallen from her crown.

IN A GLOUCESTERSHIRE JUSTICE-ROOM.

OUTSIDE, in the broad stone-paved courtyard, the peacocks preen themselves in the heat; the endless Queen Anne hedges of formal box and yew stretch away in the "vistas" our forefathers loved so much, down to the artificial water shimmering in the sun. But inside all is coolness and studious calm. For this old-fashioned parlour, lined with the black walnut sent in the days of William and Mary from far Virginia and Maryland by obsequious "collectors" and agents, and landed at Bristol by ship-masters cursing at an unprofitable cargo, and yet obliged to gratify a high Court official, is now the muniment-room. The walls that once listened to stories of desperate poaching affrays or the scandalous chronicles of village Lovelaces are now half-concealed by the boxes, portfolios, heaped-up bundles of papers, which contain stuff for the writing of the History of England—new style: the thirty years' collections of a Secretary of State in the seventeenth century.

It has been remarked that whereas the material for the history of France in that age lies on the surface, every statesman, and a good many mere courtiers, having written down all they knew, and sometimes a good deal more—that of England is chiefly underground. Little by little it is being dragged to light and made use of; but there are masses of

matter—some of it hanging matter for a good few politicians of the reigns of Charles II. and William III.—which are yet lying unused and unransacked by the Historical Manuscripts Commission. The methods of that body are well enough, but its funds are said to be small and its demands are large. It is not every squire who cares to pack his cherished family papers and send them up to London to be man-handled there; they must be calendared on the spot, or not at all: and so it comes about that here, in the old Justice-Room, we have something very like virgin soil for historical research.

How came these things here? Well, it may be posited that very rarely did the holder of a State office in the seventeenth century quit it with either dignity or satisfaction. He had probably bought it from the previous holder at a great price, and he was vexed if he could not keep it long enough to recoup himself many times over for his first expenditure. It was an age, as we know from Pepys, of "gratifications." Coarse people, like the reprobate official whom he and a friend met on horseback, and who revolted their feelings by referring to his horse as a "bribe-horse" and his boots as "bribe-boots," were of course outside the pale; but even perfectly zealous and generally honest officers, like Pepys him-

self, were able to reckon up year after year an unearned increment of portentous amount. And the original builder and owner of this same Justice-Room lived in those days. He, like the rest, had purchased his original appointment as Clerk to the War Office from Matthew Lock, Esquire, in 1671 (lo, you! here is the original document of sale and purchase in due form), and thereafter he glided through the stages of office: at one time Clerk to the Privy Council; pilloried in the pages of Macaulay as the one man who gave evidence as to the publication of their "libel" by the Seven Bishops in 1688; changing easily over from his allegiance to James—the protagonist of imperial idea—to the side of William, and imitating therein nine-tenths of the officials of his day, he made his great and lasting reputation at the Board of Trade. His life as that of the Perfect Civil Servant remains to be written: its interest for us lies in the fact that, driven from office early in Queen Anne's reign, and disgusted at not being made Earl of Bristol—as who had married a great heiress of Gloucestershire,—he seized upon every document he could find in his office and retired with them into private life. Did he intend, French fashion, to write his *Memoirs*? Few English statesmen of the time did. They preferred to nourish their spleen on memories of ill-requited service, and to keep their old papers lest they

should benefit an ungrateful posterity.

A few—a very few—of these documents are mere duplicates of others preserved at the Record Office; in the vast majority of instances they are really the confidential reports of agents and governors who were the Secretary's personal friends, and sometimes his dependants and clients. These frequently imparted to him in this kind of correspondence crude facts not exactly adapted to the philosophic ears of John Locke, who was for years a member of the Board of Trade, but such as Mr Secretary could summarise and present in manageable form to My Lords. They are, therefore, not squeamish: some of their unvarnished sentiments would fit well into Aubrey's 'Lives' or the unemasculated Diary of the great Samuel. For these are private or semi-private documents.

Here, for example, though it is of a different class, is a very private letter indeed to King Charles II. The writer is the Countess of Königsmark, and she is pleading for the life of her son Charles. The poor lady has not been fortunate in her family relations. Daughter of the savage Swedish Marshal Wrangel, and daughter-in-law of the yet more ferocious "Scourge of the Baltic," Count Königsmark, Governor of Bremen for the Swedes after the Thirty Years' War, she was mother of the famous professional beauty Aurora, mistress of Augustus the Strong, of Saxony, and Abbess of Quedlinburg.

Her other children did her no credit. Thackeray has drawn the picture, with considerable restraint (if he knew all the story, which is unlikely), of her elder son Philip's death outside the Electoral Princess's chamber. While the halberdiers of the Electoral Prince (our own George I.) were stabbing him to death, his cast-off mistress, the Countess Platen, was stamping his teeth into his cursing mouth with her high-heeled shoe. And now the younger son Charles is laid by the heels in London town on a charge of murder. The lad had always been a wastrel. He was but twenty-two when, after straggling through Europe, fighting here and flirting there, he came at last to England. He was well received, for the family was rich. Both his grandfathers had sucked huge fortunes out of the tortured Saxon peasantry in the Thirty Years' War. Indeed, it was said that Wrangel, when he heard that the Treaty of Münster, which ended the war and his hopes of gain, was signed, danced upon his general's plumed hat in a transport of rage, and kicked the bearer of the message of peace down the stairs. In London young Königsmark fell in love in his semi-barbarous fashion with a great heiress of the Northumberland family, the Lady Ogle, a widow of fifteen, but already married again privately to Thynne of Long-leat, "Tom of Ten Thousand." Some say that the lady preferred Königsmark. At all

events, he determined to rid himself of his rival quite in the fearless old fashion of his grandfathers, and had him shot to death in his carriage as he drove along Pall Mall on a spring evening of 1682. The king, it would seem, had a liking for the boy, who was certainly a bonny fighter, and who died afterwards like a hero at the siege of Argos, of all places in the world; but Königsmark had yet to learn that a great English commoner was of far more account than the wee wee German lairdies whom his grandfathers had in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd. So now he was on his trial as an accessory before the fact; and his mother, in a magnificent scrawl worthy of the (illicit) grandmother of that Marshal Saxe who could bend a silver thaler with his fingers, asks Careless Charles for his life. She is very clever:—

"SIRE,—C'est la mère inconsolable du malheureux Comte Charles de Königsmark qui vient se jeter devant le trône de votre Maj^{te} pour implorer avec une profusion de larmes sa protection et grace contre la rigueur de loix qui ont enveloppé son fils dans le dangereux embarras dont est accompagné l'assassin execrable que d'autres ont commis. ie ne sçay pas assez les particularités de son malheur pour juger s'il est coupable ou non mais ie suis bien persuadé que s'il l'est, il ne peut l'être qu'à l'égard des loix dont v : Maj : peut souverainement dispenser. celles de Dieu ne frappant que ceux qui ont effectivement respandu le sang humain. Sire, comme les monarques sont des Dieux sur la terre, et que ce Caractère divin distingue d'autant plus glorieusement votre Maj : d'avec les autres souverains qu'elle pour eux ressembler à celui

dont elle porte l'image sacrée fait avec plaisir les occupations principales de sauver les misérables, j'ose supplier v : Maj : avec toute la soumission imaginable de faire sentir [sentir] a mon fils en cas que les loix de son Royaume le chargent, l'effect de cette Grace, qu'elle par la seule souveraineté luy peut departir. Après qu'elle a daigné de luy en témoigner tant d'autres particulièrement en considération de feu son oncle Monsieur le Prince Maurice de Nassau pour le quel v : Maj : a tousjours eu beaucoup d'estime et d'affection. Moy et tous ceux qui lui appartiennent avec une infinité d'autres honnestes gens qui prennent part à nostre malheur diront à v : Maj : mille benedictions, et si mon fils, après qu'elle me l'aura rendu, peut iamais trouver l'occasion de sacrifier sa vie aux service de v : Maj : il le fera avec joye pendans que ie continueray toute ma vie de prier incessamment Dieu de combler le trone de v : Maj : de toute sorte de prospérité et d'estre tousiours regardée comme, Sire, de vostre Majesté.

"la très humble et très obissante servante,

"M : C : DE CÖNIGSMARC."

The Countess's orthography is all her own, and the sentence in which she is apparently attempting to compliment swarthy Charles on his especial resemblance to the divine image is hopelessly confused. But it is very wily. The appeal to Charles to exercise his powers to dispense with laws is particularly *ad hominem*. He did not exactly do that: but any amount of Court influence (and possibly old Wrangel's ill-gotten thalers played their part) was exercised to procure Königsmark's acquittal. Sir John Reresby has left us an account of the shameful pressure which was put upon all concerned. The Count escaped, but his

wretched henchmen were hanged, and Tom of Ten Thousand was buried, as all Londoners know, in Westminster Abbey. Even sixty years after, so great was the dread still felt of the terrible Königsmarks, that German writers of that time speak of the Count's departure from England as due to "an unfortunate disagreement with an Englishman of rank."

Let us turn to a very different document. Here is a perfect and complete list of every regiment of horse, foot, and dragoons in the French army in 1692, with their exact numerical strength. Who wrote that list out? Most undeniably a Frenchman. The robe of many a patriot of Charles's reign has of late been sorely besmirched. Harsh evidence has proved that the Sidneys and Russells, who so took the popular fancy, were after all mere pensioners of the King of France. Well, here we have proof that the corruption was not all on one side: no Englishman ever yet spelt "Clancarty"—the name of the hero of the most touching true romance of those hard days, the man who all but lost his life for a kiss of his own wife—"Klankarti." No, here is a traitor at work even in the realm of le Roi Soleil: and, to judge by the clerkly handwriting, it is the work of some official. Even Parolles, in his like betrayal of the French army, had the excuse of the supposed swords of the "Muskos regiment" at his

throat: this is a case of bribery.

Letters from and to sovereign princes have a portfolio to themselves, and they begin with Oliver P. himself: first in a very peremptory order in his own handwriting as to a projected expedition to Florida; then in a far more interesting despatch about Jamaica, then recently acquired. Already it had been discovered that Highlanders were the best food for powder in the world, and here is a proposition to garrison Jamaica with them. They were to be "contracted for" by the merchants of the island at five pounds ten per head, and "thirty shillings for his cloathing and his hammock." Clothes were not cheap in those days, and this looks as if the traditional brevity of Highland costume were to be allowed. Oliver P. was to provide each with a firelock. But the Highlander was to be a cultivator as well as a soldier: "for at present [June 1657] Jamaica looks like a great Garrison, and rather as an Armie than a Colonie."

There follow, among others, letters from that well-meaning and much maltreated monarch Leopold I. of the Holy Roman Empire. Some are very mysterious: why should the "virgo nobilis de Cisner" have to implore the Emperor's mediation to induce Charles II. to allow her to return to England? Who was she? for some good English name bedevilled plainly lurks under those six letters. And what had she done? Leopold was partic-

ularly sorry to part from Lord Middleton, who was indeed an attractive character. He gave up all in England to follow his exiled master James to Saint Germain: yet he would never hear of changing his faith. "You believe in the Trinity, my Lord?" said the priest whom James sent to convert him. "Who told you that?" said Middleton. Such a man was plainly fit for the society of any emperor. More interesting to men of letters is the Emperor's request to Charles II. to order the English representatives in countries near Abyssinia to further the interests of J. Ludolf, the first great Ethiopic scholar that Europe produced. The Emperor does not seem to know whether he is named Johann or Jakob or Joachim: he is simply "J. Ludolfus." But that is by the way. Who were the representatives of England in the Soudan in the year 1679?

There follow the sorrows of another reigning monarch of a kind. James, Duke by the grace of the kings of Sweden and Poland of the strange little German Principality of Courland, in the midst of Slav lands, had been in his early days a sea-rover. The tendency to diletante sea-roving has always been strong in the hearts of little Fatherland princes. But this duke really did something noteworthy: in his ship the *Flowerpot*,—name irresistibly suggestive of comic opera,—he "discovered" the island of Tobago. It had been discovered a good many

times before; but the Duke really made his occupation effective by building a fort, left a garrison, and sailed away, only to be captured by the Swedes in his own capital of Mitau, having made a fatal mistake in leaning to the Muscovite. Then came a masterful Dutchman, who in his turn took possession of the island: he built no fort of his own, but set up two churches, after the manner of his countrymen, and took the Duke's fort to protect them. Then, of course, came the ubiquitous French, and Louis XIV. even created a Baron of Tobago, with a coat of arms suggestive of Apocalyptic beasts. James of Courland did the best possible—indeed the only possible—thing. He put himself and his island under the protection of the King of England. Here is the document: a regular avowal of feudal obedience to a Suzerain in return for that Suzerain's protection—a model of its kind. If the Transvaal acknowledgment of "Suzerainty" had been drawn up upon these lines, ten thousand Britons would now be doing their daily work in England whose bones are lying beneath the South African veldt. And indolent Charles did his best for the little princeling: he wrote to Louis, and Louis courteously cashiered his Baron of Tobago: he wrote to the States-General, and the States-General were impertinent: and then, as the poor Duke did nothing but send out *Flowerpots* with Governors and no troops, the king wearied of him. Here is the poor man

writing—writing continually: a gift of twenty falcons for the King's Majesty; a gift of another ten for my Lord of Burford, then Foreign Secretary (if such a title finds any place in the then existing chaos of offices). But at the end of 1681 the Courland Chargé d'affaires, Abraham Marin, gave the desired provocation by talking scandal of his irreproachable Majesty, and was dismissed. The last letter is a piteous appeal from the Duke to Charles to keep the Envoy till he can clear his character. But by that time Tobago had become important as a basis of sea-power, and its Suzerain presently swallowed it.

Edward Randolph was probably, while he lived, the best-hated man in the world. Even now our American cousins can hardly speak of him without outbursts of anger almost hysterical. A very ordinary exciseman, sent out to see that the men of Massachusetts paid some distant respect to the Navigation Acts, he was magnified into a "destroying angel" of the colonists' liberties. He was a poor, very poor, honest, bad-tempered civil servant of the day, and incorruptible, as few of his fellows were. His experience of America and his personal fearlessness made him invaluable to his masters, the Lords of Trade and Plantations; and he was certainly persecuted with savage virulence in Boston. Guns were fired off, one of his colleagues here tells us, in his daughters' faces, and they and their mother were

pursued through the streets with vile names: he was even charged with setting the town on fire. The climax of misconception as to this poor man is perhaps reached by Nathaniel Hawthorne, who, in the 'Old Province House,' thus describes a (purely imaginary) portrait of him: "A gentleman in a rich but very old-fashioned dress of embroidered velvet, with a broad ruff and a beard, whose aspect is that of a wretch detected in some hideous guilt." "A broad ruff and a beard" in the year of grace 1690! Why not trunk-hose? Why not a toga and sandals?

Now here are scores of letters from Randolph to the Secretary, who was by way of being a patron of his. They show the man for what he was: a martinet, intolerant, and narrow-minded, incapable of seeing two sides of a question; but a whole-hearted Englishman all the time. The colonists of New England were even then (before the Revolution of 1688) aiming at something very like independence; and their open defiance of the Navigation Laws drove Randolph, who was Collector of Customs for Massachusetts, fairly frantic. If he brought suits against transgressing shipmasters, he was himself condemned in damages; and here he in person narrates the climax of iniquities, when a ship captain, accused of importing thirty butts of Malmsey from foreign parts, coolly replied that "he made the wine himself," and the Gov-

ernor, "after dinner," corroborated the statement. It was the intention of James II. to consolidate the New England States and New York into one great Governor-Generalship, with a statesman of the first-class as Viceroy. It would have been worth the while of such; but here we have the whole wretched story of poltroonery and weakness which in 1688 put an end to such plans. The English officials (Randolph, it must be allowed, with a pistol at his head) betrayed their trust; the commander of the one English frigate in Boston harbour surrendered to a mob of landsmen, and the old oligarchies of New England were given a fresh lease of life. Randolph's letters, even when dated from the "Common Goale," from "the new Algeers," from "the Boston Bagno," and so forth, are full of spirit. In spite of his imprisonment he had every facility for learning the true state of things outside; indeed, his letters were to be sent to the "Blue Anchor," which does not seem to imply dungeons and death chambers. And his indictment of the revolutionary officials is no doubt justified. They were faced with a terrible Indian war; they met it by allowing the colonial levies to arrest their own officers as "redcoats," and to send them back prisoners to Boston. Their priceless stock of powder, which formed the one great protection against the Indians, they had expended; and how? Well, they had fired away forty-eight barrels out of fifty

in "salutes" on the occasion of the glorious Revolution, with the Indian tomahawks hungering for their scalps; and all the while "young Mr Mather" ascribes the non-success of the colonial troops to the continued existence of a "little chapel" of the Church of England in Boston. It was owing to a special providence that the whole of New England was not overrun, if not conquered, by the Indians and their French allies in the days of the glorious Revolution.

And so the statesmanlike plans of King James were completely upset, and for America at least the old bad *régime* was perpetuated. Half the colonies there were in the hands of "proprieters," underlings of the Court, to whom a few hundred thousand acres in America had been granted as a recompense for non-appointment to some small office about the palace, and who sent out as their representatives the most worthless of creatures. Indeed, a few years later, one of these "Governors," Charles Eden of Carolina, was actually in league with the notorious pirate Blackbeard. In Edward Randolph's time the great hope of all the colonies from Jamaica to Maryland lay in an interregnum, and to that end they prayed earnestly that their governor, whoever he was, might drink himself to death with all expedition; and the governor was generally ready to oblige. Here are a few specimens of Henry Morgan's despatches—for the old buccaneer conqueror of Panama was for a space

Governor of Jamaica—which bear unmistakable tokens, both in handwriting and matter, of after-dinner composition. At times these representatives of law and order would commandeer the Church communion-plate for their potations. And if a Customs officer was too zealous or not sufficiently complaisant, he might be stabbed in cold blood or helped quietly over the side of a ship on a dark night. Among these ruffians Edward Randolph was sent after the Revolution: indeed, it was unsafe to send him back to Boston. And it is greatly to his credit that every bad governor with whom he came in contact promptly clapped him in gaol on this or that pretence. At first such trifling experiences affected him but little: they came in the day's work. But his last imprisonment, at the hands of Governor Day of Bermuda—"the still-vex'd Bermoothes"—who cast him into "a stinking Jakes," broke the old man's body down, if not his heart; his letters grow more and more depressed; and at last he died miserably on the swampy shore of Carolina, to the inhuman delight of his old enemies in New England.

Nearly one-half of the documents in this room concern America and the West Indies: the troubles of Lord Baltimore with his proprietary colony of Maryland, and of Lord Bello-mont, an upright and capable Irish peer, with his government of New York, fill up a considerable portion of the correspondence. But does any man

hunger for secret despatches of ambassadors? Here they are, from half the Courts of Europe: some of them in cipher, and not worth deciphering at that, for if these are specimens of the confidential letters of his envoys to Charles II., one can only conclude either that they were altogether unobservant persons, or (what is more likely) that as pig-headed islanders they were altogether excluded from intimate Court circles. The contents of their despatches are either the merest tradesmen's tattle about the Court or else fourth-hand rumours of the intentions of the Grand Seignior. On the other hand, we have here in home affairs a thing of living interest—the letters of William Paterson to the Secretary anent the foundation of the Bank of England. Long before the famous "Wednesday Club in Friday Street" there was, it would seem, a "Society at the Sun Tavern on the backside of the Royall Exchange," of which Paterson was the moving spirit, and which was ready to finance the Empire. He had as his supporters the pick of the West: a Foxcroft, a Carey, a Houblon, a Lethbridge; from Surrey, a Burrell and an Onslow; from the "Plantations," Nicholson of Virginia and Phips of Massachusetts; and half a dozen Dutchmen, including a Van Mildert. They were all "Merchants" and "Esquires"—not a peer among them; but they could promise four millions. And here are Paterson's letters to the Secretary: three in three

days—hot, eager, impatient; terse even to epigram; and full of that keen worldly wisdom which so sadly deserted him when he sent his countrymen to die on "Darien's deserts pale, where death bestrides the evening gale," a few years after. Surely this one letter (of October 23, 1691) shows the man's character: there are twenty-seven lines in it, and twenty erasures, and at the end a postscript—"In hast, pardon eroirs."

Again, we find here the relation of Simon Delboe's voyage to Japan in 1673—a special copy prepared for the Lords of Trade. Were it not that it has already seen the light it might claim a special monograph to itself. The Japanese, as they then appear, are as admirable in their method, their organisation, and their calm and systematic way of dealing with novel contingencies, as they are to-day. The English are suspect on account of the marriage (duly reported by the malicious Dutch) of their king with a daughter of hated Portugal. For two months they are kept at bay off "Nangasacq." They have to give up their boats, their firearms, every pound of powder, and every ounce of shot, all which are scrupulously returned to them—to every man his own—when they sail away, which they do without having made the slightest advance except in their knowledge of the methods of the Land of the Rising Sun, its perfect politeness, and its impregnable exclusiveness.

Perhaps, however, the gem

of the collection is a private document—the “Relation d’un voyage dans le nord d’Angleterre l’an mil sept cens trois,” by the French tutor of the Secretary’s two sons. His fine contempt for the orthography of his own and every other language stamps him as a Gaul—his outbreaks against “le Papisme” as a Huguenot Gaul,—and he is an amusing creature. He is everywhere delighted with the tokens of respect shown to the sons of Mr Secretary, who, indeed, at that very time looked when he should be made Earl of Bristol. Riding north from London by “Bishopstraforde,” they come to Cambridge, inspecting all the “curiosities” of the country seats by the way. People’s idea of the use of “curiosities” seen in those days would seem to be that of media for rather brutal practical jokes. A chair on which, if you were fool enough to sit in it, “on descend tout à coup de la plus haute chambre dans la cave,” and another which sent you careering backwards down a slope of 800 feet, were among the amenities of “Littebury.” At Cambridge the Frenchman makes the pardonable mistake of describing King’s Chapel as the “Chapelle Royale”; and there (at King’s) they met at dinner the famous Joshua Barnes, a clumsy, not unamusing pedant, for whom the cruel but appropriate epitaph was written, “Hic jacet J. B. felicis memorie, *judicium expectans*.” His want of judgment, indeed, cost him his life. He had grossly vilipended a rival editor of

Anacreon, one Baxter; and the latter’s friends, having inveigled him to a tavern where the insulted man was, made him apologise in such humiliating, not to say scandalous, fashion that he took to his bed for sheer vexation of spirit and died in six days. This pundit was apparently so overcome by the talents of the Secretary’s youngest son that he burst in his honour into impromptu hexameters—which bear every sign of careful preparation. They are neatly pasted into the ‘Relation,’ in Barnes’s own handwriting, and are signed *Ἰησοῦς ὁ βαρμησίον*, which may be correct, but looks blasphemous.

Riding farther north, in much rain and mud, they visited and admired Burleigh House, the cathedral of Lincoln, and the fortifications of Hull. But at York their Protestant souls were vexed by finding “restes du Papisme”—no less than the cock which crowed over St Peter and the sword with which he cut off the servant’s ear. The good Frenchman was so scandalised by these relics of superstition that he refused even to take off a tass of water from the holy well in honour of St Peter. On the whole, he considers the minster inferior to the gaol, “un agréable séjour”—a kind of Poplar workhouse, where the prisoners lead a life so gay and unrestrained that “on les prendroit plutôt pour des Philosophes que pour des malfaiteurs.”

The farther north they go the more critical they become; probably the weather was try-

ing, though it is noteworthy that in all towns of any size they were able to dispel dull care by attending a "comédie" in the evening. They thought little of Ripon; were sceptical as to the virtues of the petrifying spring at "Knaresburg," and though they admired Durham cathedral and enjoyed the dinners and concerts to which the prince-bishop (Lord Crewe) invited them, they were horror-struck to find vestments in use "*qui sont les mêmes dont se servent les prêtres Romains dans la célébration de leur office.*" They were told that besides their regular emoluments the canons received fifty pounds extra in consideration of keeping an open table for three weeks in each year. But all other hospitality paled before that of New Castel, where the Mayor took them down the Tyne in the city barge, with a large party of "*Dammes et Mrs.,*" and ended up the day with a dinner on an island, amid such firing of cannon and noise of musical instruments, as various as those of the book of Daniel, that the nerves of the guests must have been of steel to stand it.

And here unfortunately the

Diary breaks off: a few words as to Carlisle and the mansion of "Lady Londells"; a few expressions of horror as to the howling wildernesses of Cumberland and Scotland—the latter seen from a distance only,—and the rest is silence. It is great pity: they probably returned by Lancashire, and their impressions of that county, then just struggling into civilisation, would have been interesting.

And so we leave our Justice-Room and its contents. There are probably few such hoards left unsearched nowadays which contain so many documents of public interest; but there are many which portray for us in their own language, as some of these old letters do, the ways and works of individual men in days when individuals made history far more than at present. It is at least a relief to turn for a while from the M.A.P.'s and T.A.T.'s of to-day—the records of a millionaire's motor-car or an actress's poodle—to the living words of the men who in more spacious days built up and administered an empire of which we are now grown weary as of an intolerable burden.

SEYDLITZ.

IN the whole history of war no more outstanding figure appears among cavalry leaders than Seydlitz. No one who was not in chief command ever played on a battlefield a more important part, or did more individually towards gaining victories. He was the man of all others most implicitly trusted by his great master, Frederick, both in training the squadrons which formed so large a proportion of his army, and in using them when the occasion served. He was never anything more than a lieutenant to one of the most remarkable strategists and tacticians that the world has ever seen; he possibly was not possessed of the highest military genius, but in his own sphere he was incomparable, and, even in our time, his life and key-notes of action may well be studied. The principles underlying the answers given by him to the problems that came before him will be found equally applicable to the mounted services of the present day; and indeed the actual methods that he employed in training his men, and on the field of battle, may, with very slight modification, be still accepted as models of cavalry performance. The great cavalry chiefs who gained their renown in the Napoleonic era—Murat, Kellermann, Bessières, Lasalle, and others hardly less distinguished—do not present themselves to us as the equals of Seydlitz. We may

gravely doubt whether their men were as well trained as the Prussian horsemen of the Seven Years' War, and we do not believe that they manœuvred with the magnificent cohesion of the squadrons that charged with such telling effect at Rosbach and Zorndorf. Seydlitz and his comrades, some of whom were almost as notable as himself, were not only the most dashing of leaders in the moment of action, but they took care that every man was brought against the enemy in the best possible way, that the attack was mechanically accurate as well as swiftly determined, and that the line was so well in hand that the men re-formed at once immediately after a charge, ready to renew their efforts time after time. These very important features we do not find were equally clearly shown by the cavalry of France during the first empire; and indeed to find anything like a parallel, we must go back to the example given by our own Cromwell and his invincible Ironsides. The cavalry comrades and contemporaries of Seydlitz have been mentioned, and the names of Ziethen, Gessler, Buddenbrook, occur repeatedly in connection with the story of great deeds and brilliant results. Ziethen was especially remarkable, and, if not actually on the same plane of merit and reputation as Seydlitz, he at least "proxime accessit." He com-

bined "wisdom with energy, contempt of danger with perseverance, dexterity with presence of mind, and activity with the most perfect command of temper." So quick was his *coup d'œil*, so prompt his decision, that he once said to the King, "The moment I see the enemy my dispositions are already made." At Hohenfriedberg his fierce charges over difficult ground paralysed the Austrians. At Prague he turned a first check into a victory, and at Hochkirch his vigilance and readiness assisted in saving Frederick's army from disastrous rout. He was the typical hussar—keen, watchful, and ever peering through "the fog of war,"—and we think of him to-day as he appears in Camphausen's well-known picture, "Ziethen aus dem Busch," or in Carlyle's description, "A big-headed, thick-lipped, decidedly ugly little man—and yet so beautiful in his ugliness."

When Frederick the Great ascended the throne of Prussia on the death of his stern and eccentric father, he found the army of his kingdom very admirably drilled and capable of performing the slow and methodic manœuvres which were the acme of military efficiency in the early part of the eighteenth century. The infantry especially bore the stamp of the late king's idiosyncrasy, but was a toy for a parade rather than an instrument for battle. There was no properly organised artillery, and the cavalry was of the heaviest description, quite incapable of

rapid movement. With the infantry and artillery we have nothing to do at present, though we may say that both of these arms soon were imbued with new life under the eye of their new master. But we wish to follow the fortunes of the cavalry, which, from being on the same level as that of other European States, was in a few years to show itself as a most potent engine for gaining victories, and a model to the mounted soldiers of the world.

The cavalry of all European States at the beginning of the eighteenth century had few of the qualities which have ever been characteristic of good mounted troops. As a rule, it consisted of cumbrous masses of large men, mounted on coarse, weight-carrying horses, who were unable to move out of a slow trot, even in the attack, who were more carefully drilled in the use of firearms than of their swords, and placed all their reliance on carbine and pistol, both mounted and dismounted. Marshal Saxe had indeed seen clearly how vicious was this system of cavalry training and employment, and he had expounded the theory that cavalry, to be of any use, should be capable of moving long distances at a rapid pace without losing its formation, and should rely for its greatest effect in battle upon the impetus of man and horse in the charge. But he had not the opportunity of carrying his principles into practice, and it was left to a later master of the art of war to adopt and

improve upon his teaching. The most active instrument in this great regeneration of cavalry was Frederick William von Seydlitz.

He was born in the Duchy of Cleves, on the 3rd February 1721, son of Baron von Seydlitz, a captain of dragoons, then in garrison at Calcar, who was later transferred to the cuirassier regiment of the Margrave of Schwedt. The Margrave, a man whose amusements were of the most hare-brained and eccentric description, and who seems to have been a sort of German Jack Mytton, took young Seydlitz into his household, and found in the boy a congenial spirit. In the course of their pranks he made his new page practise such feats of horsemanship as gave him an extraordinarily strong seat in the saddle and an iron nerve that could be shaken by no emergency. Untrained horses had constantly to be backed; master and page were accustomed to gallop between the sails of a windmill in rapid motion; and, highest trial of all, Seydlitz was mounted on a wild stag, which was afterwards pursued by hounds in the park. Can it be wondered at that the future general of cavalry was convinced that there was nothing impossible to a bold rider?

In his eighteenth year Seydlitz was appointed a cornet in the regiment of cuirassiers, of which his patron the Margrave was the titular chief, then quartered in Pomerania. His colonel, von Rochow, was on

bad terms with the Margrave, and looked with little favour on a young officer, brought up in a wild and dissipated court, whom, moreover, he suspected of being a spy set to watch his actions. The young cornet found himself subjected to all the unmitigated harshness of regimental discipline; but the King was on the point of declaring war upon Austria, the invasion of Silesia was imminent, and, with the chance of active service before him, Seydlitz for the time reconciled himself to endure his commanding officer's obvious ill-will.

His opportunity of distinguishing himself came with brief delay. In April 1742 the King, having threatened Vienna, retired into Bohemia, leaving only some scattered forces in Silesia to check the attacks of the Hungarian light cavalry swarming over the Carpathians. Colonel von Rochow occupied with his cuirassiers the little town of Cranowitz. Having heard that a Hungarian force 5000 strong was on its march against him, he resolved to hold as an advanced post a small village in a narrow valley which the enemy were bound to traverse. Cornet Seydlitz was ordered to establish himself there with thirty men, and to defend the post until the arrival of infantry, which would be sent to his assistance. He saw clearly that an impossible task had been spitefully given to him by his colonel, and before undertaking the duty he exclaimed that the post of honour should

have been allotted to a senior officer, but that, none the less, he would do his best, and he promised at any rate to sell his life dearly. He betook himself to the village, examined the outskirts, and carefully made dispositions for defence, barricading all the approaches. His cuirassiers placed their horses in a farmyard, and were distributed, carbine in hand, in the village gardens, behind walls and hedges. The enemy soon appeared, and confidently advanced, but were received and thrown back by a brisk fusilade. The small volume of fire that the garrison could produce, however, betrayed its weakness, and the attack was renewed by overwhelming numbers from all directions. Seydlitz conducted a desperate defence for several hours, but when he saw half his party *hors de combat*, all his ammunition expended, and the impossibility of cutting his way through the Hungarian masses, he listened to proposals for capitulation. He surrendered with his men on the most honourable terms, he himself retaining his horse and arms, while each of his cuirassiers was allowed to keep his clothing, belts, valise, and (a strange concession) the scabbard of his sword. Colonel von Rochow had heard the noise of the little action without making any attempt to support Seydlitz, but after a considerable delay the general himself came on the scene and led three squadrons of cuirassiers against the Hungarians, only to be heavily attacked and to effect a retreat

by strenuous efforts after suffering serious loss. This was fortunate for Seydlitz, as it effectually proved how crushing was the force to which he had yielded. A true report of the young cornet's gallant defence reached the King's ears, who ordered that an Austrian captain should be given in exchange for the promising subaltern, who was at once promoted captain of hussars. This, the first time as far as it is known that Seydlitz smelt powder, was a fine example of resolute and effective cavalry dismounted action, and proves, if proof were needed, how well a good leader can adapt himself to circumstances, and how the most brilliant horseman in the attack may equally be stubbornly tenacious when he is called upon to act on foot in the defence. There is another version, which may be repeated, of the manner in which Seydlitz gained his first promotion, but unfortunately, like many other legendary tales, it is of very doubtful authenticity. After a review at Berlin, Seydlitz with other officers was following the King. He was asked to tell the story of his capitulation, and, in doing so, excused his action because he was dismounted, saying that a cavalry officer should never surrender as long as he was on horseback. The King listened without making any remark, but, when the party arrived at the bridge across the Spree, he called Seydlitz to him and ordered the draw-bridge to be raised. He then

said to Seydlitz, "Well! Now you are mounted, and yet you are my prisoner." Without hesitation Seydlitz took his horse by the head, turned it short at the parapet of the bridge, and leaped into the river, safely reaching the bank. True or false, the teaching to be derived from the anecdote is sufficiently clear.

During the Second Silesian War Seydlitz time after time gave proof of his reckless bravery and of the tactical skill with which he handled the hussars whom he had had an opportunity of training. He became a major after Hohenfriedberg, at the age of twenty-four, and he was wounded at Sohr, but this did not prevent him from serving till the end of the campaign. During the quiet time following the Peace of Dresden his advancement was rapid. He was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel in 1752, and was set to bring into order a dragoon regiment which had fallen under the King's displeasure. Here he succeeded so well that he was promoted to be colonel, and placed in command of the cuirassier regiment in which he had commenced his career fifteen years earlier. He had ever cherished an affection for his old corps, and thenceforth, even when he became a general, he always wore the cuirassier uniform and the long straight sword. It was while a squadron leader of hussars and a colonel of a regiment that Seydlitz showed his personal energy and capacity as an instructor, and was first able

to instil those principles of training and action on which he set such store when he afterwards exercised predominating influence over the whole Prussian cavalry. His efforts were crowned with so much success that his cuirassiers were by the King held up before his army as a model for imitation. He was in himself that only too rare combination, an officer who was perfectly conversant with, and at home in, the great operations of war, and equally so in the interior economy of a regiment at all times and under all circumstances. He ceaselessly watched over every detail of uniform, saddlery, forage, supplies; and nothing that could contribute to the efficiency of man or horse passed uncared for. And in this he was in marked contrast to Murat, the great cavalry leader fifty years later, who, brilliant paladin as he was, and superlatively able in handling masses of mounted men in the field, had little thought for his soldiers, was no horsemaster, and recked nothing how great was the expenditure of man and beast in his career of victory.

Seydlitz placed horsemanship first among the qualifications of a cavalry soldier, and he considered no man a horseman unless he was able to break and ride any animal, and, when mounted, to cross any country, whatever the difficulties it presented. In training his men, he made them practise the exercises to which he had been accustomed when he was in the household of the

Margrave of Schwedt. To ride without stirrups, to be able at full gallop to turn in the saddle and sit facing to the right, left, or rear, to have the firmest of seats however madly a horse plunged or reared, to be able to reduce the most rebellious animal to submission, was a necessity for all. Seydlitz held that cavalry should be able to manœuvre over hill and dale, traverse the thickest of woods, swim flooded rivers, and should not allow itself to be checked by any accident of ground or any obstacle however formidable. Hesitation and delay in difficulties should be unknown to his ideal horseman. As might possibly have been expected, such a course of training, suddenly put in practice by such an enthusiast, could not but entail a certain number of accidents, and one day the King said to him, "Seydlitz, how comes it that so many men break their necks in your regiment?"

"Your Majesty has only to give the order," replied the colonel, "and there shall be no more accidents; but in that case I cannot consider that I am to blame if my regiment does not do its duty before the enemy."

Next in importance in Seydlitz's eyes came expertness in the use of weapons. He himself was such an example of completeness as a man-at-arms that his soldiers could have no better object of emulation and no more practical teacher. He was a most powerful swordsman, and a

sure shot with either carbine or pistol, whether mounted or dismounted. It is said that he could hit with a pistol bullet a thaler, if any one would hold it up between finger and thumb; and, a proof of strong nerve if not of dexterity, he would himself hold up a thaler as a mark for a man who was a good shot.

It is satisfactory indeed to know that the present system of training in our cavalry yields nothing in completeness to that initiated by Seydlitz, and has indeed, under the distinguished officers who now lead our horsemen, surpassed its utmost aims in many important details. If the old Prussian could revisit "the glimpses of the moon," he would see in daily practice in England all that he ever desired, and much that he never thought of. If few or no accidents occur in our riding schools and manéges in attaining the ends that Seydlitz sought, we must remember that the science of equitation has greatly advanced since his day, and that, moreover, we have a multitude of competent and carefully trained instructors, an advantage that was denied to him when single-handed he undertook to revolutionise in the shortest possible time the cavalry service of a powerful army and an impatient King.

In 1756 the Seven Years' War broke out,—a struggle in which Seydlitz was fated to play one of the most important parts, and to gather a harvest of undying fame. He

was present at Lobositz, and he shared in the disaster at Kollin, where he distinguished himself by his gallant charges during the battle and by his cool and determined action in covering the Prussian retreat. It was no time to expect a distribution of rewards from the defeated and temporarily disheartened King, but he could not help recognising with praise the devoted manner in which Seydlitz had attacked the Austrian infantry, and two days after the battle he made him a major-general. He was then only thirty-six, but he did not think himself too young for his rank. Indeed, when Ziethen, who had generously done all in his power to move the King in his young comrade's favour, came to congratulate him, Seydlitz replied smiling, "If they want to make anything of me, your Excellency, it is time to begin. I am already thirty-six." He was placed in command of a hussar brigade, and now that he was in an independent position he was able to carry out several operations which were as much distinguished by what we have learned to call "slimness" as they were by the most headlong daring. One of the most remarkable was when, his brigade forming the advanced guard of the army, he took the strongly held and partially fortified town of Pegau. He had no infantry, but he had taught his hussars to be equal to any emergency. A squadron was dismounted and, carrying petards, managed to make its way to one of the gates, which

was blown into fragments. Immediately after the explosion the Prussian squadrons, which had been in readiness, charged at speed over the stone bridge crossing the Elster and entered the town. The Austrians quailed before the vigour of the sudden attack and abandoned their defences. Seydlitz pursued them through the streets, drove them as far as Zeitz, and took several hundred prisoners.

But the King of Prussia found himself in a most critical position. By the issue of the disastrous operations under the Prince of Prussia, which have been described as "showing how generals should not make war," grave material and moral loss had been sustained; and by the Convention of Closter Zeven, if it should be maintained, he would be deprived of the support of the Anglo-Hanoverian forces, and be left alone to meet a possible combination of the Duc de Richelieu and Prince de Soubise. A Russian army threatened Berlin, and the attitude of Sweden was menacing. The King had left about 50,000 men to make head against the Austrians under Marshal Daun, and had moved to try to prevent the junction of Richelieu and Soubise, having with himself little more than 20,000 men. After having pushed the French from Erfurth and then from Gotha, he failed to make Soubise accept battle. Unable to advance farther, he retired to Erfurth, leaving Seydlitz to hold Gotha with twenty squadrons. Seydlitz,

opposed by much superior numbers, could do little more than worry his enemy, and by constant activity try to convey the impression that the King was still present in person. Soubise, however, became aware of the true state of the case, and marched against Gotha with 6000 infantry, 4000 cavalry, and 4 guns, resolved to crush the few squadrons that gave him so much annoyance. Seydlitz made a leisurely retirement, but went no farther than some neighbouring heights which he occupied, spreading out his men in single lines and dismounting a portion of them to give the appearance of a considerable mixed force. The enemy thought that they had secured the town, and, while the main body dispersed to occupy it, the cavalry followed up Seydlitz. Great was the astonishment of the pursuers when they saw what they took to be an army in position. To complete the impression given by his military dispositions, Seydlitz sent to the enemy one of his men as a soi-disant deserter, who reported that the King himself and his whole army were present. The French leaders, entirely deceived, were seized with consternation, and at once commenced a hurried and disorderly retreat, pressed hard by Seydlitz. The Prussian hussars made several charges, driving the French before them out of Gotha, and did not draw rein until the mass of fugitives had gained safety at Eisenach. Soubise himself and his staff

barely escaped capture, and the Prussians, besides several prisoners, secured vast booty. In the words of Carlyle, "caught sixty and odd, nine of them officers not of mark; did kill thirty; and had such a haul of equipages and valuable effects, cosmetic a good few of them, habilitory, artistic, as caused the hussar heart to sing for joy."

But the day was approaching when Seydlitz was to show in their utmost brilliancy his genius for war and the annihilating power of well-led cavalry. On November 4, 1757, the King of Prussia was encamped with about 22,000 men at Rosbach, separated by a deep and wide depression of ground from the combined French and Austrian forces, between 50,000 and 60,000, under Soubise. Behind the Prussians was the river Saale, and their position appeared to be critical in the extreme. Soubise, who was perfectly aware of the Prussian strength and position, was so confident of having them in his power that he wrote to Paris saying he would soon send "the Marquis of Brandenburg" as a prisoner.

The King had recognised the impossibility of attacking the allied army, overpowering in numbers and holding a strong position covered by the depression already noted, by entrenchments and a formidable artillery. He had almost made up his mind to give up thought of engaging Soubise, and to return to Silesia, where his presence was sorely needed,

when an unexpected movement of his enemy gave him his wished-for opportunity. If the allied army was in an unapproachable position, the Prussian army was equally secure from direct attack, and Soubise thought to take it at a disadvantage by a sudden flank march cutting it off from the bridges across the Saale. Between 1 P.M. and 2 P.M. on the 5th November he moved off with this intention in two columns, leaving a division to demonstrate against the Prussian front, and hoped that his manœuvre would be, if not unremarked, at least not understood. But the King had been watching closely, had from the first divined the aim of Soubise, and was ready with his counterstroke. The Prussian army was on the alert: in the twinkling of an eye its camp was struck, and, with 38 squadrons in advance, it also moved at 2.30 P.M. in the same direction as the Allies, but, moving on interior lines, it was prepared to be the outflanker instead of the outflanked.

The King had that day placed Seydlitz, although the junior of his major-generals, in command of all his cavalry, thus superseding older officers. Seydlitz saw the difficulty of his position, but solved it at once by saying, "Gentlemen, I must obey the King, and you will obey me. Forward."

The march of the Prussians was concealed from the Allies by a chain of gentle heights, and Seydlitz took the further precaution of occupying these

heights with a regiment of hussars, thus checking prying scouts. At length the Prussian cavalry had gone far enough. They were well in advance of the Allies, and were then halted, covered by a rising ground. They were formed in two lines,—the first of 15 squadrons and the second of 18,—and for the first time in history the lines were in two ranks instead of three. Eighteen pieces of heavy artillery took position on their right on a small eminence, with orders not to open fire until the signal was given by the cavalry advance. The cavalry general was to choose his own moment for action, and was left supreme. The issue of the day was unreservedly in his hands.

Like the Prussians, the Allies had their cavalry, 52 squadrons under the Duc de Broglie, in advance of their infantry, but they were pressing on so fast that they had no immediate support and were in no way prepared for action. Everything was ready in the Prussian ranks, and there was a time of breathless expectancy. Seydlitz sat motionless upon his horse far in front, and slowly smoked his pipe as he watched de Broglie's unsuspecting columns more and more exposing their flank. Suddenly he tossed his pipe over his head and drew his sword. At the signal 4000 sabres leapt from their scabbards, and the lines of cuirassiers and hussars hurled themselves headlong on their foe. The thunder of artillery was

heard, and the Prussian grenadiers closed up towards the *mêlée*.

Like lightning the attack fell upon the Allies, and de Broglie, startled by the unlooked-for torrent of foes surging on his flank, made vain efforts to restore the order to his squadrons which they had lost in their hurried march. But no time was given to him. The half-made formations were shattered by the Prussians, and bravely as the Allies fought, they were quite powerless, for there was no unity in their movements and they were ill-commanded. Individual gallantry could do nothing against serried masses, and French and Austrians perforce yielded to the shock of the impetuous Prussian horsemen. Soubise, with all the courage of his race, dashed to the front and strove to stem the rout. In vain. His efforts failed, and he, too, was swept away in the panic-flight. So quickly did the masterly onslaught of Seydlitz decide the victory, that in less than half an hour the whole of de Broglie's 52 squadrons were broken and scattered. To add to their terrible plight, a hollow way was met in their line of retreat, and into this men and horses heaped themselves blindly till it was filled with a living, helpless, struggling mass. Whole squadrons surrendered, and as a fighting body the allied cavalry had ceased to exist.

The battle was not yet ended. The allied infantry was coming up and preparing to deploy,

but the King of Prussia with his rapidly-mancœuvring grenadiers was ready to strike in, and gave them no time or space for their slow tactics. The leading Austrian and French columns were jammed into a compact crowd, and, exposed to the steady Prussian volleys at forty paces and to the murderous fire of the heavy artillery which an hour earlier had supported Seydlitz, they, checked, gave way and finally broke into disordered flight. Their general rout was complete.

To return to Seydlitz. As soon as he had disposed of the enemy's cavalry he rallied his triumphant squadrons and reformed them for renewed effort. He had marked the approach of the enemy's infantry, and held himself ready when the time came to play his part in their discomfiture. The moment that he expected and longed for arrived. As soon as he saw Soubise's columns repulsed and thrown into disorder by the Prussian infantry, he threw his whole force on them with paralysing effect. He surrounded and made prisoners of entire battalions. Many surrendered almost without firing a shot, though some of the reserve brigades offered a stout resistance, and even crossed bayonets with the swords of the cuirassiers and gendarmes. There was a *mêlée* for a time, and some of the French fought heroically; but the end was inevitable, and soon the whole army of Soubise was dissolved in ruin, nor could it again be organ-

ised. It was practically disbanded, and ceased to be a menace to Frederick. Seydlitz carried on till nightfall a pursuit which was renewed on the following morning by the King in person, and an incident in it is worth noting with regard to the dismounted service of cavalry. "He came up with the French rearguard, who were posted in some enclosed gardens and a chateau. Frederick, who understood the use of dragoons as well as all the other arms, immediately dismounted them and, forming them up on foot, drove the enemy from the gardens and was about attacking the chateau when they abandoned it and fled across the river Unstrutt, burning the bridges behind them."

Seydlitz was everywhere acknowledged as incontestably the hero of Rosbach, and the King was not the last to recognise the great services he had rendered. On the evening of the battle-day Frederick sent him the insignia of the Black Eagle, proudest of Prussian orders, and a few days later he named him lieutenant-general and chief of the cuirassier regiment that he had commanded. In less than six months he had thus passed from colonel to lieutenant-general. But these were stirring times!

Never before Rosbach, and never since, have cavalry been handled in battle more opportunely or with more tactical skill than in the two crushing charges, first against cavalry and then against infantry. Never has the power of

mounted warriors been more perfectly exemplified. The opposing cavalry were outmaneuvered and crippled before a blow was struck, and the infantry was not attacked until, shaken and disordered by musketry and artillery, it offered a reasonable objective. The insight of the general in recognising, and his decision in taking advantage of, the chances that presented themselves, must form a standard of emulation to all time; and though, 150 years later, chances of action may and must differ in character, trained insight and heroic decision will still have the same power, and will certainly deserve to achieve equal results.

After Rosbach, Zorndorf was the first important battle in which Seydlitz was engaged, and here again he displayed his super-eminent power of appreciating at a glance the exact psychologic moments at which cavalry should be used; nor would he allow any influence to make him move before he saw the propitious occasion. It is told that twice on this day he received from the King orders to charge, and twice he returned answer that he did not wish to sacrifice his men needlessly, but that he expected soon to find the time and place for letting them go, and that after the battle he would justify his action. Frederick's third message was that after the battle his head should pay for his disobedience of orders. "Tell the King," said Seydlitz calmly, "that after the battle he can dispose of my

head as he will, but, till then, he must permit me to use it as best I can for his service." There was no long delay. The Russian infantry had driven in the Prussian left wing, and, supported by cavalry, was pressing forward to complete its victory. Seydlitz at once made a double attack. He himself with three regiments fell upon the cavalry, which he overthrew and scattered in flight, while the remainder of his squadrons poured on to the infantry. The Russian infantry fought with unshakable determination; but, fresh squadrons joining in the struggle, they were at length hopelessly defeated. Twice again during the stubbornly fought battle did Seydlitz charge, and always with the most complete success. The Russian preponderance in numbers brought reserve after reserve to the front, but ever to meet the same fate. In his last great effort Seydlitz had collected sixty-one squadrons, and, though all were exhausted with the long toil of the day, his stirring appeal, "Forward again, my children," electrified them into new life, and they were again invincible.

Zorndorf raised the fame of Seydlitz and the Prussian cavalry to its apogee, and the King fully acknowledged all that he owed to them. After the battle he embraced the general, and thanked him with deep feeling, saying, "Here is another victory that I owe to you."

"Not to me, Sire," replied

Seydlitz, "but to the brave men whom I command."

And again, when the English Minister, Sir Andrew Mitchell, who had accompanied the army during the war, thus congratulated Frederick among his assembled generals, "Sire, Heaven has given us a glorious day," the King said, pointing to Seydlitz, "Yes, but without him things would have gone badly for us."

It is impossible here to do more than trace in the most sketchy manner the part which Seydlitz took in the later operations of the Seven Years' War. He shared with Zeithen at Hochkirch the credit of remaining on the alert and ready for action contrary to the King's express instructions, when Frederick's unaccountable rashness had placed his army at the mercy of Marshal Daun. Having done all that man could do on that day of terrible disaster without being able to affect the inevitable result, he protected the retreat, and showed such a bold front that no pursuit was attempted, and the Prussian army gained time to recover from a blow which might have caused destruction.

At Kunersdorf he was called upon by the King to charge the Russians, unbroken and in a strong position, strengthened by field fortifications, over ground swept by grape-shot, where, too, there was not even space to deploy. Twice he refused to obey, as neither place nor time appeared to him suitable for cavalry attack; but when Frederick sent a third

aide-de-camp to tell him "he must charge, in the devil's name," he allowed himself to be goaded into action, of which he knew the folly. But, as he said, "Who has ever seen cavalry alone carry a fortified position?" All the dash and valour of the cuirassiers was of no avail, and, with scathing loss, they were driven back. Seydlitz himself was severely wounded, and carried from the field. Again and again were the squadrons impelled to the same mishap, and a flank attack from the Russian cavalry completed their overthrow. In the official accounts of Kunersdorf the King laid stress on the loss of Seydlitz's leadership to account for the failure of his cavalry; but, though this accentuated the esteem in which he regarded the general, it cannot excuse him for using mounted troops in a way of which that general had from the first pointed out the madness.

While he was an invalid at Berlin, Seydlitz married, but unfortunately matrimony brought him no happiness, and his wife did not lead him to a domestic life. Probably such could have had little attraction for a man of his bringing up, followed by so eventful a career. His health failed for a time, and for the whole of 1760 he was unfit for service in the field. He was able, however, even in his enfeebled state, to do something against his country's enemies. Berlin was threatened by the Russians under Todleben, who hoped to carry the city by a *coup de main*. There were very few

soldiers available for defence, but Seydlitz collected these few, and, adding to them some hastily armed civilians, he for a time kept the enemy at a distance. But an Austrian force under General Lacy arriving in support of the Russians, it was necessary to give up Berlin, which, however, the invaders soon evacuated.

In 1761 and 1762 Seydlitz was able again to be with the active army, but for the greater part of the time he was not with the King, having been attached as an adviser to Prince Henry of Prussia. He appeared no more as the cavalry general alone, but directed the operations of all three arms: in fact, at Freyburg, the last action and one of the most important victories of the war, he marched at the head of Prussian infantry. Almost unflinching success attended him, and some *contretemps* might have been avoided if his advice had been followed.

After the Seven Years' War Seydlitz's fighting days were over. He was appointed Inspector-General of Cavalry in Silesia, and, during the rest of his life, he devoted himself to the training and administration of the arm of the service that he loved so well, and in which he had gained so much glory. Suffering from bad health as he was, and having been made General of Cavalry (the highest rank to which he could attain, for Frederick made no more Field-Marschals after the conclusion of the war), he remained the bold horseman of five-and-twenty years earlier, and delighted in repeating the

feats of his youth. To gallop between the sails of a windmill was still with him a favourite performance, and he expected his suite to follow, which probably some of them did with more diffidence than zest. All could not have had such well-trained horses and such iron nerves as their leader. And one day meeting a country pastor and his wife, near his headquarters, slowly crossing the sandy plain in their carriage, he put spurs to his horse and leaped over the whole turnout, followed by his escort. The pastor's feelings at seeing so many wild riders passing in a stream over his head are not recorded.

One of the most distinguished officers in our own service has said that "the hunting-man is already more than a half-made soldier," and in every country, at all times, the best soldiers have ever shown themselves the most devoted sportsmen. Seydlitz was no exception. All his brief moments of leisure were given to the chase, his horses were the best that could be procured, his hounds were as good as his horses, and he expected all the young officers of his regiment to be as keen as himself. It is worth noticing that, like many other brilliant riders, he preferred rather undersized animals, and generally rode Polish horses which had a dash of Eastern blood.

But, of all his characteristics, that which did him peculiar honour was his complete dis-

interestedness. At a period when military licence in time of war was without any check, his reputation remained unsullied by any harsh or oppressive actions. Many occasions of acquiring riches presented themselves, and he might without difficulty have caused others to arise. He not only took no advantage of such for his own benefit, but showed so great distaste for requisitions of supplies and levies of money that the King could never intrust him with their collection. He rigidly forbade any pillage or plundering among the men he commanded, and made it a point of honour among them to regard all booty as unworthy of a soldier except such as could be taken from an enemy on a battlefield. This high standard of conduct was indeed shared by all the best generals of the Prussian army, and by none more remarkably than by the noble Scotsman Marshal Keith, who had the whole resources of Bohemia at his disposition, and, when he was killed in the following year, left only 70 ducats as his personal fortune.

Seydlitz died in 1773, at the early age of fifty-three, under peculiarly melancholy circumstances. In the Prussian army he left an imperishable memory, which in particular is preserved in the name of the cuirassier regiment which he, in his day, commanded.¹ That this regiment still cherishes

¹ It has been pointed out to the writer that this is not quite correct. The original "Seydlitz" regiment lost its being in the great disaster of Jena, and the name of Seydlitz was given, at a much later date, to a new regiment in the reconstitution of the Prussian army.

the spirit inculcated by him was nobly shown by its gallant conduct when it took part in the famous charge under General Bredow at Mars-la-Tour.

It must inevitably be the lot of most men in every calling to pass through life without being able to gain any special distinction. They must be content to remember that "they also serve who only stand and wait," and to receive the minor consideration paid to duty well done, to the example of readiness and preparation that they have shown in a comparatively humble sphere. That individual must be regarded as peculiarly fortunate to whom comes once or twice in his career the opportunity of brilliantly exhibiting the full development of his genius, when he can prove what he has made of his natural gifts by years of thought and self-discipline. Such was the

happy fate of Seydlitz, and when the opportunities did present themselves to him, he was in no way wanting to himself, nor, to his further good hap on the days of trial, was there any failure among the gallant cavalry whom he had so assiduously trained "in ranks and squadrons and right form of war."

There are many cavalry officers in our own army who have all the energy, all the capacity, all the natural dispositions which should make them potential rivals in renown of Frederick von Seydlitz. Some might easily be named who have already gone far upon the road which he trod, but even they, as well as all aspirants to military credit and to the perfect performance of patriotic duty, might do worse than to study carefully the principles which ruled the conduct of the great Prussian General.

NABOB CASTLE.

A LEGEND OF ULSTER.

NO, said the old schoolmaster with his Antrim burr,—no, it wassna the Nabob that built it. It is much aulder nor that. It belanged originally to a cadet branch o' the MacDonnell family—the rale MacDonnells o' Dunluce, not the fiddler bodies o' Glenarm. But what with confiscations and fines o' one kind and anither, the MacDonnells became too poor to live in it. The feyther o' the last o' the branch sold it to Johnstone o' Larne to raise money to get his son a writership in the East Indies. I hae to refer to the son agen before I hae done with my story, but I may say in passing that the son wass a true-born gentleman, if iver there wass one,—and that wass my ain feyther's opinion, although he wass long in the service o' the Nabob, who hated MacDonnell like the deevil.

The Nabob didna belang to this pert o' the country. He wass a Southerner—Erish, as we caa'd them then, for, you ken, it's only o' late that the folks hereabout ceased to caa' themselves *Scots*. My feyther tald me that in his youth our folks were always *Scots*, and the ridshanks and Southerners were always Erish. The ridshanks, you understand, are the people o' the glens, who are aborigines, and almost to a man papists; and at the time I'm speaking o' they nearly aa'

spoke Erse. We caa'd them ridshanks because they never wore boots, and very little trousers either as far as that goes, and so their feet and legs were very rid wi' the weather.

The Nabob wass caa'd Starkie. He wass said to have been bred a papist, and that he 'verted so as to seize his feyther's property,—you see that could be done under the evil auld laws o' that time. Then, you can understand, he didn't find things after that very comfortable in the South, and so he sold out the property and went to the East Indies. He made a great fortune there; but, perhaps, it wud be as well for his memory's sake not to ask how. Most o' the fortunes that were made at that time in India were ill come by, and I'm afeard many o' the warst o' the white men that went there came from Ulster. We hae tried to make up for the thieves by sendin' a lot o' heroes since—the twa Lawrences for instance, and Nicholson, and Montgomery, and White, and Dufferin, and a whole batch o' Macnaghtens, and so I trust that we hae done as much good as harm in that land.

Well, Starkie married the sister o' an Ulsterman in India—Forsyth o' Broughshane. He married her not long before he decided to come hame again, and they said she married him to get hame. It wassna' likely

she married him for his beauty. My feyther often described him to me. He was a tall earl, wi' thin black hair, heavy black eyebrows, and big black eyes wi' whites as yellow as his ain face, which is saying a deal, because what wi' the Indian sun, and what wi' a bad liver, his face wass as yellow as a lemon. However that may be, he came here wi' her and bought the auld MacDonnell Castle from Johnstone and set about repairing it. He pulled down the auld church that wass in the grounds and used the stanes to renovate the Castle, and to rebuild the walls which rin round the big garden. The church had been a papist one, and wass pretty well in ruins, and service hadn't been held in it since Cromwell blew the roof off it. But still folks here are a bit superstitious, and few o' them thought that the sacrilege boded much good to the Nabob.

When the place wass put in a habitable condition the Nabob settled in it, and an awfu' life he led there. It wass drinkin' from morn till night. He had half the wild young fellows in the county staying wi' him from time till time, and the rows and ruck-shins that went on long into the night frightened all wayfarers that had to come near the place. Then after a supper which didna end till the sma' hours, the company wud mount horse and go tearing and swearing along the mountain road over the cliffs like so many deevils. The Nabob, you ken, never rode ony

way, day or night, except at a gallop. That's why he wass sometimes caa'd Galloping Starkie. Later he got known as Hangman Starkie, and for very good reasons, too, as in time you'll see.

The poor wife had, I fear, an unhappy time o' it. But she had one comfort—a little child called Clive, who wass the very apple o' her e'e. My feyther said the lad wass a bonnie child, and well worthy o' his mither's affection. And in his ain wild way the Nabob, too, wass fond o' the laddie, though his conduct wass a very evil example to him.

Things went on in this way till the rebellion o' '98. The Nabob wass a great Loyalist, and a magistrate besides, and a colonel o' yeomanry, and he had no mercy on the poor rebels. I'm inclined, as my feyther wass, to think that he *must* hae been bred a papist, because you'll always find that folks bred that way when they turn Protestants and Loyalists are much harder on the Catholics and the disaffected than the Protestant and Loyalist born. And hardness wass no name for the Nabob's treatment o' the croppies. My feyther wass a Loyalist too, and a sergeant in the Nabob's corps o' yeomanry, but he never could talk o' the rising without greeting over the woefu' things that he saw done, and sometimes helped to do, during that awfu' time.

Here is just a sample. After the fight at Antrim, where Lord O'Neill got kilt, some o' the rebels came this way, try-

ing to get hame, poor bodies! The Nabob, who had command o' the yeomanry in these perts, waylaid and attacked them and slaughtered most o' them. Well, he ordered that all the rebels found in the field who were dead, or who were too badly wounded to be hanged, were to be buried under the cliff there, in the sea sands. They were just thrown into wheel cars which were couped ower into trenches dug in the sands. Most o' them were dead, no doubt, for the yeomanry were half mad wi' fear and hatred, and they finished off most o' the wounded. But still not a few were buried who werena' dead. My feyther had proof o' that. When he wass helping to bury the killed, there wass thrown into the trench what seemed to him to be the corpse o' a man he had been at school with—a decent creature, wi' no' much in him, caa'd George Simpson. Well, whether it wass the cauld water that wass among the sand, or whatever wass the cause o' it, no sooner did poor Simpson go into the trench than he came to himsel' a bit. He raised himsel' a wee on his elbow, and looking at my feyther in a pitifu' way said, "Dinna' you ken me, Tammy Thompson? I come like yoursel' frae auld Glenwhurrie."

My feyther wass standing davered like, hardly knowin' what to do, when the Nabob noticed him.

"What are you standin' clavering there for, Tammy Thompson?" he called out. "Hit that sowar across the

mouth wi' your spade and coover him up, and be d——d to you."

Poor Simpson recognised the voice, and so with a sort o' sigh he stretched himself in the sand.

"What maun be maun be," he said. "Go on wi' your wark, Tammy Thompson, and God forgive you!"

As I said, there were many besides Simpson who were buried alive, and the story went for years after that the sands below there moved frae time to time, and that moanin's could be heard comin' frae it durin' the winter nights. I suppose it is only a story, but still I mysel' hae seen that sand move, as it seemed to me. It may hae been merely the glitter o' the sunlight, or at times moonlight, on the ripples o' sand made by the waves, but I'm no' so sure o' that. I cannot but think that nature feels such a wound as that horrible business wass, and that for years after the mother earth smarts where the wound wass made, just as our ain bodies smart from an auld and long-healed scar. At any rate, that wass why these got the name o' the Moanin' Sands.

Well, it wass another bit o' brutality that brought on the Nabob all his trials. There wass a family livin' between this and Larne—at Skerry Hill, as they caa'd it—and their name wass Gordon. They belanged to the smaller Presbyterian gentry. They were freeholders, and had ministers and doctors and sometimes even councillors among them;

and though they werena rich, there wassn't a femily in the whole country more highly respected than they were. Well, now, they always were more or less in conflicts wi' their ain freends, because, you ken, they aye were wi' the people's party, and few o' the better class cared to hae onythin' to do with the sma' farmers and cottiers o' that time, and especially wi' the ridshanks, who were regarded simply as noxious beasts—to be kilt more or less at sight. But the Gordons were all strong to protect the ridshanks and all the other weak folks that needed protection. And naturally they got disliked by the people that thought they were entitled to plunder the poor Glens folk just as they pleased. The feyther got kilt someway or ither—naebody professed to ken how, but it wass suspected that the Orangemen knew somethin' aboot it; but however that may be, he wass kilt, and he left a widow and three sons—the eldest some ten years aulder than the other twa, and a determined dour man he wass. He, like his feyther, took the popular side as ye may caa' it, and after a time he became sick o' the whole business. He said there wass no hope o' peace or happiness in Ireland, and he went aff to America to make a home there for his mither and younger brithers. Well, I am no politician, thank God! but I canna' but think there's something wrang wi' the government o' this poor wee island when we find for a

century or more past aa' parties—Whig and Tory, Protestant and Catholic—looking ower the ocean for peace and liberty and happiness.

Well, the eldest o' the Gordon boys went aff to America, and the two younger continued to farm the freehold. But their sympathies—like them o' their feyther and elder brither—were wi' the discontented. And when the rebellion broke out they turned out wi' the ridshanks and some ither farmers aboot here, and a lot o' trouble they gave the authorities, as they caa'd them. And after the rebellion wass suppressed in blood the twa young Gordons were in hiding in the Glens for a lang time, but at last they were caught. The Nabob had them tried by court-martial,—which, I believe, wass aa'thegither unlawful,—and they were condemned to be hanged. Noo whether the trial wass legal in form or no, there wass no doubt but the Gordons had to be hanged. They had lost in the great struggle, you ken, and were not patriots any langer, but merely rebels. But naethin' wud do the Nabob but he wud tak them to their ain farmhouse and hang them on the ash-tree in the front garden. Mister MacDonnell opposed this tooth and nail,—he had lately come back frae the East Indies,—but the bulk o' the yeomanry officers supported the Nabob, and so it wass resolved to march them wi' halters round their necks from Carrickfergus, where they were tried, to the farmhouse beyond Larne, and

hang them there. It wass a cruel notion, because the poor auld mither o' the lads wass there, and the only effect o' it could be to drive the miserable woman mad.

The poor lads—the younger wass barely nineteen—baggged for their mither's sake they might be allowed to suffer at Carrickfergus. But the Nabob wass inexorable, and they were marched to the farmhouse and hanged on the tree that as childer they aften played about and speeled up wi' ringin' laughter. And their auld mither, as might be expected, went ravin' mad, and her niece who, when she had heard o' the trouble, had come frae Ballymena to watch ower her, nearly went mad too. And as for the auld savage, Starkie, he seemed only amused by the fearfu' scene, and he wass just talkin' about burning down the farmhouse when Mr MacDonnell, who had avoided the execution, happened to pass. There wass a bitter scene between the twa men, and when the Nabob in a fury ordered some o' the yeomen to set fire to the farm, MacDonnell plucked oot a pistol and swore he'd blaw the brains out o' ony man that dared put a finger on the hoose. Nobody, in fact, did try, because pertly they were afeard o' MacDonnell and pertly they were rather disgusted wi' Starkie's cruelty. You ken the terror wass pretty well over by this time, and mony men who were ready for onythin' a month or two before didna' at all like the hangin' o' the Gordon boys before their mither's hoose, because you see

the Gordons were no mere ridshanks,—they had always been highly respected by their neighbours, and, barrin' their disloyal views, were liked as well as any family in the whole countryside.

As I said, this bit o' brutality wass the cause o' aa' the Nabob's troubles. In the first place, it rendered furious the ill-feelin' between MacDonnell and the Nabob. That wass brought to a crisis, as they caa' it, by the lieutenant o' the county proposing to mak MacDonnell a magistrate. MacDonnell, you ken, had done much to keep the peace in the county during the rebellion—in a very different way, though, from the Nabob's. He had talked and reasoned wi' disaffected folks, and pointed out to them the hopelessness o' the whole thing, and everybody knew that in this way he had prevented mony folks who would have had loads o' influence wi' the people generally from joining in the risin'. So the lieutenant thought MacDonnell, pertly for his services and pertly on account o' his ancestry, should be a magistrate. But MacDonnell refused. He said he would willingly accept the honour if it didn't mean that he'd have to sit on the same bench wi' a murderer.

Everybody knew he wass referrin' to the Nabob, and the Nabob, who—whatever may have been his fauts—wass no coward, caa'd on MacDonnell to explain. MacDonnell simply said he wass referring to the Nabob. So there wass a duel between them. At the first

exchange o' shots the Nabob had the wee finger o' his pistol hand shot off. He wanted to hae a second shot wi' his left hand, but the seconds wudna agree. As I said, the Nabob wass no coward.

As the madness o' hatred and terror went off mony o' the Loyalists began to be a bit ashamed o' the things done durin' the risin'. And as they became more ashamed Mac-Donnell's reputation went up and the Nabob's went down. It wass very unfair, no doubt, for they aa' encouraged the Nabob in his cruelties, but it wass very human and natural. You ken they wanted to make him their scapegoat, while Mac-Donnell, who had been very unpopular because he wished to restrain them, became what you might caa' a sort o' hero.

The Nabob certainly didn't seem to understand the change o' feelin'. For example, he couldna' pass auld Mrs Gordon's hoose wi'out ridin' in to her garden and gibing at the poor auld woman — whose mind wass quite gone all except this, that she wass able still to find cause for fear and horror and terror when she saw him. The poor young girl cousin was too much in awe o' the Nabob to order him out o' the place, and he wad stand there sometimes for the best o' an hour makin' game o' the miserable woman he had driven oot o' her senses. And mony o' the neeghbours who had little sympathy wi' the rebels were furious ower the batin' o' the poor auld lady.

My feyther, who wass the Nabob's land-steward at the time, wass ridin' doon wi' him to Larne the last time he tried that trick on. He went out o' his way, much to my feyther's disgust, just to hae a joke, as he caa'd it, wi' poor Mrs Gordon. He rode into the front garden o' the farm as usual, and caa'd for her — my feyther remainin' in the high road, and wishin' wi' aa' his might that somethin' should happen to the auld brute. Well, somethin' did happen. Instead o' Mrs Gordon, who should walk oot o' the hoose but her eldest son, John Gordon, who had gone to America!

"What do you want here?" said he to the Nabob.

"Don't be insolent, you d——d son of a traitor," answered the Nabob, guessing who he wass. "Where's your auld maundering mither?"

"If my mither maunders," replied John Gordon, with a black flame in his eyes, "you were the ruffian who drove her mad."

"Don't talk to me in that way," said the Nabob, "or I'll teach you better manners wi' my whup."

"Keep a bridle on your tongue, you scurvy renegade papist," answered John Gordon, glowering at him wi' the eyes o' a devil. "Let me tell you I am better born and better bred and a richer man than you are, though I never robbed my feyther or spoiled the heathen or hanged my ain countrymen. And let me tell you more: you are now on

my freehold, and, by God, if you don't leave it this minute I'll pitch you intil the road!"

The Nabob glared at John Gordon for a moment or twa, and seemed as if he wass goin' to resent his words. But on second thoughts he concluded it wass wiser to go, and he rid aff—my feyther followin' him, and in no way regretting the little interview, though, as my feyther confessed, he wass not a trifle astonished to find how the Nabob retreated before John Gordon, because he never saw him show the white feather before. Perhaps he had a conscience after aa', and just then it unnerved him.

Well, John Gordon made no mystery o' the cause o' his comin' home. His cousin had written to him aa' the terrible troubles o' his family, and he had come home to set things right. The Nabob soon learnt o' this, and tried to get Gordon put out o' the way somehow or other—which rather lowered him in the general respect, because in spite o' his cruelty he had been always thought superior to fear. But he couldn't do onythin'. The fact wass there wass the usual reaction after the licence o' the rebellion time, and naebody wanted in particular to protect the Nabob against the enemies his cruelties had made him.

But the first disaster that befell the Nabob had naethin' to do wi' Gordon. How it arose naebody knows or can guess to this day. It wass about the wee boy I mentioned before — Clive. When the

Nabob found he wass avoided even by the squires and squireens o' the neeghbourhood, who were once so thick wi' him, he went on wilder nor ever. It was while he wass getting in a whole shipload o' claret that wee Clive wass lost. From the time o' the rising the lad had been watched ower very carefully, because his mither had a notion that some o' the Glens folk might do him harm in revenge for what they owed his feyther. But some way or ither, while this wine wass being got into the cellars, the boy wass allowed to rin about wi'out observation o' ony kind. It wass only when the wine was safely stored that it was noticed that he wass missin'.

A search wass at once made aa' ower the castle and aa' ower the country. The Nabob rode like a madman here and there and everywhere, but no trace o' Clive could be found. John Gordon wass arrested on suspicion, but he soon wass discharged. It wass shown clearly that on the day the boy disappeared he wass in Carrickfergus givin' evidence in a law case. Gordon wass mad wi' anger ower his arrest.

"It shows the mean black saul o' the man," he said, "to think that I would revenge my wrangs frae him on the innocent wean. No, no; the quarrel is between him and me, and it'll be settled only when one o' us is deid!"

As I ha'e already said, little Clive wass the very apple o' his poor lonely mither's e'e.

When he wass missed she went fairly mad. It wass just the day before Christmas, and from the hour he disappeared she went caa'ing for him up and down the garden-path where he used to rin alang wi' her holding her hand. She wadna' stop, day or night, until she became so weak that she had to be sent to bed, and held there, I'm tald. They aye bid her to rest, and she always answered the same way, "I canna' rest till my boy's wi' me!" And after a time she became demented, and went on day and night caa'ing in agonisin' tones the same thing, "I canna' rest till my boy's wi' me!" And late on New Year's eve she died.

Naebody thought the Nabob would tak the loss o' his wife and son so much to heart as he did. He buried her in what wass left o' the auld kirk that he had pulled down to restore the hoose, and they say he put on her gravestone the words she had always in her mouth just before she died, "I canna' rest till my boy's wi' me." And he built up the door o' the room in which she died, and my feyther's story went that the servants constantly heard her voice caa'ing out in the night for wee Clive. But he left the Nabob's service aboot this time, and all he tald wass mere hearsay.

The Nabob's troubles did not improve his habits. After his wife's death he wass wilder nor before. And he wass, as I may say, wild all by himself. The young men who used to come

and stay with him became shy o' him after his doin's in the risin', and some evil stories as to his treatment o' his wife and child, which my feyther said were absolute lees, did not make him better liked. But he went on in his auld wild way, only worse. If he had naebody to drink wi', why, he could drink wi' himsel'. And then, after three or four bottles o' claret, he would in the middle o' the night order oot his horse and ride like a madman along the cliffs, always at top speed. If the horse he rode—it wass an Arab he had brought frae the East—hadn't been liker a goat than a rale horse, he must have broken his neck in some o' these fearsome gallops.

Now, it wass maistly at night that he rid out. And mony's the awfu' fright he gave the poor cottiers who lived in the neighbourhood o' the mountain road. The bulk o' them were ridshanks, and, of course, they were the folks who had suffered most from his ill-doings, and so they hated him like Satan. But they feared him more. If they only had had the spunk o' rabbits they might have shot him, or for that matter speared him, ony night, which wad hae given them the deevil's delight. But, instead o' that, they cowered in their bit hoooses and barred the doors when they heard the clatter o' his horse's hoofs on the road, and ony o' them that happened to be oot o' doors hid themselves in the ditches and whins till he wass well past them. Ay, and till this day there's plenty o'

folk near the mountain road who turn pale when they hear a horseman galloping along the road at night, and wonder if it isn't the ghaist o' galloping Starkie and his swift Arab.

John Gordon wassna' one of these timid folk, but he wass nae assassin. He wassna' a man to shoot his enemy frae behint a hedge. He wad gie him fair-play, however much he hated him. And I heard his cousin, Charley Gordon, say that he wass constantly regretting MacDonnell's duel with the Nabob, because it prevented his comin' to issue wi' him as soon as he'd liked, since he thought it dishonourable to force the man to fight while his pistol hand wass disabled.

It wass, you understand, necessary to force him to fight. The Nabob took refuge in his gentility. John Gordon sent him a civil message sayin' he wanted satisfaction, but the Nabob replied that he didn't fight wi' clodhoppers, and if he bothered him any more he'd have him committed. Well, John Gordon didna' bother him any more till the last time—which ended aa' the Nabob's bothers.

Naebody knew exactly what had happened until mony years after. It wass his cousin, Charley Gordon, that tald me it; and he tald me it only after John Gordon wass deid. But the truth seems to be this: John Gordon had been watching the Nabob some time,—it wass an afternoon, when, as a rule, the Nabob wass in bed,—

the Nabob rode oot at a hand gallop along the mountain road—the road along the top o' the cliffs, you ken. Weel, how John Gordon learnt he wud ride oot just at that time, and how he guessed where he wass goin', I don't know, but just at the bottom o' Runkerry Cliff, where the road stops suddenly,—a bit o' the cliff had faa'n doon there some years before,—John Gordon came ridin' up as the Nabob wass turnin' hamewards.

"Noo," said John Gordon to him very quietly, as the Nabob, a bit pale looking, came doon the steep road,—“noo, as you refused to meet me as a gentleman you must meet me as a man.”

“Let me pass, John Gordon,” said the Nabob; “I dinna' want to hae any more blood o' your family's on my hands.”

“You hae enough already,” answered John Gordon fiercely, “to tak' your black saul to hell. But, mark me, this is nae play-acting business. I have come here to fight you like a man. If you won't fight me like a man, by God, I'll shoot you like a dog!”

John Gordon had a big holster pistol in his hand, and the Nabob had no doubt but he meant what he said.

“You are armed,” said John Gordon. “Draw your pistol and let us settle the matter here.”

“It's no' a good ground for fighting,” answered the Nabob. “You hae the advantage. The sun's in my eyes.”

Wi' that John Gordon, recognisin' there wass somethin'

in what he said, looked round for a fairer spot. As he did so he heard a pistol shot, and at that very moment his horse swerved. It wass a good thing it did, for even as it wass the Nabob's bullet tore open Gordon's sleeve.

At the same minute the Nabob stuck spurs into his horse and dashed hilter-skitter doon the road, thinking to pass John Gordon before he wass steady in his saddle again. But just as he passed, John Gordon mastered his horse and fired blank into the Nabob's ear. The poor body tossed about a second or two and then fell on the road. John Gordon rode over and looked at him. He wass deid, wi' the pistol he had used so treacherously still grabbed in his hand.

Then John Gordon turned his horse and rode quietly hame. When he reached the cliff ower the Moanin' Sands the tide wass in. He rode to the edge and took the pistol wi' which the deed wass done by the muzzle and flung it as far as he could into the sea.

When the Nabob's body wass found John Gordon neither concealed nor explained onything. He simply said nae-thing.

Naebody wass ower sorry for the Nabob's death, and so no very great trouble wass taken to find out how he came by it. The fact that he had a discharged pistol in his hand when he wass found, and that the shot that killed him wass fired at close range, made the

coroner's jury think it might be suicide. So at ony rate they found, and naebody raised any trouble ower the verdict.

Three days after the death o' the Nabob, John Gordon out doon the big ash-tree in the front garden o' his hoose on which his twa younger brithers were hanged, and burned it every branch. Then he conveyed the whole farm that belonged to him as his feyther's eldest son—the feyther had died intestate—to the cousin that came to his mither in her trouble. The lass wass goin' to be married to anither cousin—the Gordons were aye a big family—and he gave it to her as a wedding present. Then he left with his poor auld mither for America, and never again did his foot touch Erish soil. I have always understood he died a very wealthy and much respected man—wi' a strang hatred o' everything connected wi' England.

After the Nabob's death Mr MacDonnell bought the Nabob's Castle, as it had got to be caa'd by this time, frae a cousin o' the Nabob's who came up frae the South and claimed aa' his property. I fear MacDonnell did nae good there. He lived a strange solitary life, and people said that before he died he wass half daft. At ony rate, he got into much the same ways as the auld Nabob, drinkin' heavily and ridin' wildly aboot by night in a way that led to aa' sorts o' queer stories. Some folks say that he wass

seen more than once ridin' with the ghaist o' galloping Starkie—as they still speak o' him—alang the cliffs; and there's no doubt but lang before his death he used to have twa places laid at table for the Nabob and his wife. He talked as if they were both there, and frightened the servant lasses half oot o' their wits. When he died he had only one auld hoosekeeper who had lived wi' him for years and wass as queer as himsel'. After his death she remained there by hersel'—he left it to her — and folks thought she wass little better than a witch.

Till this day not a few o' the country folk about here will tell you that on winter nights galloping Starkie rides

along the mountain road like a whirlwind, just as he used to do a hundred years ago. They still hear the clatter o' his horse and the sounds o' his cursings. And when he rides along there are moanin's from the sands below, where he buried the wounded. And this evil reputie has affected the hoose too. Naebody will live in it in the winter, because they say poor Mrs Starkie always is seen in the garden on the anniversary o' the night young Clive was lost, and her wailings are heard until the New Year—which, as I hae told you, is the date o' her death. But what happened to young Clive naebody has ever guessed.

ANDREW JAMES.

A FORGOTTEN PRECURSOR OF SAVONAROLA.

IN number 98 of the *Spectator*, appealing to the women of England to modify the extravagant head-dress of the day, Addison tells an unexpected tale by way of illustration to his text.

He relates as a piece of well-known history part of the life of one Thomas Conecte, by some regarded as a holy martyr, and by all, apparently, as one of the most famous preachers of his time, who died some time between 1432 and 1434, eighteen or twenty years before Savonarola was born. The *Spectator* touches mainly on one side of his career, and that not the most important; but after speaking of his "great zeal and resolution," goes on to say,—

"This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous commode [the enormous fifteenth-century headgear], and succeeded so well in it, that as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned, as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he often had a congregation of twenty thousand people."

Now in a contemporary chronicle, and several histories or quasi-historical books of the next hundred and fifty years, this same Conecte received considerable attention. Bayle wrote of him in 1699, or thereabouts, with marked respect as

a great preacher and a man of entire sincerity of aim; and Addison's own short account is in a more serious vein than the rest of his paper would suggest.

He was, in fact, obviously looked upon as a man of mark in his lifetime, and remembered as such for a century and a half after his death. It occurs to one's recollection that for two hundred years until a recent date Savonarola himself was belittled or disregarded. Is it possible that Thomas Conecte too, in lesser measure, has been unfairly consigned to comparative oblivion? Any-way, it may at least be worth while to collect the existing evidence and see whether he was perhaps not unworthy to be named with the great Prior of St Mark's, as a precursor of the Reformation which was to stir the soul of Europe in the century after his death.

The facts given in the various sources of information may be woven together into a fairly coherent whole, though many details are wanting.

Thomas Conecte or Connecte was a native of Rennes in Brittany, and was presumably born somewhere about the end of the fourteenth century—a wild time in France, which could not fail to make its mark upon her offspring. Then, and for years to come, the country was rent by faction within and distressed by armies from without: Orleans and Burgundy now at

feud; England and Burgundy now combined in the attempt to crush the house of Valois; the Church at issue over the claims of rival Popes; ignorance, murder, and rapine widespread; war and famine and pestilence treading on each other's heels; crops unharvested for want of reapers, and fields unsown for lack of seed and sowers; wolves haunting the untended lands. We hear of a Dance of Death undertaken by a populace half-mad with the frenzy of despair, in a churchyard piled high with plague-stricken dead; of a Gilles de Retz, in Conecte's own Brittany, stealing and slaughtering scores of children, if all tales be true, to satiate a maniac thirst for blood, or to assist at a sorcerer's orgy; of the Duke of Burgundy hiring the Church, in the person of a friar, to defend the Orleans murder, and honest churchmen like Gerson, who blamed the deed, banished from the country.

Religion, when she opened her mouth, spoke discord and wrangling, and of teaching or preaching there was practically none: the darkness was indeed at the densest before the dawn. The battle of Agincourt was fought, the siege of Orleans was raised, the star of the Maid rose and set during the life of Thomas Conecte, but his biography does not directly touch upon any of these things; he had no trace of the political reformer about him,—unlike Savonarola in this,—but the stress of matters prevailing in the country must have been

a potent influence upon any spiritually strenuous mind born into it.

Conecte was a member of the Carmelite house in Rennes,—"frère Thomas" he is called in some of the books,—and already in the quietude of the ordinary monastic life there, he became famous among the brethren and in the neighbourhood as a preacher of great energy and fervour. But the order, so notable in its initial devotion, and high in favour among princes, had by the end of the fourteenth century fallen upon evil days; and doubtless it was the sight and knowledge of corruption at home, no less than the misery around him, that stirred the soul of Thomas Conecte, and urged him to seek a wider sphere of influence than the limitations of monastic life could grant; so in the year 1428, according to the Burgundian Chronicle of Enguerand de Monstrelet, he set out upon his travels, determined by force of eloquence and example to do something to put a check on the vice and folly which were sapping the roots of national life.

"He was much celebrated," says Monstrelet (who was himself Provost of Cambrai, and would no doubt go to hear him), "through parts of Flanders, the Tournesis, Artois, Cambresis, Ternois, in the countries of Amiens and Ponthieu, for his preachings. In those towns where it was known he intended to preach, the chief burghers and inhabitants had erected for him, in the handsomest square, a large scaffold, ornamented with the richest cloths and tapestries, on which was placed an altar, whereon he said mass, attended by some monks of his order, and his disciples."

The mass over, there followed an extraordinary outburst, "very long and prolix," but of an impelling vigour such that people flocked to hear him, and for weeks and months on end he would have audiences of sixteen to twenty thousand at a time, from all ranks of society. Peasants and bourgeois came, but so did the clergy, and the great nobles with their wives and daughters: "Il estoit en si grande réputation de sainteté, que tout le monde luy courroit apres, et ne le pouvoit-on voir à moytie." Thus Guillaume Paradin de Cuyseaulx, in his *Annales de Bourgogne*, written in 1565, who reports also that the preacher was always attended in his journeys by immense troops of people, "as if he had descended from heaven," or in the words of another chronicler, "as if he were indeed an apostle of Jesus Christ." He went about from town to town riding on a mule, his disciples and followers accompanying him on foot, and as they approached the city a crowd would come out to meet them: it was considered an honour to the chief citizen to lead by the bridle the beast on which Frère Thomas sat, and most especially to receive the Friar himself under his roof, whilst his companions were all honourably lodged.

Conecte himself, on entering his host's house, spent the time in solitude for the most part, seeing no one (except perhaps for a few moments) but the members of the family. He would accept no personal gifts,

nor allow his followers to do so, except the bare necessities to take him and them from one place to another; but gladly received costly church ornaments and the like, that were often brought as offerings.

In spite of the misery at the heart of things, it was a time of great extravagance in dress and of magnificence in entertainments among the wealthy and aristocratic. The description of festivities at the Burgundian Court on the occasion of the reigning duke's three successive marriages reads not unlike an Eastern fairy-tale for brilliance of colour and costliness of material; the worst exaggeration in dress was the headgear worn by women of wealth or rank: "Car elles portoyent de hauts atours sur leurs testes, de la longueur d'une aulne ou environ, aiguz comme clochers, desquels dependoyent par derriere de longs crespes à riches franges, comme estandars." Paradin's description is sufficiently vivid, and indeed the illustrations in Monstrelet are veritable nightmares.

Thus there were many texts at hand for Thomas Conecte to preach from: first and chiefly, the moral and spiritual degradation of the nation, and the scandalous abuses in the ecclesiastical world, absorbed his attention and nerved him to some of his bitterest onslaughts. His fierce invective succeeded in making a strong impression on the lesser churchmen, but, says Paradin again, "he was so severe that all the greatest of that estate con-

ceived against him a mortal hatred," and he adds a significant touch, "as they afterwards made manifest."

The strenuous simplicity of his own life gave him the best of rights to attack the luxurious habits of the time, which he proceeded to do with undiminished fire and energy: the evils he fought needed no gentle hand to restrain them, but a grip of iron. His mind wholly upon the end in view, and with entire absence of self-consciousness, the reformer spent himself in every kind of protest he could invent or conceive. He persuaded his audiences to bring to him their gorgeous robes, "unseemly adornments of all kinds," cards, dice, — everything, in short, that seemed to him to give rein to licence and greed — and he burned them in a great bonfire in front of the scaffold on which he stood to preach, — a forcible reminiscence, and not the only one, of Savonarola, whose "Bonfire of vanities" was only one of many which blazed throughout Italy during the century.

The wonderful "fontanges" as they were called in Bayle's time, "hennins" as Conecte called them, described in the above quotation from Paradin, were an object of special abhorrence to the preacher, probably as being the most absurd manifestation of the principle of luxury he was endeavouring to combat; and he seems to have had a difficult and thankless task in denouncing them, to aid him in which he devised an odd and somewhat question-

able expedient. As Savonarola formed the wild street-boys of Florence into brigades and sent them about the city to beg from passers-by their superfluous adornments as "Anathema," to add to the heap of vanities destined for burning or to aid the cause of charity, so Conecte contrived to get the doubtless no less unruly "gamins" of the northern towns to follow the wearers of these "hennins" and cry shame on them, which they did with such goodwill that presently not merely were the obnoxious garments brought to the bonfires, but the women who persisted in wearing them were afraid to venture into the streets at all; for the children got excited, "animés" naturally enough, and pursuing some who were not on their way to or from the preaching, finally went so far as to throw stones about, in which the hooliganism of the time readily took a share.

Conecte, it is said, had originally given the small boys "certains petis presens pueriles" to persuade them to undertake his errand, and also apparently offered them "certain days of pardon," "which," says Monstrelet, "he said he had the power of granting." Probably the former device would be the more efficacious; but however that may be, the other bribe was, of course, something of the nature of granting indulgence, than which nothing was more likely to make the author of it highly offensive to the authorities at Rome. The single writer whose tone is strongly hostile to Conecte—Chassanon,

namely, the author of a small book called *Histoire des grands et merveilleux jugements de Dieu*—brings an accusation of sacrilege against him on this very account. Conecte's faith in the then Pope, Eugenius IV., was evidently limited, but as a matter of principle no doubt he, as a good Catholic, believed in the Papal prerogative in the granting of indulgence; and moreover, it would be not unlikely in itself, nor at all inconsistent with the integrity of his personal character, if he did also believe that he had himself been granted some special power from heaven to do so. It is to be remembered that he lived in the fifteenth century, when Joan of Arc had communion with disembodied spirits, and when even Savonarola later saw visions and dreamed dreams; when miracles were everyday matters, and an implicit faith in his own direct mission from God was part of the creed of any sincere religious teacher. But, from the fact that this heinous offence was *not* one of those on which he was afterwards condemned, and is not mentioned in that connection, we are led to suppose that it was in reality a small matter, and possibly even misconstrued altogether. A general charge of having granted indulgences is nowhere so much as thought of, it would appear, so the affair may be dismissed as unimportant.

A fiery zeal for reform is seldom accompanied by a tendency to cripple action by

regard for side issues in the result. The Laodicean may consider his policy a triumph of diplomatic far-sightedness, but it is apt to be a case of mere indifference; and whichever name suits it best, it was certainly not a characteristic of either Conecte or Savonarola, who possessed infinite capacity for striking the nearest nail on the head with all possible energy, leaving the results more or less to look after themselves. This faculty of intense preoccupation with the end in view has accomplished many great things in its day, and in other fields of action than religious reform; but it occasionally leads to unexpected complications. Savonarola in his time was obliged to put a check on the exuberant spirits of his regiments of boys when they began to savour of profanity; and in the same way, probably, the horseplay—and worse—which apparently ended by helping in the older preacher's experiment among the children was as unforeseen by him, and as undesired.

Conecte's contemptuous anger over the vanity and folly of the women of his time inspired him to eloquence as fierce as that which he expended on the graver moral abuses in Church and State—"véhémentes invectives, les plus qu'il pouvait songer, sans espargner toute espece d'injures dont il se pouvait souvenir," it is characterised by Paradin. If his ways were rough and his speech even grotesque in form, his century was still rougher and

more grotesque. And that his methods were well adapted to the spirit of the age is abundantly proved in this particular, inasmuch as the offending headgear was for the time being almost entirely given up, and women came to hear the sermons in simple linen caps. The chronicles are, however, obliged to admit that, though his influence held good for some months, when he was well away from the neighbourhood the "fontanges" were resumed in a form quite as extravagant as before. But a much greater tribute to the personality of Conecte is the number of people he attracted to follow him literally as disciples: all sorts and conditions of men they were, including many of the haughty nobility, who willingly left home and kindred to embrace the preacher's itinerant life. The only one who is mentioned by name is Jean de Melun, sire d'Antoing, who was Constable of Flanders and Viscount of Ghent, and who died in a ripe old age in 1484; but he gives an air of reality to the otherwise rather vague account.

These, then, are most of the details existing of Thomas Conecte's campaign in Flanders and north-eastern France, for after he had been there about six months the chronicle briefly concludes: "He returned again to his own country, taking ship thereto at the port of St Valery." Whether his new friends and followers, any of them, accompanied him does not appear, nor whether he ever saw them again: one

would like to hear a little more of the results of the half-year's hard work, and to know if the impression he had made was wholly evanescent. One thing is certain, that during that short space of time, in the minds of many who had taken his bitter rebukes to heart, there had been sown an ominous seed of hatred, which was to lie dormant for a season and bear deadly fruit in years to come.

There is no further record of Conecte, so far as I have discovered, for about five years: perhaps it was one of those epochs in a man's life of which there is no history to tell—quiet, uneventful years maybe, spent in the calm of the cloister. Some echo of the thunder of his voice would be heard in the chronicles of the time, surely, had he continued public work; but whatever were his occupations between 1428 and 1432 or 1433, in one of the latter years, probably 1433, Frère Thomas started on the mission which was to be his last. He went through the cities of Champagne, preaching after the same manner as of old, and apparently with like success, and we hear of him urging reforms upon the convent of his order at Sion, in Valais; but this time details are wanting, and of the reasons which led him to continue his journeyings to Italy we know nothing. Italy was, of course, already the intellectual, as she had long been the spiritual, lodestar of Europe. Possibly Conecte may have desired to pilgrimage to Rome as Luther did afterwards, in all good

faith; perhaps he thought in his distant Northern land that spiritual and intellectual enlightenment were going on hand in hand down there in the South, and that he might gain inspiration for his difficult task; or perhaps the real truth had penetrated to him, that in the meantime one of the results of the awakening of Italy was a mental and moral chaos, which should absorb the energies of many a reformer for years to come, and he might think to try what Celtic eloquence could do to help.

However that may be, what he actually did when he got there was as follows: he went to Mantua and reformed the Carmelite house in that city, in spite of strong opposition from Nicholas Kenton, an Englishman and provincial of the order, who combated him in various pamphlets dedicated to the General of the Order, Facius, afterwards Bishop of Reggio. Whether or no the reformer made any published response to these does not appear; but he seems to have gained his end, after which he continued his journey to Venice, where he was very honourably received and highly esteemed, as is plain from the fact that he went on presently with the Venetian ambassador to Rome and was lodged in his house there: the "*oratores Venetorum*" even regarded him "with the greatest affection," we hear.

The Papacy had not yet reached the depth of degrada-

tion to which it attained later in the century. The reigning Pope, Eugenius IV., was a man of considerable strength in certain directions, who honestly practised the virtues of the Celestine order, to which he belonged, and who was, moreover, a patron of learning; but he was a bitter dogmatist, loathing heresy with all his soul, and suspicious of anything that cast the least shadow upon the authority of his office. He was in fierce opposition to the reforming plans of the Council of Basel, which had been sitting since 1430 in spite of his attempts to dissolve it, and about the time that Conecte seems to have gone to Rome he had been compelled to submit to their terms with a very ill grace.

This being the case, it was scarcely to be expected that he would be in a mood likely to favour anything savouring of heretical reform. Paradin says, moreover, that Conecte had spoken slightly of the Pope, and expected to find himself in sympathy with the Romans, who were tired of the overbearing methods of the Pontiff. He thought, probably, that they would receive himself and his cause as the Frenchmen and Flemings of the North had done; and certainly he had good credentials from the Venetian ambassador, who spoke of him to Eugenius himself as "a holy man, and filled with zeal." But it availed him nothing, for his enemies were

more powerful still. The cardinals, bishops, and others of the clergy who had been offended beyond measure by his outspoken remonstrances, now joined together to move heaven and earth for his destruction.

Eugenius, learning that Conecte was lodging with the Venetians, and having heard of the stir he had caused, sent for him to have some talk with him. "And," says Paradin, "it was said that if he had gone the Pope would have made him good cheer." Monstrelet also puts it quite distinctly—"Not with any evil intentions towards him, but for him to preach."

Conecte, however, suspected that his foes were at the bottom of the invitation and refused it, pleading illness as an excuse, upon which the summons was repeated, with the same result; and at the third time of asking the Papal treasurer was sent to bring him. Conecte, still distrustful, —no doubt he knew or surmised that the cardinals were only biding their time to gain their master's ear,—made up his mind to flee, escaped by a window, was immediately seized, and taken to the Vatican. The Pope, probably irritated by the repeated refusals, gave way to the appeal of Cardinal D'Estouteville and Noel de Venise, "procureur de l'ordre des Carmes," that he should be arraigned for heresy. The trial was conducted by the Cardinals of Rouen and Navarre, both Frenchmen. It is

significant that his judges were of his own nation, and one of his accusers the procurator of the order of which he himself had in old days been the pride. The evidence was conclusive, and the verdict was death.

The preacher was accused of heretical teaching in that he had said that there was need for reform in ecclesiastical doctrine and practice, and in the Court of Rome; that if a man served God as best he could, he had no need to fear excommunication; that he saw no reason why the clergy should not eat flesh, nor why marriage should not be permitted to such of them as had not the gift of continence.

If these accusations were all justified, they merely serve to show that Conecte was entirely in line with the most ecclesiastically enlightened minds of his time, who were working for reform at Basel; but considering the temper and character of the Pope, who was striving hard to quell the spirit of revolt, as well as the bitter personal animosity of his judges, which after all seems to have been the prime factor in the case, it is not surprising that he was condemned, like Savonarola later on, and for very similar causes, to be tortured and publicly burnt at the stake in Rome. He was offered his life in payment for recantation, but, unsubdued, he thundered as of old from the scaffold, refusing with indignation to sell his soul for a price. He died as befitted him the death of

the fighting man, sounding the war-ory of his cause aloud until his voice was silenced for ever: "Dicant qui velint, obstrepant, clamitent, et insaniant: ille summo vivit Olympo." Such is the testimony of Baptista Mantuanus, himself a Carmelite, in the *De Vita Beata*; and the Pope himself, it is said, went about all his days haunted by remorse that he had lent a hand to condemn a true saint; on which subject Nicholas of Haarlem has the following quatrain:—

"Eugenius, memorans tandem quod
insidiosa
Morte viri fuerit credulus ipse
malis,
Ingemuit crebro vir quod tam sanctus
obisset.
Hoc quoque præ cunctis conqueritur
abiens."

It is curious that the one bitterly hostile criticism of Conecete should be by a Protestant, whose co-religionists generally accounted the Carmelite of Brittany to have been a zealous advocate of ecclesiastical reform — Chassanon to wit, before-mentioned, who accuses him, among other things, of hypocrisy, of interested motives, of a desire for "vainglory," and what not,—a theory of his character which is difficult, not to say impossible, to reconcile with the facts. But Chassanon's book is quite untrustworthy in other regards. He is a strong partisan, and was evidently writing too soon after St Bartholomew to have a clear idea of perspective in regard to anything in the nature of a preaching

friar. The reformer's sincerity and single-mindedness are not for a moment called in question in any of the other accounts of his life. Monstrelet and Paradin are impartial but kindly, and obviously regard him as an important historical fact of his time; and the same may be said of the remaining two fairly full biographical sketches—one in the sixteenth-century *Histoire de Bretagne* by Bertrand d'Argentré, and the other in the *Bibliotheca Carmelitana* of St Etienne de Villiers, written a hundred years later.

It is not to be claimed that Conecete was a solitary portent flaming suddenly upon the face of an otherwise leaden sky,—nor was Savonarola. The fifteenth century saw many religious revivals, in Italy at least, greatly resembling the movement stirred by Conecete in the North, the effects of which were apparently all equally evanescent. His influence died with him, as Savonarola's influence practically ended with his life; but it is not to be disputed on that account that Savonarola was a man of genius. And, in a smaller way, it may fairly be allowed to Conecete that to have moved the souls of thousands, to have roused their imaginations and touched their hearts, in a nation so overborne by evil circumstance, and as yet practically unilluminated by the new light of modern day, was an achievement which demanded a nature of strong mental calibre, forcefulness of

character, and intensity of purpose—an achievement entirely worthy of honour and remembrance among the vital efforts towards a spiritual awakening which preceded and heralded the Reformation.

The comparative failure of Conecte to procure lasting success for his work, or to make a really effectual impression upon the spirit of his age, was due no doubt to two reasons at least, which have been applied also to the work of Savonarola.

In one sense he was in advance of the time, which was not quite ripe for such ideas of reform as he had to promulgate. The Renaissance temper had not made itself sufficiently felt—certainly not in France—to disunite the in-

telleet of the masses from the bonds of ecclesiastical tyranny. And in another sense the reformer himself was not far enough ahead of his contemporaries—it would have been miraculous if he had been—to see that the change which should come must be absolutely radical, an utter holocaust of traditional methods of belief, which it never entered his mind or that of Savonarola to conceive.

The spirit of the new faith, which was indirectly to effect a powerful influence within the Church, though itself breaking widely asunder, was not to arise in the person of Martin Luther until Conecte had been dead three-quarters of a century.

MARY LOVE.

THE DAFT DAYS.

A NOVEL.

BY NEIL MUNRO,

AUTHOR OF 'JOHN SPLENDID,' 'THE LOST PIBROCH,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

TOO slow, far too slow, passed the lagging, lengthening days. Kate was bedded by nine to make them shorter by an hour or two, but what she took from the foot of the day she tacked to the head of it, as Paddy in the story eked his blanket, and she was up in the mornings long before Wanton Wully rang the six-hours' bell. The elder Dyces—saving Ailie, who knew all about it, hearing it from Bud in passionate whispers as they lay together in one bed in the brightening morns of May—might think summer's coming was what made the household glad, Kate sing like the laverock, and Lennox so happy and so good, but it was the thought of Charles. "You've surely taken a desperate fancy for Prince Charlie songs," said Miss Bell to Bud and the maid of Colonsay. "Is there not another ditty in the ballant?" and they would glance at each other guiltily but never let on.

"Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and I'll be Maclean."

—Bud composed that one in

a jiffy sitting one day at the kitchen window, and of all the noble Jacobite measures Kate liked it best, "it was so clever, and so like the thing!" Such a daft disease is love! To the woman whose recollection of the mariner was got from olden Sabbath walks 'tween churches in the windy isle, among the mossy tombs, and to Bud, who had never seen him, but had made for herself a portrait blent of the youth so gay and gallant Kate described, and of George Sibley Purser, and of dark ear-ringed men of the sea that in "The Tempest" cry "Heigh, my hearts! cheerily, cheerily, cheerily, my hearts! yare, yare," the prospect of his presence was a giddy joy.

And after all the rascal came without warning, to be for a day and a night within sound of Kate's minstrelsy without her knowing it, for he lodged, an ardent but uncertain man, on the other side of the garden wall, little thinking himself the cause and object of these musical mornings. Bud found him out—that clever one! who was surely come from America to set all the Old

World right,—she found him at the launching of the *Wave*.

Lady Anne's yacht dozed like a hedgehog under leaves through the winter months below the beeches on what we call the hard—on the bank of the river under Jocka's house, where the water's brackish, and the launching of her was always of the nature of a festival, for the Earl's men were there, John Taggart's band, with "A Life on the Ocean Wave" between each passage of the jar of old Tom Watson's home-made ale—not tipsy lads but jovial, and even the children of the schools, for it happened on a Saturday.

Bud and Footles went with each other and the rest of the bairns unknown to their people, for in adventures such as these the child delighted, and was wisely never interdicted. The man who directed the launch was a stranger in a foreign-looking soft slouch hat—Charles plain to identify in every feature, in the big brown searching eyes that only Gaelic could do justice to, and his walk so steeve and steady, his lovely beard, his tread on the hard as if he owned the land, his voice on the deck as if he were the master of the sea. She stood apart and watched him, fascinated, and could not leave even when the work was done and the band was home-returning, charming the road round the bay with "Peggy Baxter's Quickstep." He saw her lingering, smiled on her, and beckoned on her to cross the gangway that led to the yacht from the little jetty.

"Well, wee lady," said he, with one big hand on her head and another on the dog, "is this the first of my crew at a quay-head jump? Sign on at once and I'll make a sailor of you."

"Oh, please," said she, looking up in his face, too anxious to enter into his humour, "are you our Kate's Charles?"

"Kate!" said he reflecting, with a hand in his beard, through which his white teeth shone. "There's such a wheen of Kates here and there, and all of them fine, fine gyurls! Still-and-on, if yours is like most of her name that I'm acquaint with, I'm the very man for her; and my name, indeed, is what you might be calling Charles. In fact,"—in a burst of confidence, seating himself on a water-breaker,— "my Christian name is Charles—Charlie, for short. You are not speaking, by any chance, of one called Kate MacNeill?" he added, showing some red in the tan of his countenance.

"Of course I am," said Bud reproachfully. "Oh, men! men! As if there could be any other! I hope to goodness you love her same as you said you did, and haven't been—been carrying-on with any other Kates for a diversion. I'm Lennox Dyce. She stays with me and Uncle Dan, and Auntie Bell, and Auntie Ailie, and this sweet little dog by the name of Footles. She's so jolly! My! won't she be tickled to know you've come? And—and how's the world, Captain Charles?"

"The world?" he said, aback,

looking at her curiously as she seated herself on a hatch beside him.

"Yes, the world, you know—the places you were in," with a wave of the hand that seemed to mean the universe.

"'Edinburgh, Leith, Portobello, Musselburgh, and Dalkeith?'"

—No, that's Kate's favourite geography lesson, 'cause she can sing it. I mean Rotterdam, and Santander, and Bilbao—all the lovely places on the map where a letter takes four days and a two-pence-ha'penny stamp, and 's mighty apt to smell of rope."

"Oh, them!" said he, with the warmth of recollection, "they're not so bad—in fact, they're just A1. It's the like of there you see life and spend the money."

"Have you been in Italy?" asked Bud. "I'd love to see Italy—for the sake of Romeo and Juliet, you know, and my dear, dear Portia."

"I know," said Charles. "Allow me! Perfect beauties, all fine, fine gyurls; but I don't think very much of dagoes. I have slept in their sailors' homes, and never hear Italy mentioned but I feel I want to scratch myself."

"Dagoes!" cried Bud; "that's what Jim called them. Have you been in America?"

"Have I been in America? I should think I was," said he emphatically. "It's yonder you get value—two dollars a day—and everywhere respected like a gentleman. Men's not mice out yonder in America."

"Then you maybe have been in Chicago?" cried Bud, her face filled with the happiest emotion as she pressed the dog in her arms till its fringe mixed with her own wild curls.

"Chicago?" said the Captain. "Allow me! Many a time. You'll maybe not believe it, but 'it was there I bought this hat."

"Oh!" cried Bud, with the tears in her eyes and speechless for a moment, "I—I—could just hug that hat. Won't you please let me—let me pat it?"

"Pat away," said Captain Charles, laughing, and took it off with the sweep of a cavalier that was in itself a compliment. "You know yon place—Chicago?" he asked, as she patted his headgear fondly and returned it to him. For a little her mind was far away from the deck of Lady Anne's yacht, her eyes on the ripple of the tide, her nostrils full, and her little bosom heaving.

"You were there?" he asked again.

"Chicago's where I lived," she said. "That was mother's place," and into his ear she poured a sudden flood of reminiscence—of her father and mother, and the travelling days and lodging-houses, and Mr and Mrs Molyneux, and the graves in the far-off cemetery. The very thought of them all made her again American in accent and in phrase. He listened, understanding, feeling the vexation of that far-sundering by the sea as only a sailor can, and clapped her on the shoulder, and looking [at

him she saw that in his eyes which made her love him more than ever. "Oh my!" she said bravely, "here I'm talking away to you about myself and I'm no more account than a rabbit under these present circumstances, Captain Charles, and all the time you're just pining to know all about your Kate."

The Captain tugged his beard and reddened again. "A fine, fine gyurl!" said he. "I hope—I hope she's pretty well."

"She's fine," said Bud, nodding her head gravely. "You bet Kate can walk now without taking hold. Why, there's never anything wrong with her 'cepting now and then the croodles, and they're not anything lingering."

"There was a kind of a rumour that she was at times a trifle delicate," said Charles. "In fact, it was herself who told me, in her letters."

Bud blushed. This was one of the few details of her correspondence on which she and Kate had differed. It had been her idea that an invalidish hint at intervals produced a nice and tender solicitude in the roving sailor, and she had, at times, credited the maid with some of Mrs Molyneux's old complaints, a little modified and more romantic, though Kate herself maintained that illness in a woman under eighty was looked upon as anything but natural or interesting in Colonsay.

"It was nothing but—but love," she said now, confronted with the consequence of her

imaginative cunning. "You know what love is, Captain Charles? A powerfully weakening thing, though I don't think it would hurt anybody if they wouldn't take it so much to heart."

"I'm glad to hear it's only—only that," said Charles, much relieved. "I thought it might be something inward, and that maybe she was working too hard at her education."

"Oh, she's not taking her education so bad as all that," Bud assured him. "She isn't wasting to a shadow sitting up nights with a wet towel on her head soaking in the poets and figuringsums. All she wanted was to be sort of middling smart, but nothing gaudy."

Captain Charles looked sideways keenly at the child as she sat beside him, half afraid himself of the irony he had experienced among her countrymen, but saw it was not here. Indeed it never was in Lennox Dyce, for all her days she had the sweet, engaging self-unconsciousness no training can command; frankness, fearlessness, and respect for all her fellows—the gifts that will never fail to make the proper friends. She talked so composedly that he was compelled to frankness himself on a subject no money could have made him speak about to any one a week ago.

"Between you and me and the mast," said he, "I'm feared Kate has got far too clever for the like of me, and that's the way I have not called on her."

"Then you'd best look pretty spry," said Bud, pointing a

monitory finger at him; "for there's beaux all over the place that's wearing their Sunday clothes week-days, hankering to tag on to her, and she'll maybe tire of standing out in the cold for you. I wouldn't be skeered, Cap', if I was you; she's not too clever for or'nary use; she's nicer than ever she was that time you used to walk with her in Colonsay." Bud was beginning to be alarmed at the misgivings to which her own imaginings had given rise.

"If you saw her letters," said Charles gloomily. "Poetry and foreign princes. One of them great at the dancing! He kissed her hand. He would never have ventured a thing like that if she hadn't given him encouragement."

"Just diversion," said Bud consolingly. "She was only—she was only putting by the time; and she often says she'll only marry for her own conveniency, and the man for her is—well, *you* know, Captain Charles."

"There was a Russian army officer," proceeded the seaman, still suffering a jealous doubt.

"But he's dead. He's deader 'n canned beans. Mr Wanton gied him—gied him the BAGGONET. There wasn't really anything in it anyway. Kate didn't care for him the tiniest bit, and I guess it was a great relief."

"Then she's learning the piano," said the Captain; "that's not like a working gyurl. And she talked in one of her letters about sitting on Uncle Dan's knee."

Bud dropped the dog at her feet and burst into laughter: in

that instance she had certainly badly jumbled the identities.

"It's nothing to laugh at," said the Captain, tugging his beard. "It's not at all becoming in a decent gyurl; and it's not like the Kate I knew in Colonsay."

Bud saw the time had come for a full confession.

"Captain Charles," she said, when she recovered herself, "it—it wasn't Kate said that at all; it was another girl called Winifred Wallace. You see, Kate is always so busy doing useful things—such soup! and—and a washing every Monday, and taking her education, and the pens were all so dev—so—so stupid, that she simply had to get some one to help her write those letters; and that's why Winifred Wallace gave a hand and messed things up a bit, I guess. Where the letters talked solemn sense about the weather and the bad fishing and bits about Oronsay, and where they told you to be sure and change your stockings when you came out the wet, and where they said you were the very, very one she loved, that was Kate; but when there was a lot of dinky talk about princes and Russian army officers and slabs of poetry, that was just Winifred Wallace putting on lugs and showing off. No, it wasn't all showing off; it was because she kind of loved you herself. You see she didn't have any beau of her own, Mr Charles; and—and she thought it wouldn't be depriving Kate of anything, for Kate said there was no depravity in it."

"Who's Winifred Wallace?" asked the surprised sailor.

"I'm all the Winifred Wallace there is," said Bud penitently. "It's my poetry name,—it's my other me. I can do a heap of things when I'm Winifred I can't do when I'm plain Bud, or else I'd laugh at myself, I'm so mad. Are you angry, Mr Charles?"

"Och! just Charles to you," said the sailor. "Never heed the honours. I'm not angry a bit. Allow me! In fact, I'm glad to find the prince and the piano and the poetry were all nonsense."

"I thought that poetry pretty middling myself," admitted Bud, but in a hesitating way that made him look very guilty.

"The poetry," said he quickly, "was splendid. There was nothing wrong with it that I could see; but I'm glad it wasn't Kate's—for she's a fine, fine gyurl, and brought up most respectable."

"Yes," said Bud; "she's better 'n any poetry. You must feel gay because you are going to marry her."

"I'm not so sure of her marrying me. She maybe wouldn't have me."

"But she can't help it!" cried Bud. "She's bound to, for the witch-lady fixed it on Hallowe'en. Only, I hope you won't marry her for years and years. Why, Auntie Bell 'd go crazy if you took away our Kate; for good girls ain't so easy to get nowadays as they used to be when they had three pound ten in the half-year, and nailed their trunks down to the floor of a new place when they got it, for fear they might be bounced.

I'd be vexed I helped do anything if you married her for a long while. Besides, you'd be sorry yourself, for her education is not quite done; she's only up to Compound Multiplication and the Tudor Kings. You'd just be sick sorry."

"Would I?"

"Course you would! That's love. Before one marries it's hunkydory—it's fairy all the time; but after that it's the same old face at breakfast, Mr Cleland says, and simply putting up with one another. Oh, love's a wonderful thing, Charles; it's the Great Thing, but sometimes I say 'Give me Uncle Dan!' Promise you'll not go marrying Kate right off."

The sailor roared. "Lord!" said he, "if I wait too long I'll be wanting to marry yourself, for you're a dangerous gyurl."

"But I'm never going to marry," said Bud. "I want to go right on loving everybody, and don't yearn for any particular man tagging on to me."

"I never heard so much about love in English all my life," said Charles, "though it's common enough and quite respectable in Gaelic. Do you—do you love myself?"

"Course I do," said Bud, cuddling Footles.

"Then," said he firmly, "the sooner I get engaged to Kate the better, for you're a dangerous gyurl."

So they went down the road together, planning ways of early foregatherings with Kate, and you may be sure Bud's way was cunningest.

CHAPTER XXII.

When Kate that afternoon was told her hour was come, and that to-morrow she must meet her mariner, she fell into a chair, threw her apron over her head, and cried and laughed horribly turn about—the victim of hysteria that was half from fear and half from a bliss too deep and unexpected.

"Mercy on me!" she exclaimed. "Now he'll find out everything, and what a stupid one I am. All my education's clean gone out of my head; I'm sure I couldn't spell an article. I canna even mind the ninth commandment, let alone the Reasons Annexed; and as for grammar, whether it's 'Give the book to Bud and me' or 'Give the book to Bud and I,' is more than I could tell you if my very life depended on it. Oh, Lennox! now we're going to catch it! Are you certain sure he said to-morrow?"

Bud gazed at her disdainfully and stamped her foot. "Stop that, Kate MacNeill!" she commanded. "You mustn't act so silly. He's as skeered of you as you can be of him. He'd have been here Friday before the morning milk if he didn't think you'd be the sort to stand him in a corner and ask him questions about ancient Greece and Rome. Seems to me love makes some folk idiotic; lands sake, I'm mighty glad it always leaves me calm as a plate of pumpkin pie."

"Is—is—he looking tremendously genteel and well-put-on?" asked the maid of Colonsay,

with anxious lines on her forehead. "Is he—is he as nice as I said he was?"

"He was everything you said—except the Gaelic. I knew he couldn't be so bad as that sounded that you said about his eyes. I—I never saw a more becoming man. If I had known just how noble he looked, I'd have sent him stacks of poetry," whereat Kate moaned again, rocked herself in her chair most piteously, and swore she could never have the impudence to see him till she had her new frock from the dressmakers.

"He'll be thinking I'm refined and quite the lady," she said, "and I'm just the same plain Kate I was in Colonsay, and him a regular Captain! It was all your fault, with your fancy letters. Oh, Lennox Dyce, I think I hate you, just: lend me your hanky,—mine's all wet with greetin'."

"If you weren't so big and temper wasn't sinful, I'd shake you!" said Bud, producing her handkerchief. "You were just on your last legs for a sailor, and you'd never have put a hand on one if I didn't write these letters. And now, when the sweetest sailor in the land is brought to your doorstep, you don't 'preciate your privileges, but turn round and yelp at me. I tell you, Kate MacNeill, sailors are mighty scarce in a little place like this, and none too easy picked up, and 'stead of sitting there, with a smut on your nose and tide-marks on your eyebrows,

mourning, you'd best arise and shine, or somebody with their wits about them'll snap him up. I'd do it myself if it wouldn't be not honourable."

"If I just had another week or two's geography!" said Kate dolefully.

Bud had to laugh—she could not help herself; and the more she laughed, the more tragic grew the servant's face.

"Seems to me," said Bud, "that I've got to run this loving business all along the line: you don't know the least thing about it after g-o, go. Why, Kate, I'm telling you Charles is afraid of you more than you are of him. He thought you'd be that educated you'd wear specs, and stand quite stiff talking poetry all the time, and I had to tell him every dinky bit in these letters were written by me."

"Then that's worse!" cried the servant, more distressed than ever. "For he'll think I canna write myself, and I can write like fury if you only give me a decent pen, and don't bother me."

"No fears!" said Bud; "I made that all right. I said you were too busy housekeeping, and I guess it's more a house-keeper than a school-ma'm Charles needs. Anyhow, he's so much in love with you, he'd marry you if you were a deaf mute. He's plumb head over heels, and it's up to you, as a sensible girl, not to conceal that you like him some yourself."

"I'll not know what to say to him," said Kate, "and he always was so clever: half the time I couldna' understand him."

"Well, he'll know what to say to you, I guess, if all the signs are right. Charles is not so shy as all that,—love-making is where he lives; and he made goo-goo eyes at myself without an introduction. You'd fancy, to hear you, he was a school inspector, and he's only just an or'nary lover thinking of the happy days you used to have in Colonsay. If I was you I'd not let on I was anything but what I really was; I'd be natural—yes, that's what I'd be, for being natural's the deadliest thing under the canopy to make men love you. Don't pretend, but just be the same Kate MacNeill to him you are to me. Just you listen to him, and now and then look at him, and don't think of a darned thing—I mean, don't think of a blessed thing but how nice he is, and he'll be so pleased and so content he'll not even ask you to spell cat."

"Content!" cried Kate, with conviction. "Not him! Fine I ken him! He'll want to kiss me, as sure as God's in heaven,—beg your pardon."

"I expect that's not a thing you should say to me," said Bud, blushing deeply.

"But I begged your pardon," said the maid.

"I don't mean that about God in heaven, that's right—so He is; what I meant was about the kissing. I'm old enough for love, but I'm not old enough for you to be talking to me about kissing. I guess Auntie Ailie wouldn't like to have you talk to me about a thing like that, and

Auntie Bell, she'd be furious, —it's too advanced."

"What time am I to see him?" asked Kate.

"In the morning. If you go out to the garden just after breakfast, and whistle, he'll look over the wall."

"The morning!" cried the maid aghast. "I couldn't face him in the morning. Who ever heard of such a thing? Now you have gone away and spoiled everything. I could hardly have all my wits about me even if it was only gloaming."

Bud sighed comically. "Oh, you don't understand, Kate," said she. "He wanted it to be the evening, too, but I said you weren't a miserable pair of owls, and the best time for anything is the morning. Uncle Dan says the first half hour in the morning is worth three hours at any other time of the day, for when you've said your prayers, and had a good bath, and a clean shave, and your boots new on—no slippers nor slithery dressing-gowns, the peace of God, and—and—and the assurance of strength and righteousness descends upon you so that you—you—you can tackle wild-oats. I feel so brash and fit myself in the morning I could skip the hills like a goat. It's simply got to be the morning, Kate MacNeill. That's when you look your very best, if you care to take a little trouble, and don't simply just slouch through, and I'm set on having you see him first time over the garden wall. That's the only way to fix the thing up romantic, seeing we haven't

any balcony. You'll go out and stand against the blossom of the cherry-tree, and hold a basket of flowers and parsley, and when he peeks over and sees you standing in the picture, I tell you he'll be tickled to death. That's the way Shakespeare'd fix it, and he knew."

"I don't think much of Shakespeare," said Kate. "Fancy yon Igoa!"

"Iago, you mean; well, what about him?"

"The wickedness of him; such a lot of lies!"

"Pooh!" said Bud. "He was only for the effect. Of course there never really was such a wicked man as that Iago,—there couldn't be; but Shakespeare made him just so's you'd like the nice folk all the more by thinking what they might have been if God had let 'em."

That night Kate was abed by eight. Vainly the town cried for her—the cheerful passage of feet on the pavement, a tinkler piper at the Cross, and she knew how bright was the street, with the late-lit windows of the shops, and how intoxicating was the atmosphere of Saturday in the dark; but having said her Lord's Prayer in Gaelic, and "Now I lay me down to sleep" in English, she covered her head with the blankets and thought of the coming day with joy and apprehension, until she fell asleep.

In the morning Miss Bell had no sooner gone up to the making of beds, that was her Sabbath care to save the servant-maid from sin, and

Ailie to her weekly reading with the invalid Duncan Gill, than Bud flew into the kitchen to make Kate ready for her tryst. Never in this world were breakfast dishes sooner cleaned and dried than by that eager pair: no sooner were they done than Kate had her chest-lid up, and had dived, head foremost, among her Sunday finery.

"What's that?" asked Bud. "You're not going to put on glad rags, are you?" For out there came a blue gown, fondled tenderly.

"Of course I am," said Kate. "It's either that or my print for it, and a print wrapper would not be the thing at all to meet—meet the Captain in; he'll be expecting me to be truly refined."

"I think he'd like the wrapper better," said Bud gravely. "The blue gown's very nice—but it's not Kate, somehow: do you know, I think it's Auntie Ailie about the waist, and the banker's cook in the lacey bits, and it don't make you refined a bit. It's not what you put on that makes you refined, it's things you can't take off. You have no idea how sweet you look in that print, Kate, with your cap and apron. You look better in them than if you wore the latest yell of fashion. I'd want to marry you myself if I was a captain, and saw you dressed like that; but if you had on your Sunday gown I'd—I'd go home and ask advice from mother."

Kate put past the blue gown, not very willingly, but she had learned by now that

in some things Bud had better judgment than herself. She washed and dried her face till it shone like a polished apple, put on Bud's choice of a cap and streamered apron, and was about to take a generous dash of Florida Water when she found her hand restrained.

"I'd have no scent," said Bud. "I like scent myself, some, and I just dote on our Florida Water, but Auntie Ailie says the scent of clean water, sun, and air, is the sweetest a body can have about one, and any other kind's as rude as Keating's Powder."

"He'll be expecting the Florida Water," said Kate, "seeing it was himself that sent it."

"It don't amount to a hill of beans," said Bud; "you can wear our brooch, and that'll please him."

Kate went with a palpitating heart through the scullery, out into the garden, with a basket in her hand, a pleasing and expansive figure. Bud would have liked to watch her, but a sense of delicacy prevented, and she stood at the kitchen window looking resolutely into the street. On his way down the stairs Mr Dyce was humming the Hundredth Psalm; outside the shops were shuttered, and the harmony of the morning hymn came from the baker's open windows. A few folk passed in their Sunday clothes, at a deliberate pace, to differentiate it from the secular hurry of other days. Soon the church bell would ring for the Sabbath school, and Bud must be ready.

Remembering it, a sense of some impiety took possession of her—worldly trysts in back gardens on the Sabbath were not what Aunt Bell would much approve of. Had they met yet? How did Charles look? What did Kate say?

"Mercy on me!" cried the maid, bursting in through the scullery. "Did you say I was to whistle?"

"Of course," said Bud, and then looked horrified. "Oh, Kate," said she in a whisper, "I quite forgot it was the Lord's Day; of course you can't go whistling on Sunday."

"That's what I was just thinking to myself," said the maid, not very heartily. "But I thought I would ask you. Of course it would be awful wicked—forbye Miss Dyce would be sure to hear me, and she's that particular."

"No, you can't whistle—you daren't," said Bud. "It 'd be dref'le wicked. But how 'd it do to throw a stone? Not a rock, you know, but a nice little quiet wee stone? You might like as not be throwing it at Rodger's cats, and that would be a work of necessity and mercy, for these cruel cats are just death on birds."

"But there's not a single cat there," explained the maid.

"Never mind," said Bud. "You can heave the pebble over the wall so that it'll be a warning to them not to come poaching in our garden; there's sure to be some on the other side just about to get on the wall;" and Kate retired again.

There was a pause, and then a sound of laughter. For ten minutes Bud waited in an agony of curiosity, that was at last too much for her, and she ventured to look out at the scullery window—to see Charles chasing his adored one down the walk, between the bleaching-green and the gooseberries. Kate was making for the sanctuary of her kitchen, her face aflame, and all her streamers flying, but was caught before she entered.

"I told you!" said she, as she came in panting. "We hadn't said twenty words when he wanted to kiss me."

"Why! was that why you ran?" asked Bud, astonished.

"Ye—yes," said the maid.

"Seems to me it's not very encouraging to Charles, then."

"Yes, but I wasn't running all my might," said Kate.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Ta-ran-ta-ra! Ta-ran-ta-ra!

The world is coming for Lennox Dyce, the greedy world, youth's first and worst beguiler, that promises so much, but at the best has only bubbles to give which borrow a moment the splendour of the sun, then burst in the hands

that grasp them; the world that will have only our bravest and most clever bairns, and takes them all from us one by one. I have seen them go—scores of them, boys and girls, their foreheads high, and the sun on their faces, and never one came back. Now

and then returned to the burgh in the course of years a man or woman who bore a well-known name, and could recall old stories, but they were not the same, and even if they were not disillusioned, there was that in their prosperity which ill made up for the bright young spirits quelled.

Ta-ran-ta-ra! Ta-ran-ta-ra!

Yes, the world is coming, sure enough—on black and yellow wheels, with a guard red-coated who bugles through the glen. It is coming behind black horses, with thundering hooves and foam-flecked harness, between bare hills, by gurgling burns and lime-washed shepherd dwellings, or in the shadow of the woods that simply stand where they are placed by God and wait. It comes in a fur-collared coat—though it is autumn weather—and in a tall silk hat, and looks amused at the harmless country it has come to render discontent.

Ta-ran-ta-ra! Ta-ran-ta-ra!

Go back, world! go back, and leave the little lass among her dreams, with hearts that love and cherish. Go back, with your false flowers and your gems of paste. Go back, world, that for every ecstasy exacts a pang!

There were three passengers on the coach—the man with the fur collar who sat on the box beside the driver, and the Misses Duff behind. I am sorry now that once I thought to make you smile at the pigeon hens, for to-day I'm in more Christian humour and my heart warms to them, see-

ing them come safely home from their flight afar from their doo-cot, since they it was who taught me first to make these symbols on the paper, and at their worst they were but a little stupid, like the most of us at times, and always with the best intent. They had been to Edinburgh; they had been gone two weeks—their first adventure in a dozen years. Miss Jean was happy, bringing back with her a new crochet pattern, a book of Views, a tooth gold-filled (she was so proud and spoke of it so often that it is not rude to mention it), and a glow of art she had got from an afternoon tea in a picture-gallery full of works in oil. Amelia's spoils were a phrase that lasted her for years. It was that Edinburgh was "redolent of Robert Louis," the boast that she had heard the great MacCaskill preach, and got a lesson in the searing of harmless woods with heated pokers. Such are the rewards of travel: I have come home myself with as little for my time and money.

But between them they had brought back something else—something to whisper about lest the man in front should hear, and two or three times to look at as it lay in an innocent roll beside the purse in Miss Amelia's reticule. It might have been a serpent in its coils, so timidly they glanced in at it, and snapped the bag shut with a kind of shudder.

"At least it's not a very large one," whispered Miss Jean, with the old excuse of the unhappy lass who did the deadly sin.

"No," said her sister, "it may, indeed, be called quite—quite diminutive. The other he showed us was so horribly large and—and vulgar, the very look of it made me almost faint. But, oh! I wish we could have dispensed with the horrid necessity. After two—after so many years it looks like a confession of weakness. I hope there will be no unpleasant talk about it."

"But you may be sure there will, Amelia Duff," said her sister. "They'll cast up Barbara Mushet to us; she will always be the perfect teacher——"

"The paragon of all the virtues."

"And it is such a gossiping place."

"Indeed it is," said Miss Amelia. "It is always redolent of—of scandal."

"I wish you had never thought of it," said Miss Jean, with a sigh and a vicious little shake of the reticule. "I am not blaming you, remember, 'Melia; if we are doing wrong the blame of it is equally between us, except perhaps a little more for me, for I *did* think the big one was better value for the money. And yet it made me grue, it looked so—so dastardly."

"Jean," said her sister solemnly, "if you had taken the big one, I would have marched out of the shop affronted. If it made you grue, it made me shudder. Even with the small one, did you notice how the man looked at us? I thought he felt ashamed to be selling such a thing: perhaps he has a family. He

said they were not very often asked for. I assure you I felt very small, the way he said it."

Once more they bent their dounce brown hats together over the reticule and looked timidly in on the object of their shames and fears. "Well, there it is, and it can't be helped," said Miss Jean at last, despairingly. "Let us hope and trust there will not be too frequent need for it, for, I assure you, I have neither the strength nor inclination." She snapped the bag shut again, and, glancing up, saw the man with the fur collar looking over his shoulder at them.

"Strikes me, ladies," he said, "the stage coach, as an easy mark for the highwaymen who used to permeate these parts, must have been a pretty merry proposition; they'd be apt to stub their toes on it if they came sauntering up behind. John here"—with an inclination of his head towards the driver—"tells me he's on schedule time, and I allow he's making plenty fuss clicking his palate, but I feel I want to get out and heave rocks at his cattle, so's they'd get a better gait on 'em."

Miss Jean was incapable of utterance; she was still too much afraid of a stranger who, though gallantly helping them to the top of the coach at Maryfield, could casually address herself and Miss Amelia as "dears," thrust cigars on the guard and driver, and call them John and George at the very first encounter.

"We—we think this is fairly fast," Miss Amelia ventured, surprised at her own temerity.

"It's nineteen miles in two hours, and if it's not so fast as a railway train it lets you enjoy the scenery. It is very much admired, our scenery, it's so—it's so characteristic."

"Sure!" said the stranger, "it's pretty tidy scenery as scenery goes, and scenery's where I live most the time. But I'd have thought that John here 'd have all this part of Caledonia stern and wild so much by heart he'd want to rush it; but most the time his horses go so slow they step on their own feet at every stride."

"Possibly the coach is a novelty to you," suggested Miss Amelia, made wondrous brave by two weeks' wild adventuring in Edinburgh. "I—I take you for an American."

"So did my wife, and she knew, for she belonged out mother's place," said the stranger, laughing. "You've guessed right, first time. No, the coach is no novelty to me; I've been up against a few in various places. If I'm short of patience and want more go just at present, it's because I'm full of a good joke on an old friend I'm going to meet at the end of these obsequies."

"Obsequies?" repeated Miss Amelia, with surprise, and he laughed again.

"At the end of the trip," he explained. "This particular friend is not expecting me, because I hadn't a post-card, hate a letter, and don't seem to have been within hail of a telegraph office since I left Edinburgh this morning."

"We have just come from Edinburgh ourselves," Miss Jean chimed in.

"So!" said the stranger, throwing his arm over the back of his seat to enter more comfortably into the conversation. "It's picturesque. Pretty peaceful, too. And it's no way shy of the Thespian muse. I didn't know more than Cooper's cow about Edinburgh when I got there last Sunday fortnight, but I've gone perusing around a bit since; and say, my! she's fine and old! I wasn't half a day in the city when I found out that when it came to the real legit. Queen Mary was the king-pin of the outfit in Edinburgh. Before I came to this country I couldn't just place Mary; sometimes she was Bloody, and sometimes she was Bonnie, but I suppose I must have mixed her up with some no-account English queen of the same name."

"Edinburgh," said Miss Amelia, "is redolent of Mary Queen of Scots—and Robert Louis."

"It just is!" he said. "There's a little bedroom she had in the Castle yonder, no bigger than a Chicago bath-room. Why, there's hardly room for a nightmare in it—a nightmare 'd kick the transom out. There doesn't seem to be a single dramatic line in the whole play that Mary didn't have to herself. She was the entire cast, and the limelight was on her for the abduction scene, the child-widow scene, the murder, the battle, and the last tag at Fotheringay. Three husbands and a lot of flirtations that didn't come to anything; her portrait everywhere, and the newspapers tracking her up like old Sleuth from that day

to this! I guess Queen Lizzie put her feet in it when she killed Mary,—for Mary's the star-line in history, and Lizzie's mainly celebrated for spoiling a good Prince Albert coat on Walter Raleigh."

He spoke so fast, he used such curious words and idioms which the Misses Duff had never heard before or read in books, that they were sure again he was a dreadful person. With a sudden thought of warnings to "Beware of Pickpockets" she had seen in Edinburgh, Miss Amelia clutched so hard at the chain of the reticule which held their purse as well as their mystery that it broke, and the bag fell over the side of the coach and, bursting open, scattered its contents on the road unobserved by the guard, whose bugle at the moment was loudly flourishing for the special delectation of a girl at work in a neighbouring corn-field.

"Hold hard, John," said the American, and before the coach had quite stopped he was down on the highway recovering the little teachers' property.

The serpent had unwound its coils; it lay revealed in all its hideousness—a teacher's tawse!

At such a sad exposure its owners could have wept. They had never dreamt a tawse could look so vulgar and forbidding as it looked when thus exposed to the eye of man on the King's highway.

"Oh, thank you so much," said Miss Jean. "It is so kind of you."

"Exceedingly kind, court-

eous beyond measure,—we are more than obliged to you," cooed Miss Amelia, with a face like a sunset as she rolled the leather up with nervous fingers.

"Got children, ma'am," asked the American seriously, as the coach proceeded on its way.

Miss Amelia Duff made the best joke of her life without meaning it. "Twenty-seven," said she, with an air of great gratitude, and the stranger smiled.

"School-ma'rm. Now that's good, that is; it puts me in mind of home, for I appreciate school-ma'rms so heartily that about as soon as I got out of the school myself I married one. I've never done hugging myself about it ever since, but I'm sorry for the mites she could have been giving a good time to as well as their education if it hadn't been that she's so much mixed up with me. What made me ask about children was that—that medieval animator. I haven't seen one for years and years, not since old Deacon Springfield found me astray in his orchard one night and hiking for a short cut out. I thought they'd been abolished by the Treaty of Berlin."

Miss Amelia thrust it hurriedly into the reticule. "We have never used one all our life," said she, "but now we fear we have to, and, as you see, it's quite thin—it's quite a little one."

"So it is," said the stranger solemnly. "It's thin,—it's translucent, you might say; but I guess the kiddies are

pretty little too, and won't be able to make any allowance for the fact that you could have had a larger size if you wanted. It may be light on the fingers and mighty heavy on the feelings."

"That's what you said," whispered Miss Amelia to her sister.

"As moral suasion, belting don't cut ice," went on the American. "It's generally only a safety-valve for a wrothy grown-up person with a temper and a child that can't hit back."

"That's what *you* said," whispered Miss Jean to Miss Amelia, and never did two people look more miserably guilty.

"What beats me," said the stranger, "is that you should have got along without it so far, and think it necessary now."

"Perhaps—perhaps we won't use it," said Miss Jean.

"Except as—as a sort of symbol," added her sister. "We would never have dreamt of it if children nowadays were not so different from what they used to be."

"I guess folk's been saying that quite a while," said the American. "Children never were like what they used to be. I reckons old Mother Nature spits on her hands and makes a fresh start with each baby, and never turns out two alike. That's why it's fun to sit and watch 'em bloom. Pretty delicate blooms, too! Don't bear much pawing; just

give them a bit of shelter when the weather's cold, a prop to lean against if they're leggy and the wind's high, and see that the fertiliser is the proper brand. Whether they're going to turn out like the picture on the packet depends on the honesty of the seedsman."

"Oh, you *don't* understand how rebellious they can be!" cried Miss Amelia with feeling. "And they haven't the old deference to their elders that they used to have,—they're growing bold and independent."

"Depends on the elders, I suppose. Over here I think you folks think children come into the world just to please grown-ups and do what they're told without any thinking. In America it's looked at the other way about: the children are considerably less important than their elders, and the notion don't do any harm to either, far as I can see. As for your rebels, ma'am, I'd cherish 'em: rebellion's like a rash, it's better out than in."

Ta-ran-ta-ra! The bugle broke upon their conversation; the coach emerged from the wood and dashed down hill, and, wheeling through the arches, drew up at the inn.

The American helped the ladies to alight, took off his hat, bade them good-day, and turned to speak to his friend the driver, when a hand was placed on his sleeve, and a child with a dog at her feet looked up in his face.

"Jim! Why, Jim Molyneux!" cried Bud.

(To be continued.)

K Á S H I.

ON any country road in the North - West you will meet Hindus carrying on their shoulder the *bangi*, a bamboo pole balanced by two loads, often baskets of equal weight, hanging down to the waist. When the baskets hold a sea-green bottle, bulb-shaped, with a neck and stopper, and packed round with straw, you may know the carrier is a pilgrim, and that he is going to or from the Ganges or Jumna, to Brinda Ban, perhaps, or Hardwar, or Muttra, or Benares, according to his faith, means, or devotion. His immediate concern is to collect holy water to take home and pour on Shiv's head, the Shiv who resides in his own village, or perhaps the Shiv of some more efficacious shrine, or it may be to pour on Krishna or Ganesh. Who is the recipient of the libation depends on the man's sect and the advice of his guru, —the main thing is the contact of the holy water with some god. Only, the more simple and unworldly the pilgrim, the more likely he is to admit that there are degrees of sanctity in the water, that a draught from Benares has more virtue than a draught from Mirzapur, and that whoever pours the libation must go to the river himself to draw it, and on foot, otherwise he will not acquire full merit. It is the fat and rational babu, always ready to parade his orthodoxy, who contends that all Ganges water is the same,

since it proceeds from the same source, whether you take it from Hardwar or the Hooghly, and that a bathe from any of the ghâts by the Calcutta strand is as efficacious as a bathe from the Manikarnika Ghât at Benares. Yet even this rationalist, when he comes to die, will look towards Benares; for there is no corner of India quite outside its spiritual radius, nor any Hindu so evolved as to be entirely detached from its influence. Whoever takes the road there, though it be from the most remote village, will find others on the same quest. Like Lhasa and Mecca, Benares is the capital of a creed, and she emits rays that cast a spell on the faithful in every corner of Hindustan.

But nowadays most of the pilgrims go by train. When I took my ticket at Hourah, the great railway terminus in Calcutta, I had not long to wait before I found myself drawn into the current that is always flowing towards Káshi. A sick man on a litter was being hurried through the crowd with a great deal of bustle and circumstance. I saw him carried into a reserved first-class carriage and laid inertly on the seat. A crowd of excited relatives, servants, and parasites hurried in after him and began to press round him, fan him, peer into his face, and mark every pulse-beat, as natives do, apparently more

anxious to show their concern than to give the invalid any chance of living. I learnt from a babu on the platform that the man was one Chandra Narayan, a notoriously evil-liver, and a consumer of cow's flesh, who hoped to reach Benares in the morning, and by this simple penance wash out all his sins. "But you will see," the babu added, "he will never see Káshi."

It was true. Chandra Narayan died at Moghal Serai the next morning, as his carriage was being shunted on to the branch-line, almost in sight of salvation. A dramatic vindication of the godliness of Siva's city, and one to be quoted with effect by the orthodox.

The news gathered a small crowd outside the carriage. "I told you he would not live," my babu friend remarked with justifiable triumph. Indeed no Hindu could have expected it. I remembered a conversation I had had with an Uriza Brahmin.

"Do you believe," I asked him, "that a Hindu has only to die in Benares to reach heaven?"

"Certainly," he said,— "not only a Hindu, but any man."

"And how can you reconcile it with the justice of the All-Powerful, that any scoundrel, whatever his misdeeds, may attain Paradise like this? Would you have a man's salvation depend on a railway time-table or the punctuality of a train?"

"No wicked man ever does die at Benares," was his

answer. "Men go there to die, but they are prevented. Something always calls them away, and they die elsewhere."

And he supported his theology by the fantastic story of an Uriza zemindar who had started on the journey twice, at the point of death, and been restored to health. In spite of his resolution to die at Káshi, he had come home only to fall from the roof of his own house and break his neck.

As the train rolls over the great Dufferin Bridge every one's head is thrust out of the windows, and there is a huge coil of serpentine colour the length of all the carriages, the rainbow blending of the turbans of the faithful. The glittering crescent of shrines and palaces on the river brink holds all eyes. Two only, in the carriage of the prodigal, are dull. And this is just.

The train stops at a station on the left bank of the river. This is Káshi, "the Splendid," of the Hindus. Benares, in our tongue, is a corruption of the Sanscrit "Karanasi," a name that has been held holy for some thousands of years. Flocks of pilgrims alight at Káshi. The official and the globe-trotter leave the train at Benares cantonment, only two miles distant, though infinitely removed in all material respects as well as in every spiritual attribute. At Káshi men are living in dirty, narrow, complicated alleys, as intricately involved as their own faith. Day and night they are seeking dark and malodorous shrines, consecrated to a super-

stition whose obscenities they only half understand. While at Benares, in spacious clean houses, detached from one another by walled compounds, live that other half of the Aryan stock whose practical evolution is symbolised by the club, the spectator, the bicycle, the galvanised iron bath, and the Bible.

As the pilgrims surge out of the train at Káshi, dazed at the strangeness of it all, and encumbered with their brass vessels and wrappings, and maybe the basket in which the particular vessel destined for the holy water resides, they fall a helpless prey to the Pandas, the most merciless type of religious rogue in India,—men who call themselves Gunga Putra, sons of the Ganges, and take care that the poorest do not leave Káshi before they have paid their last mite to the guardians of the parent stream.

Rajahs and zemindars and men of property are clay in their hands, for the Pandas carry books in which the obligations of any family of substance are immemorially inscribed. If the Rajah of Brahmagiri has written that Manu Lall Khar Khankor was his religious guide on a certain pilgrimage, then the family and descendants of Manu Lall have a claim on the family and descendants of Brahmagiri, so that when any kinsman of Brahmagiri visits Káshi he is beset by a score of these clamorous rogues, each one urging a more intimate claim than the other. Their testi-

monials, copied, forged, sold, and handed on, spread a network of spurious obligation from Hardwar to Adam's Bridge, into which every pilgrim must fall. So when Ramadasu, the adopted son of Brahmagiri's second wife's cousin, steps out of the Bombay-Delhi express at Muttra Junction on a dark night, it is vain for him to hope to find a roof anywhere unobserved. He may try to slink away in the shadow of the great girders of the station bridge, but he will not have taken many steps before his identity is discovered—perhaps through his own *birkendass*, if he is foolish enough to travel with one, or more likely the touts of the Pandas will have examined his luggage. Then some fat oily priest, who has not even the good manners to spit the betel out of his mouth, will slouch out of the darkness, touch Ramadasu on the arm and guide him to the nearest lamp-post, where he will open his greasy book and point to the signature of the man's own father. Another will come with the autograph of Brahmagiri himself, and the selection will be complicated by the threefold consideration of the relationship of the signatory to Ramadasu, to the head of the family, as well as the nearness of kin of the present holder to the original recipient of the testimonial. Soon a group of these vultures will be gathered in the little circle of light—shock-headed, coarse - featured, rapacious, whose plump, unwholesome-

looking legs the cavalry subaltern returning from his outstation polo-match will survey contemptuously, yet sparing a little of the sympathy of his kind for the man cornered and dunned. For how should it enter his head that these are the priests of the country bidding for the guidance of a soul to Paradise?

In the case of the poor, one Panda is allotted to many. When the pilgrims alight from the train they are marshalled and herded. The Panda precedes; the pilgrims follow in Indian file. Often the duffle-clad group includes four generations. The wrinkled grandam will totter along, tenacious of the one essential aim, and the suckling babe will be carried somehow with the bundle of bedding, cooking-pots, and household goods with which these simple folk are encumbered from the hour they leave their homes. For some of the poorest dare not commit anything to the keeping of strangers. And no doubt this distrust, which makes them thread the streets with their luggage balanced on their head or slung across their shoulders, is well founded.

The poor will go to the Dharmasala, some great cloistered caravanserai where a hundred or more pilgrims are housed in obscure dimly-lighted cells that reek of lamp-oil and open into a courtyard which they share with the squirrels and monkeys. The well-to-do, or any who by pious thrift have put by a few rupees for their spiritual adventure, will

be lodged and fed in the house of a Panda, the least disinterested of hosts. But no orthodox Hindu will rest or take food until he has attained the great purification in the bosom of Gunga. To-morrow, or the day after, he may start on the Panch Kosi pilgrimage, the six days' circuit of the holy city. But his first steps are to the ghât, down the worn flagstones of the great stairways, past countless little kiosks, image-houses, and spreading sunshades, the hereditary property of priests, to the bamboo platform where the pious stand waist-deep in the holy stream, or squat like rows of gulls by the river's brink, a vast multitude in prayer, in whose perpetual drone the pilgrim's voice is merged.

Emerging, he must receive the caste mark on his forehead and bow the head as the Brahmin pronounces over him the mantra. Then flowers and fruit must be bought for the shrines—yellow marigolds and sweet-scented white *beli*—and rice to throw into the bowls of mendicants: add a vessel of Ganges water, and his spiritual armour is complete. Thus he is led, looking bewildered or ecstatic, to Gyan Kup, the well where Siva lurks, and drinks a palmful of the stagnant water ladled by the priest; and on to the shrine of Vishéshwar, most potent of all, where all day long an awed crowd throngs round the lingam, scattering flowers and rice and libations of Ganges water on the head of Shiv, many of them, the most prodi-

gal perhaps, returning with a garland hung round their necks by the priest as a token that their offering is blessed. Then to Charan Paduka, Vishnu's feet, the very spot where the god alighted on earth, or to his sacred well, Chakra Pushkarina, sprung from the god's sweat. Then Bhaironath, overshadowed by the tamarind and guarded by the grotesque dog, where the pilgrim is tapped with the peacock fan, and made vicariously familiar with the god. Every alley and street is crowded with recesses and niches in the wall, some open, some grilled and barred, occupied by the bald-pated elephant-trunked Ganesh and his rat, or Saraswati, or the terrific Durga, or Sitala, the small-pox goddess, or half-obscene Phallic things, the Argha, or Linga-Joni of Siva, and Nandi, his kneeling bull, so that one cannot take a step without passing before some shrine. And through this sacred maze pilgrims, bidden by some secret flame from their remote jungle homes, pass with heavy dazed looks, casual, it would seem, as to which particular shrine or lingam to honour with a libation, but careful always to throw a petal to Sakshi Binayak witness-bearing Ganesh, as a seal on their pilgrimage. All day long they pass by the gate of the temple. Many bow and pass on; some abase their forehead to the threshold, but few enter. To all, the sinister young priest, who sits within by the altar, makes an answering salutation, as if holding

darbar for the god. The threshold is rank with trampled flowers and holy water. From the lingam shop opposite I watched some score go by, and saw every measure of ecstasy and perfunctory worship.

I have heard Benares described as a morbid city, but it did not strike me as such. The superstition, the obscenities, the insatiate and corrupt priesthood—that is to say, the mechanism which has made popular Brahminism what it is—one knew to be there. The unexpected thing is, that in spite of all this there is still something stirring in the sight of these hordes of simple folk,—husbandmen, mechanics, the backbone of the country,—drawn there by the only light which is perceptible to their blurred vision, and feeling themselves beatified. No doubt they are, if they think so; for the Almighty, who, for some inscrutable reason, has given them over to men to whose interest it is to make everything appear distorted, will not punish them for groping after these guides as best they may. It is this confidence, so blind and pathetic, that detracts from the morbidity of the place. Shake off the touts and drift in the current alone, and you will feel its buoyancy. Here one may meet souls who look as if they had just stepped out of Bethesda, pious folk in whose eyes shines the consciousness of doing good as they conceive it, of wiping out offences, of making good omissions, all in a whirl of sanctity and strangeness and the realisa-

tion of dreams. And here no earthly or spiritual evil can touch them, for sudden death is but a step into Paradise. This breathing corpse on the litter, bitten by disease out of all semblance of humanity, the bone even protruding through the skin and looking rotten and mildewed, is but a worn vessel within which the soul is fresh, at the prison gates, ready to escape. Those charred ashes by the ghât are but the refuse of the skein, the chrysalis shell from which the spirit has leapt to Indra. Everywhere one sees signs of peace.

A feeble old Mahratta lady, bent and stricken with disease, totters to the ghât, supported by her two sons, a hand held tightly by each. As the old lady's strength begins to fail her, one of these stalwart blades, a fine upstanding man of thirty-five or forty, stoops and swings the helpless old bundle on his shoulders, where she rides pick-a-back, gripping his sides feebly with her two bare feet thrust forward like antennæ, and clinging to his shoulders with a sort of inert strength, which one feels is nothing more than the tenacity of the spirit, buoyed up by a bold confidence in heaven and an abundantly justified trust in man. There is no self-consciousness in the group whatever, only a quiet dignity and purpose.

The Mahrattas reached the river with their burden just as a boat drifted slowly down stream past the ghât, and for a moment the eyes of the pious old hag must have met the

broad clear gaze of Mrs P., a blonde American lady, who quickly tilted her parasol. I did not see the Mahratta woman closely, but no doubt there were ravages of disease on her face which repelled the fair American. If so, the chivalry of her escort was enhanced. The angle of Mrs P.'s sunshade measured the antipathy of East and West. It was continually tilted. It was tilted again at the same ghât to conceal an offensively corpulent Bengali, and it was quite needlessly tilted at the next, when the guide announced that he could not take ladies to the Nepalese temple on account of the indecent carvings. At the burning ghât it was tilted forty-five degrees. Here two corpses lay on their faggot biers with their feet in the holy water, while a few paces behind a Dôm was breaking in the skull of a third with a heavy bamboo pole to let the soul escape. Another, wrapped in embroidered cloth, spangled and tinselled, ostentatious to the last, looked pathetically gay, while a group of relatives sat against a *sati* stone near by smoking a hookah, and waiting for the nearest of kin to apply the torch. This tawdry ineffectual remnant, I learnt, had been Chandra Narayan.

At the Manikarnika Ghât the nose of Mrs P.'s boat disturbed a score of the devout. Her party landed and ascended the steps to the Kund. The sunshade now was tilted against the sun, and the air

of aloofness found expression in a carefully lifted skirt and hypercritical choice of a path. But this fastidiousness was matched by a veiled woman on the steps, who shrank from Mrs P. as if her subtle aroma of daintiness, and the shadow of her embroidered silk petticoat, Parisian heels, and open-work stockings carried pollution. Presently she gained Vishnu's tank, a fetid pool of miraculous efficacy, and here for a moment the Americans and I came into sympathetic contact. "Will the old girl dip?" I heard one of them say. "I'll lay you two to one she doesn't." Looking down over the rails, I saw a Brahmin widow seated on the lower step above the pool. The air was nipping, the water bitterly cold, and the widow was an old and weak woman. A priest bent over her and droned mantras, sprinkled her with holy water and *beli* petals, and turned to his mantras again. Two irreverent young urchins sat on the steps behind, making merry over their grandam's bath. Higher up the stairs a sedate attendant waited with a cloth in which she was to wrap herself as she unwound her wet *sarhi*. It was an intense moment. Would she dip? The whole interest of Brahminism centred in that; nothing mattered so much in all Kāshi. It was a supreme test. If that delicately nurtured old lady enters the cold, filthy, stagnant water and submerges the crown of her head, Vishnu is still a

potent flame. She rose and descended slowly, step by step, to her waist, to her armpits. She dipped, and vindicated her faith. The urchins were dragged in after her to unwilling ablutions, and we turned away, glad in heart but ashamed.

From the balcony of a flower-shop one can look down straight on the gate of Vishéshwar without being observed, and note from a few yards the expression of every face that goes in and out. In the narrow compass between the lintels one may see the epitome of Hindustan, and to any one who knows enough of its dark worship to divine even vaguely the impulses that move the people, there is no more illuminating sight in India. In the morning the gate is thronged. Pilgrims are entering four abreast, while others are trying to thrust their way out, holding their brass vessels of Ganges water over their heads, lest they should be jostled and spill it,—for there are other shrines to visit and other libations to pour. It is a heterogeneous crowd. A group of unveiled Bekhani women come along in dark blue and green, and colour all the street. They are pilgrims from the west. There is peace in their faces. Beside them, equally devout if less picturesque, are women of the city. Many of them carry infants, whose short frocks are often in brilliant contrast to the maternal *sarhi*. A bundle of deep red velvet glows on a bosom of puce. There is no room for dis-

harmony. An orange babe and a magenta mother are not amiss. And these naked coal-eyed infants in arms are strangely unimpressed. Held in a fold of the *sarhi*, they sport with their mother's ear-rings, dreamily chew sugarcane, or profanely tap the gate and walls of the shrine with a lacquer stick.

As the Bekhani women leave the shrine and flood the passage again with indigo tints, they meet a contrary wave of orange. The blue is thrust to the wall, and the orange sweeps imperiously through. It is the Mahunt of Ajodhya, a heavy, square-faced, bull-throated man, arch-priest of Siva, who rides proudly in his lacquered palanquin, wreathed in marigolds, attended by his *ohelas*,—Brahmins all, and only less proud than himself. A dozen precede, and a score or more follow, deep-browed, sunken-eyed, bald-pated, orange-robed ecclesiastics, who need no lictors, so eminent and palpable is their authority. The troop passes without an obeisance to the shrine.

The parted crowd meet again and surge towards the gate. A stout Bilaspuri, with his short beard, ear-rings, and pail of brass, forges perfunctorily through. A shock-headed Bengali slips in behind and gains the courtyard in his wake. A dainty Sikh lady, her pink veil tilted forward at the mouth, is thrust against the wall unheeded, while her skirted Punjabi sister is held up by a crowd of drab-coloured pilgrims from Dinapur. Into

this packed throng intrudes the sacred bull of Siva. I watched the privileged beast saunter down the passage, nosing the ground in front of every niche that contained a shrine. From Ganesh he stole a sour berry or two; from Sinaichar, the Saturday god, a bunch of fallen leaves. As he turned the corner the vendor of flowers by Anapurna's temple lifted his basket uneasily; but he passed, hesitated at the gate of Vishéshwar, and elected to enter, thrusting his nose and shoulders into the mob. Soon after, a sturdy up-country vagabond tried to arrogate to himself the same licence and hustle a path through. Cries of dismay and protest met him, as vessels were upset and holy water spilled to the ground, and the clamour brought in three policemen from the street,—turbaned, khaki-clad servants of the Raj,—who ejected him with more cuffs than ceremony.

The commotion roused a lean mendicant who had been waiting by the gate for at least an hour, as still as a moth on a wall. Hunger, or the sight of his empty bowl, transformed him. He awoke, like an insect, from dead passivity into flight, and began to skim among the crowd as a bee among flowers, touching this one on the shoulder, the other on the arm, and stroking another on the nape of the neck, offering his empty bowl, always in vain. For some reason or other the pious would have none of him, and he flitted down the

alley to Gyan Kup without a dole.

Many who pass through the gate have the air of merchants and brokers. The Marwari seems to have made his bargain with God. It is a case of definite gift and definite reward: he has bought so much security and paid the price. So he strides out briskly, without the least awe, for he is a busy man and feels that this is possibly the least remunerative of his deals during the day.

But the measure and intensity of faith are best observed in the evening, before the second tide of worshippers is full, when the pious may make the *Sashtangam*, or prostration of the eight members, without fear of being trampled underfoot. A sad-eyed cowed Brahmin widow, who has been carried to the gate in a palanquin, floats through ecstatically. A Saddhu follows, and presses his forehead in the mire. One may wait ten minutes before one sees another such expression of intense faith. The martial Sikh merely stoops to rub his hand in a puddle of votive water and rub it on his brow. Others are content to throw a flower at Ganesh over the door. One feels that if one could have stood here fifty or a hundred years ago, one would have seen less casual worship and more prostrations. The ritual is intact, but the idolaters decadent. They wear shoes, and generally defile themselves with leather, omit the salute to the ten winds of the body, let the shadow of

pariahs cross their food, herd with people of lower caste in packed railway carriages, carry over the threshold the dead who have passed late in the orbit of the moon, and let rude little boys throw stones at Siva's bull and go to school without an offering to Ganesh. In morals, perhaps, they are no better or worse, but that has nothing to do with their faith.

What makes the Hindu so complex and inscrutable is that there is no custom so bound up with his tradition but some sect or family will be privileged to violate it. Practices which are abhorrent at one time are prescribed at another. There are seasons when he is bidden to eat flesh, drink intoxicating drinks, and defy principles the infringement of which, at ordinary times, would lose him his caste. In every district, too, there are folk who have peculiar rites and customs contradictory to the general ideal. So when all these castes and sects are drawn together to Benares for common worship from the ends of Hindustan, it is not to be wondered at that one comes across many drifting atoms which must remain mysterious. My last impression of Vishéshwar is a Punjabi mendicant with a turban of pale saffron gauze, abundance of fine clothes, a saffron scarf swung over his shoulders, and wreaths of marigold round his neck. He strode up jauntily to the gate, took from the folds of his dress a penny English flute and played little snatches of music

with the careless finish of a master. He asked no alms and received none; but once an oddity in an orange shift gave him a wreath of marigolds, which he added to those round his neck,—a simple but to me inscrutable action, and one of the many hundred things I saw by the gate of Vishéshwar and did not understand. Why did he stand there and play the flute? It and his staff proclaimed the man a beggar, but I never saw any person less like one in my life than this lusty Punjabi with his quizzical patronising mien, his roguish assertiveness, and general air of wellbeing. And what tie of sympathy, fraternity, duty, love, or fear could there be between him and the apparently infirm little body in the orange shift whom he followed twenty paces up the street?

The mob of religious mendicants perplexes, attracts, and repels. The wild-eyed Vairagi, smeared all over with ashes of cow-dung, and wearing coils of rope matted in his coarse dyed hair; the Yogi on his bed of spikes; the Sannyasi, naked or dressed like a clown; the gentle Saddhu in his salmon-coloured robe; the Dandi with the wand that must not touch the ground; the Talingi with his staff and gourd and antelope's skin,—are at first-sight elements of drama, but one soon tires of them and their harlequin gear, and finds the true romance in the simple devotee. Yet one in ten thousand may be the genuine anchorite dear to the roman-

cist, the man who has weighed the fat years with their cares and obligations and found them lean and light as thistledown in the scale against the emancipation of the spirit. One likes to think that if one waits long enough a familiar figure will pass through the gate wearing the *rudruksha*, and a votary make obeisance to the lingam, who could find his way blindfold from Petty Cury to Magdalen Bridge.

To understand the spirit in which the Saddhu is received one must readjust all one's ideas of almsgiving. The Hindu mendicant is honoured, he demands, gratitude is out of the question; alms are his birthright. When refused, he has been known to enter the house of the offender and break his cooking-vessels. In seasons of pilgrimage flocks of Sannyasis scour the land like locusts. At Benares there must be many thousands of them. Twice in a day I saw the house of the Maharajah of D— invaded. First, in the morning, I was sitting in the verandah overlooking the river when four Saddhus entered by the corkscrew stairs, passed the Sikh guard by the door and the rifle-rack, and gained the balcony unchallenged. Four staffs were planted in four flower-pots, each with a little salmon-coloured rag attached, Saddhu colour, to proclaim that the staff was all they possessed in the world. They waited patiently, and were fed. These were casual visitors. But in the evening of the same day,

when I was again a guest in the house, the licensed pensioners came. These were twenty Saddhus, who squatted in a corner turret set apart for their use, and soon raised such a clamour of abuse and indignant protest that one of the Maharajah's servants was sent to ask what was the matter. Their grievance was that they had been given inferior, or insufficient, tobacco.

It was good fortune to be admitted into the house of such an orthodox Hindu as the Maharajah of D—. The building is one of the finest on the river front, equally beautiful and massive. The balcony, where guests are received, is supported by two immense corbelled pilasters, and projects over the ghât, or, as it seems from within, over the Ganges. The face of the house may be described as sixty feet of solid foundation and breast-work, supporting fifty feet of palace. Add the flags descending from the base to the stream, and the whole pile from the topmost parapet to the water measures, when Gunga is not in flood, a good hundred-and-fifty feet.

From the balcony one looks down on the house of the Maharana of X, an ancient neglected mansion, but inveterately Hindu. On the roof is a garden which the Maharana's sacred bull shares with the monkey and the peacock. From the shade of a tamarind tree squat Hanuman surveys Gunga, the silted sand beyond, and the packed city spreading out towards the east.

A sacred prospect, but to the god's eyes no doubt imperfect. For seen like this, in a bird's-eye view from the roof of a house overlooking the river or from the railway bridge as the train rolls into Káshi, Benares is as deceptive as the ordinary Hindu. Two alien things dominate the city, the great minarets of Aurungzeb's mosque and the massive girders of the Dufferin Bridge. That is to say, the two most prominent features of Benares are merely casual and uncharacteristic, as distant from the heart of the place as any expression of the human mind can be. They obtrude incongruously, mere surface excrescences, while underneath hidden world-old influences which have outlasted change and revolution course through the body like sap in the bough. The Hindus were throwing marigolds at the feet of Siva when our ancestors were dressed in woad; they performed the sacrifice of the *Hom* with precisely the same rites hundreds of years before Attila swept over Europe. Conquest does not impress them; the motor and the locomotive are not half so wonderful as Vishnu's footprints. And our modern engines give impetus, rather than check, to the cause of the priests, for every year pilgrims flock to Benares in greater numbers. The sum of devotion may be less, but the devotees are more. We span the Ganges for them with iron, and the faithful use our road to approach their gods without sparing any of

their awe for the new miracle. To the devout we and our railways are a passing accident, to be used or ignored as indifferently as stepping-stones across a brook. The city is too old in spirit to resent those iron girders, that stucco mission church; they are merely another wrinkle on her brow. The parable is repeated from Rameswaram to Peshawar,—India is too old to resent us. Yet who can doubt that she will survive us?

The secret of her permanence lies, I think, in her passivity and her power to assimilate. The faith that will not fight cannot yield. Before I left Kâshi I met a strictly orthodox Hindu B.A., one of those elusive unsatisfactory beings who is ready to explain Karma

by heredity, the Mahabharate by evolution, and yet stand by the laws of Manu and his gods.

"Why, of course," he said, "I believe that any one who dies within the Panch Kosi road at Benares will attain salvation, *ee*f he has faith enough to believe that by so dying he will be saved."

Thus the wretched man stripped his gods of their divinely capricious power. I felt that the terrific arm of Siva had fallen limp, the Trimurti become impotent and dishonoured, the effulgence of Brahma's godhead dimmed, and Kâshi "splendid" and miraculous no more, but the mother of quibbles wholly rational, trite, and dull.

EDMUND CANDLER.

MEDITATIONS IN A DEER-FOREST.

LONG ago a race of men of whom we know little built with infinite labour a series of walls in some of the wildest and most remote of the forests of the north of Scotland. Across the watersheds of the "beallachs" or passes which lead from one solitary glen to another these walls run, and they were continued far up the steep bare ridges on either side till a natural fortification of more or less inaccessible rock rendered them unnecessary. Material was plentiful enough in such places, and the builders had only to give their labour. Here and there the work they had set themselves to do was not completed, and only a fragment of wall stands on the wide barren "bridge" leading between two great hills. To the casual passer-by one of these fragments appears as if it had been erected for some other purpose than keeping cattle from wandering,—rather perhaps to give shelter to men lying in wait for deer. If the deer of those days were like in their habits to the descendants which occupy these hills now, this would in certain winds be a most desirable hiding-place. In very old days they were hunted here: authentic history, centuries old, relates how they were coursed with dogs, and high up above, on a narrow green ridge, is a little depression still called in

Gaelic "the Bowman's pass." But a very casual inspection of the ground near this particular bit of wall shows that the original intention had been to extend it both east and west, and suitable stones had been laid out on the line it was meant to take. On some long ago afternoon the strong men threw down their heavy burdens, seeing in their mind's eye the finished work as they turned downwards and homewards. They never finished it,—as the stones fell that day so they lie now, undisturbed; in some places you can see the pit marks in the ground from which the larger ones were hoisted out. For some two months in the year there is a chance that men with rifles may pass this way,—in certain winds the ridge will only be examined by glasses from a distant hillside,—and for the remaining months the place is nearly as lonely and unvisited as if it lay in Nova Zembla or Alaska.

Is such a place likely to become, not inhabited, but occupied? Will Deer and Crofter Commissions and Congested District Boards ever bring it about that people will come and live near it? On the jagged ridge which leads by its "Seven Steps" up to the mountain to the eastward the sea-pink or thrift grows in luxurious abundance; from its green rosettes stand up thou-

sands and tens of thousands of pale rose - coloured flowers; when the wall below was being built, perhaps some child came up with its father, and, greatly daring, climbed a little way up the ridge and gathered some of the pinks. If not—and the journey up from the strath would be a long one—the plants must have stood untouched and probably quite unregarded through the centuries, the blossom of one generation after another turning their bright faces up to the July sun only to fade on their stems. Will children ever play among these grey shattered rocks and gather flowers there?

Some would quickly answer the question in the affirmative, but it would be a weary climb for them, even if they lived in comfortable houses in the valley below: everything is on a large scale here, and distances much greater than they seem. There may be — there very often are—a couple of hundred deer feeding in the great green corrie which lies to the south, but one unaccustomed to using a stalking-glass might search its steep slopes for long and hardly see a hind. A few miles to the eastward is the Sanctuary where for the greater part of the year live three hundred, four hundred, even five hundred stags; but the same uneducated person would see nothing with the naked eye, and even with artificial help only slowly make out a tithe of its inhabitants.

It is certain that the wall-builders did not live in the

strath below in the winter, and spring was probably far advanced before they took possession of it. Grass here grows rich and rank, but is late in coming: the hillsides around are grey and bare long after lowland pasture gives abundant food. The rainfall is very heavy, the snow comes early and lies long and very deep. These people had no sheep; it was to turn small underbred "black cattle" that they fenced their boundaries. Even the hardest black-faced wethers could do little up in this district in winter, and would have to be driven down to the low country before it was well in sight: hand-feeding could only be carried on at enormous cost, and sheep often could not exist without it. The well-intentioned utilitarian enthusiast would have many things to think about before he planted a colony in such a place; many things to think about after he had done it. He would have to make a road to give access to the farms—not a simple matter, carried as it would have to be over spongy mosses and many turbulent burns. He would have to build houses for the newcomers; he would have to erect many miles of fencing, unless the wasteful system of "herding" was to be continued. He would have to find money for some of the little farmers to buy stock and implements, and often for rent, if indeed such a thing as rent entered into his calculations. He would have to provide a system of education, for at present the

nearest school is more than twenty miles away, the nearest church the same distance. He would have to take into consideration that in most seasons corn would not ripen here, or if it ripened, could not be gathered in.

To many people there is—especially at certain times—something exceedingly attractive in the contemplation of ancient days and matters connected with them. To some such the broken walls of a great abbey standing on its rich meadow land, surrounded by immemorial trees, are hardly more impressive than the tumbled-down heaps of stones suddenly come across on a far-stretching moor. Here people lived for many generations: this was the home to which they came back tired at night, which they left eager or down-hearted for their work in the morning, which they left one morning perhaps for Canada or Australia, to come back no more for ever. Here came the bride, and between the rough uprights which mark where the door stood dead men and women have been carried out. Now the grouse sit and crow undisturbed on the knolls round, and deer feed on the sweet grass which grows in what used to be the living-room of the house. Hope and despair, love and faith and doubt, tragedy and comedy, had their abodes in this narrow dwelling; it was a humble centre of busy active life, a little lighthouse standing up on the brown moor; such a

home as Stevenson had in his mind when he wrote these beautiful and most pathetic lines—

“ Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,
 Spring shall bring the sun and rain,
 bring the bees and flowers ;
 Red shall the heather bloom over hill
 and valley,
 Soft flow the stream through the
 even-flowing hours ;
 Fair the day shine as it shone on my
 childhood—
 Fair shine the day on the house with
 open door ;
 Birds come and cry there and twitter
 in the chimney—
 But I go for ever, and come again
 no more.”

Life here must not be compared or confused with life in higher places, or in places which, if not of great altitude, are bleak and exposed and inhospitable from their position among the hills and the character of the soil and surroundings.

Here, then, you might sit a long summer day, many long days, and never see a human being. Away among the hills above a man might die and his body be never found: the foxes and ravens and crows would be the attenders at his obsequies, the winds play the funeral march; nature would see to it that all things were done quickly, and in order and decency. Scarcely a year passes that some poor wanderer does not find this life too hard for him, and gives it up among the hills—a pedlar with his little stock of laces, an out-of-work mechanic driven by some extraordinary reasoning to these inhospitable wastes; more often it is a tramp who

has once met with kindness at a stalker's or shepherd's house, and again tries too late to find the same road.¹ So these humble folk "enter the famous nations of the dead and sleep with princes and counsellors"; know "what songs the Sirens sang, and what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself amongst women."

In a grim essay, not suitable for reading to a Sunday-school audience, Christopher North gives his account of the Red Tarn Raven Club. Few poems are better known to youthful English-speaking people than the one which relates how a faithful dog guarded his master's remains. The Professor of Moral Philosophy did not believe that a dog could exist for many weeks on grass and water; and indeed, if we think it over, which of us does? A capable critic has asserted that the only good line in the often-quoted verses is that which relates how "when the wind waved his garment how oft didst thou start!"

The horns and bones of deer are eaten by the deer. In a land full of peat-bogs and morasses, which has been their home for many centuries, we might expect to find frequent traces of them, but this is far from being the case. In districts which stags frequent at the time of casting their horns these are found in great abund-

ance: here the stalker's lass will come in night after night, after her cows, with quite a bundle of them under her arms; and the former, if he picks up a fine or peculiar shaped antler, will often by careful searching be able to find its fellow, but those dropped on the hill soon disappear unless they happen to be very well hidden. The hard untempting morsel is eagerly gnawed and chewed up for the sake of certain salts it contains. During the thirty years I have been stalking and wandering over moors, it has never yet been my fortune to come across a really old horn. I have seen hundreds of miles of drains cut in the preserving peat, deep in meadows, shallow on sheep ground, with the same negative result. It is by finding the skeletons or part of the skeletons of deer in places where they had been deeply buried, smothered in bogs or shallow lakes or quicksands, or overwhelmed by small landslips, that we are able to compare the horns of ancient stags with those of their most degenerate successors. Now and then the bank of a burn or river is crumbled away by a spate, and something laid bare which has not felt the sun since that long-ago day, many centuries perhaps from us, when a terrible struggle ended in a dreadful death. One such antler was lately found in a

¹ As a rule, the body of a man so dying would be found sooner or later: the stalking-glass would one day tell the tale. It might be years after. Not long ago a stalker all but walked over what was left of the skeleton of a man buried in long heather in the middle of a lonely moss. But one who wandered off an ill-defined track might go far from it, and at last creep into some hole or crack among the rocks where he would be hidden from the most prying eyes.

northern forest, of a length and thickness such as is never met with now; and diligent search was made for its fellow, but so far with no result. East Lothian is a far cry from any deer country now, but in an old house in that county I have seen a splendid specimen of the skeleton of a stag, perfect to all appearance in every bone, which had been discovered when draining a small lake or tarn.

As the deer, the hinds especially, chew up horns, so do they treat bones: in a very short time the clean-picked bones, even the largest of them, disappear; the skull alone defies them.

The spring of 1906 will long be dismally remembered for its heavy snow-falls and the great mortality among deer: they must have died in the north not in hundreds but in thousands. I know one place where the stalker found the carcasses of forty stags. In a wood, not far from where I write, the remains of fifty were counted; in another place the death-rate was far heavier, and horses had to be employed to get the bodies exposed near a lodge taken down to the sea. Fresh snow lies a foot or two deep, and deer easily scrape through it and get down to the long heather below; it consolidates and freezes, and still they dig through it. More falls, and they scrape on with bleeding feet, only to get to the hard mass below; then they try another place, and yet another. After the first flush

of grass comes they eat too greedily, and the mortality is greater than ever. When spying last autumn, it was often easy to see at a great distance where a deer had died: the dark-green patch caught the eye almost as quickly as the whitened bones. So heavy was the death-roll that the undertakers of the forest had not time to attend to their duties. An experienced old stalker told me last year that a beast which died of pure *starvation* did little to help the growth of the grass where it lay.

While fine young deer died in great numbers, an end must almost have been made of all old toothless hinds; and no doubt many a good stag was shot last autumn who might have lived long enough if the herd he went with had been led, as of old, by one of these gimlet-eyed, long-eared, ragged old females. There is something uncanny in the sagacity with which such a one points out that the obvious way is not the *right* way; that it is well not to pass within a certain distance of a particular stone on a hillside; that, under given circumstances, wise deer will *go down* wind, and not up.

It is possible in a northern forest to see at the same moment two creatures which do not exist in England, and two others which are extremely rare. It is very long since the blue hare and ptarmigan vanished from the Cumberland hills, and deer in a wild state are only to be found in three

counties south of the Tweed, while an eagle is so seldom met with that his appearance is duly announced in the local papers. The golden eagle may be called a comparatively common bird in Ross-shire and Sutherland, though a wail at its approaching extinction is periodically made. Hardly a day passed last autumn, when stalking or shooting, that I did not see one or two: one evening I saw four of the great birds on the wing at the same time, hunting in company, "sailing with supreme dominion through the azure deep of air." A pair bred on our shooting last year; we encouraged an enthusiastic collector to take the eggs, but did not attempt to harm the angry parents. And we came into still closer contact with *Aquila chrysaëtus* when one of the men arrived at the lodge with a fine specimen carefully enveloped in his jacket: he had found it in a trap set for foxes. This eagle—a very large one—had been held by blunt teeth on the hardest part of his leg, and was quite uninjured. We photographed him and let him go: he showed no fear, rather disdain and indignation at the outrage he had been subjected to. The injured one in the affair was the keeper, who, after a very uncomfortable six miles' walk, had looked forward to some treatment being dealt out to his captive which would lead to a visit to a bird-stuffer and a glass case.

It is a common thing to see deer bolt for a short distance

and then stand and look about them, alarmed by the sudden appearance of an eagle over a ridge. Several times last year I came across grouse crouching on a bare hillside, afraid to get up till I was right on the top of them, and this in stormy weather when they were wild and difficult to get near: they had seen the shadow of the heavy wings. Most sportsmen are considerate to these birds, though the consideration entails some sacrifice. To say nothing of the harm they do at nesting-time, they will, when hunting, clear a whole hillside. I have occasionally seen a great pack of grouse, a rifle shot in the air, flying with the wind behind them as only terrified birds can fly, not likely to come to the ground for many miles. And it is a question whether all the members of a pack so disturbed come back to their own country if the new one is attractive.

It is commonly believed that red-deer are timid and harmless animals, and this is quite true of them in their natural state. I read—I have no practical acquaintance with them—that the lion and tiger and bear will also get out of the way of the passer-by, and that it is only when they are cornered, or very hungry, or have young ones, that they are to be feared. But these creatures can be tamed, and taught to allow foolish people to play all sorts of tricks with them. Exactly the contrary is the case with a stag: if he is petted or tamed he nearly

always becomes in time fierce and dangerous. (The same thing may be said of a Highland bull, who, out on a hill-side, is the most harmless of all cattle, but develops very nasty and treacherous traits of character when petted and combed and made much of by his keeper.) A stag calf is a pretty and amusing pet, but when he grows up and becomes conscious of the power he carries on his head, it is well to turn him out among his wild brethren, or some day he is certain to give trouble. There are many instances of this.

The annual growth of horns can only be accurately studied when deer are in a park or paddock. In a large park they are in a semi-wild state and comparatively harmless, but in a small enclosure, where they are brought into close contact with their natural enemies, and are petted and perhaps teased, they soon become very bold. In order to watch this growth of horn, a relative of mine once put two stags and a few hinds into a paddock of some fifteen acres, where they had fair grazing in the summer, and were well fed during the rest of the year. The stags soon became impudent and troublesome. One day a keeper going in to feed them was knocked down, and would probably have been killed if another keeper, hearing his cries, had not come to the rescue. The latter was fiercely attacked by the same stag, but his retriever bravely

came to the rescue, and after some time the men managed to get up to, and over, the fence. The second keeper received a very ugly stab in his thigh, which laid him up for some weeks. It was a strange and uncanny sight at certain times of the year to see these animals, by nature so timid and fearful, so cunning and ferocious: I can think of no better adjective than the last to apply to them. No doubt they were teased: I plead guilty myself to now and then having had a shot at them with a snowball or handy turnip. They used to come running out of a thicket when they saw you, and, inside their twelve-wire fence, follow you round the field with swollen necks and tucked-up bodies and a most evil look in their red eyes. A certain and speedy death would have awaited any one going into their quarters then, unless he had a gun or rifle with him.

A second instance shows the cunning as well as the fierceness of a stag. He had been kept for some time in a large enclosure in a forest, and had been let out. An old friend of mine, whose long and prosperous life had been spent in farming a small holding, and making a great deal of whisky for which the Revenue received no duty, was one day busied about the shore of a loch when he saw this stag coming down from the hill towards him. The beast had not a very good reputation, and the old man made

for a peat-stack, which was luckily near at hand, and climbed on to the top of it. In a few seconds the stag was below, bellowing and grunting, and trying to rake the peats down with his horns. There was a heavy "punch" or crow-bar leaning against the stack, and with this the besieged in his turn prodded at the deer, now and then getting in a good poke. Finally the latter went off out of sight behind a ridge, and the victor was left in triumph in his fortress. The boat in which he had crossed the loch lay some hundred yards or less away, and, when he had recovered his wind, he cautiously climbed down and made for it as fast as he could. The stag must have been keeping a sharp look-out, and the man had a second run to make for his life. The deer dashed after him into the water, and *all but* caught him. Never before, I believe, did an ancient and heavily-built illicit-distiller make such a desperate bound for safety as he did that day: small farming and smuggling would have come to a complete end, else, for him then.

If there was something comic in this adventure, especially to one who knew, as I did, both the actors in it, there is nothing but pure tragedy in this third instance I give of a stag's ferocity. An experienced stalker in a forest in Ross-shire started one morning to attend a funeral: he never appeared at it, and never returned home. Then it was re-

membered that a "tame" stag had been heard making a great noise the previous day, and search was made in the park in which it was kept. Here the body of the stalker was found terribly mangled. He had been making what he thought was a short cut through the dangerous ground. (I once came across the carcass of a stag which had been killed in a fight a few hours before. The victor, not content with what he had done, seems to have vented his fury on his victim after death by running at and raking the body with his horns, for the skin was riddled with holes, and many ribs were broken.) So all the knowledge of his craft did not save this poor man from a terrible death. An ordinary stick would be no defence against the rapid attack of such a stag. A blow on the horns from a heavy bludgeon, if got in at the right moment, might stun him; but firearms of some kind are the only things to rely on.

The owner of an early forest, who gets most of his stags in September, is much to be envied, for the venison is fatter and better than that which is killed later; but still there is some compensation for the October stalker, who is a daily witness of the fierce jousts and wily manœuvrings of amorous and quarrelsome deer. Even if you have nothing better with you than a stick, it is a fine sight to watch a big herd of two or three hundred or more, when there are many

stags in it and one undisputed master of them all. Till he is exhausted by his superhuman labours, what a life he leads himself and every one of his troop! But the big royal or ten-pointer sometimes finds his antlers a vain thing for safety, for a heavy-bodied hummel—a stag without any horns at all—will often get his battering-ram of head in under them and knock all the wind out of his rival, and then, till he in his turn is exhausted, be the acknowledged leader. Gordon Cumming, in one of his books, says that the roar of a stag reminded him very much of the roar of an African lion. I asked Mr Selous, than whom there can be no better authority, if he had noticed the resemblance, but he did not agree with the older hunter. A walk on an October night through a forest where there are many stags is a startling experience for a novice: they will be very near you, hardly trouble in the dark to get out of your way, and there is a continuous chorus of snorts and bellows and snuffles. But there is no danger, and you are as safe as if you were passing through a quiet country lane.

It is probable that every man whose occupation brings him into close contact with wild nature must have in him something of a poet, though he may be ignorant of the fact himself—nay, would in most cases indignantly repudiate the suggestion as smacking of effeminacy. For a man

may be a poet at heart and yet never have manufactured a rhyme. It is hard to believe that a stalker, for example, gentle or simple, who knew Lady John Scott's "Ettrick" would not most continually be reminded of some of the lines in those melodious verses, "the rustling of heather and fern," "the shimmer of grass on the lea," the "murmuring waters." But, so far as my knowledge goes, there is no instance, except one, of a great poet who has also been a real lover of field-sports. There are many references to the chase and to fowling in Shakespeare, but then Shakespeare stands in a class by himself. All knowledge was within his province. We can well imagine him taking part in what he describes so well; but we cannot think of Chaucer as a foxhunter, or picture the author of "Adonais" crawling through a wet bog to get a shot at a stag. The mind refuses the conception of Wordsworth waiting for high pheasants at a covert shoot. Milton, Dryden, Spenser, Herrick, Byron, Keats, surely cared nothing for field-sports. Scott was a sportsman. "It's commonly him that sees the hare sitting," explained his little son. But it is rather as a great novelist than as a poet in the first rank that he is accepted by the world. Country-bred Burns's sympathy was with the hunted. Somerville's "Chase" takes a low place as a poem. Christopher North could walk forty miles to fish

in Loch Awe, but he is remembered by the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' and not by the "Isle of Palms." Charles Kingsley and Whyte Melville, both lovers of sport, wrote charming verses. Tennyson's references to the chase are purely classical. Browning would never have thought of "Donald" if he had possessed the smallest instinct of a hunter of deer.

In the year 1724 Duncan Ban Macintyre—"Donnacha Ban nan Oran, Fair-haired Duncan of the Songs"—was born in Glenorchy, in Argyllshire. He served in the army, and fought at Falkirk; he became a forester to Lord Breadalbane and afterwards to the Duke of Argyll, and he ended his days in Edinburgh, where he was one of the city guard. This man was quite illiterate; he never learned to read, but he composed many poems, which were written down by a clergyman from his dictation. They were first published in 1768. Of two only of these poems am I able to speak, which have been translated from the original Gaelic by Robert Buchanan.¹ In "*Coire Cheathaich*"—"The Glen of the Mist"—the old forester gives an account of his home, its wild-flowers and green slopes and swelling hillocks, the cream-white kernelled nuts and rowan berries beside the stream, the soft round nest of the "brindled bee," the wet places where "rushes thicken

and long reeds blow." "Fine," he adds, "were the harvest to any reaper who through the marsh and the bog could go." He describes with loving minuteness the wild plants and flowers of the forest, and the creatures who lived there: the "downy canach," the darnel, the "twisted" hemlock, the wind-slanted wild rye-grass (the "shimmer of grass" of Ettrick), the juicy moor-grass and close-set groundsel and fragrant clover, the garlic-flower and pennyroyal and dandelion. He draws a pretty picture of the "stainless moss" from which the little daisies and primroses peep, the "dark eyebrow" of cress clinging round the springs. Then he turns to the living things: "Out of the ocean comes the salmon, steering with crooked beak he hies." He describes the stag and the stalk on him, and the chase by his fierce hound; his mate, "the sweet brown princess of the mountain," the roe creeping under the green branches, the croaking moorhen and "red-cock," the little wren "blowing his tiny trumpet," the speckled thrush and robin "lilting together a pleasant song."

"Not a singer but joined the chorus,
Not a bird in the leaves was still;
First the laverock, that famous singer,
Led the music with throat so shrill;
From tall tree-branches the blackbird
whistled,
And the grey bird joined with his
sweet 'coo coo';
Everywhere was the blithesome chorus,
Till the glen was murmuring thro'
and thro'."

¹ Published by J. Grant, Edinburgh, 1901.

In some forests there are no trees, and you might as well expect to hear a nightingale as a pigeon. But the Black Mount is a county in itself, and includes every kind of ground. Then Duncan Ban bursts out into a triumphant cry of affection for his home—

“My beauteous corri ! my misty corri !
What light feet trod thee in joy and pride !
What strong hands gathered thy precious treasures !
What great hearts leapt on thy craggy side !”

In “Ben Dorain,” the “Last Adieu to the Hills,” the old man’s song is a lament, not a pæan — a wail of “tempora mutantur,” a thinking of what had been.

“Yestreen I stood on Ben Dorain and
paced its dark grey path ;
Was there a hill I did not know ?—a
glen or a rocky strath ?
Oh ! gladly in the times of old I trod
that glorious ground,
And the white dawn melted in the sun,
and the red-deer cried around !”

This is his last good-bye—

“Farewell ye forests of the heath !
hills where the bright day gleams !
Farewell ye grassy dells ! farewell ye
springs and leaping streams !
Farewell ye mighty solitudes where
once I loved to dwell !
Scene of my springtime and its joys—
for ever fare thee well !”

It would be absurd on the strength of two poems, and those only known through translations, to ask for a high place in verse for this untaught forester ; but it seems to me that he was able to describe in fitting, and very often beautiful, language the splendid country in which he lived, and the occupation of which he was a master. So long as the Gaelic language lasts his name will be associated with the bold mountain which faces the traveller who passes up from Tyndrum or through Glenorchy to the Black Mount.

GILFRID W. HARTLEY.

THE TREATMENT OF SEDITION IN INDIA.

THE correspondence relating to Sir Bampfylde Fuller's resignation of the Government of Eastern Bengal was published soon after the opening of the last session of Parliament. It was not possible to deal with it at the time, and if the questions arising out of it regarded only the personal relations between the Lieutenant-Governor and the Government of India, it would perhaps be unnecessary to go back to it. But there is another and far weightier issue involved—namely, the right method of meeting seditious agitation in the East. With reference to this aspect of the case it is worth while to examine it somewhat closely.

The immediate trouble arose from the measure which has been termed, somewhat unfortunately, the "Partition of Bengal." We say "unfortunately," because the term has a sinister meaning in politics, and has led to the notion that the province was ruthlessly dismembered, its people torn asunder and placed under quasi-alien governments. As a matter of fact, it was nothing in the present case but the division for administrative purposes of a province that had outgrown the machinery of its government, and was suffering in consequence. Only the hysterical imagination of a Bengali or an Irish Nationalist could have made a tragic grievance of it. It is probably needless to remind our readers

that changes have been made, both by addition and subtraction, in the areas of the larger administrative divisions of British India, which have not, and could not have, followed racial lines. The extension of British rule, it will be remembered, has been mainly on the Bengal side, and hence that province has been especially subject to such variations. Lord Curzon's action in adding the Eastern districts to Assam to form a new province is in accordance with many precedents in all parts of India. An arrangement of this kind cannot affect the rights and lawful privileges of any class of the community, and in no previous case has there been popular discontent, although some particular interests may have objected to the change. It may fairly be asked, then, why the present division of the Eastern Provinces from Bengal has raised such an uproar?

Most, if not all, of the Indian leaders of the agitation are residents of Calcutta. Their backers in England are some misguided philanthropists and a handful of pensioned Indian Civil servants of a cranky nature, whom certain British constituencies, going after strange flesh, have returned to Parliament. These gentlemen ask us to believe that fifty years under one Lieutenant-Governor have tied together the various races, castes, and religions of the country styled Bengal so

firmly, that an outlying portion cannot be placed under a separate administrator without wounding their feelings.

In the present operation, perhaps, the knife has gone nearer than before to the heart of the old province. There is, however, no very close bond of affinity between the people of the Eastern districts and those to the west of the Ganges. The Brahmins and some of the higher castes may be ethnically one. They would hardly care to claim kinship with the Sudra cultivators, the village servants, and the millions of Musulmans, who form the majority of the population, and are descended mainly from men of the lower and servile castes converted to Islam many centuries ago. When the cry of patriotism is raised, and the goddess Kali invoked, these classes are either not invited to the dance, or are expected to move to the Hindu music.

Nor can it be maintained that within historical times Bengal has enjoyed autonomy of any kind. So far as it has been one, its union has been due to the administrative arrangements of its rulers, whether Mahomedan or British, and has included such diverse territories as Behar and Orissa. The strength of a sentiment, however, must be admitted even when it has little solid foundation. In our own colonies it is seen how soon identity of interests and domicile create a spirit of quasi-patriotism. In India the conditions are different. Men are so divided by barriers, which forbid intermarriage and even

free social intercourse, and so separated by diversity of customs and interests, that an *esprit de corps* of this kind does not readily spring up. The cause of the strong movement against the division—strong it certainly has been and is—must be sought in other directions. Is it to be found in the inconveniences to the people generally, arising from the separation? Hardly, for in the first place the transfer to the care of a new administration, new only in *personnel* but working on identical lines, cannot affect the daily lives of the people in the transferred territories. A change in the boundaries of a district or police jurisdiction may be an annoyance. Only one in ten thousand has concern with the head of the province or cares where he resides. The laws and regulations remain unaltered. The chief judicial courts of appeal are the same, as the new province has not been removed from the jurisdiction of the Calcutta High Court. The suggestion lately put forward by Mr C. J. O'Donnell in a letter to 'The Times,' that trade will be hampered by the division, shows to what straits its opponents are driven. He must know that the trade of India is not bound by provincial limits, that there are no internal customs' lines, that the administrations of the great means of communication—the post, the telegraphs, and the railways—are imperial.

There are three significant circumstances of the agitation: It is confined to the Hindus; it is engineered and controlled

in Calcutta; it is taken by the Mahomedans all over India—and in this opinion they do not stand alone—to be directed as much against their interests as against the partition. A consideration of these facts may give a clue to the cause of the movement. The Hindus, it must be remembered, have enjoyed an ascendancy in this part of India ever since the establishment of our rule. Owing to various causes,—the subjection in which we found them, their more active and pliable intelligence, and their readiness to welcome a Western education,—they became the instruments of the ruling power in administering the country. The Mahomedans, on the other hand, felt their defeat, wrapped themselves in their pride, and held aloof. As a consequence, and by no means to their discredit, the Hindus have acquired almost a monopoly of the public service. In the Eastern districts this is especially remarkable, where, with a population composed of Mahomedans in a proportion of two to one, the Hindus hold, or lately held, about 90 per cent of the appointments in the civil service. The formation of the new province has thrown so strong a light on this disparity, that its maintenance has become impossible. The Hindu families and castes, many of them connected with Calcutta, who have profited by this state of things, have seen that their interests are threatened by the division of the province. This, it is believed, is a true account of the motives of the agitation. It

is a struggle for the loaves and fishes of the public service, a cause less romantic perhaps than patriotism, but not less forceful.

In confirmation of this view we may quote an extract from a letter lately received from a Hindu gentleman belonging to the upper provinces, a Brahmin by caste, who has served with great distinction in several parts of India. Writing in September last, he says—

“Sir Bampfylde Fuller in one of his orders stated that Mahomedans in his province had no proportionate share in the public appointments, and he intended to raise their numbers in that capacity, which was detrimental to the interests of the Hindus. Though the Hindus of Bengal are much less in number, so far as population is concerned, they seem to have the upper hand by education, which they have acquired in the peaceful times of the British Government. The Mahomedans, it is a matter of regret, clinging to their old ideas and traditions, have slipped the opportunity, and hence have fallen behindhand their rivals in competing for admission into public service. Sir J. B. Fuller wanted to raise the Mahomedans, which would be at the expense of the Hindus, and hence he was sacrificed at the agitation of the Hindus.”

This opinion, it is believed, is held by both Hindus and Mahomedans in India, and it is well founded. To have so managed matters as to give colour to such a view of the case is hardly a triumph of statesmanship of which either Lord Minto or Mr Morley can boast, and will not conduce to the better government of India.

We have endeavoured to define the motives of the agitators. Let us now see how

they set about their work. Their friends in England urged them to agitate without ceasing, to hold meetings night and day, to petition, and to worry the Secretary of State. Every Whig, they were told by one member of Parliament, will yield to pressure. If they only made noise enough, Mr Morley would give them all they wanted. They followed this advice to the letter, but they added another method not applicable in English political strife, but the spirit of which is not unknown in Ireland. They determined to boycott all British produce. The idea of a boycott of foreign goods in the interest of home industries is not new in India, but has never made much way. It is quite a new departure to use it for the purpose of coercing the Government. The Bengali is an apt imitator, and may have borrowed the notion from China. However this may be, it is a method familiar to him in caste and social matters, and he knows by experience that Lancashire can influence the Government of India, and if it is necessary for her own purposes will use her power.

Accordingly a boycott of all British goods was proclaimed. The people, however, did not respond enthusiastically to the call. They were not disposed to join in a movement which was against their interests or their comfort. But unless the boycott could be made general, it would not be sufficiently felt by the merchant and manufacturer in England. It became evident that force of

some sort must be applied to persuade those who had not enough "patriotism" to obey willingly. So much was clear. But how was it to be done? The Babu has yet to be born who will lead a riot and risk a broken head. Who was to be employed to bell the cat? Here an inspiration clearly came from a foreign source. Recent events in Russia have, it is known, been closely watched by Indian politicians. In Russia students of colleges and schools have stood in the forefront of most of the disturbances. To sit comfortably at home and to let loose a mob of schoolboys to enforce their views was a system of tactics congenial to the temperament of the Calcutta leaders. They were well assured that no great harm could come to the lads. The blood of the youth of Bengal was not likely to fertilise his native earth, and his martyrdom, if any, would not go beyond a few stripes or a few days in prison. If the boys were left alone they would soon enforce the boycott. If they were repressed, there would be a cry of Russian methods and questions in the House that would certainly lead to interference. A Government that legalised peaceful picketing and persuasion in trade disputes could hardly object to the application of similar methods in matters of greater moment. Moreover, Surendra Nath, the great leader, although at that time uncrowned, had a prevailing influence in the schools of Bengal, many of which are private institutions aided by

the State, owned and managed by Hindu Committees. The plan succeeded well. Mobs of schoolboys were let loose in the bazaars to hustle and bully all who refused to join in the boycott of British goods.

Action of this kind systematically carried out over the province naturally excited much disturbance and unrest. The animosity towards British goods inevitably extended to the persons of Englishmen and of Mahomedans who did not sympathise with the agitation. Of the injury to education and to the characters and future prospects of the boys who were the tools of cowardly politicians, it is unnecessary to speak. Such was the condition of affairs in Bengal at the time the division was carried out, and Sir Bampfylde Fuller placed in charge of the new province.

Let us now see what steps were taken by the Government. Before the division was carried out orders were issued, it is presumed by Sir Andrew Fraser, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, to all district magistrates, directing them to warn the heads of schools and colleges that their grants-in-aid and other privileges would be withdrawn, and that the University would be asked to disaffiliate their institutions, if the boys attending them took "any public action in connection with boycotting, picketing, and other abuses associated with the so-called Swadéshi movement." These orders are dated the 10th October 1905, and are printed with the correspondence. It has not, however, been always observed that

they were the orders of the Government of the old province, and were not issued by Sir Bampfylde Fuller, who found them in force. It is important to remember this, as it bears on the question of the conduct of the Government of India in meeting the agitation, and especially in their treatment of the late Lieutenant-Governor. These orders must have been well known to the Government of India. They appear appropriate to the circumstances on the supposition that they could be enforced. What less or milder measure a governor responsible for the peace of his province could take, it is difficult to see.

After the new Lieutenant-Governor was installed the agitation was carried on with fresh vigour. Under instructions from Calcutta, and, it may be feared, advice from England, the boycott was extended to Sir Bampfylde Fuller, who had been appointed by Lord Curzon, and was regarded as the embodiment of the partition. The activity of the schoolboys was still further developed, and their licentiousness increased so as to become intolerable. In several cases they were organised in mock military fashion, officered by the masters who ought to have restrained them, and led forth into the market-places to picket and peacefully persuade the honest citizens. The Lieutenant-Governor found himself in a very difficult position,—in the precise dilemma, in fact, in which the Bengali leaders had designed to place him. If he attempted to strengthen his

inadequate civil police, he was denounced as a tyrant. If, through the educational authorities, and in the default of the schoolmasters and managers either to restrain or punish the boys, he ordered the suspension or expulsion of delinquents, he was interfered with by the Government of India.

What was to be done? It was easy for an authority at Simla or Whitehall to treat the matter as of no importance. No doubt, to one who recalls the riots which have disturbed and still disturb European countries, these performances of the Bengal school-boys may seem deserving of ridicule rather than force. But for a man who had to control twenty-six millions of Asiatics, and had only a handful of his own countrymen to help him, it was a serious matter. Race feeling was rapidly growing between Hindus and Mahomedans as well as between Hindus and white men. The rioting might soon become a very serious affair, and in that case neither Simla nor Whitehall would have accepted the responsibility. The Lieutenant-Governor appears to have done his best to get the leading people to come to his side and to use their influence in the cause of order. But, as has been said, he was included in the boycott. The unofficial Hindus would have no truck with him. Orders had gone forth to ignore him absolutely, and to refer all complaints and grievances to the authorities above him. He was thus placed at a cruel disadvantage,

and to Mr Morley he was no doubt represented and appeared to be a hard and hidebound official devoid of sense and tact.

There were two schools most conspicuous for rebellion, whose pupils had become notorious for misconduct. They had boycotted and picketed zealously. They had in numerous cases interfered illegally with trade. They had been found guilty repeatedly of disorderly conduct in the streets. They had raided carts laden with English cloth, and had pursued with insults and brickbats the English manager of the Bank of Bengal. And these acts of misconduct were not the offspring of boyish folly. The Inspector of Schools, a Bengali gentleman, after an inquiry into the matter, reported to his superiors that "they were the outcome of a regularly organised scheme set on foot by the masters of these schools for employing the students in forcing a boycott." It is not surprising that under such circumstances the Lieutenant-Governor be thought himself of the orders issued in October 1905. He applied to the Syndicate of the University for the disaffiliation of these two academies of sedition. We do not hesitate to say that such schools would be a pest to society in any country, and that it would be the duty of a civilised government to suppress them.

Sir Bampfylde Fuller has been blamed almost universally for not having consulted the Government of India and made sure of their support

before taking this step. He had every right, however, to assume they had approved of the orders issued by the Government of Bengal, in whose place he stood; and, in our opinion, the Government of India, when he made the application to the University in February 1906, did approve, and if asked would have agreed with his action. It does not appear from the correspondence published whether the step he had taken was reported at once to the Government of India or not. It is not expected that the man at the head of a province should report every step he takes or intends to take to the Governor-General in Council, and he would not be worth his salt if he did. But every important letter is printed in the monthly proceedings of the various governments, which are submitted to the supreme authority. It is impossible that the Government of India remained officially ignorant of Sir Bampfylde Fuller's action for more than a few weeks.

The Syndicate of the Calcutta University were in no hurry to deal with the application. They are probably as loyal and as desirous of supporting authority as the University of Ireland. Most of them doubtless were in sympathy with the agitation and its methods; and those who were not would hesitate to incur the odium of opposing a popular movement. Meanwhile the Lieutenant-Governor did his best to bring the managers of the schools to reason by persuading them to deal

with the actual offenders, as to whom, in the case of the masters especially, they could have been in no doubt. He might have succeeded had it not been for the intervention of the Calcutta leaders, who insisted on resistance.

We now come to the action of the Government of India. On the 5th July, five months after the date of the Lieutenant-Governor's application to the Syndicate, the Secretary in the Home Department writes to him "to suggest" its withdrawal. The delay is remarkable, and the wording of the letter also deserves attention. It is necessary to trouble the reader with quotations from it. Writing on the 5th July, Mr Risley says that

"the Government of India have recently had occasion to consider the application made to the Syndicate of the Calcutta University in your Chief Secretary's letter to the Registrar, of the 10th February, for the withdrawal of recognition from two schools under private management in Sirajgunj. . . . Some difference of opinion,"

they understand, is likely to arise in the Syndicate. And if the case comes before the Senate,

"it will form the subject of an acrimonious public discussion in which the partition of Bengal and the administration of the new province will be violently attacked. . . . In the present state of public feeling in Bengal, . . . it is highly inexpedient that a debate of this nature should take place,"

no matter how it may end.

"They admit that the conduct of the students was scandalous in the extreme, and that it was connived at by some, at any rate, of the masters ;

while they fully recognise the grave dangers arising from the rebellious spirit which has manifested itself of late in many schools in Bengal."

In short, they admit the full force of the position taken up by the Lieutenant-Governor against the schools. But the "political objections," they go on to say, outweigh the "educational advantages of withdrawing recognition from the schools." They "doubt whether a disciplinary measure at a time of great public excitement would exercise a salutary influence over the students and masters who have identified themselves with the political movement." Collective punishment "may involve some innocent persons," and "in any case would be liable to be misconstrued in England."

When they felt themselves compelled by English opinion, probably very forcibly put, the straightforward gentlemanly course would have been to order the Lieutenant-Governor in a public letter to withdraw his application, and to take on their own shoulders the responsibility of receding from a position taken up with their knowledge and silent approval. They preferred, however, to humiliate him, and to attempt by a "suggestion" in an unofficial letter, which he could not quote, to make him eat what was, or ought to have been, their leek. It is impossible, without knowing more of the inwardness of the case, to form a judgment as to the wisdom and propriety of the Lieutenant-Governor's resignation. As a personal matter, he had ample reason to leave

the service of a Government which, if it had not absolutely betrayed him, had not given him the support he had a right to expect. In the public interests, however, we could wish that he had found it possible to remain and fight it out. In a short time he would have put his adversaries in Bengal and Westminster to shame.

From whichever side we approach the conduct of this affair by Lord Minto's, possibly we ought to say Mr Morley's, Government, for we think the hand has been his, we are driven to condemn it. They have so dealt with an agitation lawful enough in itself, but carried on by unlawful and seditious means, as to convince all men that one of their highest servants, of proved ability and experience, has been sacrificed to appease the passions of some noisy agitators.

What course, then, does the reader suppose Lord Minto's Government intended to follow, if all action against the rebellious schools was to be dropped? Let him listen to this. "They prefer to rely upon the gradual effect of the new University Regulations, which aim, they understand, at discouraging the participation of students in political movements." They cannot free themselves from the taint of Radical hypocrisy even in a private letter to the Lieutenant-Governor, but must describe riotous disorderly violence as "participation in political movements." We might describe their own policy in similar euphemistic phrases.

We prefer to put it into honest English. In point of fact, they abdicated their functions as a Government, and left the remedy for (we will use their own words) "scandalous conduct and grave dangers" to the possible regulations of a Senate whose debates they dared not face. Is this the way India is to be governed in the coming century?

The wording of the first paragraph of Mr Risley's letter goes to support the conclusion we have recorded, that when he wrote, the action taken by the Lieutenant-Governor in applying to the University was known, and had been long if not all along known, to the Government of India. He does not say that this application had recently come to their notice. He writes that *they have had recently occasion to consider it in connection with other events*. They must have known also, equally well and long, the attitude of the Calcutta University Senate. What they had not known hitherto was the way the matter would be viewed in England, which we take to mean Whitehall. The lesson thus given has not been lost on India. Witness the recent movement of the Mahomedans to create a political organisation for the protection of their interests, which they have hitherto entrusted without anxiety to the honest impartiality of the British dominion. In spite of Lord Minto's soft answer to their straightfor-

ward and manly address, they put their trust in princes no more. The Hindus, on the other hand, who have been indulged to the top of their bent, have resolved, in what they miscall a national congress, to continue the boycott until the Whig yields and the provinces are reunited. They have also, through the mouth of their president, who by the way is a Parsi and a blatant dabbler in politics, enlarged the programme of their demands. In proportion to the weakness of the men with whom they have to deal, nothing less than a responsible and entirely Indian Government will now content them.

As regards our administrators and governors who may be placed at any time in positions of even greater difficulty and responsibility than that of the Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal, if the effect is not so disastrous, it will be because the great traditions which surround the Indian services are still alive, and men will be found ready to do their duty without caring for consequences, and without regard to misinformed opinion in England. Before those traditions are quite forgotten we may perhaps have statesmen of a different stamp in India and in England, and they will find their work out out for them in the East. For sedition is a plant whose roots spread underground, and will rise with a stronger growth in other provinces than Bengal.

THE WORKING OF A GERMAN GENERAL ELECTION.

GERMAN politics appear at first sight unfathomable to the foreigner. The numerous groups that separate politicians from each other, based in many cases upon purely metaphysical distinctions, render the situation extremely complex. Broadly speaking, there are four clear and distinct parties — Conservatives, Centre, Liberals, and Social-Democrats. These parties are, however, again divided into groups, whose differences may seem infinitesimal to the outside observer; but as these differences have often originally proceeded from historical or personal grounds, they are therefore extremely acute, and members of a particular group but of the same party frequently join with those of another party in furthering the aims of a Government or an Opposition against their own colleagues. Then, again, the political issues of the moment may at any time revolutionise the situation, and compel either a Government or an Opposition to change its supporters or its opponents in obedience to purely temporary requirements. Thus Prince Bismarck found willing supporters in the various groups of the Liberal party when he expelled the Jesuits from Germany and endeavoured to bring the Catholic Church into subjection to the State; whilst later on he and his successors, Count von

Caprivi and Prince Hohenlohe, were forced to rely upon the Centre in their economic, military, naval, and colonial policies. This happy condition of affairs continued to provide Prince von Bülow with a majority until the Centre refused their support to his South-West African policy, and drove him into the arms of the Liberal groups. Broadly speaking, two parties are now ranged in opposition to one another. On the one side, Conservatives, National Liberals, German Liberals, and the People's party defend the Chancellor and his policy; whilst on the other, the Centre has joined hands with the Social-Democrats, the Poles, the Alsations, and other Particularists in resisting the principle of personal and irresponsible government. In some respects this union is a hollow one on both sides. Many Conservatives follow the "Kreuz Zeitung" in casting longing eyes on their old friends of the Centre. The German Liberals and the German People's party criticise the Chancellor for dissolving the Reichstag at a moment that was most unfavourable for the success of his policy, and condemn the appeal which he has addressed to General von Liebert, the president of the "Reichsverband"; whilst there can be no genuine or permanent union between the fervent Catholics of the

Centre party and those Social Democrats who are united in advocating the secularisation of education and of the State. It is, however, impossible to understand the present situation without saying a few words on each one of these separate groups, or "fractions" as they are popularly called in Germany.

The Conservative party is divided into two groups, who, however, generally vote together. The German Conservatives uphold Christianity, together with the union of Church and State, and believe in the divine right of the Emperor. They wish to preserve existing social and political conditions, to keep the standing army as it is, and to maintain practical Christianity in accordance with the Imperial Message of 1881. They are also strong Protectionists. Their leaders at the end of the last Reichstag were Counts Kanitz and von Limburg-Stirum, and their fifty-two members are almost exclusively chosen in Mecklenburg, Pomerania, and East Prussia.

The "Reichspartei," or Free Conservatives as they are called in the Prussian "Landtag," represent the connecting link between the extreme Conservative party and moderate Liberals. In the past they made the transition of the former to Bismarck's national programme somewhat easier. Later on they looked with a jealous eye at all dealings with the Centre party, especially on educational matters.

They have now almost all become merged in the Conservative party, though they maintain for some purposes a separate political existence, and held a "Parteitag," or party demonstration, of their own at Breslau for the first time last year. Herr von Kardorf, who was their founder and leader, is retiring from public life; but his place will probably be occupied in the coming Parliament by Baron von Zedlitz-Neukirch, who has hitherto led the party in the Prussian "Landtag." They are twenty-two strong, and consist mainly of landlords and Government officials, who have been returned to the Reichstag by the eastern provinces of the Empire.

The next two groups are smaller still. The German Reform party consists of six members, and represents the reaction of the middle classes against what they regard as the economic predominance of capital. It is strongly anti-Semitic. The "Wirthschaftliche Vereinigung," or Economic Union, includes within its ranks two members of the Bavarian Peasants' party, four members of the Landlords' Union, two Christian Socialists, four German Socialists, and three other independent members. They are strongly Protectionist. A large proportion of the Conservative and other parties belong to the "Bund der Landwirthe," or Landlords' Union, which is a most energetic Protectionist organisation, but only puts up a candidate of its own when none of

those who are already in the field are prepared to adopt its principles.

Next comes the Centre, the most powerful and, with the Socialists, the best organised of all the German parties. Though in the old days before the constitution of the German Empire there were Catholics in the Prussian "Landtag," Bavarian Patriots and clerical groups both in Baden and Württemberg, the Centre as a distinct party is the outcome of the religious conflict of the early seventies, which banded the vast majority of German Catholics into a strong and united party. On all religious and political questions it votes as one man, especially wherever the interests of the Church are even indirectly concerned; but it includes in its ranks priests, landlords, capitalists, tradesmen, and labourers, whose views range from the aristocratic prejudices of Prince Arenberg and Baron von Wolff-Metternich down to the democratic sentiments of such men as Herr Roeren and Herr Erzberger. There is naturally a great diversity of opinion amongst all these classes, and the more aristocratic members of the Centre party are very much alarmed at the tendencies of the democratic section; but they have kept wonderfully well together, notwithstanding the protests that have arisen here and there amongst German Catholics against what they call the anti-national policy pursued by the leaders of the party. It consists of ninety-nine

members, who are reinforced on almost every question that is not dynastic by the votes of four Welf or Hanoverian deputies, who are also Catholics. Their leadership remained in commission for some time after Dr Lieber's death; but they have now rallied to their new chief, Dr Peter Spahn, deputy for Bonn, whilst the most prominent members of the party are Herr Groeber, Herr Bachem, Herr Trimborn, and Herr Erzberger. They can generally rely, when religious issues are involved, on the support of sixteen Poles and of nine Alsace-Lorrainers, which gives them a total representation of 128 in a Reichstag of 397 members.

The Liberal elements in the Reichstag are far more divided than Conservatives or Centre. The old Liberal party lost the German Progressives in 1861, who were the first men to lay down a definite programme of their own. The German Labour Union separated from them in 1863, and the National Liberals, who rallied to Prince Bismarck's national policy, constituted another group in 1866. Then again, in 1880, the left wing of the National Liberals formed a further group, which from 1884 to 1892 joined with the Progressives and established the "Deutsch-Freisinnig," or German Liberal party. Since then a further split has occurred, the "Freisinnige Vereinigung" separating from the German People's party under different leaders and with a distinct programme of its own. Volumes might be written on

these various groups, whose policies often cross one another, being in some respects more and in others less advanced, and I can only endeavour to give a very brief summary in the short space at my disposal.

The National Liberals, who were once the most powerful of all groups, counting 151 in 1874, have now lost a hundred of their members, and numbered only fifty-one at the close of the last Reichstag. They have become somewhat reactionary in their policy, wishing to preserve the national organisation as it was created by them in 1881. They protest in their appeal to the constituencies on the one side against the domination of Clericalism, and on the other against the revolutionary machinations of the Socialist party. Their leader is Dr Bassermann, who has sat for Frankfurt - on - Oder since February 1904, but who has now been forced by the opposition of the "Landlord's Union" to seek refuge in the Hoyerswarda division of Silesia, which has hitherto been represented by Count von Arnim, a free Conservative.

The Liberal, or German Liberal party, as they are frequently called to distinguish them from their National Liberal colleagues, are now split up into three sections: the "South German People's party," consisting of six members; the "Freisinnige Vereinigung," or "Liberal Union," with ten members; and the "Freisinnige Volkspartei," or "Liberal

People's Party," with twenty members.

On broad principles these parties all uphold Liberal beliefs, but though only distinguished from one another by questions of detail, these distinctions are sometimes characterised by considerable personal bitterness. The "Liberal Union" and the "People's party" for many years followed Eugene Richter, one of the ablest and most eloquent men in the Chamber; but the Liberal Union threw him over when he refused to support Count Caprivi's military policy. In other respects they are, however, much more advanced, for they have recommended their members to support Socialist candidates at the second ballots, while the People's party will have nothing to say to such a compromise. The Liberal Union were originally under the leadership of Dr Rickert, Dr Theodore Barth, and Herr Schrader; but Dr Rickert is dead, Dr Barth was not returned to the last Reichstag, so Herr Schrader is their recognised chief in Parliament, though Dr Barth exercises, even at present, a very considerable influence on the party programme, and may succeed in winning the Cöslin division of Pomerania for his party. The leadership of the "Liberal People's party" is in commission, but its most prominent members are Dr Müller, Dr Wiemer, and Herr Kopsch. The South German People's party, who are almost entirely returned by Württemberg constituencies, generally vote with

the German People's party, except on educational questions, where they prefer absolute secularism to the "Simultanschulen," or those mixed schools to which ministers of all denominations have free access. Their most prominent personality is perhaps Herr von Payer, who sits for Tübingen in Württemberg.

Next comes the Social-Democratic party with its seventy-eight members, who in their appeals to the electorate advocate the Nationalisation of all private property and of all means of production, as well as the liberation not only of the proletariat, but of the whole human race. They uphold the emancipation of all the oppressed classes, women as well as workers, the secularisation of education, the separation of Church from State, an eight hours day, a progressive income-tax, and progressive succession duties. They boast of the support of three million voters; but very few of these, probably not more than a couple of hundred thousand, can be called Socialists in the true sense of the term. There are many discontented people in Germany who hope to remedy their grievances by a universal upheaval, whilst there are others who vote Socialist at the second ballot because they have not been able to secure the return of their candidate at the General Election. Then, again, a large number of civil servants who vote for Conservatives at the Landtag election, where the ballot does not exist, are so excited at the rise

in the price of food and the stagnation of their salaries that they will very probably rally to the Socialist party under the protection of the ballot. At their election, as distinct from their party, meetings, little or no Socialism is talked, except possibly in the course of an eloquent peroration, and then its meaning is hardly grasped by the audience, which generally in the large towns consists of men in easy circumstances, who are dissatisfied with existing conditions and believe they can best remedy their grievances by giving their support to the most extreme party. Indeed there are some who adopt this course, and openly acknowledge that they do so as a protest against the autocracy of the Emperor, the existence of a standing army, or what they regard as unfair in the present incidence of taxation. Pure and undefiled Socialism would frighten these easy-going "bourgeois" out of the ranks of the Socialist party, and their orators therefore concentrate their speeches on criticising such events as the Colonial policy of the Government, the dissolution of the Reichstag, Prince von Bülow's manifesto, the rise in the price of bread and of meat, the inadequacy of the salaries of those civil servants who cannot afford to imitate the working men and strike for higher wages, and the administration by the State of the funds available for insurance against sickness, accident, and old age. In the country districts Socialist orators show their adaptability to circum-

stances by dwelling as little as possible on the rise in the price of the necessities of life, which has necessarily been accompanied by higher wages; in the case of the small peasant proprietor, by a very material advance in the price of his pigs; but they either appeal to local prejudice against the landlords or large farmers, or give the labourer to understand that the time is coming when he will have his share of the spoils and unfurl the banner of Land Nationalisation. Time was when German Socialists hearkened to the voice of such doctrinaires as Marx, Engels, and Lassalle, Liebknecht and Schweitzer, but their leaders are now made of sterner stuff, and have gone through the mill as working men themselves—for time was when Bebel and Legien were turners, Auer a saddler, Molkenbuhr a maker and Elm a sorter of cigars; but it must be admitted that, besides these, the party still numbers lawyers like Heine and Stadthagen, an ex-officer in the German army, who was wounded at Blois, and subsequently fought for the Pope as a Papal Zouave, like von Vollmar, the “uncrowned king of Bavaria,” and merchants like Singer and Bernstein. The leader of the party is Herr August Bebel, a convinced Socialist and an eloquent orator, who thoroughly believes in the coming millennium and the future of the Socialist State. Although now in his sixty-seventh year, he is as full of fire and enthusiasm as he was forty years ago, when he first entered the

Reichstag. It may as well be mentioned that although there are no groups there are many tendencies inside the Social Democratic party. Thus Revisionists like Herr Eduard Bernstein hold that many of Karl Marx’s and Friedrich Engels’ views have been contradicted by experience. In his lecture, delivered in 1901, on “How is Scientific Socialism possible?” he held that even in his own day Engels did not base the necessity of the Socialist state on the mere existence of the unearned increment. Moreover, the collapse of the capitalist system anticipated by Marx would not lead to the ideal Socialist state. This collapse, according to Bernstein, is not quite certain, but if one is thinking of an accentuation of the actual economic crisis, the contrary—that is to say, a consolidation of the present economic system—is far more probable. It is, therefore, no longer necessary to hold this theory as an article of the Socialist faith. Herr Bernstein also disagrees with Marx’s theory of concentration, by which the Marx doctrine must stand or fall. He holds, however, that without knowing it themselves all modern Socialists are Revisionists, and that there is therefore no split in the party. Then, again, Herr von Vollmar represents the more moderate Socialism of South Germany, where the freer conditions of existence have made the situation far less acute.

There remain the five Particularist parties, the oldest

and most important of which are the Poles, who were to be found in the Prussian Landtag as far back as 1849. The old aristocratic leaders are bound in time to give way to newer elements, as Poles force themselves into the industrial districts of Upper Silesia and Westphalia; but they were still represented in the last Reichstag by ten noblemen and six landlords. They have lately been much exercised by the attempts of the Government to make their children learn their catechism in German, and complain that their national grievances have not been sufficiently taken up by the Centre party. Their force is a growing one, and may, in course of time, should international complications arise, with the help of the Russian Poles prove dangerous to the homogeneity of the German Empire, for they have of late years increased both in numbers and in prosperity, developing an industry and a perseverance which was formerly alien to the Polish character. It is not so many years since Prince von Bülow compared the Poles to rabbits and the Germans to hares. "If I put down two rabbits and two hares in my park, next year I have 100 rabbits and four hares." Prince Bismarck long ago foresaw this danger, and endeavoured to arrest it by settling German immigrants on Polish land. The landlords have profited, for they have sold their land at high prices; but although nearly £17,500,000 have been

spent in carrying out this policy, German residents have often been forced by local boycotting to sell their land to Poles. The fact remains that, notwithstanding the introduction of 12,415 families, representing, according to the statistics of the Settlement Commission, 81,000 persons, who, with their 15,900 German labourers, represent nearly 100,000 German settlers, the success of the scheme is by no means so complete as its authors anticipated; for whilst in 1871 there were 512,266 Protestants and 1,009,595 Catholics living in the province of Posen, by 1905 their numbers had risen to 605,312 Protestants and 1,347,958 Catholics respectively. It would be impossible in the course of this article to gauge the merits of this controversy from every point of view, but the fact remains that the situation is extremely acute. Poles boycott Germans, and Germans Poles; 48,000 children are out on strike, refusing to answer questions in German; and wild talk is being used of forbidding the use of Polish at political meetings, and of suppressing all Polish political associations. It is possible that the use of tact and judgment may mitigate German and Polish opinion, and impartial men say that there is some hope for the future. The leaders of the party in Parliament are Herr von Czarlinski, Dr von Skarzynski, and Prince Radziwill. Some idea of the excitement in Polish circles

may be gathered from the fact that Dr von Jazdzewski, who has been one of the ablest Polish representatives for the last twenty-four years, but who advocates conciliatory measures, has had to retire from Parliament.

The Welfs, who wish for the restoration of the kingdom of Hanover and reunion with Austria, are six in number, of whom four vote steadily on religious questions with the Centre Party. Their leaders are Baron von Hodenberg and Baron von Schele-Wunsdorff. The Danes—whose organisation consists of an electoral union of 3800 members, a school union with 3900 members, and a language association 2900 strong—are represented by Herr Hanssen in the Reichstag and by two deputies in the Prussian Landtag: here also the language question is acute, but they are gradually getting into closer touch with the German Liberal party. Finally, we have the ten Alsace-Lorrainers, who wish to see the Reichsland, as the two provinces are now called, enjoy the same rights as Saxony and Bavaria. There was a time when they sent fifteen Protesters to the Reichstag; but when the late Prince Hohenlohe was Governor he initiated a policy characterised by so much judgment and tact that it would appear as if the German parties are slowly gaining ground in the country.

It is impossible to get some idea of how a German General Election is worked without

realising the vast number of parties into which German politicians are split up. It may be argued that, for all practical purposes, they are divided into the supporters and opponents of the Government. This may be of some importance, when we have to consider to what extent the authorities can exert their political influence at the polls; but the fact remains that the groups that support the Government and receive its favours at one moment may find themselves in the cold shades of opposition the next. It is too soon to determine what groups will constitute the majority after February 5, when the second ballots determine the final representation in the new Chamber. But the Government have clearly three courses open to them—either to do as they threaten and dissolve again; to ignore the Chamber altogether, and levy their resources without its consent; or to make the best of a bad job and patch up an understanding with the Centre, should it be impossible to secure a majority with the help of the various sections of the Liberal party. In these circumstances a knowledge of what groups there are and what opinions they hold is absolutely essential to the student of German politics. It must, however, be recognised that for the moment the Government is supported by those who voted for carrying on the war in South-West Africa, and for supplying the necessary funds—namely, the Conservatives and allied groups,

as well as the National and German Liberals; whilst the Opposition consists of the Centre, the Social-Democrats, and the Particularists. We are now in the throes of the General Election, whose conduct is in some respects quite different from what it is in England or in France.

Registration is the duty of the State. There are no registration agents or revising barristers. Four weeks before the election takes place the registers must be open for public inspection and examination. It is the duty of the local authorities to see that every German male citizen who is over twenty-five is on this list, unless he is disqualified in any way by the loss of his civil rights. There is no special lodger qualification. The suffrage is universal: every man has a vote, and is only entitled to exercise this vote once. The registers are open for inspection during eight days. This time the period began on December 28 and ended in most districts on January 4. The agents of the Centre and Socialist parties have been particularly active in seeing that their men were on the register, at least in these constituencies where their organisation is good. In some places the Centre has not been quite so active as it might have been, but then in these cases there was no prospect of winning a seat. Thus in Berlin the Catholic population is 200,000 strong out of a total of close upon 2,000,000, but they complain that their voting power

is not in proportion to their numbers, owing to defective organisation and apathy on their own part. They have no possibility of winning a seat in any of the six districts, and have therefore not troubled themselves to the same extent as where their prospects are more favourable. Notwithstanding their apathy and that of the other bourgeois parties, the registers are far more complete than they would be in England in a like case, for the carefulness with which every arrival and departure, and, indeed, every local change of residence, is reported to the police, makes the work of compiling the registers comparatively easy, and they are almost invariably up to date. Where a change of residence has taken place within the last few weeks, the elector himself has to see that his name is transferred to the proper register during the period of eight days allowed for inspection. The Social-Democrats have a large number of willing workers at their command, who are most active in seeing that this is properly done; whilst in the Rhine Province, Westphalia, Silesia, and South Germany, the whole of the local parochial organisation of the Catholic Church is at the disposal of the Centre party. In some districts the New Year holidays have given the authorities a reason for extending this exhibition of the registers to eight working days—that is, to January 7. It is evident that on this occasion far more interest has been exhibited in

the proper compilation of the register than on any previous one, as the authorities, at least in Berlin, testify to a tremendous increase in the number of visits paid to the Town Hall by those who wish to satisfy themselves that their names are properly entered upon the register.

When once completed, the register consists of eleven columns. On the first, the registered number of the voter, on the second his Christian name, and on the third his surname, on the fourth his age, on the fifth his profession, on the sixth his residence, on the next four at what general or bye elections he has exercised the franchise, whether on the first or second ballot, and on the eleventh any necessary observations. These usually refer to the reasons why the name of the disqualified voter has been struck off,—whether for being under age or subject to some civil disability, such as a criminal conviction or bankruptcy. In all these cases, as well as where the local magistrate has considered his residential qualification insufficient, the signature of the presiding officer is necessary.

Outside the Centre and Socialist parties political organisation is extremely elementary. The Conservatives, the National Liberals, the German Liberals, and the German People's party have all got offices in Berlin; but their whole business is conducted by a head agent and a couple of clerks, who are unable to give much information

as to what is going on in the constituencies. They may send a few speakers down, but each division has its own work, done on the spot. Party leaders may run about from place to place, but little is known of their movements at the Central Office. In the constituencies themselves there is generally an agent and a committee-room; but in many cases one suffices until the day of the poll. There is hardly any mural literature except the notice of local meetings, and these are very few. There are meetings of *Vertränens-männer*, or confidential friends, who are supposed to keep the candidate in touch with all that is going on; but very little else seems to be done. A Liberal candidate told me the other day that his constituency was admirably organised. "By the day of the poll nearly every one of my constituents will have received a copy of my election address." When I asked him whether he had either village or district representative committees, he admitted that the idea had never struck him. Few meetings are held in each constituency, and the candidate rarely does any canvassing himself. He leaves it entirely to his supporters. In some cases one meeting is thought sufficient for the whole constituency; but that is exceptional. Some idea can be obtained of the ease with which the election is fought by the fact that a good many of the party leaders find it possible to attend to their private business away from their constituencies,

and to satisfy themselves with an occasional visit or two. This rule applies mainly to the bourgeois parties, who stand by their old traditions, and the result is that there are a large number of abstentions. Thus, in 1898 only 68 per cent of the total number of electors went to the poll; whilst in 1903, out of twelve and a half million voters, only nine and a half million, or 75·8 per cent, took any part whatsoever in the elections.

The Centre Party and the Social-Democrats are an exception to this rule. The Centre Party has the whole organisation of the Catholic Church at its disposal, and this is reinforced by working men's guilds, to which every Catholic voter is expected to belong. The priests and members of these guilds are very active canvassers, and the consequence is that very few Catholic votes are unaccounted for on the day of the poll. Steps are even taken to secure a heavy poll where the party is small. No member of the Centre Party appeals more strongly to the working classes than Herr Erzberger, the eloquent member for Biberach, whose speeches in the Reichstag on labour questions have won him the support of the working men. He has therefore been chosen to stand simultaneously for all the six constituencies of Berlin, and it is believed that his personality will be able to rally the largest possible measure of support. Both Socialists and members of the Centre party are very fond of having what they call "Zahl-

Candidaten" in those constituencies where their position is hopeless, by which practice they manage to raise their total polls in the constituencies.

The Social-Democrats have also a large number of willing workers at their command, who endeavour to secure the greatest measure of support. They have a thoroughly organised system in the towns: each man looks after either a street or a portion of a street, and sees that not only every comrade, but every man who, for one reason or another, is discontented with the existing state of affairs, comes to the poll. They are also able to rely upon the support of a large number of the women, and are the only party that holds meetings either composed of, or addressed by, women, during the General Election. On the day of the poll, parties of cyclists are always ready to ride off at the shortest notice and look up those supporters who have not polled as the afternoon goes on.

There are, however, two non-party organisations which have a large staff and command a certain amount of funds. The most prominent of these is the "Reichsverband," or "Imperial Association for combating the Social-Democracy." Its President is Lieutenant-General von Liebert, who was Governor of German East Africa from 1897 to 1901, and is now on half-pay, and takes a very active interest in various patriotic movements, such as the Pan-Germanic League, the Colonial Society,

and the Navy League. The Association was started two years ago to fight the anti-national programme of the Social-Democratic party. It publishes a vast amount of leaflets, and sends its speakers to the help of any candidate who stands on a national and individualist platform. The members of this organisation admit that the suddenness of the General Election has taken them by surprise. They had laid all their plans for a dissolution in 1908, and doubt whether their machinery is sufficiently advanced to enable them to employ it to the very best advantage at such short notice. Their value to the bourgeois parties is incontestable, if one can judge by the indignation of the orators of the Social-Democratic party, who never tire of denouncing the "Reichsverband" and its works. Its leaflets, they allege, are false and mendacious, its speakers are paid fifty marks for each separate appearance, and its ways are mean and underhand. This is a valuable tribute from a party which has not hitherto shown itself very sensitive in political warfare. The importance of the "Reichsverband" has lately been somewhat enhanced by the prominence which Prince von Bülow has given to its president, in addressing his manifesto, or "Sylvester-brief," to him on December 31.

Another political organisation which is really doing great work is the "Bund des Landwirte," or "Landlords' Union," which is prepared to support

any candidate who goes in for Protection. It is also non-political, and cares not whether the candidate is a supporter of this or of that party as long as he advocates high duties upon agricultural produce. It works steadily and without ostentation, but its enemies admit the energy and activity of its labours. They have offices in the Dessauerstrasse, and their chief agent is Captain von Kieserwetter.

Political meetings in Germany are very formal affairs. They must, in North Germany, be notified to the police at least twenty-four hours in advance. The police are then entitled, though they are not bound, to attend the meeting, personally or through representatives, whose character can be discerned either by their dress or by personal notification. A place must be found for these representatives of authority, who generally sit on the platform, at a table next to the one occupied by the chairman, vice-chairman, and speakers. They may declare the meeting dissolved for a large number of reasons, and are in no way answerable for having done so, if they have acted in good faith. They may break up a meeting when the attestation of the notice of the meeting cannot be produced, when speeches or propositions might lead to a breach of the law, and when armed men appear at the meeting who do not leave when they are told to go; also when women, boys, or apprentices are present, and do not leave when they are

told to do so. Other rules must, moreover, be observed. Thus, a gangway must be left free up to the platform, and the meeting must not start before the appointed time. The police may also dissolve the meeting if they consider the hall is too crowded,—in fact, their powers are very considerable, and only restrained by the exercise of tact and discretion on their part. To take a recent instance of the extent to which they can act. Herr Molkenbühr, Deputy for Elberfeld, was recently addressing a meeting in the second division of Berlin. He was followed by a member of the “Reichsverband,” who criticised his speech, and in the course of his reply said he was not fighting Social-Democracy so much as International Socialism. One of the audience cried out, “What impudence! A man like you to attempt to fight Socialism!” The police officer went up to the chairman and told him that the interrupter must leave the room, which he promptly did without further ado. The police may besides, if necessary, call in the military to enforce the law. These rules do not apply in South Germany, where the presence of any armed man, even if he is a policeman, is contrary to law; but then South Germans live under a far more liberal *régime* than their brethren in the North. The meeting generally takes place on licensed premises. The chairman appeals for order by ringing a bell, and

in either a few words or a speech declares the meeting open, and calls upon the first speaker to address it. When he has finished—and speeches in Germany generally take a couple of hours—the chairman again rings a bell, and declares the discussion open. This is either followed by his calling upon another speaker to address the meeting, or upon some one who comes up to the platform from the body of the hall. Perfect courtesy is generally extended to members of the opposition, and this rule is enforced all the more, as the audience, at least in North Germany, know that the police can, on the slightest uproar, declare the meeting closed. If the hall is not very full the audience sit round tables on which beer and other drinks, and sometimes cold meat and other eatables, are served. If the meeting turns out to be fuller than was anticipated, the tables are either taken out of the room or piled up at the back of the platform. At the end the chairman declares the meeting closed. At a Conservative gathering the audience usually are asked to give three “Hochs” for the Emperor at the start, and to give three “Hochs” for the candidate at the conclusion of the proceedings, raising their right hand when doing so; whilst at a Socialist meeting three “Hochs” are generally given to the cause of Social-Democracy.

It is not easy to discover to what extent the pressure

that is exercised by the Government is effective for or against a candidate. There can be no doubt that the promotion of Government officials is affected by the way in which they vote; but then the ballot is absolutely secret, and no attempt is made to spy upon what they do. If, of course, they take sides prominently, one side or the other, their political views must be known, and the Government will act accordingly. The smaller officials are discouraged in every way from voting for the Social-Democrat; but there can be no doubt that a good many of them do so. There is some meaning in the saying that this or that group have the goodwill of the Government. Officials are supposed to help these groups so far as they can, and their help is of some use. In East Prussia and in Pomerania pressure is very much more considerable. These provinces are riddled with Government officials. The "Landrat" or local magistrate is represented in each village by the "Amtsvorsteher," who has great discretion in the authority which he can give to the local publicans to hold dances in their public halls, and it is alleged that in some cases the Liberal and Socialist candidates find it difficult to secure either halls or food. As Liberals are in most cases standing against sitting Conservative members, they do not in these provinces profit by the goodwill of the Government. Again, the extension of a railway, the construction of

a bridge, a pier, or a road, will be affected by the attitude of the constituency. The requirements of these constituencies that support candidates who have earned the goodwill of the Government will naturally be more favourably considered than those of the constituencies which have supported the Social-Democrat, the Pole, the Welf, or the Alsace-Lorrainer. Still, it must be remembered that the Government is, by the very nature of things, compelled to secure its majority with the help of the strongest parties in the Chamber. If the new Chamber is constituted on anything like the present party lines, either the Government must dissolve again, or rely upon the Centre rather than upon the Left. In such a case a Liberal deputy, who may have secured the goodwill of the Government during the election, will then find the fulfilment of his claims subordinated to the requirements of a constituency which has returned a member of the Centre party.

Much more might be written of the manner in which the vote is taken and the majority is declared. Suffice it to say that each voter can fill up his paper in an enclosed space free from outside supervision, but it has been alleged that some East Prussian landlords give their labourers their ballot-papers with the name of their candidate already written upon it, and send them to the polling-booths under their agents' charge. The votes are

counted in the place where they are taken, the results of each polling district being forwarded to a common centre, where they are added up and officially declared. The first ballot is not decisive, except where one candidate has obtained an absolute majority of the votes polled. Where he has failed to do so, a second ballot will be taken within a fortnight of the first, and on this occasion only the two candidates who have polled the largest number of votes at the first ballot are entitled to stand, all votes for other candidates being treated as invalid.

Where two candidates have polled an equal number of votes at the first ballot, they must draw lots with the object of deciding who is to be entitled to stand at the second ballot.

On this occasion the first ballot will be taken on the 25th of January. It will hardly be decisive, if one is to form any judgment by what has happened in the past. In 1903 there were 180, in 1898 187, and in 1893 180 second ballots: that is to say,

that very nearly half the Chamber have had to face second ballots at the last three general elections. The second ballots are now fixed for February 5. We may therefore anticipate a good deal of negotiation, and possibly some compromise, between these two dates, and on the result of these compromises will depend the final constitution of the twelfth Parliament of the German Empire.

Though Germany has much to learn from Great Britain with its centuries of parliamentary life, we could easily take a lesson from the calmness and dignity with which the German approaches the fulfilment of his duties as a constitutional citizen, whether in the orderliness of his political meetings, or in the way in which he subordinates his personal prejudices to the exigencies of good government. They have not, it is true, all the blessings of that liberty which we enjoy, but they can at least say that they are doing their best to show that they are worthy of better things.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

POLITICS AND THE "DEDICATED LIFE"—A MORE POPULAR GOSPEL—
 'GET ON OR GET OUT'—THE MATERIALISM OF TO-DAY—THE
 EXTRAVAGANCE OF MUNICIPALITIES.

IN this age of practical utility it is pleasant to come upon the orations delivered recently at Edinburgh and Glasgow by Messrs Haldane and Asquith. If a university be a worthless extravagance, a Lord Rector is an obvious anachronism, and it is not a little surprising that two members of the present Administration should stoop so far from the high platform of the proletariat as to address mere students, intent upon instruction. And yet, as we read the wise words which an interlude permitted these ministers of darkness to pronounce, we could not but feel a certain elation. The infamy of politics, after all, we thought, is only a partial disgrace. Men scramble for votes, and are forgotten. Ambitious seekers after office sell their consciences for a term, and are lost in ruin. And from the wrack certain truths of honour and citizenship emerge, which, laughed at for the moment, survive the greed of hungry politicians.

Messrs Haldane and Asquith, in addressing the students of Scotland, displayed no farsought ingenuity. They came forth, *quasi cursores*, to hand on the torch of learning and discipline, which they had received from their predecessors. They made no escape from the

course which a wise and narrow tradition has enclosed for them. They spoke no word that was not in harmony with the loftiest ideals of scholarship and patriotism. In the sternest accents Mr Haldane praised the devotion of the German citizen. "Men and women," said he, "were taught to feel that in the law and order which could be brought about by the general will alone was freedom in the truest and deepest sense to be found—the freedom which was to be realised only by those who had accepted whole-heartedly the largest ends in place of particular and selfish aspirations." With a proper eloquence he urged upon his hearers the duty of a "dedicated life," of a career freely given to the service of the State, or to the arduous pursuit of learning. Both mistresses—learning and the State—jealously exact the uttermost devotion. "The life of the scholar," to quote Mr Haldane, "makes more demand for concentration than any other life. He who would really live in the spirit of the classics must toil hard to attain that sense of easy mastery of their language which is vital to his endeavour." And yet it is the scholar who, in our greedy age, is most bitterly despised and most commonly

neglected. In the general eye he seems a fool, because he does not share in the hunt for notoriety, and his studies are regarded as almost criminal, for the mere reason that they are not adapted for easy courses in continuation schools. There are, indeed, few episodes more remarkable in recent history than the violent attacks that have been made upon humane letters by those who run no risk of coming beneath their sway. Envy is the first cause of them all, but the democratic love of levelling, no doubt, increases their acrimony, and we congratulate Mr Haldane on his spirited defence of an unpopular cause.

Mr Haldane gave proof of a still greater courage in the warmth with which he applauded the stern and noble training given to the officers of the Japanese army. In generous terms he described how the basis of this training was a high code of ethics and chivalry. "To learn to obey," said he, "is a duty as important as to learn to command. The future officer is taken while he is still young, and in his cadet corps the boy who is a born leader is systematically taught to submit to the command of him who may be feeble and even incompetent, but whom he is forbidden to despise. . . . Self-effacement, the obligation of truthfulness, devotion to the service of his nation, these are the ethical lessons in which the young Japanese officer is instructed with a thoroughness and a courage which, so far as I

know, has no parallel in our time." Admirable lessons truly, and sadly needed in a country in which the meanest voter claims the privilege of insulting a general commanding in the field, and where the spirit of the pro-Boer is not accounted a disgrace.

It is the business of a university, then, in Mr Haldane's opinion, to make "the higher ends of life" possible of attainment, to teach concentration and the sacrifice of self, to send forth scholars, statesmen, and soldiers, who are ready to die for their ideal or for their country. Mr Asquith's ambition, as expressed in Scotland, is equally exalted. "A university," said our Chancellor of the Exchequer, "never was, is not, and never ought to become, a technological institute for the creation and equipment of specialists." For him the university is a home of humanity, a place of intellectual training, whose gifts are none the less worthy because they are not of commercial and immediate utility, and where for the moment men might "concentrate themselves on the things of the mind, installed, as they were, in the citadel of knowledge." In every line of Mr Asquith's oration there breathes a spirit of intellectual aristocracy, of worship paid to the great masterpieces of the past. Like his eminent colleague, he sets a value upon scholarship which cannot be expressed in the pounds, shillings, and pence of common life. He admits the claim which history and

literature have upon the public regard, and if we knew no more of him than this single performance, we might believe that he had never tarnished his fame with Radical politics.

We do not expect to find consistency in the human mind. Every man has the right to make whatever exchange seems good to him between heresy and gospel. The hardest pedant need not cut all his views and all his prejudices to the same pattern. But there is a limit to the reputable duality of thought and action. Compare what Messrs Haldane and Asquith said in Scotland with what they habitually say and do in Westminster, and you will find a loud and definite contradiction. The men who in cowardice support the impudent demands of Labour are as widely different from the men of a lofty idealism, who acclaim the mission of the universities, as night is from morning. How shall we explain this plain and fierce antagonism of two respectable Ministers against themselves? It is not enough to say that they modify their views according to their audiences. It is not a question of modified views, but of open conflict. The dedicated life has no place in the scheme of a Government whose policy is surrender and whose watchword is privilege. The mere thought of a "citadel of knowledge" must convulse with laughter the astute politicians who are intent only to discover by what injustice they may purchase votes at the next election. There is not a sen-

tence in either rectorial address that is not an insult to the proletariat, of which Messrs Haldane and Asquith are the willing slaves. Where, then, shall we find sincerity, in the Scottish Universities or in the British House of Commons? Of the two Haldanes and of the two Asquiths which are the real ones?

In all likelihood neither set is real. They are probably content to play the part of adroit conjurers on both sides of the Border. The southern aspect of the case does them less, the northern aspect does them far more, than justice. Many years of opposition have turned them to cynicism; and having once known the truth, they pursue error with a willing eagerness. But the mere fact that they could compose the orations which they delivered in Scotland, proves how long a distance they have fallen from the high altitudes at which they have lived in the past. Once upon a time they knew better things. They can still repeat the ancient lessons with a sort of glibness. But nothing will persuade them to guide their conduct by them any longer. They are useful—these ancient lessons—when a simple mob of students is to be conciliated. They must be sternly put aside when the real business of politics has to be considered.

If their words are a pæan of praise raised to the honour of universities, the actions of Messrs Haldane and Asquith show the universities' futility. If the influence of learning

lasts so short a while, may we not ask whether learning is worth the sacrifice of youth? Presently come politics and besmire the fair face of intelligence. Mr Asquith has accurately described the process. "If the best gift which their university could give them was not to be slowly stifled, they must see that they keep the windows of the mind, and of the soul also, open to the light and air." Is it not a pity that he did not take the necessary precaution? Does he not regret, we wonder, that the silly tags of democracy, the common falsehoods of politics, the stern maxims of Mr Keir Hardie, have so dedaubed the windows of his mind that he can only look out upon the daylight at rare intervals and in a northern clime?

"Evil communications corrupt good manners," and a year of office, or of slavery, has reduced the aspirations of Messrs Asquith and Haldane to ashes. They are now as ready as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman himself to bow the knee before the gods, which they know to be false. We all remember the zeal wherewith a few months since they acclaimed the justice and statecraft to which they had dedicated their lives. We cannot forget how, with the noble air of *Bombastes Furioso*, they declared war upon the oppressors and announced their hunger for the fight. Since then they have cheerfully submitted to the sword of Mr Keir Hardie. Since then they

have done the bidding of Dr Clifford, of General Botha, or of any one who spoke with a loud voice and an assured manner. Since then they have listened without a protest to the interested fairy stories of tortured Chinamen. And all the while they had these noble panegyrics of self-sacrifice and concentration and culture up their sleeves. Is there not a pitiful tragedy in it all? And cannot you imagine the solemn joy with which, eluding the eye of their hard taskmaster, they dared to express themselves in the language which once was familiar to them? The solemn joy was soon turned to grief. The hard taskmaster was more keenly vigilant than they thought. Their speeches, delivered in the warm flush of an amiable memory, were shown in frigid print to be an oblique attack upon the democracy. They contained no word of hope for the proletariat. There was not a syllable spoken in favour of throwing open the doors of our colleges to the working man. The cant of devotion to an ideal is of no use to the honest voter, who expects that, in exchange for his vote, he should engross all the privileges of class and intelligence; and it is clear to every independent Radical that Messrs Haldane and Asquith have been guilty of the most shameful discipline. Mr Keir Hardie is very angry, and who shall say without justice? No sooner do his henchmen escape from his control than they relapse into an inexcusable habit of

sound sense. Of course they will come to heel when the session begins again, but Mr Keir Hardie could not wait for that, and he has already administered a sharp and a public rebuke.

Messrs Haldane and Asquith, he complained, "belonged to that section which came near wrecking Liberalism and making its return to power for ever impossible in this country." He sternly disapproved not merely of the substance of their rectorial addresses, but of the illustrations which they dared to use. While Mr Haldane was rash enough to applaud the disciplinary ideal of Japan and Germany, Mr Asquith foolishly referred to ancient Rome, whose footsteps, says Mr Keir Hardie, we are following to our own destruction. The chief of the Labour Party, no doubt, has a special knowledge of ancient history; in any case the members of the Cabinet must accept his opinion on this, as on other subjects, if they would still retain office. And before the happy moment of their dismissal there are many other lessons for them to learn. Mr Keir Hardie is speedily taking the late Mr Gladstone's place as conscience-keeper of the world. His work on Pantheism is, we are told, already in the press, and the members of the Government will presently be asked to subscribe to its doctrines with the same obedience wherewith they accepted his notorious Trade Disputes Bill. But Mr Keir Hardie must be careful not to

overreach himself. It is not given even to a Labour leader to know all things, and Mr Hardie's abstruse studies in Roman history seem to have prevented his acquiring a proper understanding of our universities. He wishes those institutions to be thrown open to the class of workers. If he could spare a moment to consider the annals of Oxford and Cambridge, he might discover that their colleges have never been closed against learning and intelligence. No distinction of class has ever weighed by the lightness of a feather against talent. What, then, is it that Mr Keir Hardie wants? Does he demand that every worker should spend three years at a university? If that were granted, what would become of the sacred proletariat? At present the working man is pampered by privilege. He is excused from paying taxes. He is permitted, if he choose, to break the law. His children are fed at the expense of others. Before long he will be asked to receive a pension to solace his old age. He is the despotic governor of the country. If in a moment of unemployment he condescends to shovel snow, not a very arduous or highly-skilled operation, he is paid at the rate of a pound a-day, a sum which is earned by many a Government servant only after many years of faithful toil. But the moment a working man is persuaded to enter a university he will cease to belong to the proletariat. All his privileges will disappear in a moment.

He will become a mere common educated man, the enemy of his kind, whose only right will be to contribute from a slender purse to the support of others. Mr Keir Hardie, then, should hesitate before he claims the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge for himself and his friends. It is not sound policy to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

However, Messrs Haldane and Asquith have received their reproof, no doubt with proper humility; and if the country continues to receive its scholarship and its theology, as well as its political principles, from Mr Keir Hardie, such addresses as these gentlemen delivered in Scotland will have no other than an archæological value. If printed, they will be labelled "curious" in booksellers' catalogues, as though a vague impropriety hung about them. After all, is it not absurd to ask a man to dedicate his life to an ideal, to a study, to a principle, when there is money in the world to be transferred from one pocket to another? We have lately encountered a little work called 'Get On or Get Out,' by Mr Peter Keary, which holds out far higher hopes to the aspiring citizen than the rhetoric of Messrs Haldane and Asquith. It is a new gospel of progress, compiled in the basest American, and the thousands of city clerks who read it will no doubt find its maxims profitable. There is no nonsense about Mr Peter Keary. He would not sacrifice an hour's

comfort or a day's salary for an ideal. He points out but two gods for his followers to worship—money and notoriety. Get on and get known—these are the only maxims which have a meaning for him. He has read the works of Mr Carnegie, and he would not quarrel with that eminent philanthropist's definition of success. "If you have not earned more this year," says Mr Keary, "it stands to reason that you have not got on." It does indeed, and not to get on is more than unfortunate: the moral taint of failure is indelible. The man whose income was less in 1906 than it was in 1905 is obviously imbecile, and probably criminal. But Mr Peter Keary has always a cheerful word for the waverers. He prints the title of his work in the largest of capitals, and then exclaims, after his own breezy fashion: "Don't be afraid of that phrase. It's the whole Ten Commandments of Business rolled into one."

And how shall the young Briton achieve success? By loud and insistent advertisement. He must push and parade himself as much as he may or he dare. "Bustle around," says this new preacher, "and if you have a sleepy employer you will wake him up, and the first thing he will then see is YOU!" In other words, "the man who succeeds is the man who looms large." The simple eloquence of this moral maxim needs no embellishment. Be noisy, be blatant, be pretentious, and

your reward is certain. But though in voice and manner you may be as arrogant as you like, you must not be arrogant in thought. Originality, even if you could attain to it, would never be worth so much to you as commonness of mind. This pleasant quality, in truth, is money in your pocket. "Think"—again it is Mr Peter Keary who speaks,— "think as you think other people are thinking." It will save you trouble and increase your income. The old-fashioned virtues, if they are not of supreme value, need not in every case be a fatal hindrance. Mr Peter Keary is kind enough to admit that "excessive honesty is no bar to success," though he cannot justify so unreasonable a proposition in less than half a page. He even says a word in favour of what he calls "character," and it appears that this ancient and fly-blown quality is a genuine asset. "Character," we are told by the voice of authority, "is going to turn shillings into guineas," and what more could be said in praise of anything?

Mr Peter Keary, like the wise teacher that he is, does not rely merely upon precept; he also sets examples before his readers. If all the inhabitants of Great Britain do not make their lives sublime, it is not the fault of Mr Peter Keary. The one fault of his instruction is that it is embarrassing by its wealth. We know not which example it is best and easiest to follow. The tactics of a well-known newspaper proprietor are tempting. This

gentleman, we are told, started a glorious career by writing an article on "Funny Things that Rats Do." For this method of procedure there is something to be said, but, on the whole, we prefer the tactics of Mr Bernard Shaw, which are in better harmony with the modern spirit of blatant advertisement. "Being a failure in Ireland," says Mr Peter Keary, "Mr Shaw came to London. Whenever a few 'advanced' people gathered together Mr Shaw would somehow work his way in. Then he managed to make a speech, sometimes even when he knew nothing of the subject about which he spoke. But he got his name in people's mouths, and he got his name in print. He made some progress every day." This is a pearl of biography, and we hope Mr Shaw likes it. He spoke without knowledge. He got his name in print. He made some progress every day—progress, not in his craft, remember, but in the mouths of men, in that notoriety to which all things shall be added. Before this achievement even the humours of rats pale to insignificance.

Perhaps the most valuable chapter in Mr Peter Keary's book is that entitled "The Food of Genius." It is obviously important for the youth of Great Britain, the genius of to-morrow, to know how best its great gifts may be sustained. Who can read without a thrill that Jeremy Taylor adored baked salmon, that the Duke of Marlborough ate beef, that Oliver Goldsmith enjoyed veal pie,

and that Gibbon delighted in toasted cheese? Thus the path of the aspirant is made plain. He can fit his ambition with its proper diet, and the rest is easy. We have no doubt, for instance, that thousands of young men in the suburbs of London are now following the example of Gibbon, who, if we may believe Mr Peter Keary, "would repair to the pantry late at night, procure a supply of cheese, and, returning to his room, would toast it before his own fire." That is how 'The Decline and Fall' was written; and the achievement is clearly within the compass of any one whose pantry is well stocked. Or would you write an *Epic*? Then remember that "Milton composed 'Paradise Lost' in a large armchair, with his head thrown back." Or is an historical novel the end of your desire? Then recall the startling fact that "Dumas wrote in his shirt-sleeves." And if your ambition is bounded only by the empire of the world, take Mr Peter Keary's word for it, that "Napoleon is a goldmine to the bright-minded young Briton."

That Mr Peter Keary should think it worth while to publish his observations is not surprising. We are all familiar by this with the imbecilities and irrelevancies of the weekly press. But this familiarity does not lessen the disgrace of the enterprise. For more than thirty years Englishmen have been compelled by Act of Parliament to read, and this is the literature

that is thought good enough for them. A gospel of push and noise, a success that is measured not by intelligence or by happiness but by greed—these are the things that are thrust before the eyes of all. That the infamous style and the bad morals of the pamphlet come from America is a poor palliation. It means merely that the common ideals of England, low and paltry as they are, are also borrowed. And what can we expect of a country whose citizens are nurtured on such stuff as this? Nowhere else in Europe would it be possible to print and to circulate a book like Mr Keary's 'Get On or Get Out.' The worst *voyou* in Paris would not tolerate it. Where is the German who would not thrust it from him with scorn? But Englishmen, we suppose, read it without shame, and it explains much that might otherwise puzzle us in the life and politics of to-day.

The principle of "get on or get out," in its narrowest sense, is of universal application. Despite the guilty interludes of Messrs Haldane and Asquith, the members of our present Government follow the guidance of Mr Peter Keary in all things. They are determined to get on at any price, and they are already taking great care lest in the future they should be asked to get out. They are purchasing the votes of the people with the money of the taxpayers. They are starving the Navy and Army that they may be able to provide free meals for

children, and may make education as costly as it is useless. At the same time, to flatter the working man, they are doing their best to prove that intelligence is a sin, and that nobody is entitled to the smallest consideration who does not work with his hands. This is their way of getting on; and until a reaction begin or disaster overtake them, they will go rapidly from bad to worse. But it is in municipal government that the gospel of Mr Peter Keary is put into practice with the greatest zeal. The Boards of Guardians and the County Councils are controlled by "bright Britons" who have found a gold-mine in Napoleon. Their schemes, in truth, are Napoleonic. Unhappily, in attempting to carry them out, they show no trace of the Imperial touch. Their power of evil, however, is merely increased by their incompetence. They are ready to undertake any job, to manage anything; and as it is the rate-payers' money with which they experiment, they can injure the community and aggrandise themselves at the same time. As they are elected by the free and independent voter, they need no qualification for the office which they seek; and as it is frequently in their power to make contracts and to fill offices, they can easily strengthen their hold upon a constituency when once they have been elected. And thus corruption is creeping into the public life of England. Tammany Hall is already established in our midst. The ne-

cessity of getting on, honestly or dishonestly, cannot be withstood, and it is with hypocrisy that henceforth we shall reproach the grafters and boodlers of America.

In a public office incompetence is as gross a sin as robbery. No man is compelled to be a County Councillor, and when he seeks the suffrages of his fellow-citizens he does it at his own risk and on his own responsibility. Nor to bring home the charge of dishonesty need we prove an actual theft. As a zealous member of the Local Government Board said the other day, "corruption treads upon the skirt of extravagance," and the extravagance of the London County Council, the worst offender of all, has been demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubt. The wasteful demagogues who sit in Spring Gardens have already done their worst to ruin London. They have driven away enterprise, they have made streets of empty houses, they have closed factories, and they are not abashed. But at last their ambition has o'erleaped itself, and they have put forth a claim to dominate the life and labour of London, which, we hope, will ensure their overwhelming defeat at the election in March. The men who have bungled the tramways of London, and who have shown themselves incompetent to manage a steamboat, have issued a programme for the future which is almost magnificent in its folly. They now aspire to own the London

which they have signally failed to govern. They intend to seize the docks and to municipalise the hospitals. They propose to supply milk retail and in bulk. They will own mines and sell coal at cost price. They will control the police and traffic of the city and suburbs. The markets and slaughter-houses shall be theirs. They are ready to give technical, secondary, and university education free to all their friends. They will institute a 48-hour week and a minimum wage of 30s. But this suggestion is merely platonic, because in future there is no reason why anybody should work, as under the auspices of the County Council the "working man"—the name is merely symbolic—will get all he wants for nothing. Finally, as London, in its present shape, is too small for the Council's ambition, it is to be extended in every direction to the Council's taste and pleasure. There is, in brief, a fine time coming for the proletarian. He will live free; he will go to the university free; and when he is tired of "study" he will be given a comfortable pension, and will have nothing to do but vote straight. And mean-

while the industrious citizens of London, who have made the capital what it is by hard work and self-denial, will creep silently away and leave the County Council to collect their rates from the ruins of what was once a great city. It is a pleasant dream of greed and speculation, and it will not come true. A County Council cannot live by hope alone. It is impossible to extort an immense revenue when all the ratepayers have been starved to death. The picture of the working man with his feet upon a free mantelpiece, before a free coal-fire, solaced by free beer and free tobacco, resting his brain after the toil of a free university, reading by a free electric light the last French novel (or penny-dreadful), which he has borrowed from a free library, is so splendid that we are almost sorry that we shall never look upon it. But one thing is certain: if the County Council has its way and sends its supporters to Cambridge or Oxford, without charge, no citizen will be permitted to pass his Little-go until he has mastered the art and mystery of Mr Peter Keary's gospel, "Get On or Get Out."

THE PARLIAMENT OF 1906.

At the close of its first session it is perhaps not too soon to take stock of the present Parliament, to attempt an estimate of its predominant traits, and—a far harder task—to forecast its future. In some respects it is without precedent. The nominal majority on the side of the Government is so overwhelming, that its whole unwieldy bulk is apt to hide its constituent parts, and to divert our view from the characteristic features of these separate elements. It would not be surprising if that dominant majority should induce something of the listlessness of despair in the heart of the Opposition, or if it took some time for the Unionist party to recover from the stunning blow of last election. But we are convinced that there never was a time when it behoved the nation to examine more carefully the features of the machine which it has brought into being, or to be more on the alert as to the possible results which the action of that mechanism may bring about. To do so is at once the best means of estimating its dangers, and may at the same time, perhaps, help us to summon up the courage necessary to deal with them.

Let us begin first with that which is numerically the minority of the House of Commons as now constituted. The Opposition can count a nominal total of about 160. But it must

be plainly stated that of these there are hardly more than 40 who are regular and constant attendants in the House, and that the minority in the divisions, which during the past session rarely exceeded 80 or 90, except when the Nationalists voted with the Opposition during the debates on the Education Bill, was made up of that regular and constant contingent, swollen by relays from amongst those who are very generally absentees.

Such apathy, bred of the necessary discouragement of a weak minority, is not perhaps to be ascribed to any individual neglect or dereliction of duty. It is the natural result which must operate on any body of men who are fighting an apparently hopeless battle, who may think it well to reserve their energies for more favourable opportunities, and who foresee a time when, in the presence of the gradual disintegration of the Government majority, they may find that the postponement of other claims upon their time to the supreme necessities of Parliament may be rewarded by less ridiculous disproportion in the division lobbies. But while it would be idle to indulge in re-orientation, this general apathy is none the less to be regretted. The energy, the solidarity, the self-sacrifice of an Opposition, is the first and most potent means of driving a wedge

through a dominant majority. Waverers will only be attracted if they see that the standard to which they would rally is not a feeble one, and that it inspires strength and confidence in those who already call it their own.

One element of strength the Opposition undoubtedly possesses, and that is in the strong bond of loyalty to its leader—a loyalty no less amply yielded than it has been deservedly won. Whatever murmurings were to be heard in the earlier weeks of the session have now been silenced. By supreme debating power, by consistent and unfailing courage, by a keenness of intellectual force in which he has no rival in the House, Mr Balfour has impressed himself upon the present Parliament as fully as he did upon the last—with the vastly increased task involved in maintaining such a hold upon an assembly of which the overwhelming majority are hostile. If murmurings of disloyalty are to be found in the less responsible sections of the party outside, they find no appreciable echo within the House itself. A majority singularly unsusceptible to the courtesies of debate, and prone, beyond example, to disorderly interruption, has yet been compelled to bow to the force of a mastery which is independent of party divisions. We do not hesitate to say that in the opinion of the great majority of its members Mr Balfour is held to be, without competitor in the absence of Mr Chamberlain, the dominant force in the

House. There may be those who, from opposite standpoints, regard with misgiving his attitude on the fiscal question, and hold him to have gone either too far or not far enough in support of tariff reform; but this does not detract from his supremacy, and it has been the less operative because, fortunately, no occasion has arisen for the discussion of such questions. We may add that Mr Balfour has confirmed that mastery which his talents have gained for him by an attendance which might give a lesson to many of the most slack in the ranks of his followers. Amongst his lieutenants on the Front Bench it would be difficult to select any one as predominant. Mr Wyndham's alertness of intellect and effectiveness in debate make him of great value to the party; but it would be idle to hide from ourselves the diminished confidence which was the result of his Irish administration, and must remain as its permanent legacy. Mr Long has an abundant fund of personal popularity; of his straightforward courage there can be no question; and he can hold his own, and use a well-edged weapon in debate, in the trying atmosphere of an adverse and often a discourteous and disorderly assembly. Mr Lyttelton has ripened with administrative experience, and maintains the best traditions of courteous and well-balanced discussion. Of the occupants of the Front Opposition Bench none can be more telling in debate, and

none has richer stores of wit and sarcasm and ready retort, than Sir Edward Carson. But the place of first lieutenant to Mr Balfour is still in commission, and there appears to be no necessity for its being filled, for the present, by any individual selection.

What, again, is the composition of the huge majority against which an Opposition, attenuated in numbers but effectively generalised, has to strive?

There is, in the first place, that section which bears the name—productive at once of satisfaction to itself and of ridicule to its critics—of the backbone of the Liberal party. It adheres—as closely as its pronounced opportunism permits it—to the old party shibboleths. By instinct and tradition it is obedient to party whips, unless sorely tried, and it performs the useful function of giving some ground of confidence, however unsound, to the more timid of the party. It is the inheritor, under an attenuated form, of what was once the majority of the party, and it represents an element long familiar to the Parliamentary benches. But, whether to its advantage or not, it is certainly younger in years than its predecessors, and it is undoubtedly far inferior in Parliamentary experience, in debating skill, and in the courage of its convictions. One of the most dangerous elements in the present overwhelming majority is the weakness, at once in numbers and in equipment, of this section of the party—a

section intended by nature rather to breed confidence than to stimulate enthusiasm.

Above, or below—as we like to call it—there is the most numerous, and also the most nondescript, of the party,—those whom, geographically, we may describe as the Radicals below the gangway. They are of every hue and complexion of political opinion, and of every variety of Parliamentary capacity. Here, if anywhere, is to be found the debating power of the non-official Ministerialists; here also are to be found what it is not too much to call the tag-rag and bobtail of the House—irresponsible, reckless, and ignorant, and almost boastfully regardless of the better traditions of Parliamentary warfare. No insignificant proportion of this section are men whose Parliamentary ambitions were bounded by a contest, undertaken at the bidding of their party, and whose success at the polls was probably the source to them of quite as much surprise as jubilation. The discipline of Parliament is avowedly irksome to them, and it will assert its mastery over them slowly, if at all. There are conspicuous exceptions to this rule, and amongst this heterogeneous mass there are men of high ability and marked debating power. But they represent infinitesimal sections, and amongst them are types so various as Mr Maddison, the Labour member who is so often opposed to the Labour party; Mr Masterman, a Christian Socialist of high intellectual power and culture; and Mr

Harold Cox, the type of the almost extinct rigid economist of the older school. It would be hard to say what will be the position of these and other notable personalities on these benches when parties are re-cast. At present we can only say that they are surrounded by those who represent the most deteriorating influences upon Parliamentary life.

Crossing the House, we find on the front benches below the gangway the Independent Labour Party—a new and as yet untried force in Parliament. Besides their leader, Mr Keir Hardie, the party includes several men who undoubtedly possess considerable Parliamentary qualities: Mr Arthur Henderson, Mr Ramsay MacDonald, Mr Shackleton, and Mr Ward are all effective debaters. They are accustomed to discussion, and they at least possess some of the qualifications of consecutive thought and argument which are so conspicuously lacking on the benches opposite. But we cannot honestly pretend blindness to the danger that the undue preponderance of this party portends. It is a new feature in Parliamentary life that such weight should belong to a party which avowedly puts forward, as its main aim, social change which will keep in view the benefit of a single class, and which regards the responsibilities of empire as of infinitesimal importance. Those upon whom, in far-distant lands, and in trying circumstances, the weight of such Imperial responsibilities rest—men who

do their work in silence, and have no opportunity of meeting their critics in debate—must be prepared to find their action treated with suspicion, if not with positive dislike. Other parties in Parliament have differed as regards our foreign or colonial policy: for the first time we have a party, exercising great influence on the Parliamentary machine, which treats all such policy as of interest subordinate to that of empirical social and economical schemes. Not for the first time in our history a dangerous and disproportioned weight has been gained by a minority which has the advantage of knowing its own mind, and drives home the wedge of its influence by the force of a narrow but concentrated aim.

Behind them sit the Nationalists—avowedly detached from English parties; free-lances to outward appearance, but exercising the privileges of their freedom within strictly defined limits. The co-operation between the Nationalists and the Opposition on the Education Bill was superficial only. They contributed to swell a scanty minority; but their action only served as an assertion of their independence, without inflicting even the most casual blow upon the Government, with which, during next session, they will have to settle questions of far more momentous importance. It may be hoped that what has happened in the past may have effectually taught the Unionist party how scanty is the value of such casual alliance.

Such are the elements of which the present House of Commons is composed. But a far more important question remains. What are its main tendencies, and how far are these appreciated by the nation at large? During the past session the discussions on the Education Bill have, in appearance, bulked far more largely than their intrinsic importance warrants. We do not hesitate to say that interest in the ultimate fate of the Bill is dwarfed beside the sense of relief at having got rid, even temporarily, of the dreary treadmill of discussion about questions which are in their essence simple, but are perplexed only by the perversity of those whose leading impulses are the rancour and dissidence of Dissent. To the plain man the two objects to be aimed at in our educational policy are—the efficiency of our schools, and the securing of full and equal liberty to the parent for the free exercise of his choice as to the religious education of his child. If the Act of 1902 imposed any theoretical injustice on the Nonconformist parent,—and we are convinced that the injustice, if it existed at all, was mainly theoretical,—all parties would willingly combine to see it removed. But the nation is not in a temper to remove it by giving a sectarian triumph to the Nonconformists. Apart from all its manifest illogicalities and inconsistencies, the Bill which has perished was one which would inevitably have broken down in admin-

istrative practice. It is no national misfortune that a solution is left over until the sanity of political justice has had time to prevail over the rancour of theological animosity. Not on an issue such as that will the nation decide in a moment of constitutional crisis.

We do not hesitate to say that the struggle in store for us in what remains of the life of the Parliament of 1906 will be over issues which will stir the passions far more deeply, and where an appeal may be made far more effectually to the inherent selfishness of human nature. The sober part of the nation does not, we are convinced, estimate at its full weight the force of Socialistic tendency prevailing in the House of Commons at the present moment, and the infinite danger to the Empire involved in its reckless propaganda. The Prime Minister owes his present influence in his party, not to any intellectual or Parliamentary supremacy which he possesses, but to the fact that he has for long accepted the yoke of that active and aggressive section of his followers who realise their own aims most clearly, and prosecute them with most concentrated perseverance. They have compelled the submission, in circumstances of humiliation rare in our political history, of those of his colleagues who formerly professed more sober and constitutional views. Only accident has prevented a more complete assertion of principles which would threaten the

stability of our social life; and who can tell how long such favourable accident may continue to recur? What, may we ask, would be the decision of the present House of Commons if the question of the control of the Metropolitan Police came up for judgment? And what would be the chances of stable government if that body were controlled by a "Progressive" majority in the London County Council? We have had indications of a desire to tamper with the national armaments; and we know the uneasiness which these have bred even in a strangely apathetic nation. But are we to suppose that Mr Haldane's tentative schemes of reduction—ill-omened and dangerous as they are—are the full measure of depletion which the present House of Commons might easily be prepared to endorse? If Mr Keir Hardie and his party had their way—and we have learned already the amplitude of their persuasive powers—what would be the value of our National Insurance, and what would be the attitude of foreign Powers in the event of that decay which they would so cordially welcome? If taxa-

tion were regulated according to the dictates of that party, how long will capital be retained, how long will private enterprise be encouraged, and how long will the essential elements of national prosperity be permitted to endure?

We have written solely with the view of calling attention to facts which are only too evident to those who carefully observe them. For such observation, the constant and regular attendance in Parliament, which has so far been reckoned as an imperative duty only by a small minority of the attenuated Unionist contingent, is the essential preliminary. It is to be hoped that, during next session, the fight may be maintained with the encouragement of ranks replenished by those who have hitherto given but casual attendance. Still more is it to be hoped that the nation at large will awaken to the danger of the situation, and will become conscious how nearly schemes of social and economical disintegration, which it has hitherto believed to exist only in the fantastic imaginations of hare-brained theorists, may be approaching to concrete realisation.

LADY BURDETT-COUTTS.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HER WELL.

THE RIGHT HON. ANGELA GEORGINA, BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS, who died on the morning of December 30, 1906, was little more than an honoured name to the public. She had outlived her age, having been born on April 21, 1814, and being thus in her ninety-third year. But though the great public, whom she loved so well and for whose benefit she had worked, had somewhat lost touch with her, to the little circle of privileged and devoted friends she remained the same to the end of her long and eventful life. To them she was always the great lady, the kind-hearted philanthropist, and the shrewd business woman, the embodiment of common-sense and decision.

The Baroness was almost the last of the chief figures of the Victorian era, so prolific in great names, in great events, and in the wonderful changes caused by modern development and science. She was the typical representative of a generation which has passed away, both in person, in thought, and in habit. Her physical characteristics were those of a former age. She was a complete stranger to nerves and to cures, and to the other ailments of rush and unsettlement which play such an important rôle in modern life. She was hardly ever ill, and to the end remained in possession of all her faculties. On Christmas Day she dined downstairs for the last time. Possessing no nerves, in the modern derogatory sense, she consequently enjoyed the most even temperament. Day by day her spirits were the same; and I have never known her depressed or affected in any way by circumstances or climatic conditions. Probably the Baroness was about the only person in London who did not feel the noise and discomfort from the great rush of motor 'buses past her house. When asked if they caused her annoyance, she merely replied, "I do not think London so noisy now as when the streets were paved with cobbles: then the omnibuses did rumble over them."

The venerable appearance of the Baroness will never be forgotten by those who knew her in her latter years. She possessed a dignity of carriage which is seldom, if ever, seen in this age of quick transition. She could enter and leave a room better than any one I know; while her charming old-time

courteous manner of receiving and introducing her guests might well have served as a model for any master in deportment. Her determination of character was remarkable; and there was nothing I admired more in her than her efforts, which were never relaxed, to stave off the feebleness of old age. Thus she always walked with a stick, or leaning on an arm, up to the time of her fatal illness, and would never allow herself to be carried in a chair. She was an excellent judge of character, and seldom, if ever, made mistakes in this connection. The Baroness had a remarkable capacity for instilling a personal affection in all who associated with her. In her own house she was venerated by her servants, and looked after in a manner positively refreshing in this democratic age.

Her character was peculiar: she belonged to the early Victorian school, and the whole bent of her mind was towards the old order of things. She had little sympathy with, or interest in, the changing spirit of the age. Nevertheless, she progressed with the times in a manner rare among old people. Every year added to her experience, and left its impression on her mind. She realised clearly that the old order was bound to pass away, and that it was useless to struggle against the decrees of inexorable fate. She had not, therefore, remained on the shifting kaleidoscope of the world's progress the representative of a bygone age. She was in many ways typical of a former generation, but fitted with, I will not say improvements, but those changes necessary to render modern life of supreme interest to her. She never harped on the glories of the past. Those trying words "in my time" she never suffered to escape her lips.

The Baroness was one of those rare mortals who throughout their lives are singularly favoured by fortune, and she was one of those rarer mortals who have not abused the favours fortune has showered on them. She never forgot the duty she owed to others less favourably situated, and at one time carried her philanthropy to such inordinate lengths that she was in serious danger of losing the greater part of her fortune.

There is no space here to relate the various events which led up to her succeeding to the immense fortune, as it was then considered, left by Harriot Mellon, the actress, who married first Thomas Coutts the banker, and afterwards allied her fortunes with those of the Duke of St Albans. Certainly Miss Burdett had no idea beforehand that the fortune would one day be hers, and it was really due to the fact that those originally selected

by the Duchess as her heirs either offended or openly quarrelled with her, that she finally chose the young daughter of Sir Francis Burdett and granddaughter of Thomas Coutts.

It is difficult to fathom the various sensations which must enter the head of a young girl who has gone to bed extremely poor at the age of twenty-three, absolutely without prospects, and who wakes on the following morning to find a letter telling her she has become the greatest heiress of the age, with what was reputed to be over a million sterling absolutely at her disposal. Probably most young girls would have turned their minds to thoughts of the pleasure and amusement such a fortune rendered possible. Not so the young daughter of Sir Francis Burdett. She took a higher and more serious view of the responsibilities fortune had thrown in her way. She regarded the windfall, not as a gift to be disposed of to her own advantage, but as a great trust, which some higher power had thought fit to place in her hands, to be employed for the benefit of humanity.

Nevertheless, it does seem remarkable that her head was never turned by prosperity, or that she could never be induced to accept one of the many offers of marriage, from some of the greatest in the land, which were showered upon her after that eventful morning in 1837. But her high sense of duty carried her safely through a sea of flattery, adulation, and cupidity, such as it has fallen to the lot of few to face. No doubt Miss Burdett had her ancestry largely to thank for this. She was the granddaughter of the most successful banker of his day, and the daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, a politician of strong views and great common-sense.

Like most old people, the Baroness had a very keen recollection of the early incidents of her life. I shall never forget the charm of her conversation, which was replete with interest, covering as it did nearly all the great events and the great figures of the nineteenth century. The Baroness remembered the brothers of Napoleon, and she had a perfect recollection of one of them standing in front of her mantelpiece in Stratton Street, his legs stretched apart, his hands clasped behind his back, his head sunk on his chest, in imitation of the habitual attitude assumed by his mighty brother. She was also a friend and keen admirer of Marshal Soult. She told me how interesting it was to listen to Soult and Wellington discussing, in a perfectly friendly manner, the campaigns in which they

were opposed to one another. A story of Wellington and Soult she related with keen pleasure. On the first occasion the Duke took Soult into Apsley House, the latter was surprised at the absence of pictures he had known in Madrid. "How is it, Monsieur le Duc," he said, "that you have so few of the Spanish masterpieces?" "Marshal, you forget," replied the Duke, "that my army was only in Madrid after the one commanded by yourself."

The Baroness always said that Soult was one of the most popular men in England, and that whenever he appeared in the street a crowd gathered to cheer him. She related an extraordinary fact, showing the fickleness of human nature, that while the hero of Waterloo was stoned, the Chief of Staff to Napoleon was cheered by the same mob.

At one time a marriage between Miss Burdett and the Iron Duke was considered probable. Louis Napoleon, then an exile on these shores, also wished to marry her. It can be said of few women that they have refused a Wellington and a Napoleon. There certainly seems to be a native independence and strength of character here!

The Baroness made the first voyage across the Channel in a steam-packet, accompanied by her mother, in the year 1827. When they started, a crowd of friends attended them on the quay and tried to induce them not to sail, declaring they would never be heard of again. Dieppe was safely reached from Southampton after a voyage of two days.

On the day of the presentation of the great Chartist petition, the Duke of Wellington, who was in command of all London, requisitioned the cellar of her house in Stratton Street, and placed soldiers there to answer the call of some sudden emergency. They were to be kept out of sight until needed, which happily they never were. The Baroness, with her usual kindness of heart, regaled them so hospitably, that she always declared it was fortunate they were never called upon to act.

Lady Burdett-Coutts had a keen sense of humour. She related to me how at a party she gave many years ago, some gold ornaments were stolen from the mantelpiece. Inquiries were made and a detective was called in, who asked for a list of the guests. When this was handed to him he placed a cross opposite the names of those who might be suspected! I remember once, just before a big dinner at her house, we were waiting for the arrival of the guests, when she suggested we should each guess who would be the first to arrive. We all named

our particular fancy, and she did likewise. The couple chosen by herself arrived long before any one else.

She had a great fondness for animals, especially for dogs. Some years ago her favourite fox-terrier bade fair to pass away from the effects of too much kindness and good living. The Baroness did not rest content until she had found a doctor who could cure her pet. He pronounced a rest-cure and strict diet absolutely essential. The dog was therefore placed under his charge. In a few months it was cured, and remained with its mistress up to the time of her death.

At Holly Lodge she kept a parrot which was bought at the Great Exhibition in 1851. This precocious bird learnt scraps of conversation and names, and whenever she appeared would bring back painful memories to her mind by calling out in a squeaky voice inquiries after her former friends, many of whom had been dead for years.

She had a great capacity for friendship. It was almost pathetic to watch the interest she took in the welfare of her old friends. She watched over Admiral Keppel, "the old Admiral" as she called him, and over Miss Moore, niece of Sir John Moore, killed at Corunna, who lived to the age of 100, as if they were her children.

The Baroness had a peculiar liking for town life. It is doubtful if she were ever really happy—especially towards the close of her life—when out of sight and sound of that great throbbing London. She loved to drive through the poorer districts, to listen to the sound of traffic, which was as music to her ear, and to watch the people as they passed her house. Even the pigeons did not escape her notice, and she arranged that they should be fed regularly each day on her balcony, superintending the doing of it herself.

No residence in London, however long, seemed to impair her health. She had no need of a holiday each week-end,—she belonged to a more heroic age. A tremendous worker, she believed in doing everything herself. Up to the last two years of her life she was in the habit of going regularly to the bank every Thursday to listen to the Bank Statement. She always attended most carefully to her correspondence, and answered the majority of her letters herself.

It is not my intention or desire to dwell here on her many charitable acts, and the different spheres of usefulness and activity she opened up and developed in the course of her honoured life. In this age of cheque for preferment there seems little credit in playing the rôle of a philanthropist. The

anonymous donor, whose name appears two days later, and whose title is gazetted a few weeks after that, has become a recognised factor in modern life. But it must be remembered that Lady Burdett-Coutts was a philanthropist long before these methods were known. She was the first to recognise, in its modern sense, the duty the rich and powerful owe to those beneath them. Her life was a splendid example of the old motto, *Noblesse oblige*. She was a practical philanthropist who worked without *arrière pensée* or hope of preferment. True rewards came her way, but she never expected and never asked for them: they were the tribute of a monarch who gave expression to the spontaneous wish of a grateful people. The honour she cherished most herself was the position she filled in the hearts of those whom she had helped.

The Baroness was essentially a practical woman. The ethereal and the ascetic played no part in her life. She had little knowledge of art, sharing the defect of many other Victorians; and, although well-read, she was not a woman of high literary instincts.

Of society, in the modern sense of the term, she knew little, —it had so entirely changed since her active participation in it,—but she was never separated from the survivors of the small circle who composed it in the past. A firm believer in the existing structure of society: yet no one ever understood better, or had more sincerely at heart, the needs of the people. I shall never forget the scene at the Jubilee in 1887, when the crowd, whilst waiting for the Royal Procession, broke through the police and gathered in a mighty mass outside her house and called for “the Baroness.” In order to disperse them and clear the street, she was obliged to appear on the balcony.

Any one who has lived beyond the common span of life commands our attention, but when that person has played a leading rôle in the world, our interest at once becomes intensified. It is easy to understand how delightful a talk with the Baroness could be made, when we consider the momentous events and the marvellous changes and developments that have taken place in the past century. Lady Burdett-Coutts lived under five sovereigns. Born before Waterloo, which settled the fate of Europe, she lived to see Tsushima, which did the same for the Far East. She made the first crossing of the Channel in a steam-packet, and heard the grave objections that were raised to this form of transit; she lived to see the *Dreadnought* completed, and to listen to the objections to a Channel Tunnel. She was well known

in the world before the introduction of the telegraph, the telephone, and electricity in all its manifold wonders. The first steam-carriage ever used on the road came to grief outside her house, Holly Lodge, in the 'Thirties; yet she lived to see the modern motor ascend Highgate Hill without effort. She herself remained faithful to horses to the end, and never could be induced to set foot in a motor. She knew the stage-coach with all its delays and discomforts, saw the introduction of the first train, and lived to travel in the modern express. The Baroness knew London paved with cobbles, and remembered the first omnibus. She lived through every stage of its development, even to its decline, and watched with interest the modern *Vanguard* usurp its place and plough its noisy, troubled passage past her windows. I shall never forget the description she gave me, less than a year ago at Brighton, of the same town as she had known it in the palmy days when George IV. held Court at the Pavilion. The Baroness knew England when its population was scarce twelve millions, and lived to see the British Empire expand to its present size.

Lady Burdett-Coutts knew intimately and entertained nearly all the great figures of the Victorian era. A woman who was the intimate friend of Napoleon's brothers, the Iron Duke, Marshal Soult, Louis Napoleon, Charles Dickens, Disraeli, General Gordon, and a host of others, must have possessed some remarkable qualities of mind.

What must be the reflections of one who has lived through five reigns, who has played a leading part in four of them, and who has followed every event of world-interest between Waterloo and Tsushima? It is to be hoped that extreme old age brings its own antidote to reflection, for reflection, even if it be that of a life beyond reproach, is always painful. Think of the mighty shadows which from time to time must have passed before her memory, recalling the past and enforcing painful comparison with the present. How did she, who had known the world under such different circumstances, regard modern life? I think the Baroness was just a little bewildered by it all, especially by the atmosphere of extreme hurry in which we now live. I once heard her remark, "Every one is in a hurry nowadays." She possessed a serenity and patience which the present generation has absolutely lost. She told me on several occasions that in her opinion individual greatness had declined, and that the great men who occupied the world's stage in the past would never be seen again, the specialist having taken their place.

The world may miss the Baroness but little, because, on account of extreme old age, she had for some time withdrawn from active life. Yet there must be many who will mourn the venerable figure, seated in the huge carriage, larger than any other in London, drawn by the great bay horses, which rolled slowly through the Metropolis. It formed a sharp contrast between that which has gone and that which has come. Now it will be seen no more. Never again will the little knot of spectators, which grew fewer and fewer each year, as time worked her spell of oblivion, gather at the corner of Stratton Street to watch the Baroness, "their friend," start on her afternoon drive.

Perhaps it was at Holly Lodge that she was seen at her best. What a keen interest she took in life: nothing was too unimportant to attract her attention. It was a sight to see the fat old pony—which seemed determined to keep alive as long as his mistress required him—dragging her bath-chair about the grounds. She would come down in the afternoon and watch the various games, and comment on the play. At dinner she was always the life and soul of the party, criticising the events of the day with a skill and keenness of perception which often astonished listeners.

So great was the magic spell of her name that visitors from all over the English-speaking world came to do homage at her shrine. From the United States, from the cold North-West of Canada, from the far-off Antipodes, and from Africa, those visiting the motherland felt they had not seen all until they had met the Baroness, whose name for half a century had been a household word.

Her remains have found a fitting resting-place in Westminster Abbey. In after years there will be many among the poor and needy who will pause before her tomb and mourn the friend whom they have lost. It is a melancholy reflection, but there has seldom been a niche in history for a good woman. It is the Cleopatras, the Theodoras, and the Pompadours who command the attention and interest of posterity, not those who have worked for the benefit of millions. But so long as a great heart, a high sense of duty, and practical generosity are recognised among human virtues, so long will the name of Lady Burdett-Coutts be remembered.

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THE BANK OF FRANCE.

BY SIR R. HAMILTON LANG, K.C.M.G.

IN a former article¹ I treated of the economic condition of France and its fiscal policy. In the present I propose to make a few remarks on the financial arrangements of that country.

The great financial institution in France, the Bank of France, is especially worthy of the study of Englishmen, being so essentially different in its constitution and organisation from that of the Bank of England, "the old lady of Threadneedle Street."

A great French economist has said that it is a remarkable "trait" in economic history "that the most of the great banks of modern Europe owe their origin to wars or to advances made to Govern-

ments."² Thus the Bank of Venice was constituted in 1171 as the result of an advance made to that Republic in time of war. The Bank of England received its first charter in 1694 in consideration of an advance to the Treasury of £1,200,000. In France, at the death of Louis XIV., the financial situation was so desperate that the new monarch listened to the plausible financial theories of John Law,³ and authorised him to establish, in 1716, the "Banque Générale," which in 1718 became "La Banque Royale." This latter bank had a temporary success, and a year after its foundation its shares rose to fifty times their nominal value. But the success was shortlived. To-

¹ 'Maga,' February 1907.

² *Traité de la Science des Finances*, vol. ii. p. 684.

³ John Law was born in Edinburgh, April 1681. His father was a goldsmith, and owned the lands of Lauriston, near Edinburgh.

wards the close of the year 1720 the "Banque Royale" collapsed, and Law had to leave France secretly to escape the rage of the thousands he had ruined. So terrible was the catastrophe, and so bitter the memory of this attempt to establish a national bank, that until 1776 no one ventured to repeat the experiment. In that year Panchard, a Genoese banker, with the support of the Minister Turgot, was authorised by royal decree to establish a bank, called "Caisse d'Escompte," with a capital of £600,000. It acquired a position of considerable influence, and rendered important services to the country. In 1789 the State was its creditor for £6,360,000, which the National Assembly decreed should be reimbursed in "assignats" secured upon the property of the crown and the clergy. But shortly after, during the financial troubles consequent upon the Revolution, "La Caisse d'Escompte" came to grief, and in 1793, on the proposition of Cambon, its suppression was decreed. After the Reign of Terror had spent its fury, the country began to breathe again. Trade and commerce revived, and several banks were created.

In the closing days of 1799 the Consulate was established in France, with Napoleon Bonaparte as First Consul. The writer in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' justly says: "The work of reconstruction which distinguishes the Consulate, though it was continued under the Empire, is the most endur-

ing of all the achievements of Napoleon. The institutions of modern France date, not, as is often said, from the Revolution, but from the Consulate." The First Consul early realised the necessity, both for the State and for the commerce of the country, of a strong national financial institution, and he lost no time in organising it. "La Banque de France" was founded on the 13th of February 1800, and it opened its doors to the public on the 20th of the same month. It was established as a "Société Anonyme," with a capital of £1,200,000 in 30,000 shares of £40 each. Napoleon and his family subscribed for a considerable number of shares. The First Consul's idea, which he frequently expressed, was that the Bank, although a State Bank and intrusted with all the financial operations of the Government, should remain entirely independent, and in no way be under the orders of the State. It was not created, like the Bank of England, to obtain money for the Treasury. On the contrary, the State assisted in increasing the resources of the Bank of France. A Consular decree caused to be paid into the Bank the considerable funds of the "Caisse d'Amortissement," which Mollien had accumulated for the benefit of the army; and the caution-monies in deposit with the Treasury from the financial agents (*Receveurs Généraux*) were converted into shares of the Bank. The capital of the Bank and its deposits were destined to facilitate the com-

mercial interests of the country by discounting traders' bills at a moderate interest and granting credits to merchants.

Three years later, important modifications were made in the original constitution of the Bank of France, and by the law of the 14th of April 1803 it was granted the exclusive privilege of issuing bank-notes. Further, the capital of the Bank was raised to £1,800,000, in shares of £40 each. It is a remarkable testimony to the organising talent of the First Consul that for more than a century the Bank of France has lived and prospered on the constitution which he gave it. In its main lines the constitution of the Bank is the same to-day as when the master-mind devised it.

There are so many original features in that constitution that it may be of interest briefly to describe it, as fixed by the revised statutes of 1808. The Council of Management is presided over by a Governor, who with two Sub-Governors are named by the head of the State on the proposition of the Minister of Finance. The Assembly of Shareholders name the "Conseil de Régence," composed of fifteen Régents elected for five years, renewable by a fifth, and re-eligible. Three of the Régents have to be chosen from amongst the "Trésoriers-Payeurs" (Treasury Officials), five of the Régents must be manufacturers or merchants, and for the remaining seven Régents no condition of profession is imposed. The As-

sembly of Shareholders also names three "Censeurs" (Proctors), chosen from the class of manufacturers or merchants. The Governor, two Sub-Governors, fifteen Régents, and three "Censeurs" form the "Conseil Général" of the Bank. The three "Censeurs" select (out of a list of thirty-six persons presented to them by the Conseil Général) twelve members to form a "Conseil d'Escompte" (Discount Commission). The Governor and Sub-Governors receive salaries; the other members of the Conseil Général only receive "jetons de présence." All must possess shares of the Bank, which remain inalienable during their term of office—100 shares for the Governor, 50 for each of the Sub-Governors, 30 for each Régent and Censeur, and 10 for each member of the "Conseil d'Escompte." The Régents and Censeurs are divided into six committees, which are (1) for discounts, (2) for "la Caisse," (3) for bank-notes, (4) for accounts and securities, (5) for the branches, (6) for affairs connected with the Treasury. The "service actif" (executive) is directed by four principal functionaries—the General Secretary, the Head Cashier, the Secretary of the General Council, and the Chief Controller.

The business of the Bank is thus described:—

1. The discount of commercial bills not having more than 90 days to run, and bearing three good signatures, or two signatures with a supplementary guarantee.

2. The encashment of securities, and, in case of need, making advances upon such of these securities as are certain of realisation. No securities payable abroad are accepted.

3. The opening of accounts current on condition that these accounts are never overdrawn.

4. The issue of bank-notes and "Billets à ordre," but only in such proportion as the coin in its safes and the due date of bills in its portfolio ensure that payment will not be deferred.

It will be noticed that in the organisation of the Bank of France the First Consul had chiefly in view an institution to facilitate the merchants and traders of the country. They had a preponderating influence in its direction, and by the establishment of agencies in all the chief centres of trade the facilities which the Bank offered were brought within reach of all. The number of these agencies has increased with the development of trade, and on the 11th of December 1905 the Bank of France possessed—

1 Central Office.

127 Branches.

53 Auxiliary Offices.

242 Sub-offices (*villes rattachées*).

In all, the bank is represented by 423 establishments. With the exception of its note issue and Government business, the Bank of France has no privilege over other banks in the country. In reality, it is of advantage to the other great banking establishments. These last receive large de-

posits from the public, upon which they pay interest, and by their numerous agencies in foreign countries they facilitate the foreign trade of France. Thus, to mention one only of the great French banks, the *Crédit Lyonnais*, its capital is £10,000,000, its reserve is £4,000,000, its deposits amount to £65,000,000, and it has many agencies in foreign countries. The trader prefers to have his banking account with a private bank, with whom he discounts his bills, having two signatures, that of buyer and seller. The private banker, adding his own signature, can rediscount them at any moment with the Bank of France. In 1903 the commercial bills which the Bank of France discounted represented £476,397,476. The average amount of these bills was 633 francs (£25), and the average term (*échéance*) was 22 days. We can thus form an estimate of how largely these bills discounted were connected with small trading operations. The director of a provincial branch of the Bank of France said to me in August last: "We have a branch of our business which other banks cannot do; we advance on French securities at 3½ per cent interest, calculated from day to day, even for five or six days, with a margin, on French *rentes* of 20 per cent and on French railway stock of 30 per cent." It is easy to understand how such a facility encourages the holding of French securities. The possession of these securities represents, when

needed, available cash at a low rate of interest.

The securities in deposit at the Bank of France at the end of 1903 were of the value of £277,920,000.

Until 1848 there was no limit imposed upon the issue of bank-notes in France. Then it was fixed at the equivalent of 14 millions sterling, but was raised in 1849 and 1850 to the equivalent of 21 millions sterling. In 1870, during the war with Germany, the limit was increased to 72 millions sterling, in 1872 to 128 millions sterling, and in 1884 to 140 millions sterling. Finally, in 1897 the limit was fixed at the equivalent of 200 millions sterling. At present the notes in circulation in France represent about 188 millions sterling. The smallest note in circulation is of 50 francs (£2). The stock of gold in the vaults of the Bank of France is generally about £112,000,000, and of silver £41,000,000. In England the notes in circulation amount to only about 29 millions sterling, and the smallest note is of £5. Doubtless a large part of the difference between the note circulation in France and England is explained by the greater use in the latter country of cheques, which in reality are a paper circulation. But in part the difference arises from the issue of two-pound notes in France. There is no reason why we should not imitate the French and issue two-pound notes. This would greatly diminish the absorption of gold for our home circulation, and

consequently swell our too scant reserves of that metal. The stock of coin and bullion at the Bank of England is about £32,000,000.

By the last convention of 1897 the contract between the State and the Bank of France was renewed until 1920, with a power of resiliation at the end of 1912. There was stipulated a contribution from the Bank to the Treasury (based upon an eighth of the discount rate upon the amount of the productive circulation) of not less than £80,000 a-year. In 1905 that contribution amounted to £169,000, and the average from 1897 to 1905 was £166,500 per annum. The Bank also raised the limit of its advance to the Treasury, without interest, to the equivalent of £7,200,000.

It is impossible to make any comparison between the Bank of England and the Bank of France. The latter is a great national institution with a perfect organisation, and ramifications all through the country to facilitate trade; the former is simply a highly respectable banking corporation with a dozen agencies, doing the banking business of the Government, having a note issue, and making as much profit as it can, in an old-fashioned way, for its shareholders. It is the banker of the other banks; but it has never had for mission to facilitate the trade or commerce of the country, and has never attempted to do so. In point of fact, therefore, we have no institution in England comparable to the Bank of France.

The Bank of France has remained faithful to the intentions of its founders. It succeeds in maintaining, with a great deal of stability, a low rate of interest in the country. While in England we have had during 1906 six changes of interest, varying from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 per cent, in France the rate has remained invariably at 3 per cent. The guiding principle of the Bank of France is the same as that of the French fiscal policy—viz., the prosperity of the trade of the country. This was well illustrated in its action in November last. The Bank of England found itself obliged to raise the bank rate of interest to 6 per cent, in consequence chiefly of the drain of gold to the United States of America, and all our traders had to bear the strain of such a high rate. The Bank of France refused to allow its reserves of gold to be drawn upon for America, and maintained its rate of interest at 3 per cent. While it declined to discount paper of a foreign origin, it continued to discount French commercial bills at from $3\frac{1}{8}$ to $3\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. The benefit to French traders has been great; indeed there is no doubt that it is owing to the action of the State Bank that the small traders of France enjoy far greater banking facilities than do those in England.

The Savings Bank system

in France is much the same as that in England, but the facilities of investing in Government securities are much greater. Quite independent of the savings banks, any one can apply to a Treasury office in the capital or in the provinces for the purchase or sale of French Rentes. The minimum purchase is of 2 francs of Rentes (1s. 8d.), but few applications are for less than $7\frac{1}{2}$ francs, representing a capital investment of about £10. These operations are centralised by a department in Paris called the "Mouvement Général de Fonds," which purchases or sells through the "Syndic des Agents de Change." The only charge made to the investor, over and above the price of the day, is a small brokerage of about a tenth of one per cent. The investor thus requires to employ no intermediary except the Government office to whom he pays his money. As the result of these various facilities for investment in and realisation of Government securities, a very large portion of the French Public Debt is in the hands of small holders.¹ The contrary is the case in England, and it is certainly desirable that an effort should be made to enlarge the number of small holders of our Public Debt. This may be attained by adopting the facilities afforded to the small investors in France which we have described.

¹ "In England not 200,000 persons are interested in its public debt, while in France the number of inscriptions of rentes exceeds 4 millions, which implies at least 1 million of persons having some rentes upon the State."—*Science des Finances*, vol. ii. p. 605.

AN IRISH TOBACCO-GROWER.

BY STEPHEN GWYNN, M.P.

WE in Ireland are still inclined, when a name is mentioned for commendation or dispraise, to ask in the old genealogical spirit, "Who is he?" and it may surely be permitted to an Irishman (more especially in a Scots magazine) to answer that question at the outset concerning the man whose work has to be described. There is the more reason for it, because the part played by Colonel Everard in the Ireland of to-day has a marked and most hopeful significance in view of his history, family and personal.

Three gentlemen, then, of the name of Everard (originating from Swabia) accompanied William of Normandy in 1066. Their names are in Domesday Book. Five or six generations later, two of their descendants adventured on another conquest in the train of King John. Both were rewarded with land; but the one who concerns us fought with distinction in Meath, and was given Randalstown, and other town-lands adjoining. From that day to this there have been Everards in Randalstown. I saw a list of lands owned by them, bearing date 1430, and the same lands are still in their possession, or were until the other day. They had no reason to desire to remove, for surely their lot had fallen

to them in a fair ground—seven or eight miles north of Tara, in the mensal land of the old High Kings, on a soil as rich as can be found in Europe. Gentry of the Pale, in one of the least unquiet parts of the Pale, they lived through the centuries holding a good but not a predominant position. They escaped confiscation under William and Mary by the fact that Everard of Randalstown was in Limerick under Sarsfield, and was therefore expressly comprised in the articles of capitulation: the passport signed by Ginkle authorising him to march out with arms and attendants is extant. In the course of the eighteenth century the family conformed, and became merged into the main body of the landlord party; and when war was declared, twenty-seven years ago, between landlords and tenants, Colonel Everard, then quite a young man, found himself with 800 acres of land for which he could get no rent. Being able to get labour,—which means, of course, that the relations with his near neighbours were friendly,—he turned farmer, and spent ten years and a deal of money in acquiring experience, under the guidance of a Scottish steward, who produced the usual result—splendid crops, wholly regardless of loss or profit. After ten years, Colonel

Everard considers that he reached the point at which loss began to be replaced by gain. At the present moment he is farming 1400 acres of land, of which 260 are under tillage, in Meath, where it is bare truth to say that the present generation has forgotten the art of agriculture. And according to his own statement, in support of which he adduces a bank-book, the more land he breaks the greater is his profit; and the limitation of his tillage is due simply to the lack of available labour. The reason why he cannot get sufficient labour is, that neither he nor any other man can offer constant employment for all the labourers he wants in ordinary harvest operations. And the problem which he has set himself to solve practically is this: How to provide employment all the year round for a large staff of agricultural workers.

That problem interests England, Scotland, and Wales, because figures recently published show that the decrease in population, which is so distressing a feature of contemporary Ireland, is present also throughout every countryside in Great Britain. Everywhere in these islands land is passing out of tillage into grass, farmers and labourers are dwindling in number. In Great Britain they are going into the towns. In Ireland they are going to America. The problem, serious enough for Great Britain, is becoming one of life or death for Ireland. How to keep the people on the land?—an answer has to be

found to that, unless the whole country is to become one vast cattle ranch, and even so, run at a low profit. Perhaps a word may not be amiss on the general question for the benefit of those who find a cause for all Ireland's difficulties in the congenital idleness of Irishmen. The truth is, that you will find (speaking broadly) on the rich lands of Ireland a lazy population few in numbers, and on the poor land crowded communities whose industry is often (as some one says in Mr Shaw's brilliant play) simply inhuman—like the activity of insects.

A hundred years ago the lands of Meath and Kildare were deep in corn. I came across in old State papers some reference to the crowds of Connaught harvesters whose delayed advent in July 1803 was one of the concomitant symptoms of Emmet's rising. To-day the *spailpín fánach*, or roving scytheman, must cross the water for his harvest labour. And why? Fifty years ago corn began to come into England by huge shiploads from the unrented unexhausted lands of the West. Cattle could not come in, and Ireland, whose main industry was feeding England, took to producing cattle in place of corn. Unlaboured land paid better than laboured. Now, modern transport has altered the face of things again, and foreign beef comes in practically as easily as foreign corn. Ireland has to consider again the question simply on its merits—which is more profit-

able, tilled land or pasture? Unhappily in the past fifty years those who lived on land fit for grazing have parted with the habit of agriculture. If you preach to them Colonel Everard's conclusion that it pays better to break up their pasture (except the very limited amount of first-class fattening land), you are met by the fact that they have neither the inclination nor the knowledge nor the implements for tillage. The solution in vogue at present is to subdivide grass lands and give portions to men from the poorer districts who can and will use a plough; and up to a certain point the solution is hopeful. Yet, assuming it feasible, assuming Ireland divided into small farms, the question is solved at best only for one generation, and the difficulty opens up again with the increase of families. Even for one generation its solution is imperfect, since, as things are, there must be either a shortage of labour in summer or a shortage of employment in winter, if the country is to be worked on a tillage basis. England with her manufacturing towns does not solve the problem, for a man who goes into a factory goes there for good: he is lost to agriculture. The one and sole satisfactory solution is the provision of rural industries which will maintain a balance between the work of winter and of summer for a countryside. And the interest of Colonel Everard's work consists in this, that he has proved to demonstration the possibility

of establishing such an industry through wide regions of Ireland. He more than any other man has shown by experiment that Ireland's climate, so moist and so equable, has with all its drawbacks this huge advantage, that it favours the production of that crop which employs profitably more labour to the acre than any other, and on which the maximum of labour is expended during the winter months.

Let us, first of all, state the facts nakedly. Colonel Everard has earned £50 an acre by growing tobacco, and certain other growers have approached this result. But this does not mean that they have earned it in the ordinary market: 1000 lb. to the acre is a good yield for tobacco; and they have secured that and more, entitling them to a rebate of a third of the duty—or, in effect, a bounty of one shilling on the pound. Beyond the bounty Colonel Everard, at all events, has earned very little—the expenses of labour being about £25 to the acre, and the tobacco selling at about sixpence a pound. The crop has paid a little more than the cost of production. But even taking the crops that have been sold, the result shows first that, with inexperienced cultivation, Irish soil has produced a yield equal in quantity and quality to what can be grown in Kentucky by farmers who have inherited the tradition of tobacco-growing. The difference between Meath and Kentucky lies not in the yield,

but in the cost of production, which at present is inevitably high in Ireland, for this reason. In America a farmer grows his tobacco, harvests it, cures it on the stalk, and takes it in to a "rehandler," in whose factory the leaves are sorted and classified, the fermentation (more or less complete) is carried out, and the stuff is packed containing exactly the right percentage of moisture. All this highly specialised work of "rehandling" has had to be done by the grower in Ireland. He has to compete with the accumulated experience of two difficult trades. In America tobacco yielding 1000 lb. to the acre is sold at sixpence a pound, with a satisfactory profit to rehandler and grower. The inference is that Colonel Everard's labour bill may be reduced from £25 to, say, £15 per acre (three times the cost of labour for potatoes, the most "intensive" crop commonly grown).

But this is only the beginning of the story. All the home-grown tobacco sold in Ireland has up to the present been what is called "heavy shipping,"—that is to say, big cabbage-textured leaves suitable for manufacture into plug and other coarse pipe tobaccos. It has been proved that these plants—which are kept low by "topping," to produce a few leaves only, a couple of feet or so from the ground—will produce in Meath leaves as big and weighty as anywhere in the world. But it has also been proved that the more delicate varieties, whose soft leaf gets

blistered and torn by the harsh winds of America, will grow just as freely in Colonel Everard's fields as in Sumatra. He can grow in the open what can only be grown in Kentucky or Virginia under an arrangement of protecting screens which cost £80 an acre to put up—and nevertheless it pays to cultivate it under such conditions. The maximum price for heavy shipping is about sixpence a pound. The price of the best Sumatra leaf, used for making cigar wrappers, may run to a sovereign. It has been proved, in short, that Ireland can *grow* the kind of tobacco which any country grows if it can. The commercial experiment of marketing the crop has been made only with the tobacco which no country grows if it can grow the finer sorts.

The reasons for this are very simple. So far as the growing is concerned, the Irish farmer can compete fairly. Yet even here, when it comes to harvesting, a rough finger will leave indelible marks on the delicate Sumatra leaf. It needs trained handling. The process of curing, also, is not so simple as for the coarser kind (though Colonel Everard has established the important fact that Sumatra tobacco can be cured in Ireland simply by drying it under a simple roof without artificial heat). But the essential difficulty lies in the rehandling. Heavy shipping leaf is sorted into four qualities; Sumatra leaf needs to be classified into at least fifty.

And further, pipe-tobacco is only subjected to what is called "sweating"—a kind of incipient fermentation. Cigar-leaf has to be fully fermented—a process much longer, and demanding infinitely more experience. Again, in Ireland growers naturally consider the needs of the Irish tobacco manufacturer, and no cigars are made in Ireland. Nor is there, either in Ireland or England, a market for the large proportion of fermented tobacco which is unsuitable for cigars. On the Continent pipe-smokers have learnt to prefer the pungent flavour of this (which most of us know and dislike in "Caporal"), but in Great Britain the whole would simply be waste. These, then, are the difficulties in the way of growing cigar-tobacco—one temporary and superable, the lack of knowledge and skill for the process of preparing the crop; the other much more serious, a lack of use in the natural market for the inevitable surplus of broken and inferior leaf. But the best commentary on the situation is that two gentlemen who had spent many years in tobacco plantations in Sumatra came to Colonel Everard's farm, saw the tobacco growing, and went straight to the Department of Agriculture for leave to grow a hundred acres of Sumatra tobacco. They explained that they possessed experience and capital, which they proposed to employ in tobacco-planting: if they could employ them at home, they preferred to do so; if not, they must emigrate.

The Department referred them to the Treasury, and the Treasury promptly answered, Emigrate.

Consider how that affects Ireland. The labour bill of these gentlemen could hardly have been less than £3000 a-year. They were prepared to experiment with expert knowledge upon introducing, or rather restoring, a form of agriculture in Ireland concerning whose value there can be no two opinions. Yet expenditure and experiment were both prohibited, and it cannot be said that the Department which exists to develop the possibilities of Irish agriculture has brought very great pressure to bear upon Government to modify in their favour or any one else's the cast-iron rule which prohibits tobacco-growing in these islands. Concessions up to a certain point have been secured, but the credit for these rests not with the Department, but with two Irish members, working from opposite sides of the House.

This is perhaps the moment to tell the singular and instructive history of restrictions and concessions affecting tobacco-growing. English statesmen have legislated with a light heart, for tobacco has never been grown successfully in England. But in Ireland the culture succeeded so well in the seventeenth century as to alarm the troublesome colony of Maryland, which threatened to revolt unless it was given a monopoly. To prevent this disaster the Irish enterprise was summarily

ended by Charles II. More than a century later "Grattan's" Parliament proposed to repeal the prohibition, and since Maryland and the rest had by that time accomplished their revolt, England had no strong motive for objecting. The industry was re-established, grew, and spread; and in that venerable document, the Act of Union, Ireland's right to grow tobacco was safeguarded by a clause which did not expressly mention the article, but merely provided that certain forms of industry which had once been prohibited should not be restrained. Yet in 1829 a resolution was passed in Parliament advocating fresh prohibition. A Committee sat on the matter, and the evidence before it shows, first, that English manufacturers of tobacco found themselves at a disadvantage in the Irish market against their Irish rivals who got the home-grown article duty free; and secondly, that the Customs were inconvenienced by much smuggling into England of Irish tobacco. The Irish growers (many of them staunch Protestants and Loyalists) protested with vehemence, but the inconveniences to the predominant partner outweighed the interest of the junior, and so there was an end of that industry. Yet, so strong is the life of the plant in Irish soil, that from that day to this tobacco of the variety grown in Ireland has survived casually in county Wexford, seeding itself annually without culture—as no other cultivated species of the plant is known to do

anywhere. This species makes a largish much-puckered leaf and yields a heavy crop; it has a very peculiar smell, oddly like incense; and one expert has pronounced that in this variety, so hardy, so productive, and so distinctive, lies perhaps the best chance for the Irish industry.

I bring the history down to recent times. In 1887 an experimentally-minded Chancellor of the Exchequer gave leave to any one who liked to grow tobacco—the duty to be limited to £50 on the produce of an acre. Colonel Everard tried his hand, and grew the crop successfully, but had no means of curing what he grew, and used the whole for an insecticide. The period of serious experiments began in 1898, when Colonel Everard grew some in his own garden, and some in a small plot in the middle of a field which had been taken for experimental demonstration by the local agricultural co-operative society. The yield of this was cured without heat in an old hay-loft, and such of the leaf as was not spoilt was manufactured and sold. Thus in 1899 Irish-grown tobacco came for the first time in recent years on to the market. In that year Colonel Everard repeated his experiment and cured the yield in an old tool-shed, fermenting some in a peach-house. This also was sold. In 1900 he induced the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society to arrange for trial plots in sixteen counties. The Department of Agriculture decided to stand

in with the experiment, and to execute the curing centrally under the superintendence of a Frenchman whom they brought over. The place of operation was to be a loft over a machinery barn at Glasnevin, and to this centre the leaf was sent green in baskets (or sometimes even in sacks) from places as remote as Cork or Donegal. In the total produced, the Randalstown farm was answerable for nearly all the first quality. It was manufactured into pipe-tobacco and some into cigars and cigarettes—but of course the total quantity was negligible. Even in 1901, when the Department decided to “concentrate” their experiment by authorising ten of the best growers, each in a different county, to grow a thousand plants each (say half a rood per man), the trial was not on a serious scale; and the leaf again suffered by being sent long distances. In the next year it was announced that the officials would have done with amateurs, and would conduct their own experiment by growing three acres at the Government’s Munster Dairying Institute near Cork. In point of fact, they only planted four roods, and a good fourth of the planting was destroyed by rooks, no official provision having been made for a boy to scare them. It was difficult also to get weeding done, but nevertheless the crop ripened. The place in which it was to be cured was a coach-house, with no means of heating but an open grate in one corner, and with no top ventilation.

Other ventilation was ample, as the doors had been removed and been replaced by sacking. A barn such as one sees at Colonel Everard’s farm is a lofty building with a framework of cross-beams so arranged that the whole can be filled to the very top with sticks four feet long from which the plants hang by the stalk. The doors are elaborately air-tight, and heat is distributed by a network of steam-pipes, either on the floor or round the walls. Ventilation is all at the top and carefully controlled. It will be seen that the Government’s arrangements were still a trifle amateurish, and that the French expert was operating under adverse conditions. But it was arranged, as a matter of international courtesy between two State Departments of Agriculture, that the crop grown and cured under Government auspices in Ireland should be rehandled under Government auspices in France. Unhappily, the negotiators had omitted to propitiate those other important departments, the Customs,—with the result that the cured crop was detained first at Dover and then at Calais, while a correspondence in the full-blown official manner passed between the two Departments of Agriculture, the two Departments of Customs, and the two Foreign Offices—leading finally to an understanding upon which the bales were delivered to their destination. But international courtesies are “longsome,” and the bales,

when opened, were found to contain a mass of mould.

As a result, the Department pronounced officially that tobacco farming was impossible in Ireland; and though at the Cork Exhibition in 1903 Colonel Everard grew a fine crop on a demonstration plot within the exhibition grounds, the plants had no legal status, and when they had ripened a detachment of constabulary was detailed off to extirpate them. History repeated itself, for in 1833, after the prohibition, a company of Life Guards was employed on the same duty where some grower had contumaciously persisted in cultivating the forbidden crop.

While the Department was thus employed, unsubsidised and unauthorised experimentation proceeded at Randalstown, and in Parliament Mr J. G. Butcher and Mr William Redmond were negotiating with Mr Ritchie, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. From him they procured a permit for individuals to try the culture on a commercial scale, encouraged by a bounty consisting of a remission of one-third of the duty—that is to say, a shilling per pound on whatever they could induce the manufacturers to buy, payable when the stuff should be taken out of bond.

Upon this development the Department appointed an Advisory Committee, on which

Irish manufacturers, tobacco brokers, and growers were represented. The manufacturers stipulated (perhaps as an impossible condition) that at least twenty acres should be grown in the year, and in the result Colonel Everard had to take on the whole contract. He was now in a position to claim the Department's promise of a curing-barn, offered to any one who would grow tobacco upon a commercial scale; and it was built to designs provided by him in consultation with his son, Captain Everard, who in the meanwhile had been to America to study tobacco-farming in all its processes. Preliminary negotiations consumed time, and it was February of 1904 when the experiment was finally decided on, and to find the necessary acreage of suitable land at that time of year was not easy. Colonel Everard offered £20 an acre for land manured as for turnips, and found only one taker. Everybody was frightened regarding the crop—there was a belief that it would exhaust and destroy the soil.¹ In the upshot, to secure his twenty acres and fulfil the contract, he had to plough in autumn-sown wheat. The operations of planting, topping, and the rest were performed without guidance, for the promised expert only arrived in September. This gentleman was ignorant of the climatic

¹ It proved to be less exhausting than potatoes, for wheat was grown at Randalstown in 1905 on a field of which in 1904 half had been under potatoes and half under tobacco. The superiority of yield on the latter portion was evident, and prolonged itself even into the third year when the field was under grass.

conditions, and arrangements were not yet perfected, so that the crop's net yield was only about 500 lb. to the acre. But some 10,000 lb. were put successfully on the market, and the rebate of ten thousand shillings meant a handsome profit to the grower.

This fact was not lost on observers, and in 1905 Wexford was ready to take part, and Mr Goodbody, a manufacturer, got a concession to grow 20 acres at Tullamore, in King's County. But the expert who had superintended Colonel Everard's curing operations in 1904 had been allowed to depart: he had never, indeed, been officially employed, and had remained as a guest at Randalstown till his departure, when his services were recognised by a modest honorarium. The Wexford farmers sent a man to go and work at Randalstown to learn by observation: at Tullamore things went on undirected. Barns were erected here and in Wexford by the Department, who refrained with an admirable independence from asking Colonel Everard for any observations based on his year's experience. An expert was secured and arrived in the autumn, but before then most of the Tullamore crop was lost through want of experience, though Mr Goodbody bought about 2000 lb. of it: the Wexford crop, about 8000 lb., failed in curing through a defect in the heating arrangements, and was mainly sold for manufacture as snuff. At Randalstown the

yield per acre was doubled—14 acres producing a crop of 15,000 lb.; and a second barn was erected by Colonel Everard at his own expense—a good deal more cheaply than the first. The expert, Mr Keller, has been retained, and in 1906 superintended the plant-beds and whole process of cultivation, dividing his time mainly between Wexford and Tullamore. A little tobacco is also grown near Kilkenny by Captain Otway Cuffe, but the range of experimentation is now limited strictly to a total of 77 acres, so that the Department can only grant new concessions by taking away from old ones. Even from an experimental point of view this is disastrous, as all the existing centres are in Leinster, so that Munster, which, on the face of it, should be the part of Ireland best suited for tobacco-growing, is debarred from trying its hand.

Yet within the range available valuable results have been established. Some of the 1905 Wexford crop grown on a light soil was manufactured into cigarettes, which were as good as any Virginia that I have ever smoked. In September last, when I first visited Randalstown, I was given these as a thing which could not be produced on the heavy Meath soil. Returning in January, I was shown quantities of huge leaves cured on a new system (under very high temperature, with increased ventilation) which, under this treatment had come out lemon-yellow instead of the rich

brown to which the slower curing had brought them. What their flavour might be remained to be determined; but their colour alone gave them value as a cigarette tobacco. The effect of the experiment was double. The quick cure meant, first, raising the value of the crop from 6d. to 9d. a pound; and, secondly, it doubled the capacity of the barn, for tobacco can be brought in by instalments up to a certain period, and two or three fields could be cured successively in the same space by this rapid process. In other words, an extra year of experiment had shown Colonel Everard that he could grow cigarette tobacco on land which will yield a very large crop; and, further, that by growing and curing for cigarettes instead of for the less profitable "heavy shipping," he can lessen the necessary capital expenditure on barn-space. Within the same period, Mr Keller, experimenting at Wexford and Tullamore, has established two facts not less valuable. The first of these is that "bright" (that is light-coloured) tobacco can be grown on sandy soil by the sea in Ireland, whereas in America it must be at least twenty miles inland. The necessary plant-food has to be supplied in the shape of artificial manure, and when this is done, sand makes an excellent soil for the delicate fibrous roots. The same facts have been established in regard to reclaimed bog. Peaty land, worth from five to seven

shillings an acre, will grow tobacco excellently (given the necessary manure, which costs about fifty shillings an acre), and will grow it continually, because peat, like sand, keeps its texture, and never ceases to be friable. Another experiment has demonstrated the suitability of peat charcoal for use in curing—cutting down the outlay on fuel, which is a heavy item in the business, and, indeed, a crippling charge on the most important experiment of all, the production of cigar-leaf.

I saw in Colonel Everard's barn the couple of bulks which represented the year's yield of Sumatra tobacco. In proportion to the ground cultivated the yield had been excellent, but the thing was merely an experiment, and consequently limited in quantity. The bulks represented each a cube of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet. Photographs of barns in Sumatra showed bulks four or five times as large. It stands to reason that with a mass of vegetation laid down to ferment, the bigger the bulk the less proportion of outside will there be, and the greater the internal heat. Further, to maintain the necessary heat where these bulks are, means a fuel cost of about £30 to the acre. Ten acres' yield could be cured with very little extra outlay, so that it is highly improbable that Sumatra tobacco will in the first instance be grown at a profit, even allowing for the rebate; for in addition to the inevitable waste which I have described,

there is the waste not less inevitable in so delicate a process as the "rehandling" of cigar tobacco by inexperienced workers. Yet, so far as the experiment has gone, it has demonstrated that a species of tobacco whose yield is worth at least double that of the best Virginian varieties can be grown in Meath not less easily than the Virginia or Kentucky leaf.

The moral has now to be drawn, for this article is propagandist as well as descriptive. We do not always agree in Ireland, but when we do, our unanimity is wonderful; and every man who sits for an Irish constituency has put his name to a petition for the repeal of the prohibition on tobacco-growing in Ireland. Objections may be raised on the score of inconvenience, but these will probably not outweigh the urgency of the demand. The difficulty is this. The men who are at present growing tobacco have been promised a continuance of the rebate for ten years—that is, till 1913. Now it would be plainly unjust to make permission general without making the rebate also general; and if the rebate were general tobacco-growers would certainly enjoy preferential treatment, and the sacred principle of Free Trade would be infringed. I desire to speak with bated breath and whispering humbleness of this austere divinity. But the sanctity of Free Trade was infringed when our industry was prohibited, and it is not an answer to say

that Free Trade is restored when the prohibition is taken away. Compensation is very evidently due; and so much as this has been recognised, when the State consented to subsidise the experiment, as it has done, in order to restore something of the experience and skill which in 1832 were roughly thrown into the limbo of lost knowledge. One has to go and study the processes of growing and curing to realise how hard it is to replace what was then sacrificed.

I do not say that Colonel Everard's farm is typical of what an average tobacco plantation would be. It is a station for experiment as well as a practical enterprise—and I presume that the Wexford and Tullamore centres have a similar character. At all events, at Randalstown this year twenty-five varieties of tobacco are being grown, and it is necessary to keep very careful statistics of their yield and their results in curing. It has to be noted how the plant grown from home-saved seed compares with that from imported seed; how the experiments in hybridisation have answered (and in this line of investigation Colonel Everard has pushed experiment very far, recognising the fact that American experience will not be a sufficient guide for growers in another climate). But assuming the thing so far established as to ascertain the three or four kinds which a farmer ought to grow, there would still be an infinitely complex business to learn. In

the first place, the culture involves raising the plants on a seed-bed and then pricking them out. Then follows the operation of "topping" the stems, more or less high according as many small leaves or few large ones are needed—and generally a style of husbandry is entailed more like a gardener's work than a farmer's. But the real trouble begins after harvesting. There will be about eight thousand plants to the acre, which in the curing-barn hang four or five to a stick. Account has to be kept of practically every individual stick from the time when it is laid on the cross-beams with its burden of heavy green stuff hanging downwards, in a great barn, which gradually fills up till the whole is one dense mass of opaque-green shade, reeking with the vapour of nicotine. The length of time which a stick must remain there is determined by the temperature, and since the barn will scarcely be filled in one day, part of its contents must be moved earlier than the rest and transferred to a new stage in the curing—whether to increase the moisture in the leaf or sweat it out of it. All this means the keeping of a very careful day-book, with records of temperatures, and such habits are not learnt in one season. When fermentation is attempted, the history of one set of leaves must be followed through processes lasting over a year. No doubt, where the skill is a transmitted tradition, men may judge of a plant's state more finely and

more rapidly by sight, smell, or touch than by any instruments or records. But at the beginning of things, very elaborate method is the only guarantee against costly failures, and common-sense will tell any one that it cannot always be efficacious. There is no use in imagining that tobacco-culture will be naturalised again in Ireland by a subsidy continued over three or four years; and admitting that it can be established satisfactorily on three or four farms in Ireland by a longer continuance of the bounty, how much further does that get the main body of the people? How much nearer does it get us to the preliminary condition of success, which is that Irish tobacco should be commercially recognised? Our demand is, in short—first, that every man who wants to grow tobacco in Ireland shall have leave to grow it; and secondly, that by a continuance of the rebate for a considerable period the State shall afford the necessary inducement for farmers to embark on a period of difficult and uncertain experiment in order to acquire the skill and experience demanded for a very profitable but laborious form of agriculture—and shall tide them over the time during which their product is establishing itself on the markets of the world, out of which it was swept seventy years ago by an arbitrary act of the legislature.

Enough has been said by way of argument. I return to my proper business of de-

scription, endeavouring to tell what interested me in this station of practical and profitable experiment. When I went down in September, I was taken to the long field—a parallelogram of about six hundred yards by one hundred, cultivated in stripes across. There were potatoes and turnips growing cheek by jowl quite friendly beside this new exotic crop, the strong plants with big blue-grey leaves, not so purple as cabbage. But the special feature of this field was a shelter-belt drawn midway across to protect the tobacco from wind damage—a belt of tall, green, feathery vegetation not unlike bamboo. I had seen hemp growing before, but never saw it fourteen feet high, as it stood here. This was another revival, for in the eighteenth century hemp-culture was quite common in Ireland, practised more particularly by the Palatines, of whom several thousands were imported when Louis XIV. made his great clearance. One of Swift's aphorisms recalls his familiarity with the plant—"A grey critic has certainly been a green one, as hemp is bad for suffocations though taken in the seed." Colonel Everard's purpose in growing it was double—first, for its value as a screen; and secondly, as a subsidiary industry for the winter months. Hemp-breaking appears to be the simplest of manual processes, yet one in which no machine can displace the human agent. The

cultivation, too, is of the simplest: you sow the crop and simply leave it to come up, sowing it year after year on the same ground; you cut the stalks when they are ripe and leave them to lie till the action of wind and moisture has decomposed the gummy cortex in which the fibres are embedded, and allow it to be loosened so that the hard centre can be broken and shaken out. There seems to be no doubt that the product will at any rate pay the expenses of cultivation and labour, and it may be grown in Ireland as in America, not so much with a view to direct profit as to cheapening the summer labour bill by enabling the farmer to employ his men continuously.

In the big garden which is used largely as a trial-ground I saw last September a really new crop—great stalks of Indian corn. When I returned in January pots were shown me containing seeds of this Irish-grown maize. Every seed had germinated, proving at all events that in an average summer maize can be grown on Meath land; and since no cereal gives so great a yield of food value to the acre, the discovery may yet be of importance. What interested me more in the same greenhouse were pots of sterilised soil, containing ordinary fertile earth which had been cooked through and through by steam forced into it. Experiment had shown that this process did not make the soil

less fertile, but killed whatever vegetable life was present in it; and the object was to secure a plant-bed in which tobacco could be planted and grow without the necessity of weeding, which is injurious to the plants. Another curiosity was a plant of Central African tobacco whose seed came from Mombasa. This plant, born virtually on the Equator, had been brought in under glass for its seeding (to secure the seed fully), and afterwards been turned out of doors from the warmth. It stood there in winter, a big growth some five feet high, disregarded in a corner, until Colonel Everard was attracted by the fact that the first frosts had not killed it. It was watched then, and not taken back into the house until it had stood out the Christmas snow and sixteen degrees of frost without any very noticeable injury to its constitution. A plant so hardy naturally tempted the experimentally-minded cultivator, both for itself and as a factor in hybridisation.

Experimentation of this sort is not difficult when you start with a skilful gardener and well-equipped vineries and peach-houses, and it gives a new justification and interest to these luxuries. And nowadays, when farming is regarded either as a costly corollary to the essential object of game-preserving or as a rather hopeless gamble, it is singularly pleasant to find a man with the ordinary tastes of a country gentleman,—hunting,

shooting, and the rest,—who nevertheless makes scientific farming the main occupation and interest of his life, and does so with profit to himself as well as to his neighbours. For it must be understood that the prophecies of failure which have beset this new enterprise of tobacco-growing were just as rife when Colonel Everard attempted tillage, and that nevertheless he and his son make it their main business to grow crops partly for feeding first-class cattle as breeding stock, but also for sale at first-class prices—chiefly as seed.

As I have said, the apprenticeship was costly. But Colonel Everard (having faith in education, and attributing his ultimate success in considerable measure to the fact that he chose to graduate in science at Cambridge) believes that experience can be got much cheaper, and his son spent three years at an agricultural college. The partnership of these two men—who might, so far as age and looks go, almost be brothers—is as pleasant a thing as I have seen in the Ireland of to-day; and it was none the less pleasant because I saw the third generation, already sturdy on its legs, in the big house at Randalstown—destined, I hope, to be a notable tobacco-grower in days when we shall have repealed, at all events, the Act forbidding us to grow tobacco. And I am glad to be able to quote Colonel Everard in support of my own view, that among

the generation to which his son belongs the old bitterness of class feeling has nearly vanished, and is fast disappearing altogether. The men of his own age and older will hardly change their attitude, he thinks. Among them he will always be in a minority—yet an influential minority. For Colonel Everard was one of the parties to the famous Land Conference, and himself helped to negotiate the bargain under which he has sold the land which his predecessors had held for a matter of seven hundred years, but sold it with no intention of departing. He stays where he is—to be not a semi-feudal overlord, but a captain of industry. Part of the land which he farms now is leased to him by those who were his tenants before they

bought out. In some cases he pays £3 and upwards to men who have preferred to remain tenants, and who pay him for the same land at the rate of thirty shillings. They live on the margin between the two prices, and probably could make no more out of it if they farmed it themselves. Colonel Everard's opinion is that land in Ireland is not going to be less valuable, but that it will be of value only to those who bring to bear upon it brains and capital as well as industry. For the provision of capital and skilled direction in a land of peasant proprietors he looks, however, not to the private speculator, but to the principle of industrial co-operation, of which he is among the keenest advocates.

THE CAMBRIDGE "APOSTLES."

It is now rather more than eighty years since the famous Club or Society of "The Apostles" was founded at Cambridge; and it is probable that in those eighty years the University has changed more completely (for better or worse, as one may regard it) than in the preceding centuries, up to the reign of the "majestic lord" who founded (or rather re-founded) Trinity. About the year 1830 Cambridge was, as we fear it ever will be, a city of mean streets (*mesquin*, as Dean Merivale calls it),—a small provincial town, with paltry houses and narrow thoroughfares, only redeemed from absolute ugliness by its leafy avenues, its gardens by the water side, and by the grey old colleges, still "whispering from their towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages." And at that time the colleges retained much of their ancient character. They had not been restored and rebuilt, almost beyond recognition, by the tasteless architects of the last century, and they were in all essential features in much the same state as their founders had left them. The "New Court" of Trinity was then literally new (Hallam's rooms were on the central staircase); the elms near the old bridge of St John's had just been cut down to make room for the pretentious building, in the style of Chambord, designed by Rickman; some lath-and-

plaster houses stood on the site of the Gothic screen of King's College, and concealed the new buildings then being erected by the "self-sufficient and ignorant Wilkins." The new front of Corpus had recently been completed; and it was in the adjoining Corpus buildings that Tennyson "kept" during his university career, for he never had rooms in Trinity. The Fellows of Pembroke had not yet perpetrated the crime of the century by destroying their fine old hall and picturesque Master's lodge, with its triple bay-window—

"O! be his tomb as lead to lead
Upon the dull destroyer's head!"

The Fellows of Downing had not cut down their fine avenues at either end of their park; and the ground now occupied by the lecture-rooms and libraries of the Museum was then covered with the green-sward, the shrubs and trees of the Botanical Gardens, so that there must have been an oasis of verdure from Lensfield Road almost to Benet Street, right through the heart of the town. The town itself seems (judging from a map of the year 1830) to have been hardly more than a third of its present size. The streets and terraces in the direction of Mill Road and the railway station were then grass fields; and the long rows of red brick villas in Newnham Backs, where the married tutors now disport

themselves, had not yet been built.

So much for the outward aspect of Cambridge about that period. In other respects,—in the habits of society, in the manners, in intellectual life,—the change was even greater and more noticeable. There was an atmosphere of calm and repose which certainly does not exist now. There was less bustle and confusion; people then lived "quietly, after the manner of the Sidonians." Of course, there was far less traffic: a man could then cross the street leisurely and at his ease without the risk of being run over by an automobile or a motor 'bus, and he could walk on the pavement without being swept off his legs by perambulators—dangerous as scythed chariots, and the obvious property of married tutors. In those days locomotion still had its picturesque side. Coaches rolled up Trumpington Street to the inspiring ta-ran-tara of the guard's bugle. Here and there would be seen a hackney coach or a stage waggon or a barouche belonging to a country squire or a local magnate. Dog-carts dashed past with all "the glory of motion" described by De Quincey; the young "bloods" of Trinity cantered gaily by in groups of two or three; and tutors, including probably Whewell on his favourite horse Twilight, took a sober amble on the road to Grantchester.

Again, the feminine element, which now predominates, was then conspicuous by its ab-

sence. There were no married tutors; there was none of that whirl of society in the summer term—which seems to consist of an endless series of tennis parties, picnics on the upper river, afternoon teas, little dinners, and early dances—where the modern undergraduate wastes a good many hours in philandering with his tutor's wife or carrying on a brisk flirtation with his tutor's nieces and daughters. Newnham and Girton had not then been founded; and there were no eager and bespectacled females, note-book in hand, hurrying from one lecture to another, and talking glibly of all the 'ologies like the hand-maidens in "The Princess." Nor was Cambridge then invaded in the Long Vacation by a motley horde of cheap trippers, called "Extension Students," rushing about the place to hear their favourite professors, like the "Amateur Mænads" described by Mr Owen Seaman:—

"Sucking like any amorous Matine
bee

Eclectic sweets of fair philosophy;
What so the theme, it mattered not
one bit,

Scott or Sordello, Pheidias or Pitt;
Whether great women or the great
ice age,

Parkyn on Darwin, Fenton upon drugs,
Or Kimmins upon fertilising bugs,
Chanced to adorn the stage."

In those days the University did not profess to give a cheap and superficial education to the world at large. If a man wished to take his M.A. degree (which then had a *cachet* and distinction which it certainly does not possess now), Classics

and Mathematics were the only two subjects allowed him. The Moral Philosophy Tripos was not established till 1848, and other sciences came later still. There was not then, as now, an intricate system of Special Subjects, with boards of examiners and professors and lecturers on all things in heaven and earth—including Chinese and Palæography (whatever that may mean); and Cambridge had not become—to use a phrase of Mr Asquith's—"a technological institute for the creation and equipment of specialists." For two things, however, modern Cambridge ought to be supremely thankful—firstly, that the University has not been made a dumping-ground for "Rhodes Scholars"; and secondly, that the man Carnegie has mercifully bestowed his unwelcome benefactions elsewhere. On the whole, we think the "Apostles" were fortunate in their lot being cast at Cambridge, in what Dean Merivale calls "the slack time"—*Consule Planco*—when George IV. was king.

It may have been "a slack time" from a social point of view, and the modern undergraduate would probably call it a deadly dull time as well. There were fewer amusements: little cricket and less football, boating seems to have been confined to a few practising eights, and athletics were not then the serious business of life and the one engrossing topic of conversation. A walk to Grantchester and a bathe in the (so-called) Byron's Pool was

about all the exercise taken by a reading man. But there was no lack of intellectual life, and that of a strong and vigorous type. New lights were being thrown on science and mathematics by the labours of Peacock, Airy, and Whewell, the works of great German thinkers were eagerly studied—Kant, Schleiermacher, Niebuhr, Goethe; Monk and Blomfield had carried on the best tradition of Cambridge scholarship in the way of grammar, philology, and accurate translation; and Connop Thirlwall and Julius Hare were then among the lecturers at Trinity. In those days young men were practically left alone to work out their own salvation; they learned to think and act for themselves, and were not, as at present, over-tutored, guided, and directed in this way or that, and practically kept in leading-strings during their university career. Again, their intellectual powers were concentrated on a few subjects instead of being diverted and diluted in a hundred different channels. Their time was not frittered away on the cheap literature which now covers the tables of our clubs and reading-rooms. There were few newspapers, and still fewer periodicals. 'Blackwood' and 'Fraser,' the 'Edinburgh' and the 'Quarterly' would almost exhaust the list. As to novels, the choice was extremely limited. There was Walter Scott, of course, as well as Smollett, Fielding, and Richardson, of an earlier day; Galt and Peacock, Maria Edge-

worth and Jane Austen. 'Pickwick' did not appear till 1836, and 'Vanity Fair' some years later. But works of fiction are rarely alluded to; card-playing is never even mentioned in the numerous letters that passed between the members of the club; and Bridge—"that last infirmity of noble mind"—had yet to be created.

In fact, the time now given up to reading and the distractions of society was then passed in keen intellectual debate, in free and outspoken discussion, in arguing and re-arguing a subject from every point of view. It was the contrast so strongly insisted upon by Professor Butcher—and by John Henry Newman before him—between the Spoken Word and the Written Word. "In the meeting and collision of mind and mind, in the ready sympathy of friends, in the quick movements of kindred intelligences, which outstrip, and correct, and interpret one another's reasonings, we have thought produced on principles that are unknown in workshops and factories,"¹—or, we might add, in the lecture-rooms and laboratories of a university. And it was to this practice of Dialectic, the keystone of Plato's higher education, that the Apostles owed much of their intellectual force and vitality, as well as their strong independence and individuality of character.

The Club itself was founded in 1824 (or, possibly, rather

earlier); it was limited to twelve members, and the name first given in derision by irreverent outsiders was afterwards half-seriously adopted by the members as their appropriate title. For, one and all, they had immense confidence in their self-imposed mission to enlighten society as to things spiritual and intellectual, and, as Arthur Hallam puts it in one of his letters, "to do the Lord's work in a Philistine world." They were young, ardent, enthusiastic, full of high aspirations and impossible ideals; all clever and highly cultivated, with a decided turn for poetry and metaphysics, and united by a freemasonry of common sympathies and intellectual tastes. Many details of their life at Cambridge have been recently given us by Mrs Charles Brookfield;² and her interesting biographies of the more famous members of the earlier set of "Apostles" are far more readable, and give us a truer picture of the actual men, than the corresponding articles in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' But, naturally enough, Mrs Brookfield can tell us little of the debates themselves or of the inner life of the club, which has always been enveloped in mystery. The meetings were held behind locked doors, as jealously guarded as those of a masonic lodge or a cabinet council; no strangers were admitted, no minutes or records were kept, and all that tran-

¹ Some Aspects of Greek Genius, p. 210.

² The Cambridge Apostles. By Mrs Charles Brookfield. London, 1906.

spired to the outer world came from casual references in the letters of Merivale, Hallam, Milnes, Brookfield, and others. There was good reason, however, for preserving secrecy in their debates—at all events, in the earlier days of the Society. They frequently discussed religious questions at a time when theological controversy was rampant, and Catholic Emancipation and the Abolition of Tests for Dissenters were the burning questions of the day. Naturally enough, the "Apostles" did not choose that opinions uttered in the heat of argument should be quoted against them in their cooler moments; and, even as it was, there seems to have been an impression among the Fellows of Trinity that the Club held atheistic views, and on one occasion at all events Thirlwall had to act as their champion and vindicator.

William Henry Brookfield (to whose biography his daughter-in-law devotes a good many pages) was not himself an "Apostle," but was on intimate terms with most of the illustrious group in residence at Cambridge in 1829 and 1830. He was cheerful, kindly, and companionable, the *amicus curiæ*—the friendly critic and the sympathetic counsellor. Tennyson delighted in his conversational powers, and wrote some affectionate lines to his memory:

"Yon man of humorous-melancholy
mask,
Our kindlier, trustier Jaques."

Later on, Brookfield became the intimate friend of Kinglake, Thackeray, and Carlyle; a *persona grata* in society, the Yorick of the breakfast-parties given by Rogers and Monckton Milnes, who would invite him and Thirlwall "to break up the monologues of Sydney Smith and Macaulay." He was, moreover, one of the most popular preachers of his time—his praise was in all the Churches,—and his sermons fascinated even the worldly-minded Lady Jersey and the fastidious Charles Greville. His humour was as natural and spontaneous as that of Sydney Smith, and he never seemed at a loss for a ready reply, however unexpected the question might be. "What does Tennyson mean by the 'eggs of the moon'?" he was once asked by his neighbour at dinner (a young lady, of course). "Oh," said Brookfield, "I suppose you mean the lines—

'All addled as the stale eggs of the
moon
Smelt in the music of the nightingale.'

The nightingale lays only one egg a-month, and therefore they are called moon's eggs."¹ Again, when the then Dean of St Paul's was complaining that the warming of the cathedral for the Special Preachers' services had injured the roof,—“Oh,” said Brookfield (who was a Special Preacher himself), in an interested tone of inquiry, “the dry rot, I suppose?”

¹ The real lines occur in "Aylmer's Field":

"As the music of the moon
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale."

Brookfield's letters, which are always lively and amusing, testify to the warm and intimate friendship among the "Apostles," not only in their Cambridge days, but lasting throughout their lives. They were always helping, stimulating, and encouraging one another: leaving nothing untried in the way of advertisement and solicitation to advance the interests of a brother "Apostle"—such as procuring a living for Trench, or interviewing Moxon the publisher in Tennyson's behalf. When separated by distance, they carried on a constant correspondence—and excellent letter-writers they were, especially Charles Merivale. They met constantly in London and elsewhere, making a hundred miles' journey in a coach or post-chaise to pass a few nights with a friend. Not only was there an annual dinner at the Star and Garter, but there were constant symposia at Spedding's chambers in Lincoln's Inn, at Brookfield's lodgings at Southampton, or Merivale's rooms at Cambridge. And those were, indeed, *noctes cœnæque deum*.

"Alas! alas! what reckless, joyous evenings these were. What solemn things were said, pipe in hand; how much serious emotion was mingled with alternate bursts of laughter; how every one hit his neighbour, intellectually, right and left, and was hit again, and no mark left on either side; how much sentiment was mingled with how much humour! . . . The style of our lucubrations may be illustrated perhaps

by a saying of one of our profound philosophers, Jack Kemble: 'The world is one great thought, and I am thinking it.'"¹

Three names of those who took the lead among the earlier set of the "Apostles" are inseparably connected—Sterling, Maurice, and Trench,—and of the three, John Sterling was undoubtedly the man who most influenced his contemporaries at Cambridge. If he was not actually the founder of the Club—for the honour has been claimed for George Tomlinson, afterwards Bishop of Gibraltar—he and Maurice between them gave it form and substance, and enrolled amongst its members other kindred spirits, as ardent and enthusiastic as themselves. In those days Sterling posed as an uncompromising reformer, the champion of moral liberty, and the fierce denouncer of creeds, formulas, and dogmas; and it was this spirit that induced him to take up the cause of the Spanish exiles,—"the Trocadero swarm thrown out in the revolution of 1823." Sterling was attracted by the picturesque refugee Torrijos and his friends—"stately tragic figures with proud threadbare cloaks, mostly with closed lips, perambulating the broad pavements of Euston Square and St Pancras." Hallam, Spedding, Kemble, and others, carried away by their detestation of King Ferdinand, the Inquisition, and "the devildoms of Spain," gave their time, their

¹ Autobiography of Dean Merivale, p. 81.

money, and all but sacrificed their lives, in an abortive attempt to reinstate these helpless exiles. The whole affair would have been ludicrous, if it had not ended so tragically; and was certainly appropriate to the country of Don Quixote, where the adventure was carried on. Indeed, tilting at windmills was an act of sanity compared with the foolhardy attempt at revolution by some fifty unarmed and penniless refugees. The brig, chartered to convey the exiles to Malaga, was seized by the Thames police at the last moment. Torrijos and his motley crew then made their way singly to Gibraltar; but obviously they could not long be harboured there, and were requested by the Governor to leave. They set sail in two small boats for Malaga; were followed by Spanish troops in gunboats, surrounded in a farmhouse, and compelled to surrender unconditionally. "Express is sent to Madrid; 'express instantly returns; military execution on the moment; give them shriving if they want it; that done, fusillade them all.'" ¹ The gallant Torrijos and fifty of his followers, along with Robert Boyd (a cousin of Sterling), were shot down on the esplanade of Malaga. So ended this disastrous expedition. "It may have been misguided and inglorious," said Trench afterwards, "but, believe me, it was not unheroic." It is pathetic even now to read of Sterling's passionate

self-reproach and remorse at having sent so many gallant men to their death. "I hear the sound of that musketry," he wrote to his brother; "it is as if the bullets were tearing my own brain." Arthur Hallam, Tennyson, Trench, and Kemble had all fortunately left Spain a little previously, or they would have been involved in the same fate.

To Sterling, as well as to others of his set, in those early days, Coleridge was an object of enthusiastic adoration, and they would repair for spiritual advice to his house at Highgate, where Carlyle describes him as sitting "like a Magus, girt with mystery and enigma," and "enveloped in a halo of transcendental moonshine." Dean Merivale records that on a visit he paid in company with Arthur Hallam, they found the philosopher deep in metaphysics. But on their pressing him for opinions on this and that question, "You will find it all there," he said, "in my work on *Logic*," pointing to a large vellum folio in the bookcase. At Coleridge's death the book was opened, and found to consist entirely of blank pages. For many months Sterling was an assiduous frequenter of the little house at Highgate, but he only kept notes of his first visit, when the sage talked for two hours and three-quarters on every subject in the universe: Luther, landscape-gardening, Christianity, the personality of God, Dr Chalmers, the

¹ Carlyle, *Life of Sterling* (1st ed.), p. 115.

Tower of Babel, Irvingism, and eternal punishment.

Caroline Fox—that admirable woman whose Puritan simplicity was tempered by a natural shrewdness and insight into character not unlike that of Jane Austen's—was an intimate friend of Sterling's in his later years, and has left us an interesting account of his walks and talks in the pleasant Cornish lanes. She thinks, and thinks rightly, that his table-talk, if it could have been published, would have been far better than that of Coleridge. It would certainly have been less vague, less incoherent, less egotistical. "You call Coleridge an excellent talker," was the bitter comment of Hazlitt; "why, so he is, if you let him start from no premises and arrive at no conclusions." Coleridge was indeed the worst of moral and mental guides for a wayward and unsettled spirit, and infected his pupil with much of his own vagueness and irresolution. With all his brilliant talents, Sterling was (as Carlyle has pointed out) "intrinsically light and volatile," and entirely wanting in "the stubbornness of perseverance." The spirit of unrest was always strong within him: "totally incapable of sitting still. Rapidity, as of pulsing auroras, as of dancing lightnings; rapidity of all forms characterised him."¹ He tried—but apparently tried in vain—to find some solid foundations of belief: first in the hot-headed radicalism of his youth;

then in the nebulous day-dreams of German metaphysicians; and finally, when he was almost heartbroken at the result of the Torrijos affair, in the priesthood—"a clerical aberration" (as Carlyle calls it) which only lasted eight months, when he was Julius Hare's curate at Hurstmonceaux on the Pevensy Flats. But his salvation could not be worked out in this way. He was already threatened with consumption, and for the last few years of his fitful life he wandered from place to place—to the West Indies, to Italy, to Madeira—in search of health; but he was a doomed man: "for about six months he sat looking steadfastly, at all moments, into the eyes of Death; he too who had eyes to see Death, and the Terrors and Eternities;" and then, the brittle life snapped short. He died at Ventnor in 1844, at the age of thirty-eight.

Except in the pages of Carlyle's biography, which Mr John Morley very justly calls "a masterpiece," Sterling's memorial may be said to have perished with him. He contributed various poems and short tales to 'Maga,' and was welcomed by Christopher North with a boisterous effusion; but we much doubt if such fantastic stories as the "Onyx Ring" or the "Palace of Morgana" would be acceptable either to the present editor or the reading public; and as to the short volume of collected poems, published by Moxon in

¹ Life of Sterling (1st ed.), p. 203.

1839, Carlyle tells us they were received with coldness and indifference at the time. This we can well believe, for it was not likely that a generation whose taste had been formed on the masterpieces of Byron, Shelley, and Walter Scott, would be attracted by such a poem as the "Sexton's Daughter,"—obviously written in imitation of Wordsworth, with the usual affectation of simplicity and triviality of detail. Sterling, like many of his friends, had a facile pen, and could write graceful verses with an ephemeral value; but he was no more a poet than were others of his set, and it is a truth as old as the days of Horace—

"Mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non di, non concessere
columnæ."¹

Sterling's inseparable friend at Cambridge was Frederic Denison Maurice, an ardent reformer and a fluent orator like himself. Both were master minds, born leaders of men; but Maurice, if less brilliant than his friend, was more profound, more deeply earnest, and more consistent in his views and aims. Few men have left a stronger impression of a noble and single-minded personality, of self-sacrifice and abnegation. "The most Christian, or rather Christ-like, man I ever knew," was Charles Kingsley's verdict. When, after many doubts and

wrestlings with his conscience, he signed the Act of Conformity and took Holy Orders (from Oxford, not from Cambridge), he lived for years in a hotbed of religious controversy. His advanced views,—especially on the doctrine of eternal punishment,—his so-called Christian socialism, his "dramatic profanity" in the pulpit, and his daring attacks on the narrow-minded sectarianism of the day, excited a bitter hostility among all parties in the Church, and he was denounced as an infidel and an atheist by evangelical divines and the religious newspapers. But he never faltered or changed his views, and if he received some hard knocks in the conflict, he repaid them with interest; for he was a born dialectician, and had—when he chose to use it—a caustic pen. "The 'Record,'" he wrote, "which calls us infidels" (i.e., the Sterling Club), "has been the cause of more bitter infidelity in the younger branches of religious families than all Voltaire's writings put together."

All the time that he was so mercilessly attacked by the Press, Maurice was doing excellent work among the poor and afflicted in his London parish—holding Bible-classes, founding a college for working men, and practically securing the first legal recognition of co-operative societies. His sermons at Guy's Chapel, and afterwards at Lincoln's Inn,

¹ "For gods and men and booksellers refuse
To countenance a mediocre Muse."

—Horace, 'Ars Poetica,' ll. 372-3 (Sir Theodore Martin's translation).

were attracting thousands of attentive listeners; for, as in Newman's case, there was a magic power in the man himself—a moral earnestness and spiritual grandeur that made him for many years the idol and delight of those who fell under the spell of his eloquence, in spite of the denunciations of the 'Record' and the anathemas of the Church Union. Tennyson wrote some noble lines in his vindication:—

"Angels have talked with him and
showed him thrones;
Ye knew him not; he was not one
of ye;
Ye scorned him with an undiscerning
scorn;
Ye could not see the marvel in his
eye,
The still serene abstraction."

Richard Chenevix Trench (the future Archbishop of Dublin) was, in his Cambridge days, of more matured and more solid character than either Sterling or Maurice, and had a sober and restraining influence over some of the flightier spirits in the Club. His strong common-sense and practical turn of mind carried him safely through the moral ferment, the doubts, and mental disquietude of that troubled period. His calm and dispassionate judgment shrank from the wild schemes of these would-be reformers of life and society; and though it is true that he took an active part in the Torrijos conspiracy mentioned above, it was more from an unselfish desire to oblige his friends than from any personal liking for revolutions, and he had a dismal foreboding of

what proved ultimately the issue of the plot. Trench, soon afterwards, took Holy Orders, and his subsequent career amply fulfilled the golden promise of his youth. His earnest and conscientious work as a parish priest—especially during the great Irish famine, when he devoted himself to the relief of the starving peasants—brought with it its own reward; and his elevation to the Primacy of Ireland was only a just and fitting recognition of his high intellectual gifts, and his noble and stainless character.

John Mitchell Kemble—an intimate friend both of Trench and Tennyson—was of an entirely different type. He inherited the fine countenance and the distinguished manners of his father, the great tragedian, and his aunt, Sarah Siddons; and, like his sister Fanny, he was (as Dean Merivale says) "very clever, very confident, and very wayward." The only occasion on which we hear of him displaying any dramatic talent was when he acted Dogberry to Arthur Hallam's Verges on that memorable evening when "Much Ado about Nothing" was performed by the "Apostles" before an audience who were "in a roar of laughter, especially at the tragic parts": and when Milnes (who acted Beatrice), on repeating the lines, "He is no less than a stuffed man, but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal," broke down by his weight the sofa on which he was sitting, and uttered an exclamation which was cer-

tainly not in the prompter's book.

Kemble's high spirits and exuberant vitality made him a most popular member of the Club. He was a keen and uncompromising politician, and he sometimes startled and even shocked his friends by his vehement tirades, just as he scandalised his examiners for a degree by calling Paley "a miserable sophist," and talking of the "loathsome infidelity" of Locke. It was probably owing to the influence and example of Trench that Kemble at one time took a serious turn: he thought of entering the Church and inaugurating a new crusade against the follies of society and spiritual wickedness in high places. Tennyson, like many of his friends, was delighted at the idea, and hailed him as

"A latter Luther and a soldier-priest."

But these high aspirations were not fulfilled. The Spanish affair, in which Kemble took so active a part, diverted his thoughts; and his fit of religious enthusiasm ended as suddenly as it began. Tennyson's sonnet (as Kemble's sister Fanny mournfully wrote) "is all that bears witness to that short-lived consecration; it was poetry, but not prophecy." Kemble finally found his vocation and a scope for his energies in becoming the most learned Anglo-Saxon scholar in our language.

Another interesting figure among the "Apostles" of that date was Charles Buller, afterwards M.P. for Liskeard, who

had inherited from his Irish mother a gay and mercurial temperament, as well as a keen sense of humour, which must have enlivened the serious tone of the debates in the Apostles' Club. Buller had been somewhat of "a handful" at Harrow, and his parents were in despair what to do with him, when by a fortunate accident they placed him under Carlyle's tutorship. From their first meeting the two dissimilar characters became the best of friends; and Carlyle was delighted with the brightness and intelligence of his young pupil,—"quite a bit of sunshine in my dreary Edinburgh element, . . . so all-intelligent, so loyal-hearted, chivalrous, guileless, so delighted (evidently) with me, as I with him." This intimacy with Carlyle (an inestimable boon to the younger man) continued long after Buller had left Cambridge and was a Member of Parliament, where he did much solid work in matters connected with the Poor Laws and emigration, and where, if his life had been spared, he would undoubtedly have reached high ministerial rank. His sudden death in 1848 came as a shock to all who knew him in society, and Macaulay's tribute only expressed the general feeling: "I shall remember with regret how much eloquence and art, how much acuteness and knowledge, how many engaging qualities, how many fair hopes are buried in the grave of Charles Buller." His bust stands in the west aisle of

Westminster Abbey, near that of Connop Thirlwall and of Trench, and not far from the spot where Tennyson's body rests.

It is a striking testimony to the intellectual eminence of these earlier "Apostles" that no less than three of their number, along with Thirlwall, their friend and champion, should have their memorials in our national Valhalla.

In 1827 a fresh set of members were added to the Society, and among them was Richard Monckton Milnes, who in his old age obtained the peerage which had been refused by his father, and became the first Lord Houghton. Though Milnes in his later days was fond of parading his connection with the "Apostles" on all occasions, it may be doubted if, during the few terms that he was a member of the Society, he either added much lustre to their debates or was highly esteemed by his colleagues. "The Society does not get much out of him," wrote Blakesley with some significance. "A good-natured fellow, but vain and paradoxical," was Arthur Hallam's verdict. The first time he dined in hall at Trinity (sitting at the High Table by right of being a Fellow Commoner) his mother was watching her son's behaviour from the gallery, and writes that "he seemed as much at home among all the dons as if he had dined there for years." We can well believe that. False modesty was not one of Milnes's failings;

and we doubt if he ever felt shy in his life — indeed he always seems to us to have mistaken his true vocation, for he had all the qualities of a successful commercial traveller. Glib, fluent, pushing, confident, unabashed, he would have been the prince of bagmen; and as a *commis de voyage* would have surpassed the "Illustrious Gaudissart," immortalised by Balzac. His transparent vanity clung to him to the last. Who but Milnes would have appeared in his own house at Fryston with his coat festooned with gold medals—the passes used by railway directors? A peer of the realm decorated as if he were a prize ox at Smithfield!

Milnes, so to speak, wore his character on his sleeve. His little failings, as well as his good qualities, were plain for all the world to see. He was, of course, vain, superficial, fond of applause, fond of notoriety, delighting in playing the rôle of Amphitryon and Mæcenæ, and trotting out each new celebrity with the zeal of Mrs Leo Hunter. But he was also eminently kind-hearted and loyal to his friends, clever and well read, a born *raconteur* and conversationalist, and could be witty as well as paradoxical. And he knew also how to adapt his witticisms to his company. "You must coarsen your humour," he once sagely remarked, "for the House of Commons—or any other mob."

Milnes, like most of the set, dabbled in verse—for there was poetry in the air in those days

of "Albums," "Keepsakes," and "Friendship's Garlands." It is curious to read now that Macaulay's spirited fragment on the "Armada" first made its appearance in one of these gilt-edged drawing-room annuals, looking as strangely out of place as a hawk in a dovecot. Tennyson in his turn was importuned by Milnes to write something for the 'Tribute,'—a volume got up by Lord Northampton in 1836,—and he vented his wrath in a most amusing fashion. Never again (he declares) will he have anything to do with these "vapid books." He had made a vow to this effect, "but," he says, "I broke it in the sweet face of heaven when I wrote for Lady What's-her-name Wortley. But then her sister wrote to Brookfield, who said she was beautiful; so I could not help it. But whether the Marquis is beautiful or not, I don't mind; if he be, let him give God thanks and make no boast." After all, however, he contributed a short poem to this hated annual.

Milnes himself had a pretty turn for verse, and could throw off sonnets and "occasional pieces" by the score; but, curiously enough, the two most often quoted lines by him are not exactly those by which a fashionable poet would choose to be remembered. They describe a little girl who—

"When she was good, was very, very good;
And when she was bad, she was horrid."

Could anything be more expressive and true to nature?

Could Wordsworth have written anything more simple and pathetic? And, after all, it is the flotsam of poetry—the lighter material—that floats farthest down the stream of time, when heavier metal is submerged and sunk. "John Gilpin" has survived Cowper's "Task"; Macaulay's 'Lays' will live longer than his 'History'; and "We are Seven" will probably be recited in infant schools when "The Excursion" is buried in oblivion.

Though Tennyson rarely attended the meetings of the Club, which he joined in 1829, he soon became the central and dominant figure among the "Apostles,"—towering above his contemporaries physically as well as intellectually—"a lifeguardsman spoiled by making poetry,"—delighting in feats of strength, such as lifting a weight or hurling a crowbar. He must have been a noble-looking youth, as can be imagined from the admirable portrait of him by Watts in later life, and from Mrs Cameron's artistic photographs. "A fine, large-featured, dim-eyed, bronze-coloured, shaggy man is Alfred, dusty, smoky, free-and-easy,"—Carlyle's description, written soon after their first meeting, would probably describe the poet much as he appeared in his younger days; for he was always slovenly and careless in dress, smoked incessantly, and troubled himself little to make himself agreeable in general society. He had his moods and humours, fits of

reverie or depression, and then, as always, showed an almost morbid aversion to strangers and publicity. But for his intimate friends—his brother "Apostles"—he had a deep and lasting affection; and above all he idolised Arthur Hallam. Their friendship is historical; and the lines from *Johannes Secundus*, which Sir John Coleridge prefixed to his *Life of Keble*, might well serve as a motto to "In Memoriam"—

"Te mihi junxerunt nivei sine crimine
mores,
Simplicitasque sagax, ingenuusque
pudor;
Et bene nota fides, et candor frontis
honestæ,
Et studia a studiis non aliena meis."

Tennyson's prize poem on "Timbuctoo" (an adapted version of a poem on the Battle of Armageddon, as he tells us himself) appeared in 1829, and was received with a furore of applause by his Cambridge friends. Milnes and Hallam declared it was as good as anything Milton had written. Without going so far as this, we may say that it was Tennyson's first successful effort in that metre of which he afterwards showed such consummate mastery in "The Princess" and the "Idylls." Many of the *Lyrics*, published in 1830, were composed during his residence at Cambridge; and these short poems were recited, discussed, and criticised by the little group of friends; copies were made of them, and they were passed from hand to hand, like manuscripts in the Middle Ages. Dean Merivale tells us that all through one term "a

daily divan" was kept sitting, when "Alfred's" latest poem, "The Palace of Art," was read to each new-comer as he came up. Occasionally the zeal of these youthful devotees seems to have outrun their discretion, for it is recorded that a review of Tennyson's new volume, written by Arthur Hallam and published in 'The Englishman,' practically killed what, according to Christopher North, was quite a pleasant periodical, and might otherwise have had a longer lease of life. The comments, however, were not always complimentary. It was not likely, indeed, that these acute young critics, with their keen sense of humour, would miss the absurdities which Lord Lytton ridiculed in the 'New Timon' a few years later—

"Let School-miss Alfred vent her chaste
delight
On 'darling little rooms, so warm and
bright';
Chant 'I'm a-weary' in infectious
strain,
Or catch 'the blue fly, buzzing i' the
pane;'"

—an attack which called forth the well-known rejoinder from Tennyson on

"The padded man who wore the stays."

Tennyson's poems have given occasion to some of the most delightful parodies in our language. Thackeray wrote a mock heroic poem on "Timbuctoo"; Aytoun and Sir Theodore Martin gave us a travesty of "Locksley Hall," where the imitation is almost as good as the original; and in 'Maga,' some years since, there appeared a clever burlesque of the Ar-

thurian Idyll, "Dame Hubbard and Sir Tray."

James Spedding was of the same year as Tennyson, and must have been a singularly lovable character,—generous, sweet-tempered, and level-minded, with a capacity for business that amounted to a genius; and he subsequently threw up a lucrative post in the Colonial Office (to Gladstone's great annoyance) in order to devote his life to the thankless—and, we fear, profitless—task of rehabilitating the character of Francis Bacon. At Cambridge he exercised a sobering influence on some of the flightier spirits, and even Tennyson was overawed by his calm personality. Fitzgerald also declared that he was "the prince of Quietists," and that "his tranquillity was like a pirated copy of the Peace of God."

Blakesley entered Trinity in the same year as Tennyson and Spedding (1827), and from the first made his presence felt by his "acute practical mind" and by his powers of debate. Tennyson thought that with "his subtle and powerful intellect" he would have made an admirable Lord Chancellor, and it is of Blakesley that he writes—

"Clear-headed friend, whose joyful
scorn,
 Edged with sharp laughter, cuts atwain
 The knots that tangle human creeds."

Blakesley took high classical honours, became Fellow and Tutor of Trinity, and then settled down at the Rectory of Ware, on the pleasant river

Lea—the "Hertfordshire Incumbent" whose letters to 'The Times' were so popular in their day. With his brilliant intellectual gifts and sterling character, he deserved better things of the Church than to be offered a Deanery in 1874 when his life's work was well-nigh over.

Three other "Apostles" (almost contemporary with him) became in due time Fellows of Trinity,—Henry Alford, the learned commentator; Charles Merivale, the historian of the Roman Empire; and William Hepworth Thompson, Regius Professor of Greek, who succeeded Whewell as Master of Trinity.

Two of the youngest of this earlier set of the "Apostles" who most impressed their contemporaries, and for whom a brilliant future was prophesied, did not, unhappily, fulfil these sanguine expectations. The first of these was Henry Sunderland, the orator of his day, who electrified his audience at the Union by his torrent of impassioned eloquence, and often scandalised them by his violent Radical sentiments. "He was the greatest speaker I ever heard," said Lord Houghton in after years. But his fame was short-lived. Soon after leaving Cambridge he disappeared from society for forty years. His brain was overwrought, and the brilliant intellect which had delighted and astonished his friends at Cambridge was hopelessly clouded and obscured. He would reappear at uncertain intervals and amaze his fellow-

guests at some wayside inn by his marvellous powers of conversation, and then he would drop out of sight again, like the "Scholar Gipsy" in Matthew Arnold's poem. In fact, he never recovered perfect sanity of mind.

But more brilliant and fascinating than all was Arthur Hallam, whose memory has been consecrated by the genius of Tennyson, and who seems to have been idolised by all with whom he came in contact. The opinion of his contemporaries is unanimous as to his rare intellectual gifts and the grace and charm of his character. "He is the only man here," writes Connop Thirlwall, "to whom I bow in conscious inferiority in everything." Dean Alford declared that "he was the most wonderful person I ever knew"; and Gladstone (his friend at Eton) maintained that "there was nothing in the region of the mind which he might not have accomplished." Hallam was indeed a youth of rare and precocious talent. We hear of him reading French and Latin "with tolerable facility" when only eight years old; at the age of fourteen he was translating Dante's "Ugolino" into Greek Iambics. A little later he could speak both Italian and German with perfect fluency, and his father declared that "the whole range of French literature was almost as familiar to him as that of England." Moreover, he delighted in philosophy; the most abstruse problems in metaphysics never baffled him; the dreamy mysticism of Plato and

Kant attracted instead of repelling him, and he could master a difficult book of Descartes at a single sitting.

With such exceptional intellectual gifts it seems strange that he should not have taken a high place in the Classical Tripos. But his reading was fitful and desultory, and, like others of his set, he cared little for university distinctions. As a matter of fact, he never took to the classics seriously, and positively hated (as Macaulay and others did before him) the drudgery and exactitude of mathematics. Most probably, as Gladstone thought, he would have done better at Oxford than at Cambridge. He would have had a more thorough and regular training; and, if he had once been spurred into emulation with the brilliant set of scholars then at Christ Church, he would no doubt have taken a high place in the Class List.

As it was, he read whatever touched his fancy for the moment,—flitting from subject to subject in poetry and philosophy, and transferring his allegiance from one idol to another. Byron, Keats, Wordsworth, Shelley, were successively the objects of his hero-worship—especially the last-named poet,—for it was Hallam who had the "Adonais" printed in England for the first time, and he was one of the deputation of three who made that famous journey to Oxford in 1829 to vindicate Shelley's reputation in his own University, which had so disgracefully expelled him. The dauntless three (Hallam, Sunderland,

and Milnes) obtained an *Exeat* for the purpose; but it is to be feared they left the Master of Trinity (Dr Wordsworth) under the impression that they were the champions of his own kinsman, the poet, and not of Shelley, as opposed to Byron. In the debate in the Oxford Union, Wilberforce (afterwards the Bishop) and Doyle (afterwards Professor of Poetry) supported the claims of Shelley; while Manning (the future Archbishop) led the opposition in favour of Byron, and, in spite of the eloquence of the Cambridge trio, carried his motion by a large majority. The "Apostles," however, consoled themselves with the reflection that they had rescued the name of their favourite poet from undeserved oblivion,—as the Oxford men had been previously ignorant of Shelley's existence, and confused him with Shenstone, of whose poems they only knew the one beginning "My banks they are furnished with bees," which is not exactly in the style of the author of "Adonais."¹

As may be supposed, Hallam took a prominent part in the weekly debates held by the "Apostles," and there are many testimonies to the impression made by his "dazzling rhetoric" and impassioned eloquence. He seems, indeed, to have been a born orator (far more than a born poet),—fluent, vehement, persuasive,—driving his points home and instantly detecting any fallacy

in his opponent's argument. There can be no doubt that, if his life had been spared and he had seriously adopted the Bar as a profession, he would have ranked among our most famous advocates. There is an eloquent tribute to Hallam's powers of debate in some stanzas of "In Memoriam":—

"And last, the master-bowman, he
Would cleave the mark. A willing
ear
We lent him. Who but hung to
hear
The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point, with power and
grace,
And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions, when we saw
The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow
In azure orbits heavenly-wise,
And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo."²

Even now there is something irresistibly pathetic in reading the account of Hallam's last happy summer holiday at Somersby—that summer when he was "absurdly gay" and the life and soul of the little party there. He was engaged at the time to Tennyson's sister Emily, and life seemed to open for him the brightest prospects. But a few months later his earthly career ended for ever, and he died suddenly and painlessly—almost in a moment—of pressure of blood on the brain, at the age of twenty-two:

"God's finger touched him, and he
slept."

¹ Lord Houghton's *Life*, vol. ii. p. 163.

² "In Memoriam," lxxxvii.

He was buried in the spot which he would probably have selected for himself—close to the little grey church in a hollow glade near Clevedon,—a silent and secluded resting-place, looking over the broad estuary,

"Where twice a-day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills."

One can only faintly realise the profound sorrow and despair of his friends and family at this cruel stroke of fate, which had removed the young Marcellus of his age. As his heart-broken father wrote: "Arthur seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from a better world."

It is perhaps idle even to speculate whether, if Hallam's life had been prolonged, he would have fulfilled the high promise of his youth. Most certainly the few essays and poems he left behind him give but a faint and inadequate idea of his undoubted talents. In one sense they reflect his own character, for his verses are tender, graceful, and often pathetic. They are written with evident ease and facility; but they do not go deep enough: they are wanting in the divine afflatus which marks the poet. Few of his lines linger in one's memory; fewer still would find a place in a dictionary of quotations. Even when compared with some of the minor poets of the last century—say Clough, Matthew Arnold, or Mrs Hemans—he seems to stand on a lower level; and as to the *Dit*

Majores of the world of poetry, his verse is like a tinkling cymbal after an orchestra of drums and trumpets. And yet it is possible that, if Hallam's life had been spared, the cymbal might in time have become a trumpet, and the "half-developed intellect," of which he writes in such pathetic self-depreciation, might have matured into genius of the first rank. In any case, criticism should be silent in the face of such high promise and rare talent; and we remember Tennyson's indignant denunciation of those who cavil at the dead—

"He gave the people of his best;
His worst he kept, his best he gave;
My Shakespeare's curse on clown
and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest!"

Tennyson found some consolation in his grief for Hallam's death in the friendship of Henry Lushington, who came up to Trinity from Charterhouse in 1829—a singularly bright and attractive youth, and one of the cleverest scions of a clever family. His elder brother Edmund had been senior classic and one of the finest scholars of his day; and there is no doubt that, if ill-health had not obliged the younger brother to leave Cambridge for a time and practically to give up anything like continuous work, he would have done greater things than obtain the Porson Prize and a Fellowship at Trinity. He was Tennyson's most trusted critic and confidant, for he had unerring taste and judgment,

and such a marvellous memory that he could not only repeat Carlyle's 'French Revolution' by heart, but, according to common report, if every vestige of "Alfred's" poems had been destroyed he could have reproduced them line for line. It was to Henry Lushington that "The Princess" was dedicated; and the prologue describes his ancestral home (Park House, near Maidstone), with the family group of brothers and sisters—the trophies in the hall and the "broad lawns" of the park.

Lushington's life-long friend and brother "Apostle" was George Stovin Venables. They had been boys at the Charterhouse together, along with Thackeray, whose nose was broken by Venables in a school fight—and it was Venables who brought Lushington back on his last sad journey from Malta to Paris, when in a dying state. "It was the best and truest friendship I ever saw," wrote Monckton Milnes, who was staying at Meurice's at the time.

Venables himself became a Fellow of Jesus; then practised at the Parliamentary Bar, and did much good work for 'The Times.' He was a man of fine presence—as we see him in John Collier's picture,—stately and dignified, with polished manners and an air of old-fashioned courtesy. He was an excellent talker and a charming companion, as well as a widely read and accomplished writer, and in his younger days was famous for his epigrams and caustic

wit. One saying of his is worth quoting, as showing how far astray a man of sense may be led by his love of paradox: "Whewell's humbug and imbecility reciprocally limit one another." This is absurd, of course; but Whewell's arrogant manners effectually alienated the sympathies of his pupils; and, so far as his duties as a college tutor were concerned, he was worse than useless. Thirlwall, on the other hand, was much beloved, as well as respected; and as a lecturer at Trinity he showed the same genial and kindly heart, and the same tolerant spirit, the same love of his fellow-men, as marked his character when Bishop of St David's.

At this point space compels us to bid farewell to the Cambridge "Apostles,"—or rather to the earlier and most famous set, for the Society lasted (we believe) till 1840. From them we have selected some typical examples—all marked by strong individuality of character as well as by brilliant intellectual gifts, and all bound together by the closest and most enduring friendship. But one question asked by Mrs Charles Brookfield deserves some notice. "Was there ever," she inquires, "of late centuries, at one given time, so formidable a phalanx of talent?" Singularly enough, there was at Oxford in the year 1831 a set of men attending the same lectures at Christ Church who—if practical success and distinction in later life be taken into account

—are more than worthy to be compared with the "Apostles" in the days of Tennyson and Hallam. There was Gladstone himself, then reading hard for his double-first; George Cornwall Lewis, Sidney Herbert, Lord Lincoln (afterwards Duke of Newcastle), Robert Lowe, who all became Cabinet Ministers; Lords Canning, Elgin, and Dalhousie—future Viceroy of India; Lord Abercorn, afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; Hamilton, Denison, and Wordsworth, who all three became bishops; Liddell and Scott of the famous *Lexicon*; Lord Selkirk, a distinguished mathematician; Doyle, Phillimore, and others.¹ Here we have a long list of statesmen and proconsuls, divines and theologians, and on the other hand a poet, a historian, an archbishop, a popular preacher, and two or three deans. As tested by the criterion of worldly success, the balance is clearly in favour of the Oxford set; for, with the exception of Trench and Tennyson, the "Apostles" failed lamentably

to fulfil the high promise of their youth. But, judged by another standard, that of intellectual gifts—in some cases akin to genius—and of their spiritual influence on their own generation, the Cambridge "Apostles" seem to us to stand on a higher level, with their lofty aspirations, their noble ideals, their unselfish devotion to the cause of truth and liberty, and their chivalrous scorn of all that was base and material. And, from another point of view, they were the heralds of the intellectual *renaissance* then beginning: they were the precursors of reform; the vanguard of the new school of great thinkers, who so materially influenced and modified English thought and feeling in the last century—Carlyle, Ruskin, Charles Kingsley, Matthew Arnold,—

"Not like the men of the crowd,
Who all around me to-day
Bluster and cringe, and make life
Hideous and arid and vile;
But souls, tempered with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind."²

¹ Our authority for the above is a passage from Martin Tupper's 'Life as an Author'—quoted in Pycroft's 'Oxford Memories,' vol. i. p. 160. Martin Tupper was a contemporary of Gladstone's, is mentioned in Mr John Morley's Life of that statesman, and certainly attended Biscoe's lectures himself.

² Matthew Arnold—"Rugby Chapel."

NEW ENGLAND.

IF in a country town we find an Inn called New, it is a sure sign of ancients. The fresh and fragrant name survives the passing centuries. It clings to the falling house long after it has ceased to have an intelligible meaning. Taverns with a nobler sign and more arrogant aspect obscure its simpler merits. But there is a pride in its name, a dignity in its age, which a changing fashion will never destroy. And as it is with Inns, so it is with countries. New is an epithet redolent of antiquity. The province which once was, and is still called, New England, is very old America. It cannot be judged by the standards which are esteemed in New York or Chicago. The broad stream of what is called progress has left it undisturbed in its patient backwater. It reckes as little of sky-scrapers as of transportation. Its towns are not ashamed of being villages, and the vanity which it guards is not the vanity of shapeless size, but the rarer vanity of a quiet and decent life.

No sooner does the English traveller leave Boston for the north than he enters what seems a familiar country. The towns which he passes, the rivers which he crosses, bear names to prove the faithful devotion the old adventurers felt for their native land. If they sought their fortune across

the ocean, they piously preserved the names of other days. Austere as were the early Puritans, bitterly as they smarted under what they supposed a political grievance, they did not regard the country of their origin with the fierce hatred which has sometimes inspired their descendants. The love of the New did not extinguish the love of the Old England. In Appledore and Portsmouth, in London and Manchester, in Newcastle and Dover, the ancient sentiment lives and breathes. And the New Englanders, once proud of their source, still cherish a pride in their blood, which they have kept pure from the contamination of the foreigner. Fortunately for itself, New England is a "back number." There is nothing in its peaceful recesses to tempt the cosmopolitan horde which throngs the great cities of America. The hope of gain is there as small as the opportunity of gambling. A quiet folk, devoted to fishery and agriculture, is not worth plundering.

So it is there, if anywhere, that you may surprise the true-born American, and when you have surprised him, he very much resembles your own compatriot. His type and gesture are as familiar to you as his surroundings. Slow of speech and movement, he has not yet acquired the exhausting, purposeless love of

speed which devours the more modern cities. He goes about his work with a perfect consciousness that there are four-and-twenty hours in the day. And as he is not the victim of an undue haste, he has leisure for a gracious civility. It is not for him to address a stranger with the familiarity characteristic of New York or Chicago. In brief, though he know it not, and perhaps would resent it if he knew it, he is profoundly influenced by his origin. He has not lost the high seriousness, the quiet gravity, which distinguished his ancestors.

His towns, in aspect and sentiment, closely resemble himself. Portsmouth, for instance, which has not the same reason for self-consciousness as Salem or Concord, has retained the authentic features of the mother-land. You might easily match it in Kent or Essex. The open space in the centre of the town, the Athenæum—in style, name, and purpose, alike English—are of another age and country than their own. There is a look of trim elegance everywhere, which refreshes the eye; and over the streets there broods an immemorial peace, which even the echoing clangour of the Navy Yard cannot dispel. The houses, some of wood, after the Colonial manner, others of red brick, plain in their neatness, are in perfect harmony with their surroundings. Nothing is awry: nothing is out of place. And so severely consistent is the impression of age, that down on the sunlit quay, flanked by

the lofty warehouses, the slope of whose roofs is masked by corbie-steps, you are surprised not to see riding at anchor the high-prowed galleons of the seventeenth century.

And, best of all, there is the quiet, simple Church of St John, English in feeling as in origin. Though rebuilt a hundred years ago, on the site of an earlier church, it has remained loyal to its history, and is the true child of the eighteenth century. Is it not fitting that the communion-plate presented by Queen Caroline should be treasured here? That the sexton should still show you, even with a cold indifference, the stately prayer-books which once contained the prayers for the king? That a bell, captured at Louisburg by Sir William Pepperell, should summon to the worship of God a people long forgetful of that proud achievement? Such are the evidences of an innate conservatism which, despite the common theory of progress, has kept alive the old traditions of New England.

Thus for three hundred years Portsmouth has lived the happy life of a country town, and its historian sadly notes that until 1900 its population did not rise to 10,000. The historian need feel no regret: it is not by numbers that we may measure the stateliness of a city; and the dignity of Portsmouth is still plain for all to behold in the houses, to cite but two examples, of Governors Wentworth and Langdon. And then after this long spell of fortunate obscurity, Portsmouth became suddenly the centre of

universal interest. By a curious irony this little, old-fashioned town was chosen to be the meeting-place of Russia and Japan, and the first experiment in modern diplomacy was made in a place which has sacrificed nothing to a love of that intoxicant known as the spirit of the age. It was, in truth, a strange sight that Portsmouth saw a brief two years ago. Before its troubled eyes the stern conference of hostile nations was turned to comedy. A hundred and twenty eager reporters publicly put up their support for sale in exchange for information to the highest bidder. The representative of a great country was heard boasting to the gentlemen of the press of his own prowess. "The Japanese could not read in my face," said M. Witte, "what was passing in my heart." Isn't it wonderful? Would not the diplomats of their *confrère* could they hear him bragging of a rudimentary and long since dishonoured *finesse*? But the mere fact that M. Witte could make such a speech on American soil is a clear proof that the New World is not the proper field of diplomacy. The congresses of old were gay and secret. "Le congrès," said the Prince de Ligne at Vienna, "ne marche pas; il danse." It danced, but it kept inviolate the obligation of silence. The Congress at Portsmouth did not talk—it chattered; and it was an open injustice to the unbroken history of New Eng-

land that President Roosevelt should have chosen this tranquil and ancient spot for a fruitless experiment in diplomacy by journalism.

Across the river lies Kittery, even more remote from the world of greed and competition than Portsmouth. Here at last you discover what so often eludes you in America—the real countryside. The rough pleasant roads like English lanes, the beautiful wooden houses half hidden amid towering trees, and the gardens (or yards as they are called) not trim, like our English gardens, but of an unkempt beauty all their own,—these, with the memory of a gracious hospitality, will never fade from my mind. At Kittery, as at Portsmouth, you live in the past. There is nothing save an electric trolley and the motor engines of the fishing-boats to suggest the bustle of to-day. Here is Fort M'Clary, a block-house built two centuries ago to stay the incursion of the Indians. There is the house of Pepperell, the hero of Louisburg. Thus, rich in old associations, happy in its present seclusion, Kittery has a kind of personal charm, which is intensified by an obvious and striking contrast.

It was from Newport that I went to Kittery, and passed in a few hours from the modern to the ancient world. Not even New York gives a more vivid impression of the inappropriateness which is America's besetting sin, than Newport, whose gay inhabitants are determined, at all

costs, to put themselves at variance with time and place. The mansions, called "cottages" in vulgar humility, are entirely out of proportion to their site and purpose. On the one hand you see a house as large as Chatsworth, bleak and treeless, with nothing to separate it from its ambitious neighbours but a wooden palisade. It suggests nothing so much as that it has lost its park, and mislaid its lodges. On the other, you see a massive pile, whose castellated summit resembles nothing else than a county jail. And nowhere is there a possibility of ambush, nowhere a frail hint of secrecy. The people of Newport, moreover, is resolved to live up to its inappropriate environment. As it rejoices in the wrong kind of house, so it delights in the wrong sort of costume. The vain luxury of the place is expressed in a thousand strange antics. A new excitement is added to sea-bathing by the ladies, who face the waves in all the bravery of powdered cheeks and Parisian hats. To return unsullied from the encounter is a proof of the highest skill. Is it not better to preserve a deftly-poised hat from the mere contact of the waves than to be a tireless and intrepid swimmer?

Newport, in fact, has been haunted by a sort of ill-luck. It has never been able to make the best of itself. There was a time when its harbour bade fair to rival the harbour of New York, and when its inhabitants fondly believed that

all the great ships of the world would find refuge under the noble shadow of Rhode Island. And when this hope was disappointed for ever, Newport still possessed in herself all the elements of beauty. Whatever exquisite colour and perfect situation could give, was hers. What more can the eyes of man desire than green lawns and an incomparable sea? And there lies the old town to link the prosperity of to-day with the romance of yesterday. And there grow in wild profusion the scented hedges of honeysuckle and roses. And all of no avail. The early comers to Newport, it is true, understood that a real cottage of wood was in harmony with the place. They built their houses to the just scale of the landscape, and had they kept their own way how happy would have been the result. But beauty gave way to fashion; wealth usurped the sovereignty of taste; size was mistaken for grandeur,—in a word, the millionaire disfigured Newport to his whim.

And so it ceased to be a real place. It became a mere collection of opposing mansions and quarrelsome styles. If the vast "cottages," which raise their heads higher and higher in foolish rivalry, were swept away, no harm would be done. They are there by accident, and they will last only so long as a wayward fashion tolerates their presence. Kittery, on the other hand, cannot be abolished by a caprice of taste. It is a village which

has its roots in the past, and whose growth neither wealth nor progress has obscured. Above all, it possesses the virtue, great in towns as in men, of sincerity. It has not out itself loose from its beginnings; its houses belong harmoniously to itself; and it has retained through two centuries the character of the old colonial days. Nor is it without an historical importance. Great names cling about it. The men of Kittery fought on many a hard-won field against French and Indians, and, retired though it be from the broad stream of commerce and progress, it cannot dissipate the memory of loyal devotion to the crown and of military glory.

Its hero is Sir William Pepperell, soldier and merchant, whose thrift and prowess were alike remarkable. The son of a Tavistock fisherman, who pursued fortune in the New World with equal energy and success, he still further advanced his house in wealth and circumstance. Accustomed from boyhood to the dangers of Indian warfare, he was as apt for arms as for arts, and it is characteristic of the time and place that this prosperous merchant should be known to fame as the commander of a triumphant expedition. It was in 1745 that his chance came. For many years Louisburg had afforded harbourage to French privateers, who had harried the coast of New England and captured rich cargoes of merchandise. At last Gov-

ernor Shirley of Massachusetts resolved to attack it, and we may judge of the esteem in which Pepperell was held, by the fact that he was appointed to lead an expedition against a fortress deemed impregnable by the French, and known as the Dunkirk of America. His selection was a tribute not merely to his courage but to his tact. No man of his time was better fitted to control the conflicting tempers of the colonial militia, and he set forth at the head of his 4000 men under the best auspices. Being a Puritan in command of Puritans, he quickened the bravery of his comrades by a show of religious zeal. He made it plain that he was engaged in a war against papistry, and he asked George Whitefield, then in America, for a motto. "Nil desperandum, Christo duce," said the preacher; and thus heartened, the little fleet set sail on its triumphant journey. At first sight the contest seemed unequal. On one side was Duchambon, an experienced soldier, defending a fortress which had long been thought invincible. On the other was a plain merchant in command of no more than 4000 militiamen. But the very simplicity of Pepperell's attack ensured its success. He sailed into the harbour without warning and without fear, in the very eye of the French artillery, landed his men, and began a siege which resulted, after six weeks, in the reduction of Louisburg. It was a gallant feat of arms, and our only

regret is that a foolish Government declined to take advantage of that colonial victory. Three years later Louisburg was wickedly restored to France in exchange for certain advantages in India, and a foolish policy obscured for a while at least the eminent services of William Pepperell.

But the victor of Louisburg is to-day not without fame—save in his own country. Fortunately for himself, Pepperell died before the War of the Revolution, and did not see the ruin which overtook his family. The property which had passed into the hands of his grandchildren was confiscated. They were guilty of loyalty to the crown and country for which their ancestor had fought, and the third generation was saved from the poorhouse "by the bounty of individuals on whom they had no claims for favour." In other words, Pepperell's memory was dishonoured, because in serving New England he had worn the king's uniform. In the eyes of the newly emancipated, treachery was retrospective. Pepperell's biographer explains his sin and its punishment with a perfect clarity. "The eventful life of Sir W. Pepperell," he writes, "closed a few years before the outbreak of the Revolution. Patriotism in his day implied loyalty and fidelity to the King of England; but how changed the meaning of that word in New England after the Declaration of Independence! Words and deeds before deemed patriotic were now traitorous,

and so deeply was their moral turpitude impressed on the public mind as to have tainted popular opinions concerning the heroic deeds of our ancestors, performed in the King's service in the French Wars. . . . The War of the Revolution absorbed and neutralised all the heroic fame of the illustrious men that preceded, and the achievements of Pepperell, of Johnson, and of Bradstreet are now almost forgotten." These words were written in 1855, and they have not yet lost their truth.

For us this forgetfulness is not easily intelligible. It is our habit to attach ourselves closely to the past. If there have been conflicts, they have left no rancour, no bitterness. The winner has been modest, the loser magnanimous. The centuries of civil strife which devastated England imposed no lasting hostility. Nobody to-day cares whether his ancestor was Cavalier or Roundhead. The keenest Royalist is willing to acknowledge the splendid prowess and the political genius of Cromwell. The hardest Puritan pays an eager tribute to the exalted courage of Charles I. But the Americans have taken another view. They would, if they could, discard the bonds which unite them with England. For the mere glamour of independence they would sacrifice the glory of the past. They would even assume an hostility to their ancestors because these ancestors were of English blood. They seem to believe that if they forget

their origin persistently enough it will be transformed. The top of their ambition would be reached if they could suppose that they were autochthonous, —that they sprang into being fully armed upon American soil. It irks them to think that other races have had a hand in creating "God's own country," and they are happiest when they can convince themselves that a man changes his heart and his mind as well as his sky when he leaves Europe for America. And so they pursue the policy of the ostrich. They bury the head of their past in the sandy desert of the present, and hope that nobody will detect their trick of concealment.

In the Church of St John at Portsmouth there is, as I have said, an English prayer-book from which the page containing the prayers for the king has been violently torn. This incident symbolises very aptly the attitude of America. The country has not yet recovered from the hostility which it once professed to George III. It assumes that a difference of policy always implies a moral taint. The American Colonies broke away from the mother country; therefore George III. was a knave, whose name may not be mentioned without dishonour, and all the brave men who served him in serving the colonies are dishonoured also. It is not quite clear why this feeling has been kept alive so long. Perhaps the violent rhetoric of the Declaration of Independence has aided its survival. Perhaps, too, the sense

of gravity, which always overtakes the American public man when he considers what These States have achieved, is not without its weight. But whatever the cause, it is certain that shame and animosity still exist on the other side of the ocean: shame for noble deeds accomplished by brave men; animosity against a loyal antagonist, who long ago forgot the ancient quarrel and its consequence.

And yet the force and habit of tradition cannot forcibly be shaken off. Though New England, in forgetting the heroes who fought under British colours, has attempted to break the continuity of history, it is in New England where the links in the ancient chain are most stoutly coupled. Though all the prayer-books in the world be destroyed, the marks of its origin will still be stamped indelibly upon the face of New England. The very dourness which persuades these stern men to look with regret upon their beginnings is but a part of the puritanical character which drove them to take refuge in a foreign land. Hard and fanatical as they were, when they left England, they did but intensify their hard fanaticism in the new country. For there they were all of one party, and their children grew up without the wholesome stimulant of opposition. And if perchance one or two strayed from the fold of strict allegiance, the majority were cruel in punishment. They became persecutors for what they believed was right-

eousness' sake, and their cruelty was the more severe because it was based, as they believed, upon a superior morality. And so they grew, as an American historian has said, to hate the toleration for which they once fought, to deplore the liberty of conscience for whose sake they had been ready to face exile. What in themselves they praised for liberty and toleration, they denounced in others as carelessness or heresy. So they cultivated a hard habit of thought; so they esteemed too seriously the efforts they made in the cause of freedom; so they still exaggerate the importance of the Revolution, which to-day a sense of humour should compel them to regard with a cold and dispassionate eye.

But if in a certain pitilessness of character the New Englanders are more English than the English, they still resemble the Puritans of the seventeenth century in their love of a well-ordered life. It was in their towns and villages that the old colonial life flourished to the wisest purpose. The houses which they built, and which still stand, are the perfection of elegance and comfort. The simplicity of their aspect is matched by the beauty which confronts

you when once you have crossed the threshold. The columns which flank the porch, the pilasters which break the monotony of the wooden walls, are but a faint indication of the elegance within. Like the palaces of the Moors, they reserve the best of themselves for the interior, and reveal all their beauty only to their intimates. The light staircases, with turned rails and lyre-shaped ends; the panelled rooms; the dainty fireplaces, adorned with Dutch tiles; the English furniture, which has not left its first home; the spacious apartments, of which the outside gives no warning,—these give a quiet dignity, a pleasant refinement, to the colonial houses which no distance of time or space can impair. There is a house at Kittery of which the planks were cut out there in the forest, were sent to England to be carved and shaped, and were then returned to their native woodland to be fashioned into a house. Thus it belongs to two worlds, and thus it is emblematic of the New Englanders who dwell about it, and who, owing their allegiance to a new country, yet retain the impress of a character which was their ancestors' almost three centuries ago.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

MATE IN TWO MOVES.

THERE is a delusion abroad in the world that chess is a game of Persian origin, but you would do well not to advance this meagre hypothesis in Altpoppendorf. For Altpoppendorf will have much pleasure in proving unto you with hammering gutturals—with hammering fists if you are too dense—that you have simply confounded the two predicative adjectives, Persian and Prussian. The first article of the Altpoppendorfsian "*Quicumque vult*" is, that Schach—or chess—was invented at Altpoppendorf; and those who make a show of not accepting this clause are unpopular at Altpoppendorf.

When you go to Altpoppendorf you can easily acquire and maintain the impression that you have walked into chessland. The village is set in a shallow saucer of a plain that is devoted to the raising of flowers for seed, and up to the close horizon in all directions are laid vast glaring squares of startling variety of hue. The cubical houses, with their white plaster and black timber walls, have the look of fancy chess pieces set ready for some competition of giants. And walking in this land of right angles,—the acute and obtuse variations are unrecognised in Altpoppendorf,—and influenced by the "*Quicumque vult*" of the village, you would not be greatly surprised to see a

gigantic thumb and forefinger come out of the clouds, take up by its waist the old grey church tower, and set it down with a thunderous "Check!" in a square of marigolds or hollyhocks, or some other flower that is out of men's minds for the year anywhere but at Altpoppendorf.

The moral atmosphere is even more richly impregnated than the material with the fine flavour of the noblest of games. The very childhood's "*Hüpspiel*," or hopscotch, takes on the importance of a sixty-four square complication, and chess is in Altpoppendorf an integral part of the primary education. When the infants of Altpoppendorf wend their way of an early morning hour towards the village school,—in long hand-linked files, looking with their light flaxen plaits or close-cropped little round white skulls, their china-blue eyes, and their print garments of faint hue, as if their over-zealous mothers had scrubbed all the colour out of them,—the last question shot from the home door after the retreating Häschen or Gretschen is, "Hast thou then man's chessboard?" A child who at eight years of age does not know as many openings, is sighed over as one who is pitifully backward with the "*Einmaleins*"—the "once one is one"—of life. A sound theoretical and practical knowledge of chess, among other

things, is demanded of those who present themselves for the degree of confirmation, which in the Fatherland is rather an entrance into this world than a first independent step towards the next, and may therefore without impropriety be accorded as fitly for proficiency in a noble and highly logical game as for the mechanical repetition of "Vaterunser" and the articles of faith. Chess is the Altpoppendorfian's main business of life from his cradle, where he endeavours to suck the colour out of a coral pawn, to that last tussle with Death, finest of combatants, against whom no man has ever scored so much as a drawn game. And as your skilful player stereotypes more and more opening moves, till at the end he can leap over fifteen or twenty of these and come without vain preliminaries to the heart of the matter, so it is with the Altpoppendorfian in his social relations. He is chary of words and salutations, does not talk about the weather, and when he has business in a shop, he walks squarely in (castle move), lays a finger on the article he desires, and names his price. If that is not acceptable, he retires,—by the castle move again.

Of course Altpoppendorf has its chess legend, which may be said to be composed of fact and fancy in about equal proportions. Here is the legend as I read it in that old volume of which the pages are memories and traditions, and the book-markers the centuries.

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There was much important bustle about the doors of the Altpoppendorf hostelry of the Golden Eagle one spring afternoon, for the Lady Abbess of Quedlinburg had alighted from her litter at the inn door and was enjoying a short repose in the great guest-chamber. Things have quieted down again by now, for that was some three hundred years ago.

The Abbess was a great lady. She was of high, most transparent, birth, for her brother was no other than the Herzog Adalbert von Gilzum, of whom most people have probably never heard, though he was a very considerable person in his way for all that. He could not have been otherwise; for the Abbey of Quedlinburg was rich and powerful, and the Lady Abbess had sway over the rock of Quedlinburg with the Abbey and Castle perched on the top of it, over the town crouching humbly at its feet, and over the wide fertile plain that rock and Castle commanded. And there can be no doubt that the Herzog Adalbert von Gilzum, who could acquire such an appanage for his sister in the teeth of the fiercest competition, was a potentate of great power and influence.

You must not, however, be too quick to envy her Grace the Lady Abbess Dorothea von Gilzum her transparent birth and her proud position. As she reclined in the great guest-chamber, with her eyes closed and her white hands folded over the Book of Hours on

her lap, she was thinking more of the cares of office than of its splendour,—as empty of comfort these latter as the brilliants encrusted in the covers of her devotional volume. Of all her anxieties, the one that recurred most persistently to her mind was that connected with the Graf Albrecht von Regenstein, the most unruly of her vassals, who exercised the honourable profession of Raubritter,—Gentleman-Brigand as you might say,—and from his almost impregnable aerie harried her tenants, intercepted her revenues, and laid violent hands on the merchants journeying under her protection between Magdeburg and Halberstadt and her town of Quedlinburg. You may still see the nest of this mountain eagle or vulture, the Graf von Regenstein, his palace hewn out of the hard sandstone, and the deep well in which the captive merchants sat waiting for death or remittances. A Biergarten—sweet horticultural development!—now graces the spot, and where horrors were done or planned, the stout Herr and Hausfrau play the eternal “Skat,” unmindful of the past. But the Lady Abbess had no such lighter associations of the Regenstein rock to cheer her reflections, into which there entered rather a vision of her gallows of Quedlinburg with a Gentleman-Brigand dangling thereon. And yet, alas! he was such a presentable man, this wicked, troublesome Graf Albrecht von Regenstein!

You have probably con-

ceived of the Lady Abbess as an aged and venerable person, weaned by time if not by grace from the vanities of earth and royal courts, and stopping up with a tardy zeal the devotional gaps in a long life of frivolity or high politics. If so, you have formed an entirely wrong impression; for, let me tell you, there are Lady Abbesses and Lady Abbesses, and Dorothea von Gilzum was still young, still very fair, and, with that, gentle and womanly. Her youth was, of course, not against her, for the faculty of command is hereditary; and even if youth is a fault, the Lady Abbess made atonement in due course. For she lived to a good age: you can see her portrait as a handsome old dame in the Installation Room of the Castle of Quedlinburg, where the lines of the marvellous parquet radiate out from the chair of state to figure the gracious influence that emanated from its occupant. It brings this great lady somewhat nearer to me to know that she painted in oils as shockingly as I should do, had I the mind. In a room, which a glorious Dutch oven renders worthy of more artistic things, they still show one of her productions. In this picture Delilah,—and is it not touching to find the simple young Abbess illustrating in oils the life of an extremely improper person?—Delilah in fifteenth-century costume is represented as shearing most conscientiously the head of a very anæmic Samson. And despite its glaring errors of design and execu-

tion, the picture is, for the memory of the reverend young artist, pathetic and lovable.

Some hours before sunset the Lady Abbess decided to order her litter and continue her journey, for she had still a matter of four leagues to cover before she reached her Castle of Quedlinburg, and even with an armed escort the roads were none too safe, more especially in the night and in the neighbourhood of a turbulent Albrecht von Regenstein. The Abbess had just put her hand to her silver bell when one of her ladies entered and asked if her Grace would receive his Excellency the Domherr Heinsius of Halberstadt. Now the Bishop of Halberstadt was a mighty prince, temporal and spiritual, in the days before the power of Rome was upset by one Dr Martin Luther, and the Cathedral Canons—the Domherren—were powers too. It would never do to deny his Excellency an audience; and, moreover, Dorothea von Gilzum had a pretty girlish curiosity to see him, for he had but newly come to the cathedral, and his piety and learning were much spoken of. So she intimated that he should be introduced, meaning to set out on her way in no later than half an hour, Dr Heinsius or no Dr Heinsius.

The Domherr entered, and the Lady Abbess had all she could do not to cry out aloud. For she had expected an aged, somewhat decrepid, churchman, bowed with the weight of years and learning, and here was a

tall young priest with the face of an angel—and a commanding face—so that she, mistress of life and death in her district of Quedlinburg, lady paramount of so many vassals, spiritual and temporal, was silent, and almost confused, before this young Canon of Halberstadt.

Dr Heinsius explained that, being on his way back afoot to Halberstadt from a village where he had had business, he had heard that her Grace was lying at the Golden Eagle of Altpoppendorf, and had ventured, journey-stained as he was, to turn aside from the field paths to pay his respects to her. The Lady Abbess invited the Canon to a seat, and they spoke on and on of many things till the sun was near the horizon. And the Abbess had not yet ordered her litter, for the voice of the young Domherr was like the chiming across the fields of the tenor bell of Halberstadt, and his face was the face of an angel.

Then the eyes of Dr Heinsius chanced on the Abbess's chess-board, without which she never stirred,—a marvel of silver and ebony, with ivory pieces, that had come overland from China, and had taken two years in the coming. And the Domherr confessing that he had deeply studied and loved the game, as the highest and purest of all intellectual exercises, they set out the board. The Lady Abbess was renowned for her skill far beyond the limits of her suzerainty, but here she had met an adversary who taxed all her powers. The sun

sank below the horizon, and still the mules of the Abbess drowsed in their stalls.

On and on they played, the young Abbess and the young Domherr. The candles that were brought in and set by them enveloped in their golden light the two noble, serious faces and the chessboard and chessmen of marvellous workmanship, and threw restless shadows back up the dark length of the great guest-chamber. All around was the silence of night. When at last one of the candles flickered out in its sconce, the Lady Abbess rose with a gesture of amazement and went to the window. She drew back the curtain, and the clean light of a spring sunrise flooded the room, turning the golden flame of the candles to a sickly fire.

And there was no one but herself in the great guest-chamber!

Only perhaps the outline, fading like a mist on the air, of a tall standing form and an angelic face.

The Abbess rang for her ladies, who came all red-eyed and peevish with sleeplessness. To her inquiries they gave answers that filled her with astonishment. For they assured her that no Domherr, or Herr indeed of any kind, had come to visit her; that, bringing candles to the guest-chamber, they had found her Grace engaged with her chessboard, as if studying some problem; that she had seemed not to hear them when they had hinted at evening bread; and that so they had left her

Grace to her meditations. The host, too, knew nothing of the visit of Dr Heinsius. In great perplexity the Lady Abbess ordered her litter and set out for home. And when she was come near half way, one rode up to tell her that the Graf Albrecht von Regenstein had set an ambush in her road on the previous evening, determined to take her and hold her to ransom. He had waited till sunrise, when, supposing that she had wind of his scheme, and had gone by another path, he had ridden back to his rock of Regenstein with his army of cut-throats.

Then the Abbess turned off the direct way and rode to Halberstadt. There she called upon the Lord Bishop, and begged him — it was a matter of idle curiosity: she had heard so much talk — to present the new Domherr, Dr Heinsius, to her. My lord in some astonishment sent for the canon, assuring her Grace with a smile that her expectation might be disappointed. When Dr Heinsius came, the Lady Abbess found him to be a little, old, bent churchman, with very bad manners and not too cleanly. After he was gone, she told my lord her vision of the night, for a vision it certainly was. And it was evident to both of them that her journey had been hindered by a heavenly messenger, the holy St Ambrose in all probability, for he was her Grace's patron saint.

The Abbess presented to the host of the Golden Eagle of

Altppendorff her curious chessboard and chessmen, and they are still to be seen on the occasion of the quinquennial chess tournaments, held for three hundred years in their honour, in the great guest-chamber of the hostelry where her Grace had the miraculous vision. At one end of the room hangs a large portrait of her Grace, another of her favours bestowed on the Golden Eagle.

As for the audacious Gentleman-Brigand of Regenstein, the Lady Abbess let the trumpet be sounded twice before each of the hostelries where her captains lay. Her captains led the vassals of Quedlinburg against the Regenstein rock and took it, for all its boasted impregnability. They carried the Graf Albrecht to Quedlinburg, and there they built a great wooden cage for him up in the top storeys of the Rathaus, where you may still see it. In this cage the Graf von Regenstein sat gnashing his teeth, and trying to cut his way out with a small knife: they show you the notches in the hard oak. But after twenty months the Lady Abbess let the Graf go free,—for indeed he was a most personable man!—under an oath which he made no weak show of keeping.

It is said that the Graf von Regenstein, Raubritter, proposed himself in marriage to her Grace of Quedlinburg; and, if he did, she refused him. A Lady Abbess does not marry a Gentleman-Brigand, especially after she has played

chess all night with a heavenly messenger of the Lord God.

* * * * *

It would never do for the chief of the Altppendorffians, his Worship the Schultheiss, the representative of the village that has such a legend, not to be a leading chess power; and Herr Schmalz, who was in office twenty years ago from this date, was in this respect quite up to the level of his position. He was a small, meagre, light-haired man, of indefinite complexion, with a little Vandyck beard and a scissor-hacked flaxen moustache: he wore gold spectacles, and he walked on his toes with an elastic action. This action was the minor cause of his nickname of "Der Springer," which not only means what it seems to the English eye to mean, but also in chess parlance "The Knight." In its metaphorical signification this nickname was no honourable one, for it implied that the Worshipful Schultheiss had advanced through life by the knight's move—a tricky if artistic one. When Knight Schmalz "sprang," his neighbours never knew exactly where he would land or over what lines he would travel: the benevolent or malicious ends of his conduct could not be calculated. The former were discounted by a series of preliminary exasperations; the reverse were rendered doubly obnoxious by the memory of the kindly sentiments that had preceded them. The fact of it was that Herr Schmalz had a

crease in his character, and he would have been a happier man if nature, instead of this moral endowment, had fitted him out with a club-foot or a Cyrano de Bergerac nose. Herr Schmalz had made and inherited money, and had returned to his native Altpoppendorf, where he had accepted the office of Schultheiss on condition that he was not to be disturbed in it for life. This condition was readily granted, as there is no fevered competition for a post of which the chief duties are the conscientious and rectilineal affixing to a wall of governmental and other notices, the equitable distribution of small fines, and the personal inspection of the village open drain; the only emolument, a fairly free hand with postage-stamps and official note-paper. So Herr Schmalz was Worshipful Schultheiss for life, and not very much was asked of him, as you have seen; but Altpoppendorf demanded of him that he should know all about chess. This Herr Schmalz did—there was no gainsaying it; and his Worship the Schultheiss was the embodied law, the walking book of reference, in the great room of the "Silver Board," to which the Golden Eagle had changed its name after the vision of the Lady Abbess of Quedlinburg, and its very gratifying result for the village hostelry.

Frau Schmalz was a lady who very early in her life had been pushed to the margin of the board of Life, and did not seem very likely to get back

into play again. Not very likely and not the least anxious. Providence had bestowed on her its two greatest gifts—incapacity to shine and indifference to shining.

The third and last member, according to the crabbed historian's reckoning, was the one whom the Altpoppendorffian swains placed first and foremost in it—the charming Fräulein Klara Schmalz. And, indeed, on Life's chessboard Klara was of right a queen, for youth and beauty have their immemorial incontestable prerogatives, and all the grace that we seniors can attain to lies in the bow with which we accept our quite secondary position. Klara was delicious in her summer muslins and straw hats; she was equally delicious in her winter homespuns, great red-lined cloaks, and reckless tam-o'-shanters; and countless lyrics on Schillerian lines, with appropriate similes,—among which that of the Gracious White Chess-queen came forward with the regularity of the cuckoo on a Swiss clock,—fluttered on to the path of this fair young thing, Klärchen, with the dark, wide-open, solemn eyes, as yet half afraid to smile back at Life smiling so gaily at her. She had queen's moves—straight-forward practical advances and diagonal flights of sentiment and fancy. For the first, she possessed the grit and solid sense of her nation in a high degree: she would swing up the Brocken like a man, twirling lightly the traditional Wanderstab—pilgrim's staff;

and she had banished herself for a year to the kitchens of a great Harz hotel, that when it came to her having a kitchen of her own she might be mistress there, and not a tolerated intruder. As for those diagonal moves of fancy and sentiment, the girl had looked lightly along one or two of them during the five years of her school life in a small provincial town, where gay Gymnasiasts—mere schoolboys to outward view, but grey-beards of the world to their own consciousness—had fluttered and sighed about the doors of the “Pensiong,” and played their innocent pranks that are not, strange as it may seem, taken any account of in the Prussian Criminal Code, of which men say the first article is “Alles ist verboten,”—“everything is forbidden.” And now, one broiling July, Klara was at home for good, waiting for the great move of her life, and praying that Heinrich Hesselbarth might be inspired to play king to her queen.

Heinrich Hesselbarth, on his side, was only too ready to move. But there were certain obstacles in his way.

Only a few days before, old Herr Kantor Garsuch had died. The title of Kantor—or precentor—dates from the days when the village schoolmaster was organist first and pedagogue second: now his educational duties claim his chief attention, and he leads the worship of “*unser Herrgott*” when he has time or is not on the Brocken. Some predecessor of Kantor Garsuch had quaintly indicated

his attitude towards his double office by inscribing on the gallery door of the church the text, “My mouth shall sing the praises of the Lord,” and underneath the words, “Closed during the school examinations and vacations.” And of another dimmer predecessor it has been put on record that so little worth did he attach to his sacred duties that he stole from the church a great wooden statue of St John, and lit the school fire with “Jögli,” for the weather was bitter and “Jögli” seemed to be superfluous. Kantor Garsuch had been an indifferent precentor, a passable schoolmaster, and a chess-player without reproach. Altpoppendorf still speaks in its humid moments of a game that the Herr Kantor and the Worshipful Schultheiss played and drew during one school holidays—a game that Altpoppendorf, in its simple way, tots up to one hundred and seventeen Schoppen, or tankards, and twice that number of eight-pfennig cigars. Now Death, the great Springer, whose moves are formulated in no chess annual, had taken old Kantor Garsuch and put him away with all the other captured pieces in the little Friedhof. And Herr Assistant-Kantor Heinrich Hesselbarth hoped to reign in his stead.

When, three years before, Herr Garsuch was considered to have got beyond his work, Heinrich Hesselbarth had been sent down to assist him. Hesselbarth was then a man of twenty-two, nervous and excitable, whose constitution had been too severely tried by over-

pressure and under-feeding in boyhood, the rigorous training for his profession, and the exertions of military service. It was perhaps only the excitement of his life that had kept him in it at all, for, with a hysterical nature like his, there is no mean of existence between the extremes of absolute vegetation and the hurry-scurry of physical and mental activity. He was of a romantic nature, and probably the science of the future will analyse the romantic tendency as a common rash following and relieving an undue taxation of the nervous system. Certainly creatures of calm, torpid existence exhibit no such symptoms. When he came to Altpoppendorf, the romance of his nature found its outlet in an admiration that grew to love for the charming Fräulein Klara. Nobly, in the stillness of his room, did he tear his passion to rags, this tall, lean youth, with wild blue eyes and light hair tossed in confusion about a shapely head. Queen Klara, as we know, thought very favourably of him, mentioned him in her "Abendgebet," and sighed about him to the moon. For marvellous was the contrast of those stormy blue eyes of his with the fine, ascetic lines of his face. King Heinrich, too, was the only intellectual equal of Queen Klara here in this quiet village of Altpoppendorf, which, if it gave chess to the world, exhausted itself mentally for good and all in the effort.

There was but one obstacle

to Hesselbarth's succession to the Kantorship of Altpoppendorf, but that was a serious one. He was a comparatively poor hand at the noble Prussian game. Elsewhere he might have passed muster, but here, on the very temple steps, his miserable inferiority could not escape observation. He was only too conscious of his weakness. He remembered how more than once he had failed ignominiously to solve the weekly problems preliminary to confirmation set by Herr Garsuch to the upper classes, and what disgraceful defeats he had sustained at the hands of the scholars whom it should have been the pride and privilege of his position to put to a friendly rout. He had no head for the thing, though he had worked at it till his brow was red-hot iron and his feet two blocks of ice, and he had been obliged to restore his circulation to its normal course by warm foot-baths. It was a serious matter for him: it was everything for him. The Worshipful Schultheiss did not indeed appoint the Kantor, but his recommendation had the greatest weight; and would he recommend a man whose knowledge of openings was ludicrous, and to whom he could give a castle? If Hesselbarth was not appointed, he must leave Altpoppendorf: that was nothing. He must leave Klara,—there was desolation in its most horrid shape! Can you wonder that the poor fellow upbraided the memory of her Grace of Quedlinburg, who had done

such an inconsiderate thing for Altpoppendorf, and looked with hostility on her Grace's portrait that hung in the great guest-chamber of the inn?

Heinrich Hesselbarth was sitting, on a sweltering July afternoon, in the half-dismantled schoolhouse of Altpoppendorf a few days after the funeral of old Herr Garsuch, wondering what destiny had in store for him. Blissful dreams alternated with dismal visions,—dreams of Klara and love; visions of unhappy, purposeless exile. A loud rap broke in upon his reflections, and when he went to the door there was Paul Hiemer, grinning over the top of a note from the Schultheiss. Heinrich disliked almost involuntarily this Paul Hiemer, the pride of the school, the infant chess prodigy; and he had never been able to satisfy himself whether this dislike had its foundation in the youth's unctuous manner or in his superior knowledge and employment of chess openings. But to-day, when all Hesselbarth's nerves were fine-wire filaments, tense and red-hot, the face of the boy jarred him painfully. He took the note without a word, and closed the door sharply upon the astonished messenger.

"Very greatly honoured Herr Assistant-Kantor Hesselbarth," ran the note, "can you give me the solution of the following problem?—White, so-and-so; black, so-and-so. White to play and mate in two moves.—Yours, Schmalz, Schultheiss."

Hesselbarth got down his

board and set out the pieces. White to play and mate in two moves. It looked easy enough; but in an hour all the blood had gone to Heinrich's head, and he had not yet found the solution.

He pushed back his chair, catching for breath, and went to the window. The heat of the day was overpowering; there was an intolerable buzzing in the stagnant air; burning breaths came in from the torrid harvest-fields; and a blinding glare beat up from the white dust and cobbles of the village street. The great seed-flower beds stretched their rectangles of blazing, torturing colour to the quivering horizon. Nowhere in this slake-oven of a world was there rest for aching eyes and hissing brain and panting lungs. And here on this day of merciless heat he was set to play against destiny, against a black, hostile destiny that had pursued him through the early years of high pressure and semi-starvation, through long night-wrestlings with complicated, uncongenial, unpractical subjects of study, and through the too cruel tortures of the military service. Two moves! Klara, position: those were the two moves. If he could make them, his Life's Problem was solved: the White had beaten the Black for good and all. He went back to the table and sat before the board. But the heat-demon rose up at him and laid its searing fingers on his brain; his eyes swam in a tide of blood; and the

chess pieces came confusedly out of a red mist, monstrous, writhing, and distorted semblances of old Herr Kantor Garsuch, of the Worshipful Schultheiss, of the unctuous, grinning Paul Hiemer, of her Grace of Quedlinburg, — all pressing in between him and a sweet, cooling vision of a girlish face with lips half open. . . .

Now the Worshipful Schultheiss had begun this day from a square of the foulest temper, under the influence of which he had sat down and composed a particularly nasty chess problem for the benefit of the person upon whom he should decide to vent his spite. Then an irritating and pressing business matter had brought the Herr Springer on to a second square of foul temper, and caused him to subtract a white pawn from the problem, — which was thus no problem, but a heartless snare, — and to send it to Herr Heinrich Hesselbarth by the hands of Paul Hiemer. "The fraud is so palpable," said the Herr Springer to himself, "that even a good fool like Hesselbarth cannot be taken in by it; and if he is, then he does not have my recommendation, that's all. We have never had an idiot here at Altpoppendorf, and, *donnerwetter!* we are not going to begin now."

But after his siesta and his four o'clock coffee, the Worshipful Schultheiss, springing at a tangent, lit on a benevolent square. He put on his

great straw hat and called to his daughter Klara to come with him. They went together down the village street, where the children were languidly resting under dark doorways from the protracted delights of the Long Holidays. The westering sun was lengthening the shadows, and the tired oxen came lumbering in placidly from the fields. It was a peaceful scene; and down from the Harz stole cool evening air-currents, promising invigorating slumbers to sore-tried mortals.

The Worshipful Schultheiss took his way to the school-house and went up the steps to the door on his toe-tips. He knocked, gently, loud, louder; but no answer came. Then he stealthily turned the handle and peered in. He looked back over his shoulder with a smile and beckoned Klara to come up. They stood together for a moment on the threshold, the little dried-up old man and the fresh young girl. The Assistant-Kantor had fallen across the table with his head upon his arms, the chessboard pushed to one side and the pieces tumbled anyhow on it.

"Hesselbarth," said the Worshipful Schultheiss, pulling off his great straw hat, for the remembrance of the heat of the day came suddenly upon him, "I wanted to explain. It was a little jest, that problem, you know. But, Hesselbarth, Hesselba-a-a-rth!"

There was still no answer. Herr Schmalz smiled again

at his daughter, and walked with his Springer action across the room.

"Hesselbarth," he said, standing over the young man and shaking his shoulder, "it was a little joke, I say."

Heinrich Hesselbarth raised his head slowly and looked at the Worshipful Schultheiss. There was something in the young man's eye that brought home in a flash to Herr Schmalz's mind the execrable taste of the practical joke, even when connected with the noblest of games.

"Little joke, eh?" said Hesselbarth confusedly. "Why then, that is one of your accursed chess humours, I see. And," he added with a startling grimness, "you want my answer. Well, take it."

He jumped to his feet and caught up the chessboard, from which the pieces went flying in a black and white hail all over the room. Herr Schmalz would have fled, but surprise and fright chained him there to the consequences of his little jest. Up and up went the board in the Assistant-Kantor's lean, nervous arms; up and up so high and so long that the Worshipful Schultheiss had time to think of all his sins and to repent of the majority of them. Then it reached its zenith and descended with terrible force and rapidity flat on the Herr Springer's head. The Worshipful Schultheiss went to earth in a heap.

Hesselbarth threw himself down in his chair, shrieking with laughter.

"It looks like one of those Chinese punishments," he gasped, pointing to Herr Schmalz, who was sitting half dazed on the ground with the ruined frame of the chessboard about his neck, and the blood making picturesque little red streaks in his light hair at twenty different points.

"Doesn't it, Klärchen?" asked Heinrich, for she had come in and was kneeling by her father. "You know; you have seen the pictures. Oh, it is . . . it is . . ."

Then suddenly the grim meaning of the situation dawned on his fevered understanding.

"Klärchen, love, what have I done?" he cried.

And he whimpered weakly.

But Herr Schmalz had come to himself—that better self of his that he and his neighbours had somewhat lost sight of for a considerable number of years: such a salutary working had the shock already had on that crease in his character.

"Never mind, Hesselbarth," he said; "you haven't hurt me. And it served me right. I was a fool. I won't remember this, and I promise I will do my best for you in every way."

And he kept his word.

Some years after this an article appeared in 'The Magdeburg Times,' throwing doubt on the immemorial claims of Altpoppendorf to the invention of chess. The anonymous author proceeded to pooh-pooh Altpoppendorf's

chess legend, and advanced one of a different complexion to the following effect:—

In the evening of the day on which that Graf Albrecht von Regenstein, Raubritter, proposed to carry into effect the abduction of her Grace of Quedlinburg, a stranger rode up to the gates of the Castle of Regenstein and asked for an audience with the lord of the stronghold. Introduced into the Raubritter's presence, he recounted that the fame of his lordship's prowess at chess had come to his ears, and, being of the mind to try a bout with such a renowned champion of the noble game, he had turned aside from his road in the hope that his lordship would not disappoint him of a trial of skill. Graf Albrecht was at that season in want of a worthy opponent, for he had been unfortunate enough lately, when in his cups, to hang his chaplain,—the only one of his suite who could bring things even to a draw against him. So the board was laid out, and the Raubritter and the Stranger set to. They played all night; and when the sun rose—her Grace the Abbess being now

safe within her walls—the mysterious Unknown vanished,—not so quickly, however, but Graf Albrecht had recognised in the strong morning light the grinning and distorted countenance of his late chaplain. And when the attendants came in to their master, his hair was white.

The anonymous writer was refuted with great skill and boldness by the Herr Kantor Heinrich Hesselbarth of Altpoppendorf, son-in-law of his Worship the Herr Schultheiss Schmalz. The Herr Kantor, who, by the way, is renowned for his skill as a chess-player beyond the bounds of his village,—they say at Altpoppendorf that his wife has made him what he is, and he does not deny it,—drove the nameless enemy in disgraceful rout. The history of the discussion is too long to enter into here; but, generally speaking, Herr Hesselbarth showed conclusively that the new-found legend was never drawn from that old volume of which the pages are memories and traditions, and the book-markers the centuries.

CHARLES OLIVER.

THE DAFT DAYS.

A NOVEL.

BY NEIL MUNRO,

AUTHOR OF 'JOHN SPLENDID,' 'THE LOST PIBROCH,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FOR only a day or two the world (in a fur-lined collar) dwelt among us, but momentous was its advent to the household Molyneux came visiting. It was as if a high tide had swept the dwelling, Bell remarked when he was gone. You might see no outward difference; the furniture might still be as it was, and in the same position as Miss Bell had found it when her mother died, but none the less there was an unseen doleful wreckage. This unco man Molyneux changed the vital thing, the atmosphere, and the house with the brass knocker was never to be altogether just the same again. It is no discovery of mine that what may seem the smallest trifles play tremendous parts in destiny.

Even the town itself was some ways altered for a little by the whim that took the American actor to it. That he should be American and actor too foredoomed the greatness of his influence, since the combination stood for much that was mysterious, half fearful, half sublime, in our simple notions of the larger world. To have been the first alone

would have endowed him with the charm of wonder and romance for most of us, who, at the very sight of the name America, even if it be only on a reaper or a can of beef, have some sense of a mightiness that the roar of London cannot rouse. But to be an actor too! earning easy bread by mimicry, and in enormous theatres, before folk that have made money—God knows how!—and prospered. Sinful a little, we allow, for there are doubts if the play-actor, having to paint his face and work late hours in gaslight, finally shall obtain salvation; sinful, and yet—and yet—so queer and clever a way of making out a living! It is no wonder if we looked on Mr Molyneux with that regard which by cities is reserved for shahs of a hundred wives, and royal vagabonds. Besides, consider how the way had been prepared for him by Bud!—a child, but a child who had shown already how wonderful must be the land that had swallowed up clever men like William Dyce and the brother of P. & A. MacGlashan. Had she not, by a single object-lesson in the Pilgrim widow's

warehouse, upset the local ways of commerce, so that now, in all the shops, the people were constantly buying things of which they had no earthly need; and the widow herself was put to the weekly trouble of washing her windows, so wasting time that might have been devoted to the Mission? Had she not shown that titled ladies were but human after all, and would not bite you if you cracked a joke politely with them? Had she not put an end to all the gallivanting of the maid of Colonsay, and given her an education that made her fit to court a captain? And, finally, had she not made dumb and stammering bashfulness in her fellow pupils at the Sunday-school look stupid, and by her daily walk and conversation roused in them a new spirit of inquiry and independence that pleased their parents not so badly, and only the little twin teachers of the Pigeon Seminary could mistake for the kind of rebellion that calls for the application of the tawse?

Mr Molyneux might have no idea of it, but he was a lion for those few days of sequestration in what he thought the wilds. Miss Minto dressed her windows specially for his critical eye, and on the tickets of her autumn sales gave the name of "waist" to what had hitherto been a blouse or a garibaldi; P. & A. MacGlashan made the front of his shop like a wharf with piles of empty packing-cases to indicate a prosperous foreign and colonial trade; one

morning Wanton Wulley rang the bell at half-past five instead of six to prove how very wide-awake we were; and the band paraded once with a new tune, "Off to Philadelphia," to show that when it came to gaiety we were not, though small, so very far behind New York.

But Jim Molyneux, going up and down the street with Lennox and the dog for cicerones, peered from under the rim of his hat, and summed all up to himself in the words, "Rube town" and "Cobwebopolis."

Bell took warmly to him from the outset, so much was in his favour. For one thing he was spick and span, though not a jackanapes, with no long hair about him as she had expected, and with an eye and a complexion that, for simple country ladies, readily pass as the guarantee of a being clean within. She forgave the actor, since William had been one, and yet had taught his child her prayers; and she was willing to overlook the American, seeing William's wife had suffered from the same misfortune. But, oh! the blow she got when she unpacked what he called his grip, and found the main thing wanting!

"Where's your Bible, Mr Molyneux?" she asked solemnly. "It's not in your portmanteau?"

Again it was in his favour that he reddened, though the excuse he had to make was feeble.

"Dear me!" she said, shaking her head, with a sad sort

of smile, "and you to be so regularly travelling! If I was your wife I would take you in hand! But perhaps in America there's no need for a lamp to the feet and a light to the path."

It was after their first supper, for which the patriot Bell had made a haggis, that her brother, for Molyneux's information, said was thought to be composed of bagpipes boiled; Bud was gone to bed in the attic, and Molyneux was telling how he simply *had* to come.

"It's my first time in Scotland," said he, "and when 'The Iron Hand' lost its clutch on old Edina's fancy, and the scenery was arrested, I wasn't so sore about it as I might have been, since it gave me the opportunity of coming up here to see girly-girly. 'I'll skiddoo from the gang for a day or two,' I said to the manager, when we found ourselves side-tracked, and he said that was all right, he'd wire me when he'd fixed a settlement; so I skiddid, and worked my way here with the aid of the American language, and a little Scotch—by absorption."

"We have only one fault with your coming—that it was not sooner," said Mr Dyce.

"And I'm pretty glad I came, if it was only to see what a credit Bud is to a Scottish training. Chicago's the finest city on earth—in spots; America's what our Fourth of July orators succinctly designate God's Own, and since Joan of Arc there

hasn't been any woman better or braver than Mrs Molyneux. But we weren't situated to give Bud a show like what she'd get in a settled home. We did our best, but we didn't dwell, as you might say, on Michigan Avenue, and Mrs Molyneux's a dear good girl, but she isn't demonstratively domesticated. We suspected from what Bud's father was, the healthiest place she could be was where he came from, and though we skipped some sleep, both of us, to think of losing her, now that I'm here and see her, I'm glad of it, for my wife and I are pretty much on the drift most the time in England as we were in the United States."

"Yours is an exacting calling, Mr Molyneux," said Mr Dyce. "It's very much the same in all countries, I suppose?"

"It's not so bad as stone-breaking, nor so much of a cinch as being a statesman," said Mr Molyneux cheerfully, "but a man's pretty odd at it before he gives up hope of turning out a very large gun. I've still the idea myself that if I'm not likely to be a Booth or Henry Irving, I could make a pile at management. With a millionaire at my back for a mascot, and one strong star, I fancy I could cut a pretty wide gash through the English dramatic stage. You know our Mr Emerson said, 'Hitch your waggon to a star.' I guess if I got a good star bridled, I'd hitch a private parlour-car and a steam yacht on to her before she flicked an

ear. Who wants a waggon, anyway?"

"A waggon's fairly safe to travel in," suggested Mr Dyce, twinkling through his glasses.

"So's a hearse," said Mr Molyneux quickly. "Nobody that ever travelled in a hearse complained of getting his funny-bone jolted or his feelings jarred, but it's a mighty slow conveyance for live folks. That's the only thing that seems to me to be wrong with this 'cute little British Kingdom: it's pretty, and it's what the school-marm on the coach would call redolent of the dear dead days beyond recall; and it's plucky,—but it keeps the brakes on most the time, and don't give its star a chance to amble. I guess it's a fine country to be born rich in, and a pretty peaceful and lonesome country to die poor in; but take a tenpenny car-ride out from Charing Cross and you're in Lullaby Land, and the birds are building nests and carolling in your whiskers. Life's short; it only gives a man time to wear through one pair of eyes, two sets of teeth, and a reputation, and I want to live every hour of it that I'm not conspicuously dead."

They were silent in the parlour of the old house that had for generations sheltered very different ideals, and over the town went the call of the wild geese. The room, low-roofed, small-windowed, papered in dull green, curtained against the noises of the street, and furnished with the strong mahogany of Grandma Buntain, dead for sixty years, had ever

to those who knew it best a soul of peace that is not sometimes found in a cathedral. They felt in it a sanctuary safe from the fret and tempest, the alarms and disillusion of the life out-bye. In the light of the shaded lamp hung over the table, it showed itself to its inmates in the way our most familiar surroundings will at certain crises—in an aspect fonder than ever it had revealed before. To Bell, resenting the spirit of this actor's gospel, it seemed as if the room cried out against the sacrilege: even Ailie, sharing in her heart, if less ecstatically, the fervour for life at its busiest this stranger showed, experienced some inharmony. To Dan it was for a moment as if he heard a man sell cuckoo clocks by auction with a tombstone for his rostrum.

"Mr Molyneux," said he, "you remind me, in what you say, of Maggie Whyte's husband. Before he died he kept the public-house, and on winter nights when my old friend Colin Cleland and his cronies would be sitting in the back room with a good light, a roaring fire, and an argument about Effectual Calling, so lively that it stopped the effectual and profitable call for Johnny's toddy, he would come in chattering as it were with cold, and his coat-collar up on his neck, to say, 'An awfu' nicht outside! As dark as the inside o' a cow, and as cauld as charity! They're lucky that have fires to sit by.' And he would impress them so much with the good fortune of their situation at the time that they would order in another

round and put off their going all the longer, though the night outside, in truth, was no way out of the ordinary. I feel like that about this place I was born in, and its old fashions and its lack of hurry, when I hear you—with none of Johnny Whyte's stratagem—tell us, not how dark and cold is the world outside, but what to me, at the age of fifty-five, at any rate is just as unattractive. Life's short, as you say, but I don't think it makes it look any the longer to run through the hours of it instead of leisurely daundering—if you happen to know what daundering is, Mr Molyneux—and now and then resting on the roadside with a friend and watching the others pass."

"At fifty-five," said Mr Molyneux agreeably, "I'll perhaps think so too, but I can only look at it from the point of view of thirty-two. We've all got to move, at first, Mr Dyce. That reminds me of a little talk I had with Bud to-day. That child's grown, Mr Dyce,—grown a heap of ways: she's hardly a child any longer."

"Tuts! She's nothing else!" exclaimed Miss Bell, with some misgiving. "When I was her age I was still at my sampler in Barbara Mushet's."

"Anyhow she's grown. And it seems to me she's about due for a little fresh experience. I suppose you'll be thinking of sending her to one of those Edinburgh schools to have the last coat of shellac put on her education?"

"What put that in your

head? Did she suggest it herself?" asked Mr Dyce quickly, with his head to one side in his cross-examination manner.

"Well, she did,—but she didn't know it," said Mr Molyneux. "I guess about the very last thing that child'd suggest to anybody would be that she wanted to separate herself from folk she loves so much as you; but, if there's one weakness about her, it is that she can't conceal what she thinks, and I'd not been twenty minutes in her society before I found out she had the go-fever pretty bad. I suspect a predisposition to that complaint and a good heart was all her father and mother left her, and lolling around and dwelling on the past isn't apt to be her foible. Two or three years in the arena would put the cap sheaf on the making of that girl's character, and I know, for there's my wife, and she had only a year and a half. If she'd had longer I guess she'd have had more sense than marry me. Bud's got every mortal thing a body wants here, I suppose,—love in lumps, a warm moist soil, and all the rest of it; but she wants to be hardened-off, and for hardening-off a human flower there's nothing better than a three-course college, where the social breeze is cooler than it is at home."

Miss Bell turned pale—the blow had come! Dan looked at her with a little pity, for he knew she had long been fearfully expecting it.

"Indeed!" said she, "and I do not see the need for any such thing for a long while

yet. Do you, Ailie?" But Ailie had no answer, and that was enough to show what she thought.

"I know how it feels at first to think of her going away from home," continued Mr Molyneux, eager to be on with a business he had no great heart for. "Bless you, I know how my wife felt about it,—she cried like the cherubim and seraphim. Said it was snatching all the sunshine out of her life, and when I said, 'Millicent Molyneux, what about hubby?' she just said 'Scat!' and threw a couple of agonised throes. Now, Edinburgh's not so very far away that you'd feel desolated if Bud went to a school there."

"An unhealthy hole, with haars and horrible east wind," said Miss Bell.

"Well, it isn't the Pacific Slope, if it comes to climate," admitted Mr Molyneux.

"No, but it's the most beautiful city in the wide world, for all that," cried Miss Bell, with such spirit that it cleared the air, and made her sister and her brother smile, for Molyneux, without his knowing it, had touched her in the very heart's core of her national pride.

"You're sure you are not mistaken, and that she would wish to go to school?" asked Mr Dyce.

"Do you doubt it yourself?" asked Molyneux slyly.

"No," said Mr Dyce, "I know it well enough, but—but I don't believe it," and he smiled at his own paradox.

"I have her own words for it."

"Then she'll go!" said the lawyer firmly, as if a load was off his mind; and, oddly, there were no objections from his sisters. "You're not to imagine, Mr Molyneux," he went on, "that we have not thought of this before. It has for months been never out of our minds, as might be seen from the fact that we never mentioned it, being loth to take a step that's going to make considerable difference here. It's not that we feared we should die of ennui in her absence, for we're all philosophers and have plenty to engage our minds as well as our activities, and though you might think us rather rusty here we get a good deal of fun with ourselves. She'll go—oh, yes, of course she'll go,—Ailie went, and she's no muckle the waur o't, as we say. I spent some time in the south myself, and the only harm it seems to have done me was to make me think too much perhaps of my native north. Taste's everything, Mr Molyneux, and you may retort if you please that I'm like the other Scotsman who preferred his apples small and hard and sour. I think there's no divine instruction, is there, Bell, about apples? and judgments regarding different countries and different places in them is mostly a subjective thing, like the estimate of beauty apart from its utility—"

"Oh! there you are at your metaphysics, Dan," cried Miss Bell, "and it's for me and Ailie to make ready the bairn

for Edinburgh. She hasna got a stitch that's fit to be put on."

Molyneux stared at her—the tone displayed so little opposition to the project; and seeing him so much surprised, the three of them smiled.

"That's us!" said Mr Dyce. "We're dour and difficult to decide on anything involving change, and hide from ourselves as long as we can the need for it; but once our mind's made up, it's wonderful how we hurry!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Bell liked the creature, as I say; not a little because she saw in him whence came some part of Bud's jocosity, and most of the daft-like language (though kind of clever too, she must allow) in which it was expressed. It was a different kind of jocosity from Dan's, whose fun, she used to say, partook of the nature of rowan jelly, being tart and sweet in such a cunning combination that it tickled every palate and held some wholesome virtue of the mountain tree. The fun of Molyneux had another flavour—it put her in mind of allspice, being foreign, having heat as well as savour. But in each of these droll men was the main thing, as she would say consider it—no distrust of the Creator's judgment, good intentions, and ability, and a readiness to be laughed at as well as find laughter's cause in others. She liked the man, but still-and-on was almost glad when the telegram came from Edinburgh and he went back to join his company. It was not any lack of hospitality made her feel relief, but the thought that now Bud's going was determined on, there was so much to do in a house

where men would only be a bother.

Mr Molyneux found himself so much at home among them, he was loth to go, expressing his contempt for a mode of transit to the railway that took two hours to nineteen miles; but Bell, defensive even of her country's coaches, told him he was haivering,—that any greater speed than that was simply tempting Providence. He praised the Lord there was no Providence to be tempted inside Sandy Hook, and that he knew Beef Kings who hurled themselves across the landscape at the rate of a mile a minute. The fact inspired no admiration in Miss Bell: she wondered at the wretches scudding like that regardless of their lives, and them with so much money.

Before he left he called at the Pigeons' Seminary to say good-bye to the little teachers, and sipped tea,—a British institution which he told them was as deleterious as the High Ball of his native land. High Ball—what was a High Ball? asked Miss Amelia, scenting a nice new phrase; but he could only vaguely indicate that it was something made of rye and

soda. Then she understood—it was a kind of barley-water. The tea gratified him less than the confidence of the twins, who told him they had taken what he said about the—about the shameful article so much to heart, that they had given it for a razor-strop to one George Jordon.

“Bully for you!” cried Mr Molyneux delighted. “But I’d have liked that tawse some, myself, for my wife’s mighty keen on curios. She’s got a sitting-room full of Navaho things: scalpin’-knives, tomahawks, and other brutal bric-a-brac, and an early British strap would tickle her to death.”

Well, he was gone: the coachman’s horn had scarcely ceased to echo beyond the arches, when Miss Bell had thrown herself into the task of preparing for Bud’s change in life.

What school was she to go to in Edinburgh?—Ailie knew: there was none better than the one she had gone to herself.

When did it open?—Ailie knew: in a fortnight.

What, exactly, would she need?—Ailie knew that too: she had in the *escritoire* a list of things made up already.

“It seems to me,” said Miss Bell suspiciously, “you’re desperately well informed on all that appertains to this sudden necessity. How long has it been in your mind?”

“For a twelvemonth at least,” answered Ailie boldly. “How long has it been in your own?”

“H’m!” said Bell. “About as long, but I refused to har-

bour it; and—and now that the thing’s decided on, Ailie Dyce, I hope you’re not going to stand there arguing away about it all day long, when there’s so much to do.”

Surely there was never another house so throng, so bustling, so feverish in anxiety, as this one was for the next fortnight. The upper and the lower Dyce Academy took holiday; Kate’s education stopped with a sudden gasp at a dreadful hill called Popocatepetl, and she said she did not care a button, since Captain Maclean (no longer Charles to any one except himself and Bud in the more confidential moments) said the main things needed in a sailor’s wife were health and temper and a few good-laying hens. Miss Minto was engaged upon Bud’s grandest garments, running out and in next door herself with inch-tapes over her shoulders and a mouthful of pins, and banging up against the lawyer in his lobby to her great distress of mind. And Bell had in the seamstress, ‘Lizbeth Ann, to help her and Ailie with the rest. Mercatorsulked neglected on the wall of Mr Dyce’s study, which was strewn with basting-threads and snippets of selv-edge and lining till it looked like a tailor’s shop, and Bud and Footles played on the floor of it with that content which neither youth nor dogs can find in chambers trim and orderly. Even Kate was called in to help these hurried operations—they termed it the making of Bud’s trousseau. In the garden birds were calling, calling; far

sweeter in the women's ears were the snip-snip of scissors and the whirl of the sewing-machine; needle arms went back and forth like fiddle-bows in an orchestra, and from webs of cloth and linen came forth garments whose variety intoxicated her who was to wear them. I'm thinking Daniel Dyce lived simply then, with rather makeshift dinners, but I'm certain, knowing him well, he did not care, since his share in the great adventure was to correspond with Edinburgh, and pave the way there for the young adventurer's invasion.

He would keek in at the door on them as he passed to his office, and Ailie would cry, "Avaunt, man! here woman reigns."

"It's a pleasant change," he would say. "I would sooner have them rain than storm."

"You're as bad as Geordie Jordon," said Miss Bell, biting thread with that zest which always makes me think her sex at some time must have lived on cotton,—“you're as bad as Geordie Jordon, you cannot see a keyhole but your eye begins to water.”

If it had indeed been Bud's trousseau, the town folk could not have displayed more interest. Ladies came each day to see how things progressed, and recommend a heavier lining or another row of the insertion. Even Lady Anne came one afternoon to see the trousseau, being interested, as she slyly said, in such things for private reasons of her own, and dubious about the rival claims of ivory

or pure white. So she said; but she came, no doubt, to assure Miss Lennox that her captain was a great success.

"I knew he'd be!" said Bud complacently. "That man's so good, he's fit for the Kingdom of Heaven."

"So are you—you rogue!" said Lady Anne, gathering her in her arms, without a bit of awkwardness, to the great astonishment of 'Lizbeth Ann, who thought that titled folk were not a bit like that—perhaps had not the proper sort of arms for it. Yes, "So are you—you rogue!" said Lady Anne.

"No, I'm not," said the child. "Leastways only sometimes. Most the time I'm a born limb, but then again I'm nearly always trying to be better, and that's what counts, I guess."

"And you're going away to leave us," said Lady Anne, whereon a strange thing happened, for the joyous child, who was to get her heart's desire and such lovely garments, burst into tears, and ran from the room to hide herself upstairs in the attic bower, whose windows looked to a highway that seemed hateful through her tears. Her ladyship went off distressed, but Bell, as one rejoicing, said, "I always told you, Ailie—William's heart!"

But Bud's tears were transient: she was soon back among the snippets where Ailie briskly plied the sewing-machine, and sang the kind of cheerful songs that alone will go to the time of pedalling, and so give proof that the age

of mechanism is the merry age, if we have the happy ear for music. And Bud, though she tired so soon of hems, could help another way that busy convocation, for she could sit huddled up in Uncle Dan's snoozing chair and read 'Pickwick' to the women till the maid of Colonsay was in the mood to take the Bardell body by the hair of the head and shake her for her brazenness to the poor wee man. Or the child would dance as taught by the lady of the Vaudeville, or start at Ailie's bidding to declaim a bit of "Hamlet" or "Macbeth," till 'Lizbeth Ann saw ghosts and let her nerves get the better of her, and there was nothing for it but a cheery cup of tea all round. Indeed, I must confess, a some-

what common company! I could almost wish for the sake of my story they were more genteel, and dined at half-past seven, and talked in low hushed tones of Botticelli.

But, oh! they were happy days—at least, so far as all outward symptoms went: it might indeed have been a real trousseau, and not the garments for the wedding of a maiden and the world. How often in the later years did Winifred Wallace, reading to me her own applause in newspapers, stop to sigh and tell me how she once was really happy—happy to the inward core, feeling the dumb applause of four women in a country chamber, when the world was all before her, and her heart was young.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Working thus, furiously, at the task of love, which, in all it does for the youth it cherishes, must ever be digging a grave for its own delight, Bell could forget, for periods, that the days of Bud's presence in their midst were numbered. Had she stopped her needle and shears a moment, and let her mind contemplate all the emptiness of a fortnight hence and the months and years thereafter, she would have broken down. Ailie, knowing it, watched her anxiously, and kept the sewing briskly going as if they wrought for a living in a factory, frightened to think of her sister's desperate state when that last button,

that the Armies talk about, was in its place.

But the days sped: one afternoon there was a final sweeping up of the scraps in the temporary work-room, Bell searched her mind in vain to think of anything further wanted, and, though there were still two weeks to go, became appalled to find that the only thing of any moment to be done 'twixt now and Friday fortnight was to say Good-bye!

No, stay! There was another thing to bring a little respite—the girl's initials must be sewn upon her clothing. A trivial thing to mention, you may think, but the very thought of

it gave pleasure to the sisters, till Bud herself, sent to Miss Minto's for a sample of the woven letters, came back with only one—it was a W.

"Has the stupid body not got L's and D's?" asked Bell. "There's no use here for W." And Bud showed a countenance startled and ashamed.

"Oh, Auntie!" she cried, "I asked for W's. I quite forgot my name was Lennox Dyce, for in all I'm thinking of about the school and Edinburgh, I am Winifred Wallace."

It was all that was needed to bring about her aunt's prostration! "I'm far from well," said she, and took to her bed, her first confession of weakness in all the years that Dan or Ailie could remember. What ailed her she could not tell, and they sent, without acquainting her, for Dr Brash. Hearing he was coming, she protested that she could not see the man—that she was far too ill to be troubled by any doctor; but Dr Brash was not so easily to be denied.

"H'm!" said he, examining her. "Your system's badly down."

"I never knew I had one," said the lady, smiling wanly, with a touch of Dan's rowan-jelly humour. "Women had no system in my young days to go up or down: if they had, they were ashamed to mention it. Nowadays, it seems as fashionable as what Kate calls the boil."

"You have been worrying," he went on,—"*a thing that's dreadfully injudicious. H'm! worse than drink I say.*

Worry's the death of half my patients; they never give my pills a chance," and there was a twinkle in his eyes which most of Dr Brash's patients thought was far more efficacious than his pills.

"What would I worry for?" said Miss Bell. "I'm sure I have every blessing; goodness and mercy all my life."

"Just so! just so!" said Dr Brash. "Goodness and—and, h'm—mercy sometimes take the form of a warning that it's time we kept to bed for a week, and that's why I recommend you."

"Mercy on me! Am I so far through as that?" she said, alarmed. "It's something serious,—I know by the cheerful face you put on. Little did I think that I would drop off so soon. And just at the very time when there's so much to do!"

"Pooh!" said Dr Brash. "When you drop off, Miss Dyce, there'll be an awful dunt, I'm telling you! God bless my soul, what do you think a doctor's for but putting folk on their pins again! A week in bed—and—h'm!—a bottle. Everything's in the bottle, mind you!"

"And there's the hands of the Almighty too," said Bell, who constantly deplored the doctor was so poor a Kirk attender, and not a bit in that respect like the noble doctors in her sister's latest Scottish novels.

Dr Brash went out of the room, to find the rest of the household sorely put about in the parlour, Lennox an object

of woe, and praying hard to herself with as much as she could remember of her Uncle Dan's successful supplication for herself when she had the pneumonia. To see the cheerfulness of his countenance when he came in was like the sun-burst on a leaden sea. "Miss Bell's as sound as her namesake," he assured them. "There's been something on her mind"—with a flash of the eye, at once arrested, towards Lennox,—"and she has worked herself into a state of nervous collapse. I've given her the best of tonics for her kind,—the dread of a week in bed,—and I'll wager she'll be up by Saturday. The main thing is to keep her cheerful, and I don't think that should be very difficult."

Bud there and then made up her mind that her own true love was Dr Brash, in spite of his nervous sisters and his funny waistcoats. Ailie said if cheerfulness would do the thing she was ready for laughing-gas, and the lawyer vowed he would rake the town for the very latest chronicles of its never-ending fun.

But Bud was long before him on her mission of cheerfulness to the bedroom of Auntie Bell. Did you ever see a douce Scotch lass who never in her life had harboured the idea that her native hamlet was other than the finest dwelling-place in all the world, and would be happy never to put a foot outside it?—that was to be the *rôle* to-day. A sober little lass, sitting in a wicker chair whose faintest creak appeared to put her in an agony—sitting incredibly

long and still, and speaking Scotch when spoken to, in the most careful undertone, with a particular kind of smile that was her idea of judicious cheerfulness for a sick-room.

"Bairn!" cried her aunt at last, "if you sit much longer like that you'll drive me crazy. What in the world's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, dear Auntie Bell," said Bud, astonished.

"You needn't tell me! What was the Doctor saying?"

"He said you were to be kept cheerful," said Bud, "and I'm doing the best I can——"

"Bless me, lass! do you think it's cheery to be sitting there with a face like a Geneva watch? I would sooner see you romping."

But no, Bud could not romp that day, and when her Uncle Dan came up he found her reading aloud from Bell's favourite Gospel according to John—her auntie's way of securing the cheerfulness required. He looked at the pair, his hands in his pockets, his shoulders bent, and all the joviality with which he had come carefully charged gave place for a little to a very different sentiment. So had Ailie sat, a child, beside her mother on her death-bed, and, reading John one day, found open some new vista in her mind that made her there and then renounce her dearest visions, and thirl herself for ever to the home and him and Bell.

"Well, Dan," said his sister, when the child was gone, "what have you brought me?"

Is it the usual pound of grapes?"—for she was of the kind whose most pious exercises never quench their sense of fun, and a gift of grapes in our place is a doleful hint to folks bedridden: I think they sometimes might as well bring in the stretching-board.

"A song-book would suit you better," said the lawyer. "What do you think's the matter with you? Worrying about that wean! Is this your Christian resignation?"

"I am *not* worrying, Dan," she protested. "At least, not very much, and I never was the one to make much noise about my Christianity."

"You need to be pretty noisy with it nowadays to make folk believe you mean it."

"What did Dr Brash say down the stair?" she asked. "Does he—does he think I'm going to die?"

"Lord bless me!" cried her brother, "this is not the way that women die. I never heard of you having a broken heart. You're missing all the usual preliminaries, and you haven't even practised being ill. No, no, Bell; it'll be many a day, I hope, before you're pushing up the daisies, as that vagabond Wanton Wully puts it."

Bell sighed. "You're very joco'," said she; "you're aye cheery, whatever happens."

"So long as it doesn't happen to myself—that's philosophy. And if I'm cheery to-day it's by the Doctor's orders. He says you're to be kept from fretting, even if we have to hire the band."

"Then I doubt I'm far far

through!" said Bell; "I'm booked for a better land,"—and at that the lawyer gave a chirruping little laugh, and said, "Are you sure it's not for Brisbane?"

"What do you mean?" she asked him, marvellously interested for one who talked of dying.

"It's a new one," he exclaimed. "I had it to-day from her ladyship's Captain. He was once on a ship that sailed to Australia, and half-way out a passenger took very ill. 'That one's booked for heaven, anyway,' Maclean said to the purser. 'No,' said the purser, who was busy, 'he's booked for Brisbane.' 'Then he would be a D. sight better in heaven,' said Maclean; 'I have been twice in Brisbane, and I know.'"

Bell did her best to restrain a smile, but couldn't. "Oh, Dan!" said she, "you're an awful man! You think there's nothing in this world to daunten anybody."

"Not if they happen to be Dyces," said he. "A high heart and a humble head—you remember father's motto? And here you're daunted because the young one's going only two or three hundred miles away for her own advantage."

"I'm not a bit daunted," said Miss Bell with spirit. "It's not myself I'm thinking of at all—it's her, poor thing! among strangers night and day; damp sheets, maybe, and not a wise-like thing to eat. You would never forgive yourself if she fell into a decline."

"Ailie throve pretty well on their dieting," he pointed out; "and if she's going to fall into a decline, she's pretty long of starting."

"But you mind they gave her sago pudding," said Miss Bell; "and if there's one thing Lennox cannot eat, it's sago pudding. She says it is so slippy, every spoonful disappears so sudden it gives her an awful start. She says she might as well eat puddocks."

Dan smiled at the picture and forced himself to silent patience.

"And they'll maybe let her sit up to all hours," Bell proceeded. "You know the way she fastens on a book at bedtime!"

"Well, well!" said he emphatically. "If you're sure that things are to be so bad as that, we'll not let her go at all," and he slyly scanned her countenance to see, as he expected, that she was indignant at the very thought of backing out now that they had gone so far.

"You needn't start to talk nonsense," said she; "of course she's going. But oh, Dan! it's not the sheets, nor food, nor anything like that, that troubles me; it's the knowledge that she'll never be the same wee lass again."

"Tuts!" said Daniel Dyce, and cleaned some moisture

from his spectacles; "you're putting all the cheerful things I was going to say to you out of my head. I'm off to business; is there anything I can do for you? No. Then, remember, you're not to stir this week outside the blankets; these are the orders of Dr Brash. I have no doubt Ailie will do very well at the house-keeping," and he left her with a gleam of mischief in his eye.

The window of the bedroom was a little open; on one of the trees a blackbird sang, and there came in the scent of apple-ringie and a tempting splendour of sun. For twenty minutes the ailing lady tried to content herself with the thought of a household managed by Alison Dyce, and then arose to see if Wully Oliver was not idling in the garden. She saw him sitting on his barrow - trams, while Ailie walked among the dahlias, and chucked her favourites of them under their chins.

"William Oliver!" cried Miss Bell indignantly, having thrown a Shetland shawl about her; "is that all the work you can do in a day?"

He looked up at the window and slowly put his pipe in his pocket.

"Well, m'em," said he, "I daresay I could do more, but I never was much of a hand for showing off."

CHAPTER XXVII.

When Miss Bell rose, as she did in a day or two, bantered into a speedy convalescence by Ailie and Dan, it was to mark

Bud's future holidays on the calendar, and count the months in such a cunning way that she cheated the year of a whole

one, by arguing to herself that the child would be gone a fortnight before they really missed her, and as good as home again whenever she started packing to return. And Edinburgh, when one was reasonable, and came to think of it, was not so very awful: the Miss Birds were there, in the next street to the school where Bud was bound for, so if anything should happen,—a fire, for instance—fires were desperately common just now in the newspapers, and ordinary common-sense suggested a whole clothes-rope for the tying up of the young adventurer's boxes; or if Bud should happen to be really hungry between her usual meals—a common thing with growing bairns,—the Birds were the very ones to make her welcome. It was many a year since Bell had been in Edinburgh,—she had not been there since mother died,—she was determined that, if she had the money and was spared till Martinmas, she should make a jaunt of it and see the shops: it was very doubtful if Miss Minto wasn't often lamentably out of date with many of her fashions.

"Oh, you vain woman!" cried Ailie to her; "will nothing but the very latest satisfy you?"

Bud was to be sure and write once every week, on any day but Saturday, for if her letters came on Sunday they would be tempted to call at the post-office for them, like Captain Consequence, instead of waiting till the Monday morning. And if she had a cold or any threatening of

quinsy, she was to fly for her very life to the hoarhound mixture, put a stocking round her neck, and go to bed. Above all was she to mind and take her porridge every morning, and to say her prayers.

"I'll take porridge to beat the band," Bud promised, "even—even if I have to shut my eyes all through."

"In a cautious moderation," recommended Uncle Dan. "I think myself oatmeal is far too rich a diet for the blood. I have it from Captain Consequence that there's nothing like curried kidney and a chop to follow. But I hope you'll understand that, apart from the carnal appetites, the main thing is to scoop in all the prizes. I'll be dreadfully disappointed if you come back disgraced, with anything less of them than the full of a cart. That, I believe, is the only proof of a liberal Scottish education. In Ailie's story-books it's all the good, industrious, and deserving pupils who take everything. Of course, if you take all the prizes somebody's sure to want,—but, tuts! I would never let that consideration vex me—it's their own look-out. If you don't take prizes, either in the school or in the open competition of the world, how are folk to know they should respect you?"

"You must have been a wonderfully successful student in your day," said Ailie mischievously. "Where are all your medals?"

Dan laughed. "It's ill to say," said he, "for the clever lads who won them when I

wasn't looking have been so modest ever since that they've clean dropped out of sight. I never won anything myself in all my life that called for competition—except the bottom of the class! When it came to competitions, and I could see the other fellows' faces, I was always far too tired or well disposed to them to give them a disappointment which they seemingly couldn't stand so well as myself. But then I'm not like Bud here. I hadn't a shrewd old uncle egging me on. So you must be keen on the prizes, Bud. Of course there's wisdom too, but that comes later,—there's no hurry for it. Prizes, prizes—remember the prizes: the more you win, the more, I suppose, I'll admire you."

"And if I don't win any, Uncle Dan?" said Bud slyly, knowing very well the nature of his fun.

"Then, I suppose, I'll have to praise the Lord if you keep your health, and just continue loving you," said the lawyer. "I admit that if you're anyway addicted to the prizes, you'll be the first of your name that was so. In that same school in Edinburgh your Auntie Ailie's quarterly reports had always 'Conduct—Good,' and 'Mathematics—Fairly moderate.' We half expected she was coming back an awful diffy; but if she did, she made a secret of it. I forgave her the 'Fairly moderate' myself, seeing she had learned one thing—how to sing. I hope you'll learn to sing, Bud, in French, or German, or Italian—anything but

Scotch. Our old Scotch songs, I'm told, are not what's called artistic."

"The sweetest in the world!" cried Auntie Bell. "I wonder to hear you haivering."

"I'm afraid you're not a judge of music," said the brother. "Scotch songs are very common—everybody knows them. There's no art in them, there's only heart—a trifling kind of quality. If you happen to hear me singing 'Annie Laurie' or 'Afton Water' after you come home, Bud, be sure and check me. I want to be no discredit to you."

"No, I shan't, Uncle Dan," said the child. "I'll sing 'Mary Morison,' and 'Ae Fond Kiss,' and 'Jock o' Hazeldean' at you till you're fairly squealing with delight. I know. Allow me! why, you're only haivering."

"Have mercy on the child, Dan," said his sister. "Never you mind him, Bud; he's only making fun of you."

"I know," said Bud; "but I'm not kicking."

Kate—ah! poor Kate—how sorry I should be for her, deserted by her friend and tutor, if she had not her own consoling Captain. Kate would be weeping silently every time the pipe was on in the scullery, and she thought how lonely her kitchen was to be when the child was gone. And she had plans to make that painful exile less heartrending: she was going to write to her sister out in Colonsay and tell her to be sure and send fresh country eggs at intervals of every now and then, or maybe

oftener in the winter-time, to Lennox; for genuine country eggs were a thing it was hopeless to expect in Edinburgh, where there wasn't such a thing as sand, or grass, or heather—only causeway stones. She could assure Lennox that, as for marriage, there was not the slightest risk for years and years, since there wasn't a house in the town to let that would be big enough (and still not dear) to suit a Captain. He was quite content to be a plain intended, and hold on. And as for writing, she would take her pen in hand quite often and send the latest news to Lennox, who must please excuse haste, and these d-d-desperate pens, and having the post to catch—not that she would dream of catching the poor, wee, shauchly creature: it was just a way of speaking. Would Lennox not be dreadful home-sick, missing all the cheery things, and smothered up in books in yon place—Edinburgh?

"I expect I'll be dreffle home-sick," admitted Bud.

"I'm sure you will, my lassie," said the maid. "I was so home-sick myself when I came here first that my feet got almost splay with wanting to turn back to Colonsay. But if I'm not so terribly good-looking, I'm awful brave, and soon got over it. When you are home-sick go down to the quay and look at the steam-boats, or take a turn at our old friend Mr Puckwuck."

Four days—three days—two days—one day—to-morrow; that last day went so fast, it looked as if Wanton Wully had

lost the place again and rang the evening bell some hours before it was due. Bud could only sit by, helpless, and marvel at the ingenuity that could be shown in packing what looked enough to stock Miss Minto's shop into a couple of boxes. She aged a twelvemonth between the hand-glass at the bottom and the bath-sheet on the top.

"And in this corner," said Miss Bell, on her knees, "you'll find your Bible, the hoarhound mixture, and five-and-twenty threepenny-bits for the plate on Sundays. Some of them sixpences."

"Irish ones, apparently," said Uncle Dan.

"Some of them sixpences, for the Foreign Mission days, and one shilling for the day of the Highlands and Islands."

"You're well provided for the kirk at anyrate," said Uncle Dan. "I'll have to put a little money for this wicked world in the other corner," and he did.

When the coach next day set out— No, no, I cannot tell you, for I hate to think of tears, and would hurry over partings. It went in tearful weather, rain drizzling on Bud and Auntie Ailie, who accompanied her. They looked back on the hill top, and saw the grey slates glint under a grey sky, and following them on the miry road, poor Footles, faithful heart, who did not understand. He paddled through the mud till a blast from the bugle startled him, and he seemed to realise that this was some painful new experience. And then he stood in the track of the disappearing wheels, and

lifted up his voice in lamentation.

The night came on, resuming her ancient empire—for she alone, and not the day, did first possess and finally shall possess unquestioned this space dusty with transient stars, and the light is Lord of another universe where is no night, nay, nor terror thereof. From the western clouds were the flame and gold withdrawn, and the winds sighed from the mountains, as vexed for passing days. The winds sighed from the mountains, and the mists came mustering to the glens; the sea crept out on long, bird-haunted, wailing, and piping sands, nought to be seen of it, its presence obvious only in the scent of wrack and the wash on the pebbled beaches. Behind the town the woods lay black and haunted, and through them, and far upward in the valley, dripping in the rain and clamorous with hidden burns and secret wells, went the highway to the world, vacant of aught visible, but never to be wholly vacant, since whose passes on a highway ever after leaves some wandering spirit there. Did the child, that night, think of the highway that had carried her from home? In the hoarsely crying town did she pause a moment to remember and retrace her way to the town that now lay faintly glowing in the light of its own internal fires?

Thus Bell wondered, standing at her window, looking

into the solitary street. Every mile of separating highway rose before her,—she walked them in the rain and dark; all the weary longing of the world came down on her that mirk night in September, and praying that discretion should preserve and understanding keep her wanderer, she arrived at the soul's tranquillity, and heard without misgiving the wild geese cry.

Her brother took the books, and the three of them—master, mistress, and maid—were one in the spirit of worship, longing, and hope. Where had gone Daniel Dyce, the lawyer, the gentle ironist, on whose lips so often was kindly mockery, on whose tongue levity or its pretence—

“Never by passion quite possess'd,
And never quite benumbed by the
world's away”?

It was Bell's nightly duty to turn the lamp out in the lobby and bolt the outer door. She went this night reluctant to perform that office, but a thought possessed her of a child from home, somewhere in the darkness among strangers, and she had to call her brother.

“What is it?” said he.

“The door,” she said, ashamed of herself, “I cannot bolt it.”

He looked at her flushed face and her trembling hand, and understood. “It's only the door of a house,” said he; “that makes no difference,” and ran the bolt into its staple.

(To be continued.)

THE LONGFELLOW CENTENARY.

THE Longfellow centenary, celebrated in the United States to-day (February the 27th), is a notable event from more points of view than a merely literary one. As a direct literary influence Longfellow has practically ceased to exist at the present time—that is to say, he does not influence the men who write for writers. Modern journalists, of course, have no time to read anything but ephemeral literature: they are beginning to discover a better trick than the study of Addison. Still, the bare idea of Mr Chesterton, for example, settling down at his fireside to read “The Village Blacksmith” or “The Reaper and the Angel” is a little funnier, perhaps, than the supposition that he has really read the Brontës, in whom he so glibly discovers precisely the same “abysm” (coloured red or blue to taste) as he finds in Dickens, Charles the Second, Max Beer-bohm, “Paradise Regained,” Mr George Shaw (we absolutely refuse to call him Bernard), Little Tich, and the Fathers of the Church. Of course, he is quite right. Our point is, that it must save him and his like a good deal of unnecessary delving into Thomas Aquinas and Longfellow. To know Little Tich is to know all, from Homer—nay, from the Megatherium—onwards. Yet the name of Longfellow is one to be shunned in print by a modern critic who values his

reputation. The abysms—to use an unusual collocation of words—in the case of Longfellow will hardly suggest the requisite *alibi*. Hardly is it possible for the most epigrammatic of moderns to approach his name, even through the most careful series of paradoxes. To the merely æsthetic critic it is impossible. On almost any page of an Arthur Paul Pater or a William Butler Maeterlinck Moore the mere name of Longfellow would be worse than a loud and prolonged fit of sneezing by a very shy man’s wife at a very solemn moment in a very silent and crowded church. Yet cowards die many times before their deaths; and, assuredly, Longfellow is very like Death. No one can escape him. You may read some decadent little volume and sally forth to taste Life at a London music-hall; but it is quite on the cards that the old mole will “work i’ the earth so fast” as to greet you from the stage. Some low comedian in enormous pantaloons will advance displaying his biceps and announcing, amid roars of laughter from the congregated “æsthetes and London nighters,” that “under a spreading chestnut-tree the village smithy stands.” Nor does the fact that Longfellow is the standing butt for the cheaper sort of parody mean that he is ceasing to be taken seriously. “Excelsior”

and "The Wreck of the Hesperus" are recited to-day by "beautiful pink children" in thousands of schoolrooms. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is delivered at hundreds of penny readings. Illuminated by music, "Hiawatha" and "The Golden Legend" attract enormous audiences at the Albert Hall, whence the sorrows of Elsie and Minnehaha are sent abroad anew into thousands of homes. Moreover, Longfellow more than holds his own with any drawing-room song-writer of the day, and his work is on a very much higher level than that of the troubadour who inspired maidens and matrons with a wild desire for antennæ and six legs—we mean the famous author of "I'd be a butterfly!" Longfellow is the real origin and inspiration of the sentimental and often very pretty verses about scythes, arrows, and angels (considered in relation to snow, flowers, rain, clouds, and silver linings) which are to be found in the "cosy corners" of newspapers, parish magazines, home journals, girls' gazettes, and even some quite superior periodicals at the present day. He is the first and only authority on the exact connection between the footprints of Time and the sands of the hour-glass; and he alone knows the real necessity for always fighting bravely "in the bivouac of life" without even that previous application to the canteen which one would suppose to be the cause of so heroic a demonstration. He

has introduced Heine to the burly bosom of the British matron, who now knows all about the sea and its pearls. He has guided the feet of the million into the Inferno of Dante, and prepared them not only for appreciating the illustrations of Gustave Doré, but also for relishing the hells of the Adelphi. He is represented in an enormously large proportion of self-respecting poetic almanacs, birthday books, Yuletide cards, funeral mementoes, tombstones, and Christmas crackers. Charles Baudelaire—that supreme artist in words who seems to unite the gloomiest powers of John Ford with the gorgeous colouring of Keats in his odes and the profundity and breadth of Wordsworth in his greatest sonnets—has plagiarised from Longfellow's most famous lyric, and, in order to make a complete poem of it, has coupled his booty with another little appropriation from Gray. Mr Kipling has used him with great effect in some of his finest work; and, in spite of this unique record, it is as much as an English critic's reputation is worth to mention his name except as a cat-call! For Longfellow—alas!—has been branded with the word which, above all others, during the last twenty years has been "defamed by every charlatan, and soiled with all ignoble use"—the grand old name of Philistine. Still, he was born a hundred years ago, and his hold on the public to-day is greater than ever. Let us briefly examine his case.

He is not, of course, a great poet, nor to be compared for a moment with Wordsworth, Tennyson, or Swinburne. Yet the gulf between him and those great names is insignificant in comparison with the abyss between him and the latter-day English decadents, from whose "Celtic" or "Symbolistic" contempt hardly the greatest names of the nineteenth century have been safe. Longfellow was not, perhaps, a great man; he was only a noble-hearted man, and a sincere man. He was not a master of technique in poetry. He is usually too easily satisfied with a rough sketch of what he wanted to say. He is often, consequently, mixed in his metaphors, and crude in diction. He never wrote one of those great inevitable lines, like Shakespeare's—

"In cradle of the rude imperious
surge,"

or like Wordsworth's marvellous lines on the skylark—

"Leave to the nightingale her shady
wood,—

A privacy of glorious light is thine."

But, then, have our modern decadents written any lines like these? One thing Longfellow had in common with the great poets—sincerity; and we do not mean merely that his intentions were good, or that his "magic mirror" was nothing but his own manifest heart. His literary workmanship was sincere. Even his worst poems are written along the lines of the true development of English literature. It was possible for "The Tales of a Wayside Inn,"

or for "The Golden Legend," to be better written and to be great. It is impossible for some of the little poetic palpitations of the latter-day disciples of Verlaine or for the fluttering little fancies of Celtery to be better written, despite all their cunning and furtive avoidance in eccentricity of the real difficulties of verse; and it is also impossible that anything great should ever be produced in that line of work. Longfellow had none of those artificial conventions which, by supplying one with an extra vocabulary, a ready-made "strangeness," and a reach-me-down "renascence of wonder," make it so easy to hide deficiencies in technical mastery, and to produce a kind of smoky flashlight lyric, where a great poet, like Wordsworth, working in calm and splendid obedience to those laws of art "whose service is perfect freedom," would have revealed that Power

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns,"

—that Power which is itself

"The Light that never was on sea or
land,
The consecration, and the poet's
dream."

The writing of most of our decadents is what Rossetti called "intellectually incestuous,"—poetry seeking to beget its own offspring on itself. It is a much easier matter, for instance, to write about "passionate white women" than to create a Cleopatra, or to reveal the beauty and passion incarnate, clothed, as it were, with the soft flesh and tender colour

of the verse. It is a very easy matter indeed, in comparison with the writing even of a "Psalm of Life," to write a poem like this:—

Oh, passionate woman, I hear
The drip of the rain !
Your ivory body is bare !
Loosen your dream-heavy hair !
Oh, passionate woman, I hear
The drip of the rain !

That is, of course, extempore ; but it is to be hoped that the reader will note the "minute ecstasy of rhythm" and subtle shifting of the accent in the fourth line ; for a Celt, in editing Spenser, has recently declared it is in these little matters that the great poets of the past are so deficient. Inasmuch, too, as we followed his advice and wrote that lyric offhand "in contemplative indolence, playing with fragile things," we feel it is quite as good as most of the decadent poems that are thought worthy of occupying each a page with enormous margins at the present day ; and in twenty-four hours one could write, say, twenty-four feverish little volumes of such fancies, all of which would be commended by certain sections of the press. With a week's thought—we are allowing in charity the very utmost limit—half a dozen decadent books on a more elaborate scale could be produced : such books as would be greeted with would-be-morbid ecstasy by certain would-be-artistic, long-haired, anti-Philistean Bohemians or Bulgarians, with five smatterings of fifteen arts and a furtive heart-hankering after the mouth of Jenny Gioconda,

Velvet Coats, and the Cities of the Plain. But it would be a very different matter to face the real difficulties of craftsmanship in verse as Longfellow faced them even when he failed. It would be a very different matter to produce even half a dozen stanzas like the following, mediocre though it be:—

"Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and
brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

Ferdinand Brunetière once remarked that all kinds of preciosity are really forms of burlesque : they aim at surprising the reader by a false novelty. It is much easier, for instance, to write a hundred thousand lines of an epic in Esperanto after this fashion—

Strange perfume nittles hath beneath
big lunc,
When meandereth beetles 'tween their
twisty stalks ;

—much easier than to write one little poem like Longfellow's admirable "Fire of Drift-Wood." Burlesque and paradox, they have their day. But well may we call, after hearing such strains, to the lovelier Muse in that immortal cry of Shakespeare which itself outsings and annuls all the strange sounds emitted from the "screaming wry-neck"—

"O mistress mine, where are you
roaming?"

However lowly a worshipper he may have been, it was on the altar of this Muse that Longfellow strove to lay what he simply and sincerely felt. It was, therefore, as we said above, at least possible for him to do great and worthy things ;

and so it happened that, though he never achieved the greatest, he more than once did write a poem which outweighs all the productions of those latter-day symbolist, Celtic, and sham archaic schools which, nevertheless, have the impertinence to treat him with their ineffable contempt,—a contempt which, with the word “Philistine” for their chief weapon, they are ludicrously endeavouring to display towards Tennyson’s boots (the only part of him that is on a level with their eyes),—a contempt which soon, in their ignorance of literary history and despicable subjection to every little ebb and flow, every little action and reaction, they will be endeavouring to extend to Swinburne.

Perhaps the best product of the Celtic school is a little lyric called “Innisfree.” It is a jingle whose triviality is only hidden by its artificial and meretricious atmosphere. Metrically it is that old enemy of English verse, that old degenerate Alexandrine with the extra syllable, the well-known Elizabethan doggerel form. This is the penultimate line of the lyric under our notice:—

“When I stand in the roadway, or on
the pavements gray.”

We venture to say that in his lyrics Longfellow never wrote so bad a line as that, with its assonances on the *a* sound all through, its semi-rhyme at the *cæsura*, its final inversion, and its loose metrical carpet-slippers.

“Fi du rythme commode,
Comme un soulier trop grand,
Du mode
Que tout pied quitte et prend !”

Now Longfellow, as we said above, had no meretricious atmosphere to hide his failings; he had no artificial conventions to supply him with a double vocabulary. To put our meaning very crudely and in algebraic symbols, as it were, if he had required a rhyme for “green” he might have been obliged to use a somewhat Philistine or eighteenth-century “scene.” (Considerations of literary history beneath the notice of the diseased critics come in again here.) But a Celt in search of that rhyme might have taken a pod from one of the “Innisfree” “bean-rows.” Yet, in spite of this disadvantage, if we are still to cry—

“L’œuvre sort plus belle
D’une forme au travail
Rebelle,
Vers, marbre, onyx, émail . . .

Lutte avec le carrare,
Avec le paros dur
Et rare,
Gardiens du contour pur,”

—if we are still to accept that as anything like a working theory, what poem of all the decadents of all kinds in England can be compared for one moment—not only in sincerity of feeling but also in pure workmanship and faultless finish—with Longfellow’s “Hymn to the Night”? Here, indeed, is classical precision, power, beauty, and something very like what Arnold called the “grand style”:—

“Peace ! Peace ! Orestes - like I
breathe this prayer !
Descend in broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed-for, the
most fair,
The best-belovèd Night.”

In another kind of verse Longfellow was always on the verge of a supreme success which — perhaps because his ear was defective, and in spite of himself something always “remained undone” — he never quite attained. Yet for perfect simplicity — not the scholar’s, but the child’s, — for tender truth of absolutely unaffected feeling, for beauty and enchantment of the kind that only a true poet can summon up from the rich wells of memory rather than attempt to forge them by trick or artifice, is there anything very much better or more genuine in the language than that exquisite poem, “My Lost Youth”? It could only have been written by a man who loved Nature intensely, whose whole soul had been suffused with the sunsets of that beautiful old town where his youth was passed — who was saturated, as it were, with the colour and glow of its “far-surrounding seas,” and was really haunted, as he wrote, by the verse of the Lapland song—

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts.”

Even in technique, the unrhymed line at the end of each stanza, at the time when Longfellow wrote, suggested new metrical possibilities in English verse; and indeed it is full of suggestion even at the present day. But the sweetness and truth of the poem can scarcely be praised

too highly. Nothing is here exaggerated, wrenched, or overstated. It is an absolutely true and yet ideal impression of the past. The remembered town is no more than “dear” and “old” and “beautiful”; the streets are merely “pleasant”; and yet what a glamour there is thrown over it all by the sheer beauty of a simple and heartfelt love!—

‘I can see the shadowy lines of its
trees,

And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still :

‘A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts.’

I remember the black wharves and the
slips,

And the sea-tides tossing free ;
And Spanish sailors with bearded
lips,

And the beauty and mystery of the
ships,

And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward
song

Is singing and saying still :

‘A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts.’”

Poetry of that kind disinclines one from attacking even one’s brother-decadents — only they must not scoff at Longfellow. He was born a hundred years ago, and when his bicentenary comes his work will still be vital. Who knows but that when time has mellowed his language he may occupy a throne, some way below Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Swinburne, on Parnassus itself.

THE AGRA DURBAR.¹

BY A SUBALTERN.

CONCENTRATE under canvas thirty thousand troops in a circle whose radius is not more than five miles; bring his Majesty the Amir of Afghanistan down from Kabul, eight hundred miles away in the north, to meet his Excellency the Viceroy of India; let the Commander-in-Chief and two Lieutenant-Governors be present; bring fifteen of the ruling chiefs of India from all points of the compass; have, as an official programme, the State entries of his Excellency the Viceroy and his Majesty the Amir, ceremonial visits between his Excellency and his Majesty and between the ruling chiefs, State garden and evening parties, a review, a grand Chapter of the Orders of Knighthood, and fireworks and illuminations on a gigantic scale; add to the programme, as an unofficial event, the attending for prayer of his Majesty at the Jumma Musjid; fill up the afternoons with polo matches and the evenings with dances; remember that our pageants were illuminated (except on one disastrous day), not by the milk-and-water production which you call sunlight at home, but by the clear glare

of the East, and that they had for a background not the sober hue of an English but the many-coloured tints of an Eastern crowd (Joseph out for a holiday clad in his coat of many colours),—do all this, and you will perhaps realise what the Agra Durbar was like.

The Agra Durbar, that is, from the stand-in-the-crowd-and-watch-on point of view, which is all that is attempted in this account of it—high politics being left alone. Not that the Durbar is lacking in political significance. Far from it! That the Amir's tour in India, as a whole, and the Agra Durbar in particular, has a decided political significance is abundantly apparent, notwithstanding that some newspapers, mostly those published in India, appear to hold a brief to say that it has none. To these, and to those who take their opinions from them, it is only necessary to put the question: "Would the Indian Government spend thirty thousand pounds (which is the probable bill for the Durbar week) merely to give his Majesty a round of gaieties? This, however, is by the way. The present narrative adheres simply to "things seen," leav-

¹ The word *darbar*, used here in connection with the State functions at Agra from the 8th–15th January, is not quite correct. There was, correctly speaking, no *darbar*, though there was an interchange of visits between his Excellency and the Amir. As, however, the functions at Agra as a whole have been popularly alluded to in India as the Agra Durbar, this name has been kept for want of a better.

ing politics to others. A detailed diary of the Durbar has not been attempted,—scenes which appeared most interesting or picturesque having been chosen without regard to their official importance.

Imagine a wilderness of tents (about eight hundred, to be accurate) pitched in a huge oblong, with a low brick wall partly around them; imagine a triumphal archway over a road twenty-five feet broad, leading straight as a die in the far distance to a flagstaff rising from a bank of green, with side roads branching hither and thither; imagine patches of green between the roads and the tents, green that shows up in pleasant contrast to the brown plain around, green that has been obtained by sowing cress a fortnight before; imagine that the tents are not all the same size, but range from bivouacs to those as large as small churches; interlace the space above the tents with a criss-cross of wires for electric lighting,—and you will have some idea what the camp of his Majesty the Amir looked like from the outside. After losing my way in the outskirts, I eventually found myself in front of the huge canvas buildings—tents seem inappropriate when applied to such monsters—which contained his Majesty's sitting-room, durbar-tent, and private apartments.

"Yes, you can go in to-day," said an attendant; "to-morrow it will be closed, when the Amir Sahib arrives."

In order to describe those

tents fittingly one would have to be a first-class upholsterer, an expert in rare carpets, a connoisseur of gold and silver both modern and antique, a judge of the finest silks, and possess the pen of Mr Rudyard Kipling. It is sufficient to say that each room had a different scheme of colour, that rare silks hung on the walls and rare carpets covered the ground, that the size of the durbar-tent was one hundred and fifty feet by fifty, that the roof of the sitting-room, ante-chamber (call it what you like), was supported by twenty silver pillars, that there were solid silver chairs in the durbar-tent for the principal guests, that a cloth-of-gold canopy overhung cloth-of-gold carpets, and that from the moment of entering until the moment of going out you were back in the times of the Arabian Nights, in the palace of his Highness Haroun-al-Raschid, of Baghdad fame.

When it is considered that, besides his Majesty's camp, there were those of the Viceroy, of the Commander-in-Chief, of the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, of all the ruling chiefs who were present, of all the political officers who were attendant on them, and of many others, and when it is considered that these camps are only put up for one week, and are then, in nine cases out of ten, packed away again, some idea of what the Agra camp really means may be obtained.

The whole way to the station is lined with troops. Thus

the red of the "line" is succeeded by the green of the "rifles," the rifles by the scarlet of the native lancers, the native lancers by the Gurkhas, the Gurkhas by the Sikhs, tall men in red, with quoits in their puggarees, and so on. Behind the troops are the variegated colours of the native crowd.

The station is *en fête*; red cloth has been laid down, and flags are fluttering in the breeze. The bazaars have disgorged here their greatest crowds, and they are massed twenty deep behind the lancers who are keeping them back. Behind them, again, the Fort wall seems to frown down upon station and people alike.

Inside the station, under the flags which hang from the girders, is collected a crowd composed of that curious mixture of East and West which can only be seen east of Suez. Here is an English officer in scarlet tunic; next to him is a babu in black morning dress, with spectacles and a grey sola-toppee. On the right there is a little group of "ruling chiefs"; even amongst these there is a considerable variety of costume. This one is resplendent in a gold-covered puggaree, diamond-encrusted aigrette, long cloth-of-silver coat slashed with gold, and embroidered slippers. His neighbour is dressed in a long black coat reaching below the knees, and a plain black fez. On the other side of him is a chief whose array must have run into lakhs of rupees: a large diamond fastens his diamond-encrusted aigrette to

his cloth-of-silver puggaree, ropes of pearls four deep hang around his neck, his coat is of red velvet, and there is a large diamond buckle in his sword-belt, from which hangs an ivory and gold scabbard by golden slings. A little way off is the Begum of Bhopal, the only female ruler in India, closely veiled. The dress of the other chiefs can be left to the imagination. But however they are dressed they are well worth seeing, these "ruling chiefs" of India. Even their names — Scindiah, Jaipur, Bikanir, and the rest — are "fine and high-sounding," as Stevenson said of the names of the old British admirals. They represent an aristocracy beside which our oldest families are but mushrooms of yesterday: their ancestors were kings, great in the history of their country; some of their territories are as large as France; all of them have the welfare of hundreds of thousands of subjects dependent on them; and lastly, and most important of all, they hold in their hands to a very large extent the future of India.

On the left are the seats for the spectators: these are mostly occupied by ladies. Here and there amongst them one sees what carries one away six thousand miles to London town, — a frock-coat and top-hat. Here and there are groups of "politicals" in blue and gold, wearing the cocked hat of the diplomatic service. On the open space, which is railed off for the reception of the Viceroy, and which is guarded by red-and-gold mace-bearers,

are collected the staffs of the Commander-in-Chief, and Sir Alfred Gaselee, commanding the Eastern Command.

There is a slight stir among the red and blue coats on the platform, which communicates itself to the rest of the crowd. Everybody tries to get as good a view as possible, and in doing so obstructs that of his neighbour; even the "frock-coaters" forget their dignity, and climb on to chairs if they happen to be in rear. There is a rumble and the sound of grinding brakes, and the train of his Excellency the Viceroy of India glides into the station.

Boom! It is the first gun of the salute; there is a little movement among the staff and politicals in front of the carriage as an officer of the Viceroy's staff steps out. Boom! Another figure appears and takes up his position on the other side of the door. Boom! Lady Minto and the Ladies Elliot step out. There is a slight pause, and, as the fourth gun is fired in his honour, his Excellency steps on to the platform. Another pause; the band plays "God Save the King"; every white glove is raised to the helmet in salute, every hat is raised, and the Viceroy has arrived in Agra.

One would not, perhaps, as a rule, choose a garden-party as being of interest, except to those who were present, but his Excellency's State Garden-Party is quite a different matter. Here are collected, at the invitation of his Majesty's representative

in India, all those who help him to govern the Peninsula or lead the troops—from Cape Comorin to Peshawar. Let us stand on one side and watch them as they pass. The "military" are in frock-coats and forage caps, the "civilians" in mufti; the ladies are decked out in their best; the ruling chiefs who are present, in "silver and gold"; so the scene, apart from the human interest, is pleasant to the eye.

Here is his Excellency the Viceroy walking with his Majesty the Amir. What does his Majesty look like? He is rather short, with broad shoulders. His face, with its short pointed beard, belongs to that class which is generally described as being "keen"; it is now and then lighted up by a singularly nice smile. His general bearing is that of a man who knows his own mind. Over there, a little apart, Lord Kitchener, tall and "eye-catching" (to coin a phrase), is talking with a slight and singularly youthful-looking man,—you might take him for a junior captain. If you did you would be very much mistaken: he is Sir Henry MacMahon, K.C.I.E., Agent to the Governor-General in Baluchistan, at present with his Majesty the Amir during his tour in India.

That tall man, who has just passed us, with what is known (at any rate, on the stage) as a "lawyer's face," is Sir John Hewett, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab.

Those two on the left—the tall, fair man standing next

the short one with broad shoulders—are Sir Louis Dane, the Foreign Secretary, and Sir Archibald Hunter, commanding the Western Command.

On the other side of them, coming towards us, is Colonel Malleson, Chief of the Intelligence Branch. From Teheran to Tokio, from Central Asia to southernmost India, reports come to him upon all kinds of matters (it is curious what a large field Military Intelligence covers), and from all sorts and conditions of men. He, in his line, and one other man in his, have the direction of the "great game," as played in India, in their hands. The other supervisor of the "great game" is Sir Harold Stuart, Director of Criminal Intelligence. His account of the inner workings of crime in India would be worth listening to. He does not look, however (watch his face when he turns round), as if he "gave away" more than was absolutely necessary. Here is Sir Charles Rivaz talking to Sir Harold Deane. There, on the gravel-walk, smoking a cigar, and clad in a blue patrol-jacket (with a long medal ribbon-row), riding-breeches of French grey, and high riding-boots, is the Japanese Military Attaché, Lieutenant-Colonel Magaki.

Then more celebrities pass, and after them more still, until the band plays "God save the King," and the policemen at the gates begin to call up the carriages.

It was not down in the official programme as an event of interest; there were no

arrangements, there could be no arrangements, for the ordinary English sightseer; yet it was, I think, the most interesting sight of the Durbar. The event I allude to was the praying of his Majesty the Amir at the Big Mosque, Agra, on Friday, 11th January.

After dodging two or three engines, walking along many permanent ways,—thereby breaking by-laws innumerable,—and climbing a high gate which was decorated with sharp spikes, I found myself at the bottom of a foot-bridge from which an excellent view could be obtained of the mosque.

"This bridge is reserved only for the railway sahibs," said a janitor.

Having informed the janitor that I also was in truth a railway sahib (may the G.I.P. forgive me), and as such entitled to standing-room on that very bridge, I ascended. In front, across the road, was a vast space shut in on three sides. The farther end was bounded by the mosque itself, its three domes and innumerable white cupolas rising high into the clear sunlight. Running to meet it on the right and left, and forming the other two boundaries, were two high walls, crowned with a continuous row of white cupolas, and niched below so as to form innumerable small rooms. In the space between the three walls are collected thousands of Mohammedans—no Hindu would, of course, be allowed to enter—who are to pray with his Majesty.

An ordinary native crowd is gay enough in dress; a native

crowd collected for this or any other "tamasha" makes up in its component parts all the colours of the paint-box. It is as if one were looking down on a gigantic flower-bed which had been crushed here and there. Those standing up form the uncrushed, those sitting down the crushed, flowers. Directly below one are more natives, at the corner of the road on the left there are more, on the flat-roofed houses around more still; the bazaars on the right are one mass of humanity. It is this preponderance of the East which strikes one: at the other functions—the State arrivals of his Excellency the Viceroy and his Majesty the Amir, the State garden-party, and so forth, that are past, and at those that are still to come, the review and the State evening party of the morrow—it is the English part of the crowd that has thrust itself upon one's attention, and will do so. But here it is the East which is predominant. If you do not look on the street below, where an English police-officer is riding up and down, but across to the mosque, that emblem of the East, and to the crowd that is collected around it, everything is of the East. The cries from the bazaars on the right, faintly heard, are the same that they cried in Agra of the Moghuls, not of the British rule, centuries ago; the little group in that sheltered street corner—an almost naked Fakir with matted hair, a sweetmeat-seller sitting cross-legged behind his wares, an old man puffing a hookah oblivious

to the noise around him—is entirely of the East; the very sun, which was but pleasantly warm on the Mall, seems here fiercer and brighter, making the whole scene stand out with that peculiar vividness which one associates with the East. There are no stands here, filled with English uniforms and frocks, to dispel the illusion.

Nor does the arrival of his Majesty the Amir dispel it. His mounted band, which precedes him, plays no English march, but a wild barbaric chant, high-pitched and triumphant. In some way which cannot be explained, it seems part of the scene to gather up into it all the fierceness of the sunlight, all the splendour of the mosque, all the gay tints of the crowd.

After the band come the Amir's own cavalry: uniform of French grey, with astrakhan caps. Their mounts, a trifle small as compared with our chargers, nevertheless look, and are, capable of doing any amount of work.

Then comes his Majesty himself with an escort of Tiwana Lancers. He is attended simply by his sirdars,—there is no English representative with him. He alights from the carriage, and you can see the flash of steel as the guard, who line the pathway leading to the mosque, present arms.

Far away inside the mosque, through the great white marble archway, you can see a black mass rising and bowing: this is the Amir and his nobles, all dressed in dark clothes, at prayer. Outside the mosque come the startling colours of

the humbler worshippers. On a raised platform in front of the marble archway are three men: the centre is in green, the one on his right is in white, on his left in black.

The man in green is intoning the service: even out here, above the shrill chatter of the crowd, you can hear now and then a faint high-pitched drone. The crowd in front of the mosque is now a very kaleidoscope of colours: at one moment this part of it is kneeling; the next, and there is another change in the kaleidoscope,—a different set, before prostrate, has now got up; the next, and there is a fresh combination of colours. The fringe of the worshippers is composed of Gallios who apparently “care for none of those things,” and chat and laugh with their friends.

The service must be very nearly finished by now: see, the man in white, upraised above the crowd, has made a gesture with his arm. The next moment, like a huge wave, catching up even the Gallios on the fringe, the worshippers have prostrated themselves, their faces towards the mosque; a pause, another gesture, and another wave comes rolling towards us as the vast concourse rises again. Three times does the wave roll to and fro, and then the Amir has finished praying.

There is a flash of steel as his Majesty comes down the guarded pathway, a short glimpse of him as he steps into the carriage, a harsh word of command as the Tiwana Lancers swing in behind and

before, a blare of music, and the cavalcade clatters up the street.

At first sight it appeared as if the plain had been covered with patches of red and black and a single one of yellow, and as if the snow had then fallen on them alone, leaving the ground around its usual brown colour. On a closer inspection from one's seat in the stand the patches of red resolved themselves into regiments of British infantry, those of black (they were blue and green in reality) into the other arms, and that of yellow into the 1st (D.Y.O.) Lancers, otherwise known as Skinner's Horse. (They have, among other distinctions, this, that they are the only regiment in the Indian Army to have a yellow uniform.) The snow resolved itself into white helmets.

It was the day of the great review. In front the troops, thirty thousand in number, were spread out in a gigantic semicircle; in rear was a crowd of carriages and motors, with every minute fresh arrivals picking their way through them.

The commencement of the royal salute of thirty-one guns was a warning that the Viceroy had arrived on the ground, and had commenced to ride along the line of spectators. His Excellency was accompanied by the Amir, the Commander-in-Chief, the Headquarters Staff, the Imperial Cadet Corps, and the Viceregal Bodyguard. Rulers in all parts of the world have as their household troops picked corps, but there is not

one which can excel in "turn-out" the Imperial Cadet Corps. Every one of them is a scion of a great Indian house, some of them are Maharajahs. Their uniform is of pale blue; a gold aigrette is stuck in every turban; under every saddle there is the skin of a snow-leopard. They are, horse for horse, in all probability better mounted than any other unit in the world.

His Excellency took up his position by the flagstaff, with his Majesty the Amir on his left, and Lord Kitchener, half a horse's length behind, on his right; and the review commenced. Long before the Horse Artillery, who marched by first, were opposite the saluting base, the great semi-circle had got into motion. Blue masses were followed by green, and green by scarlet, and the sun glinted merrily on thousands of moving bayonets.

The massed cavalry bands took up their position opposite the saluting base, and the guns began to go by; the guns were followed by the cavalry, the cavalry by the Field Artillery, including howitzers; then came the mountain batteries, then the heavy batteries, then the infantry.

Some of those who passed by you have seen on Salisbury Plain, or in the Long Valley at Aldershot; others you will not see until you come out to India: these merit some description. The native lancers, for example, are tall fine men, sit their horses like born riders, and with their pennons fluttering in the breeze make a brave show indeed.

The mountain batteries swing past with that peculiar long stride which they use equally at a review or on a route-march. Each part of the gun is packed on a separate mule, and there are very few places to which a mule battery cannot ascend, as certain gentlemen over the frontier know to their cost. If you want to see something worth looking at, watch a mountain battery unload and come into action, and if you want to be thought a liar, tell your friends at home the time they did it in.

The heavy batteries lumber majestically past. In the old days these monsters would have been dragged by elephants; now they are drawn by bullocks, eight to a gun,—and eight does not look any too many either.

Then come the native infantry, Rajputs, descendants of the ancient warrior class, Zats, Punjabis, Brahmins, Sikhs,—all pass by, all "soldiers of the King."

"Little they know England, who only England know."

There are people who think they know all about the forces of the British Empire because they have seen the British soldier, and not very much of him, at home in barracks. Let them come out to India and see a review like there was that day at Agra, which was, by the way, nothing very extraordinary (last year they had one of double the number of troops), and they may have then some idea of what they are talking about when they

mention his Majesty's forces in India.

The Grand Chapter of the Orders of Knighthood was held in the Diwan-i-Am of the Agra Fort at 9 P.M. The walls and roof are of marble, picked out with gold. Lights had been placed so that, hidden themselves, they lighted up the scene below. Some attempt can be made to describe a scene of ordinary brilliance; but, just as there are colour-effects which no painter can put on his canvas, so there are things which it is impossible to convey to the imagination of another person. The Chapter, a State function which Shah Jehan in the days of his pride could not have outrivalled, is one of these.

In order to get some faint idea of it you must first imagine the room, with its marble pillars supporting the marble roof (in the old days it was Shah Jehan's Hall of Audience); you must then imagine a vast audience filling it to overflowing, the full review order of the officers accentuated by the evening dresses of the ladies. You must imagine that his Excellency the Viceroy of India, wearing the robe and insignia of the Grand Master of the Order of the Star of India, is seated on a dais, and that on either side of him, lined up against the wall, are the Imperial Cadets. You must then array every one around him in the most splendid robes. You must imagine a continuous line of recipients of orders coming up, supported by their sponsors,

receiving their insignia, bowing, backing from the throne, bowing again, and departing "more exalted than they came."

In India we do not have to go back a couple of centuries like you do at home for our "battle, murder, and sudden death." They are to a certain extent, on the Frontier at any rate, always with us. It is rather a curious train of thought to be raised by a State evening party, for it was there that the association of ideas came to me. The evening party took place immediately after the Chapter, in the Khas Mehal of the Fort, and the association of it with battle, murder, and sudden death came from the fact that where we were at that time enjoying ourselves, just fifty years ago English women and children were sheltering from the shell-fire of the besiegers during the days of the great Mutiny.

It was to the Khas Mehal—now, for the State function, covered over with blue canvas, lighted with shaded electric globes, filled with the pleasant murmur of playing fountains and the hum of conversation from the brightly dressed crowd of guests—that they would come for fresh air on the long hot nights when the fire had slackened. Perhaps they would even venture up to those balconies from which now, sitting on an easy-chair with your feet on red drugget, you can see the Taj which has been illuminated for the evening.

FAKUMÊN.

WE were billeted in the village of A-chi-nu-lu-pu-Tze when orders came for an advance to Fakumên, a small town on the Mongolian border. Our maps showed that Fakumên was literally on the palisade which in olden times protected Manchuria from the raids of Mongol tribes. Some hundreds of years back A-chi-nu-lu-pu-Tze itself was a Mongol stronghold, and even yet the greater part of the surrounding land was the property of a Mongolian prince. But as civilisation ever advances its borders, so the tide of Chinese colonisation had pushed back the nomads of the desert and established the dominion of China where once the wandering tribes had been wont to pitch their tents. But for nearly two hundred years there had been no change of frontier, and though Chinese pioneers had contrived to cultivate beyond the border, Fakumên still marked the limit of Chinese jurisdiction, and beyond it there remained that mysterious and vague region known as Mongolia.

It was a brilliant morning in spring when I set forth alone to ride the thirty miles to Fakumên. The country was undulating, and the road tortuous, twisting, and turning and diving into hollows, as Chinese roads ever do. Soon I was at fault, and compelled to take thought as to which of several ways I must follow.

My compass was a safe enough guide in a general way, but there is no pleasure in wasting time in a hot sun on a dusty day. And so I welcomed the advent of a horseman who came clattering down a lane, and halted, with the object of inquiring the shortest way to Fakumên.

It was a quaint and picturesque figure that pulled up in response to my obvious desire to open communication. As the rider approached, his mount attracted most of my notice. It was a little Chinese horse, with a deep and broad chest, cantering along like a lion, its grey mane waving, and its eyes bold and bright with spirit. In obedience to a firm but easy grip on the reins it stopped, tossing its head and pawing the ground with impatience. And then I became occupied with a broad smile on a brown weather-beaten face, and the gleam of humour in keen and sparkling eyes framed in strong eyebrows and an array of moving wrinkles. My friend—for his white teeth and beaming countenance made him that at once—gave me Chinese greeting in a voice and manner that tallied with his genial and, shall I say, gallant appearance. My Chinese was weak, but I had no difficulty in making him understand that I was at a loss in regard to the road to Fakumên. He laughed and swung his heels into his pony's

ribs, and without loss of time was showing me the way and with his whip pointing the direction in which Fakumên lay.

Chinese roads are deeply rutted and broken, besides being strewn with stones, and the horse that canters upon them must needs be clever on his feet and jink here and there to avoid obstacles. But despite the irregularity of the way, my new-found friend sat humped up in his high Chinese saddle, swaying to the motion with perfect ease, and shouting to me over his shoulder with a disregard for contingencies that argued the accomplished horseman. Behind him was a blanket and a pair of woollen saddle-bags neatly strapped under the horse's belly. His Chinese clothes flapped and crackled in the wind, but the man never moved in the saddle. His rein arm hung straight from the shoulder, and the elbow clung naturally to his side, while the other arm was free to wave the whip and point here and there. Behind the supple figure the powerful quarters of the little horse moved automatically, the quick feet darting in and out between rut and stone, while the sun glistened on the polished dappled grey skin that covered the rolling muscles. The horse was a picture of health and strength, and the rider the embodiment of action and manliness. They were a pretty pair; and if Genghiz Khan had many such, it were no wonder that he overran the West.

My freebooter was a Mongol, and bound for Fakumên. He talked a lot, and when I failed to catch his meaning he tried again and again, until comprehension was established. I gathered that he owned land in Chinese territory, but that his home was far away in the west. He had been to see the Japanese army authorities, whereat I smelt the Hunghuse, for to such only could belong so gallant a steed and so effective an equipment. So the blood of Genghiz Khan still runs in Mongol veins, and perhaps the bands of Hunghuses who scourge Manchuria from east to west and north to south, to the eternal defiance of Chinese law, are but the inherited expression of the restless energy and boundless enterprise that made the Mongol chief of long ago one of the great men of the earth. When China begins to employ her resources to check Western aggression, she will do well to remember that the spirit of past deeds has not entirely evaporated from the breast of the dweller in Mongolia. Japan in this respect has given China silent but sound advice, for no sooner was it realised that the Mikado's cavalry had more than it could well do to protect the western flank of the Manchurian army than Hunghuses were engaged to scout and reconnoitre. Very well they did their work, too, as the Russians can testify. My friend was one of them; besides many a brother of his who jumped at the chance of a bit of devilment.

Fakumên, viewed from the

edge of the saucer-like hollow in which it lies, presents a dull appearance, nor do the low brown and yellow hills which surround it attract the eye by graceful or striking outline. The constituents of Chinese architecture are grey stone, grey slate, and grey brick, varied by khaki-coloured mud walls and hueless thatch. There are no towers in Chinese towns, nor church spires, nor white cottages, nor parks adorned by sheets of shimmering water. And so the outward appearance of Fakumén is negligible. But in crossing the heavy stone bridge which spans the stream skirting the environs of the town, one enters on a broad street that quickly brings one to the market-place, a large triangular opening full of life and bustle. Here there is no lack of colour or of individuality. It is such a scene as only China can present, —spirited, picturesque, quaint, marvellous in the variety of goods offered for sale, astonishing as an indication of teeming population, and withal intensely businesslike.

The roads which traverse the market-place at right angles are blocked with traffic. Heavy carts drawn by three, five, and seven animals, including ponies, mules, and bullocks, creak along on their ponderous iron-bound wheels, their drivers cracking monstrous whips and exhorting their teams in the manner universal throughout the world. Laden coolies trot by at the double, chanting as they go, and the huge wheel-

barrow, steered by the man between the handles and hauled by one or two others in front, protests loudly and discordantly at the greaseless state of the wooden axle upon which it moves. There are sellers of water borne in buckets slung on a bamboo, sweet-merchants, and purveyors of buns, all trundling along shouting their wares and helping to throng the way. On either side are innumerable stalls shaded by wide - spreading umbrellas. Here are piled huge heaps of a dozen different kinds of vegetables, and rows of sacks whose wide-open mouths declare grain of many sorts; there are butchers' stalls and bakers' booths, benches holding battalions of boots and shoes of amazing diversity of pattern and size, toy shops and crockery shops, tinsmiths and smithies, cloth merchants and silk merchants, booksellers, herb-dealers, cooling-drink purveyors, tobacco-nists, basket-makers, and Heaven knows what else! In one corner there is a continuous loud hissing and an overwhelmingly savoury smell. Here cooks are frying and roasting and boiling to beat the band, as they say in America, and the marketers are sitting at tables busily and noisily supping soup and deftly chop-sticking into their mouths morsels of mutton, pork, and fowl. All around the market-place are the permanent shops, mostly owned by merchants who do more of a wholesale than a retail trade. The tea-shops are easily recognised by

the richly coloured chests that adorn their shelves, the saddlers by the festoons of bridles, whips, girths, and other leathern articles that hang from the ceiling. Several bankers sit in state behind panelled counters, and they can discount or purchase bills on any city in China. There are a hundred features more that one might mention, but enough has been said to incline the reader's mind to believe that here is civilisation and social organisation of a high order. Who in their senses can ever give credence to the not uncommon idea that China is savage or primitive or unsophisticated. At most China smacks of the mediæval, but the mediævalism is of a kind as intricate, complex, and polite as any ever known in Europe. The European of the twelfth century was a savage compared to the Chinaman of to-day. And the Chinaman of to-day is merely an effete edition of his progenitor of three thousand years ago, when Great Britain, Italy, and Greece were covered with jungle-hiding unclad aboriginals.

The Japanese flag is not difficult to find, and the quartermaster is soon escorting me to the abode provided by the omniscient system of the Japanese army. After a few turns we enter a small street that would pass muster as a lane in one of Barrie's inimitable Scottish villages. It is one long line of wall, broken here and there by gateways.

The houses all stand in compounds of their own and turn their backs to the street, permitting perhaps a single window high up to overlook the public thoroughfare. At a corner stands an ancient temple, a tiny edifice of massive but weather-beaten stone. Beyond the temple the neighbourhood suggests the suburban, for out of the compounds rise tall trees, some of which overhang the walls and shade the side-path. Translated from the vernacular we get the fitting name of Little Temple Avenue. And near where the trees are my guide halts and taps at a low door in a wall, beyond which is visible the thatched roof of a cottage.

In response there is a chorus of loud barking in a minor key, and a rattling of chains and banging of bolts. Then the door splits in two, and an elderly man appears, backed by a scintillation of wide-open brown eyes and a dancing array of tiny dogs that dart forward, bark, and retreat with all the dash and excitement of a Punch and Judy performance. Introduced by the Japanese officer, my host welcomes me and leads the way down a flagged passage, preceded by the eyes and the little dogs, the latter furious at this direct invasion. At the end of the passage we turn the corner and find ourselves in a small compound, with three blank walls and a small single-storied house as the fourth side. In the centre of the house is a door, and on either side spacious

windows, faced by a parapet whereon stand pots of flowers. Neat and clean and secluded, and all mine, barring the owner and his family. Entering, I find myself in a pleasant room with polished wooden chests ranged along the walls, prints and photographs hanging thereupon, and vases, clocks, and images of Buddha neatly arranged wherever a niche offered space.

Mr Tung was my host's name, and a courteous and kindly old boy he was. His daughter Tsunga, being grown up, was afraid to appear, but the owners of the eyes, two little daughters and a playmate, were all there, and staring their hardest. Their Chinese names I discarded in favour of Tennysonian translations, an eleven-year-old maid being the Virtuous Plum, and the item aged seven A Little Repayment. The small friend was August Rose. No less of the family than the children were the three little dots of dogs. Oorjwur¹ was a golden-coloured Pekinese pug, of sedate but watchful demeanour. Shaubur was a mixture of different kinds of dogs, but small and full of character. And number three, Shahoor, was the daintiest and most exquisite little piece of darting and flashing canininity that ever frisked in this world. A perfectly thoroughbred Pekinese, white with black markings, large protruding swimming eyes, long silken coat, beautifully feathered neck and tail, and clean ankles and

tiny feet that a mouse might have envied; her weight about 2 lb. avoirdupois, and her energy about a thousand foot-tons per minute. Perfect little beast and delightful little companion! I wonder if you remember me as I remember you! The last of the family was an old lady, very deaf and not very particular about her appearance, a second wife, or one of the many varieties of wives they have in China. A terribly decent old body, the mother of no children, and eternally alive to this particular shortcoming.

A good-sized room at each end of the cottage, and a small one in the middle, constitute the house. The room already described is allotted to me, the little room is inhabited by the father, mother, and three daughters, while the other end serves as quarters for my two servants, and kitchen for everybody. So we all live *en famille*, and before a week is out I know what there is to know about the domestic economy of the little household in which I find myself located. I see the old lady at her cooking, and the family squatting round their meals. I know that they feed on little else than millet, and that all their dishes are kept scrupulously clean. In the tiny hall inside the door stands a looking-glass, and here the girls do their hair in the morning and wash in a basin. Papa Tung is very particular about his appearance, and he may be observed

¹ The names of the little dogs are translated phonetically.

titivating at frequent intervals.

But the personalities of Fakumên are not yet exhausted. On the other side of the street is a big compound, with rooms all around in the Chinese fashion. These have been allotted to foreign officers attached to General Nogi's army, and the day after my arrival they ride into Fakumên and promptly find their way to Mr Tung's in search of a cup of tea. The Virtuous Plum and the Little Repayment wait upon them very gracefully, and the Grizzly General, the Heavy Dragoon, the Guardsman, and the Gurkha, are charmed; as also the Count, a German officer, the Pasha, a Turk, Sam, the representative of U.S.A., and mon Colonel of France. It was rather a squash in my room, but tired soldiers can make room anywhere, and the little girls were enchanted with this new game of handing round their father's cups with the foreigners' tea. And while we were so engaged the Padre came to see me. He is a Belfast Irishman, engaged in local combat with Confucianism, Buddhism, Roman Catholicism, and other perversions of the truth, on behalf of the Irish Presbyterian Church. With his wife and baby daughter I conclude my list of residents necessary to this account of how we lived in Fakumên. There are besides perhaps 20,000 Chinese, the celebrated commander of an army corps and his staff, and some thousands of Japanese soldiers. But they are not so

essential to my Fakumên as those I have individually mentioned.

We visitors to Fakumên are here to see fighting, but of this both Russians and Japanese have combined to deprive us. We are, therefore, much thrown upon our environment and upon our neighbours. The battle of Mukden is not long past, and so there is plenty work for us in the mornings, discussing the great event and endeavouring to follow the complicated movements that took place on ground we have been privileged to explore. But the afternoon is devoted to recreation. My tea-parties are a leading feature of the social amenities of our small circle. A large red and blue rubber ball, that had been sent from Japan as a cricket ball, has been presented to the Tung children, and it is an invariable rule that the General and the Dragoon shall devote ten minutes of strenuous exertion to the propulsion of this instrument of torture, in company with the Virtuous Plum and the Little Repayment, ere these young ladies will hand round the tea and buttered scones. The Guardsman and the Gurkha are too junior to join in this game—they are only majors—and so they look on while their seniors play. My cook watches for that moment when the General's breath is exhausted, and opportunely announces that the scones are ready. Papa Tung always joins us at tea, and adds his quota to the conversation through the Guardsman, who

takes lessons from him in Chinese every morning. Perhaps next to the little waitresses the individuals who get most fun and profit out of the tea-parties are Shahoor and company. Shahoor has a trick of sitting up and begging that deflects every second mouthful in her own direction. The other two are not so cheeky, being content to beg from behind the door or out in the passage, often unseen. And their very modesty gains them a fair share of the scones. Mrs Tung, on these occasions, never ventures more than a peep, but if there is any exceptional luxury going, such as a tin of Huntley & Palmer, the little girls never fail to dart round the corner with a sugared-biscuit for the old lady.

In the Padre's compound is a vacant piece of ground which we have had levelled for tennis. The Padre had a net and two rackets, and these appliances, with balls and two more rackets for which we wired to Newchwang, made a great difference to our existence. It is not quite usual to see tennis played in gorgeous uniforms, Wellington boots and spurs. But if you had been in Fakumén in 1905 you might have seen it. The Virtuous Plum and the Little Repayment usually escorted us round to the Padre's, but their interest in tennis was decidedly subordinate to that in the Padre's baby, with whom they were on most intimate terms. Mrs Padre's teas, of course, far exceeded mine in style and politeness, but I maintain that, for *bonhomie* and a cer-

tain Bohemianism, mine were equally acceptable. You can't smoke in a lady's drawing-room; but in my quarters we all smoked, the little girls in particular being very hard on my cigarettes. Papa Tung, poor man, had given up smoking, because of a society he had joined. The rules of the society also prevented him touching liquor or opium, which seems rather hard on an elderly man who has been a bit of a dog in his day. It must require a strong attachment to a society to prevent a man indulging in a smoke when his own wife keeps puffing away at her pipe nearly all day, and his daughters blow cigarette-smoke into his face. But the Chinese are death on societies.

In my room is a brass Buddha sitting in a glass-case, with a highly ornamented candlestick on either hand. Mr Tung comes in to pray to this image morning and evening. None of the rest of the family do it, and he is so regular that I imagine he does a good deal of worship on their account, and that they keep him up to the mark. It shows in any case that he is a pious Chinaman. Occasionally he and I go for a walk round the town—I with my camera, and he dressed in beautiful clean clothes, an umbrella in his hand, and a large jade ring on his thumb. I perceive that he is regarded by the townsfolk as a man of some consequence, for when we enter a tea shop he is greeted on all hands, while he returns compliments with a suavity

that argues long experience of deference. His particular tea-shop charges two cents for as many goes of hot water as you like in half a day. You bring your own tea, and the shop provides you with cups and the little saucer-like utensils that in China they put over the cup while the tea brews. When brewed you pour into another cup, when the original cup is refilled from the kettle. And so the same lot of tea makes an indefinite number of cups. If you stay over half a day in the tea-shop you must pay another two cents, and still more if you don't bring your own tea. But respectable Chinese always carry a little paper packet of their own particular brand, a delicious and highly scented leaf costing about 4s. a-pound.

Tung knows his way about town, for when I express a desire to see an opium-den he readily consents to take me round. We visit half a dozen, and at every one he is known, and I have no doubt that he was a regular customer at one time; so it is all the more creditable that he has been able to break himself off a bad habit. Tung is a Manchu, and his family own property near Fakumên. But owing to the war he has not been able to get his share of the rent. Besides which, his pension as a retired Bannerman has not been paid since hostilities began, this accounting for the millet on which his family is compelled to subsist. After living in the house for some time I discovered that they

were all very hard up, though directly such a thing was never suggested to me. Tung's neighbours occasionally came to see him in the evening,—a schoolmaster, a tax-gatherer, and a brother who is supposed to be a sergeant in the cavalry regiment stationed in Fakumên. But the brother, for some reason, is not with the regiment and gets no pay, and so borrows from Tung.

Every night after dinner I go over to the attachés' house to play bridge with the General, the Dragoon, the Guardsman, and Sam. Before I go I say good-night to the girls, who accompany me to the door with the dogs. Small Chinese dogs will never cross the threshold of their own abodes for fear of being stolen. It is very pleasant to receive so much attention, and if it weren't for the bridge I often would stop at home and play with my youthful and diminutive friends who have become desperately affectionate in those days. But if I remained they would never get to bed. After the bridge, about eleven o'clock, I return and knock at the door. Immediately there is a terrible chorus of barking, which does not cease until Papa Tung has opened the gate and I seize all the tiny disturbers and stifle them inside my jacket. *Hui lai la?*—Have you come back?—comes in sleepy tones from the Virtuous Plum and the Little Repayment, and then I hear the old man coughing and grunting as he endeavours to resume the comfort from which my knocking

disturbed him. Then comes peace, and then a low discreet concert of breathing and snoring. My next recollection is always the shrill voices of the little girls, who, with Shahoor, invariably wake me up in the morning.

The eldest daughter Tsunga, as I have said, was very shy, like seventeen in most countries. For a week I never set eyes on more than the tail of her skirt, on those occasions when I returned unexpectedly. Naturally I was interested, and tried hard to coax her out. But modesty, or perhaps etiquette, was stronger than all my inducements. One day, however, Mrs Padre came to tea, there being present most of my neighbours from the other side of the street. Suddenly in walked the young lady. Papa stood in the middle of the room, evidently ready for her appearance. Introduced to Mrs Padre, she curtsied and took refuge near that kindly person, who perhaps was not sorry to have support among so many men. Then followed formal presentation to the Ying-kuo (English), Fa-kuo (French), and Tuerh-kuo (Turkish) officers, to each of whom she curtsied with outward self-possession but obvious inward trepidation. Then my tea-party proceeded with much animation, the Guardsman rising to the occasion like a true courtier and performing valorously in his broken Chinese, and decidedly amusing the young demoiselle. She showed herself possessed of considerable breeding, not

of the ridiculously formal kind we have been led to associate with China, but of the natural and universal kind. I shall long remember how, on a subsequent occasion, when Mrs Padre was again present, she came into my room and curtsied nicely to us all, except Sam. Then turning to Mrs Padre she said she had not yet made the acquaintance of the Mei-kuo (American) gentleman, whereupon the Padre did the needful, much to Sam's confusion. Indeed there's many a worse school for manners than China.

At this time the Padre was frequently visited by Japanese, both officers and soldiers. Most of them had leanings or connections with Christian matters, but a good number just liked to put in a bit of practice at their English. One of these latter, a corporal, asked if he might bring a few comrades to see the Padre's house, as his regiment came from a remote part of Japan and most of the men had never seen the inside of a European abode. The Padre fixed a day, and at the appointed time his servant reported with alarm that the Japanese army had occupied the compound. Out goes the Padre to investigate. He was relieved to find only fourteen men drawn up at attention, under command of the corporal, who explained that these were his comrades who had come to see the house. The Padre thought them rather a lot, but invited them in with a cordiality worthy of Evangel. Thereupon the corporal roared,

"Right turn!—quick march!" and led off for the door with the goose-step. With the utmost gravity the party inspected the house in single file, no movement being made without an order, and the formation remaining unbroken throughout the visit. The Padre, as they went from room to room, explained things and their uses. In his dining-room hangs a portrait of the Defender of the Faith. This, the Padre pointed out, was the British Mikado. The corporal jumped to attention, saluted the picture, and fell back, explaining to his men who they were confronting. Each soldier then came up in turn, faced the portrait, saluted with a serious countenance, and made way for the next. So quiet and orderly were they, that when the corporal asked to be allowed to bring another batch the Padre consented, and said any day they liked to come. And the very next evening, when the Padre happened to be out, the corporal again paraded a row of men at the front door. Mrs Padre was occupied with putting the baby to bed, and told her servant to let them in and walk round the house. She heard the corporal giving the orders as before, and explaining to the men in Japanese what the Padre had told him on the previous visit. When they came to the nursery, which the corporal had been shown before, the Chinese servant said they couldn't go in there because the lady of the house was using it. But the corporal thought the precedent set by the Padre

himself better than the objection from a Chinese servant, and opened the door and walked in, followed by his men. Mrs Padre was in the midst of that important operation—bathing the baby; and being enveloped in towels and engaged in preventing the child from drowning itself, she felt helpless, particularly as the Japanese language is not numbered among her accomplishments. And so she did nothing but continue the bathing. With the utmost solemnity fifteen hulking young fellows watched the performance to a finish, saw the baby soaped and scraped and dried, dressed in its night-clothes, and then tucked into its crib. Mrs Padre then sat down and began hush-a-bye-babying, beckoning at the same time to the soldiers to go. And they went—every one of them on tiptoe.

The Padre has not been completely successful in inducing the inhabitants of Fakumén to forsake their false gods. But he has earned for himself a very strong position in the town by his manner of life, decency and order in which invariably appeal to the Chinese. Then in these post-Boxer times the foreign missionary holds all the trumps, especially in Manchuria, where several of the persuasion were murdered and Government retribution fell heavily on the people. So the advent of the Japanese found the Padre established as an intermediary between the military authorities and the townsfolk. The position was one of

dignity, but also one of considerable embarrassment, for when the Japanese thought it necessary to chop off a few Chinese heads, the relations came weeping and wailing to the Padre, protesting the innocence of the condemned and praying for intervention. To the believer in fire and brimstone for the defunct heathen the taking of the life of a man without future hope is a serious thing, and in the beginning the Padre bestirred himself. But he found the Japanese as immovable as the Great Wall, and martial law an impenetrable mystery. If the stony-hearted provost-marshal had a suspicion that a Chinaman was fingering Russian money or lending himself to communication with the enemy, then the head of the suspect must roll in the dust. If the innocent suffered, well, it would serve as a warning to the guilty and a deterrent all round. Such a creed was hard for the sympathetic Padre to understand, and he did his best for some time, until he found that more harm than good ensued from his efforts. These were dark days in Fakumén, for many heads fell, and a box in the market-place, wherein an accusation might be placed secretly, gave many a spiteful neighbour his chance.

But in other matters the Padre was very strong. He had long urged on the townspeople the necessity for municipal improvement, and to that end had induced wealthy merchants to spend money. The Japanese on their arrival in-

sisted on sanitary measures and the upkeep of the roads, and to deal with the situation the merchants formed what they entitled The Society for the Return to Good. And they invited the Padre to be president. The society was inaugurated by a feast, attended by the leading residents, and to which the Japanese army sanitary officials were bidden. The Padre made a speech, and gratified his hearers by the news that he had been able to induce the Japanese to make a substantial subscription to the new society. Rich merchants then opened their purses, and a wonderful degree of cordiality was established. After eating was over, the Japanese, according to their custom, went round the table with a bottle and a glass, stopping and drinking healths until prostrated by the overflow of geniality. The Chinese quickly appreciated this amiable proceeding, and emulated their Japanese brethren with no small success. In the midst of all this conviviality the Padre was rather out of it, until he had the wit to seize a huge teapot and a cup, with which he made the round of the table with universal approbation. The saving grace of a teetotaler is to be an Irishman!

But the Society for the Return to Good was a thoroughly business-like organisation. They frequently met to discuss ways and means, and before long Fakumén was a new town. A company of Japanese soldiers killed all the loose dogs, only those being

left which had a label tied round their necks. Shahoor and company at this time were greatly worried by large flat plates of wood depending from their collars, whereof the purpose was not apparent to them. But the writing on the wall had no more significance for Nebuchadnezzar than had the hieroglyphics on her plate for rebellious little Shahoor. Then Tung and his neighbours turned out in their shirt-sleeves, and with spades levelled Little Temple Avenue until you might have played billiards upon it. The society instituted a tax on carters, who were then doing a great business in the transport of army supplies. Innkeepers were appointed collectors, and from every cart which entered their premises they took ten cents, which they wrote in a book, the while explaining the object of the impost. There was no constituted authority behind the society, and no law to support their actions. But the principal men in the town had decided upon this course, the funds were being devoted to practical measures, and the carter paid cheerfully, thereby unconsciously epitomising the national attitude towards reasonable government.

And now I come to an event that shook our small social circle to its foundations. This was no less than an intimation from the Japanese that the house wherein I dwelt so happily was required for army purposes, and that a new billet would be provided for me. I came in one day and found the

Virtuous Plum with a swollen face and red eyes, obviously the worse for tears. The Japanese decision had reached my servants before I had heard of it, and this accounted for her mournful condition. Papa Tung was greatly exercised in his mind lest a batch of possibly ribald soldiery should take my place, while Tsunga contemplated suicide. The old lady went about her work muttering, as do people who are visited by ill-fortune for no apparent fault of their own. Truly it was a melancholy household, of which perhaps none was more melancholy than myself, for I had become attached to my family of children and little dogs, and life in a foreign land without them seemed savourless. And across the street my departure was characterised by Sam, who guessed there'd be no more buttered scones, and nobody to take their money at bridge. The Virtuous Plum and the Little Repayment during one spasmodic burst of weeping joined hands and crept across the street to lay the case at the feet of the General. But that kindly veteran had no more than a hand for the head of each grief-stricken child, the matter being one in which he could not interfere. And so despair reigned in Little Temple Avenue.

When the fatal day came, I was loaded with whatever of the family goods I would take away. The old man's lamp and clock, and a set of pink cups from the old lady's cupboard; a certain table that I

always used, and a piece of carpet that lay beside my bed, were things that would be useful in my new house. I had only to go a couple of streets off, but I might have been going to America or Australia, so many were the offerings, and so sad the leave-takings, which my departure evoked. And when the girls brought me a little basket that contained their pearl of price I nearly wept. If Shahoor hadn't barked angrily at this unusual confinement, just when I was given the basket, I must surely have broken down and joined my tears to theirs.

Not long after my transfer peace was declared between Japan and Russia, and duty called me away from Manchuria and the little town wherein I had spent five months in the combined study of the fiercest and gentlest aspects of human existence—warfare and domestic life. The war has nothing to do with this narrative, but I have tried to explain what manner of folk my Chinese friends were, and how they lived. They live like Chinese, and they are just human beings, possessing the same sympathies and the same emotions, the same weaknesses and the same virtues, as people in other parts of the world. There is, of course,

some difference in degree, some modification of temperament; but that is all that ever distinguishes East from West. The Virtuous Plum and the Little Repayment came to see me often in my new house, and Papa Tung was most solicitous about my comfort. I had tea-parties, and I went to bridge in Little Temple Avenue, but things were never quite the same. Little Shahoor was mournful and lonely, and though on my return at night she raced round my quarters like a demented thing, and nearly ate me for joy, I could not help a feeling of selfishness in having taken her. When I was leaving Fakumên finally I returned all the things that had been lent me from the Tungs' house, but Shahoor they insisted I should take away. I said good-bye at night, meaning to start upon my long ride before dawn. In the grey of the morning I mounted my pony, Shahoor attending me to the street. The man who held the horse had instructions to take her back to Little Temple Avenue so soon as I was gone, and the last I saw of the little mite was her head poked out of the gateway watching me as I rode down the street and round the corner out of sight.

DAVID FRASER.

THE SCOTTISH CHURCHES : A PLEA FOR UNION.

BY HECTOR MACPHERSON.

IN one of the essays of the late Dr Martineau there occurs the following suggestive passage: "It is a law of all long-lived nations that the feuds of history die out, while its deeper unities, after hibernating through some winter of discontent, wake with the returning sunshine and assert their life again." Our national history, notably on the ecclesiastical side, affords an admirable illustration of the working of this historical law. Some feuds are so bitter that it might be thought an impossible task to discover the deeper unity which underlies their fierce antagonisms. Take as example the ecclesiastical feuds of Scotland. When one considers the violence of the controversies which culminated in the Secessions and the Disruption, it would have been difficult to imagine any process by which the deeper unity would be revealed. It was thought that one of the controversies—that which ended in the Disruption—might be healed by the abolition of Patronage. Instead, that measure seemed rather to accentuate the differences among the Churches, and in the case of the Free Church it led to closer agreement with the United Presbyterians, in the view that, short of disestablishment, no solution of the ecclesiastical problem was possible.

It is a remarkable fact that just when the disestablishment idea was making greatest headway in dissenting Church courts, it was losing its attraction among the laity. The reason of this is not far to seek. With the rise of the famous Robertson Smith case, the old question of the relations between Church and State gave place to a new and more far-reaching question, the relation between Church and Bible. Many godly people who cared little for political propaganda had come to wish for the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland, because in their view it was the foster-mother of heresy. Was not the rise of a Broad Church party within the Established Church the best confirmation of the action of the Evangelicals in 1843—action which was dictated perhaps as much by dislike of the Moderates as by the Erastian claims of the State? It was plain from the rise of the Robertson Smith case and the increasing theological laxity of the Disruption and Secession Churches, that Evangelicalism and Dissent were no longer synonymous. The result of this was a distinct fall in the disestablishment temperature in the lay world. In addition to this, there was a distinct lull in the energies of the Broad Church party, and the rise of a more evangelical

spirit in the Establishment. Heresy hunting had become epidemical in the Disruption Church just when in the Establishment a period of theological quiescence had set in. The ecclesiastical controversy in consequence got a set-back. Another cause which operated in the same direction was the quickening of the national conscience in the matter of the social obligations of the Churches. It began to be felt that the phrase "Headship of Christ," which had been the symbol of the battle for spiritual independence, was capable of a deeper interpretation and wider application than had been given to it during the purely ecclesiastical controversy. The ideal of Chalmers, which had fallen into the background at the Disruption, namely, the social mission of Christianity, began to take hold of the clergy and laity of all the Churches. The Headship of Christ came to mean something more than the freedom of the Church from the State: it came to mean the obligation of those who acknowledged that Headship not to rest merely in a national declaration of Christianity, but to use Christianity as a great instrument of social regeneration. With the decay in Scotland of any harassing ecclesiastical grievances came a dislike of purely ecclesiastical controversy over abstract questions, and a yearning for the union of the Christian men in all the Churches in the great work of social reform.

Yet another potent cause of the fall of the disestablishment temperature remains to be noted. In its early days, and indeed until recently, the disestablishment movement received great impetus from the form of political thought known as Philosophic Radicalism. That form of thought originated in a conception of the State which in these days has fallen into disfavour. It was held that the duty of the State ended in securing to the individual liberty of speech, thought, and action, limited only by the rights of other individuals. Mill's book on *Liberty* was the text-book of the school. Freed from all State restrictions and dictation, citizens were to work out their own salvation. The creed of the Philosophic Radicals in its extreme logical form found expression in Spencer's '*Social Statics*,' in which all institutions, from religious organisations and educational agencies to gas-lighting and drainage, were left to voluntary co-operative effort. It is needless to point out how far the Liberalism of to-day has travelled from the Liberalism of Mill and Spencer. Despite his elaborate plea for Individualism, Mill conceded the right of the State to interfere with the hitherto orthodox economic law of the distribution of wealth. If wealth distribution may be regulated by the State, why not the hours and conditions of labour, the education of the children of the nation, &c.? Mill undoubtedly gave

a great impulse to the Socialist movement which is rapidly breaking down the creed of Individualism, which was the chief corner-stone of the old Liberalism.

The new theory of Liberalism was sure sooner or later to enter the ecclesiastical field. As Liberalism became more and more identified with Socialism, it was bound to make little of the old theory that the State had no connection with religion. If the moral condition of the people may become a matter of State concern, why not their religious condition? Up till now Socialism has been antagonistic to the Churches, and consequently, as was seen in the debates on the English Education Bill, Socialism favoured the disassociation of the State from religion. This was due, however, not to the belief that the State should have no connection with religion, but to the fact that present-day Socialists are antagonistic to existing forms of religion. Dr Taylor Innes, in his invaluable 'Church and State,' remarks that under State Socialism the old controversies will arise in new form. In his opinion, "When any part of Europe shall be again swept by a warm wave of belief, the majorities will be strongly impelled on the same general principle of the common good to legislate against irreligion or dissenting minorities." The upshot of the whole matter is, that the trend of Democracy is away from the old Liberal idea of the in-

justice of the State and Church connection, and in the direction of State recognition and encouragement of whatever—be it labour, education, or religion—makes for the well-being of the community.

Thus we find the modern State, under the control of Democracy, adopting principles which involve the conception which in Scotland at the Reformation under Knox found expression in the theory that the State should concern itself with the highest interests of the community. The modern State, after the manner of Knox, has applied it to education; and if it has not applied it to religion, it is not as in the days of the old Liberalism because it was believed to be beyond its sphere, but because of differences about religion itself. Scotland, however, is still Presbyterian, and the differences which exist elsewhere are not so acutely felt. As a result, Democracy in this part of the kingdom, coming more and more under the influence of the new Liberalism, feels less and less inclined to perpetuate an agitation which rests on the old theory that the State has nothing to do with religion. The point here is not whether the new theory of Liberalism is right or wrong; the point is that under new influences there is no longer in Scotland the old fervour for Disestablishment.

On the other hand, there is no longer—at least to the same extent—in the minds of the leading members of the Church

of Scotland belief in the divine right of establishments. Church establishments used to be viewed with a peculiar sacredness, as if there could not be a properly constituted Church unless it were established—hence the Establishment principle. This idea has been completely disposed of by one of the greatest thinkers in the Church of Scotland, Dr Flint. In a lecture on the Church question in Scotland, delivered in Newington Parish Church in 1882, Dr Flint, speaking of the possibility of Presbyterian reunion and the place which the fact of an Establishment principle might occupy in the discussion, said: "There is no principle of Establishment. It is very common, indeed, to speak of such a principle; but those that have done so have either inaccurately used the designation as synonymous with the principle of national religion, or have either in thought confounded Establishment with national religion and fact with principle. Strictly and properly speaking, there is, I repeat, no principle of Establishment." Elaborating his argument, Dr Flint proceeds as follows: "Establishment is not a principle, but simply a fact. It can only be maintained to be an application of the principle of national religion. Applications, however, may vary with times and places, and must conform to circumstances. Establishment of a Church as national may be plainly reasonable and

right at one time and in a given set of circumstances, and at another time in another set of circumstances manifestly absurd and unjust."

The Secessions and the Disruption may be looked upon as historical justification of Dr Flint's view. For the evidence of this we have only to turn to the document published in 1739 by one of Erskine's followers—Wilson of Perth—in defence of the Secession. In that document no quarrel is found with the Establishment, which is considered good in itself, and might be serviceable to religion. The Seceders were quite at one with the Establishment in regard to the national recognition of religion, but in their view the Church of Scotland had become subject to influences which prevented the growth of true religion within her communion. Ebenezer Erskine, in the letter which he wrote in 1735 to the Stirling Presbytery, made it quite clear that he had no abstract objections to the Established Church. He says: "Whenever it shall appear to me that the Established judicatories are heartily adopting the cause of Church purging, and planting their house according to His will and the Solemn Covenant lying upon the land, and giving justice to His oppressed members throughout Scotland, I hope not only to return to communion, but to enter the gates of our Zion with praise." The objection of the Seceders

was founded on their belief that the State, through the Establishment, had encroached on the Spiritual Independence of the Church. They were not Voluntaries; they were impressed with the value of a Church Establishment, but when it came to be a choice between it and Spiritual Independence, they chose the latter. So, too, at the Disruption. Chalmers had no quarrel with Church Establishments. In fact, he believed that in Scotland there could be no vigorous religious life apart from a State Church. By conviction he was no Voluntary. He was driven by circumstances into the adoption of Voluntarism, but he never ceased to have a liking for the Establishment ideal. His love of Spiritual Independence was greater, and, in his eyes, was the supreme object for which the State connection was valued. The idea of Chalmers was that of a State guarding and supporting the Church which in the spiritual sphere was free and unhampered by the State. Indeed the Claim of Right distinctly lays it down as the duty of the State to maintain and support an establishment of religion. This view was held as firmly by those who came out at the Disruption as by those who remained in. The contention of the Disruptionists was that the State in interfering with the elections of ministers had trespassed upon the fundamental principle of Spiritual Independence, and in

order to vindicate that principle they left the Establishment. Spiritual Independence, then, not Establishment, is really the key to the ecclesiastical politics of Scotland. But—and this was what gave point to the Disestablishment movement—if Spiritual Independence is the fundamental principle of Presbyterianism, and if it cannot be secured under the State connection, as the Secession and the Disruption seemed to show, nothing remains but the breaking of the tie between Church and State. This argument, added to the theoretic objections to State religion, derived from the old Liberalism, gave great impetus to the Disestablishment agitation. It was thought that a difference would be made when the State abolished Patronage, but it was felt by Dissenters that Spiritual Independence was not secured so long as the Creed of the Church rested on a Parliamentary basis. With the Confession of Faith a State document, it was held to be idle to talk of Spiritual Independence.

So the question remained till the great ecclesiastical upheaval brought about by the judgment of the Law Lords in the Free Church case. The judgment, though only directly affecting the Disruption Church, raised issues which profoundly concerned the Established Church, the leaders of which seized the opportunity to get theological relief from the State in the matter of the Confession of Faith. The abolition of Pat-

ronage gave the Establishment Spiritual Independence in the election of ministers, and now it has secured Spiritual Independence in the matter of Creed. In other words, the Church of Scotland of to-day has realised the ideal of Knox, Henderson, the Erskines, and Chalmers—that of a Church which, while by its connection with the State it embodies the ideal of national religion, is at the same time free to organise itself theologically and ecclesiastically in obedience to what it believes to be the Will of its Divine Head. At last, in Scotland, after centuries of turmoil, the Headship of Christ has become a reality; and thus, in a striking manner, we find verified the truth of Dr Martineau's remark with which this article opens, that in long-lived nations the feuds of history die out, while its deeper unities come to life again: the conflicting principles of our ecclesiastical life, Church Establishment and Spiritual Independence, have at last been brought to reconciliation.

In two remarkable articles in this magazine—which have been published in pamphlet form¹—Dr Mair gave expression to a feeling which is growing in all the Churches, particularly among the laity, that the time for Union has come. Specially significant is the article in the 'British Weekly' recently by Dr Taylor Innes—an article

which, as coming from such a quarter, augurs well for the Union movement. But Dr Mair and Dr Innes, while dealing with the subject in a high-toned and noble spirit, seem to be afraid of grappling with the kernel of the question, which is this: Is the Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland an essential preliminary to Union? The leaders of the Church of Scotland will never agree to such a preliminary, and if the non-Established Churches insist upon it, Union will be as far off as ever. Suppose we look at the question from another point of view: Is there anything in the Church of Scotland as she now stands which prevents non-Established Churches contemplating union with her on the basis of national recognition of religion? What do we really mean when we talk about national recognition of religion? Do we not mean that at bottom society rests upon the theocratic idea. The Scottish Reformation is sometimes spoken of as a Democratic movement. If by this is meant that John Knox, like George Buchanan, held the view that all power springs from the people, who at the Reformation rose in revolt against Rome and substituted Protestantism as the religion of the majority, the view must be dismissed as erroneous.

Buchanan,—whose portrait adorns the cover of 'Maga,'

¹ The Scottish Churches. Two Papers by the Very Rev. William Mair, D.D., Ex-Moderator of the Church of Scotland. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

—as was natural to a thinker whose mind was steeped in Greek and Roman life, was Republican in sympathy, and confronted monarchical tyranny with the declaration that all power springs from the people. Knox, who drew his political inspiration from the Bible, and whose mind was Hebraic rather than Hellenic, traced power to a source higher than the people. The fact that laws were made by a majority of men, instead of one man, King or Pope, did not guarantee the justness of the laws. The source of law is theocratic, not democratic. "The seat of law," says Hooker, "is the bosom of Almighty God." The duty of a people does not end in giving power to a majority and allowing it to make what laws it pleases. Laws which override certain definite natural rights of man, or which are based on ignorance of the natural constitution of society, are wrong, whether passed by monarch or democrat. How easily Democracy slides into monopoly and despotism is seen in America, whose constitution, originally framed on recognition of the rights of man, is so worked by designing politicians that more is heard of the wrongs than of the rights of man. The truth is, Democracy is sure to become corrupt unless it recognises that its duty consists not in passing laws which will benefit the majority at the expense of the minority, but in making human laws copies of the eternal laws upon which

society rests. The old Hebrews had true insight when they recognised that nations were prosperous only in so far as they recognised that laws had a theocratic basis. As an American writer well says: "The fundamental principle of the Hebraic Commonwealth was that there are great moral laws by which human society is bound together. These laws men neither make nor unmake, mend nor modify. They are not dependent upon the will of monarch, oligarchy, aristocracy, or public assembly. They are eternal, absolute, immutable. We must find out what they are and obey them, or suffer the penalty of our ignorance or our wilfulness. This is the doctrine of the Hebraic Commonwealth. Neither Czar nor Council of Ten, nor British Parliament nor American Congress, can make law. All that man can do, whatever governmental mechanism he adopts, is to ascertain what are the laws of social order and apply them to the problems of his own time and his own community." Start with the idea that all power springs from the people, and you end in a corrupt government like that of America, where might triumphs over right. Start with the Hebraic theory of government which inspired the life-work of Knox, and you reach the view that governments are only truly democratic when they rest on the theocratic idea—in a word, when the laws of legislators are transcripts of the laws of God.

Translated into ecclesiastical language, we get the conception of the Church as an institution which exists on earth as the representative of the theocratic idea that God is the Author of law, which draws its sanction not from the majority of the people, but from religion and morality. Suppose the Church, as the Establishment in Scotland now is, free from the taint of Erastianism, what possible objection can be taken by the non-Established Churches to this form of a national recognition of religion? What, in essence, is an Established Church? Is it not a Church whose ecclesiastical laws are embodied in the civil laws of the State? So long, for instance, as the Church of Scotland was tied to the Confession of Faith, which was a part of statute law, her freedom was nominal, not real. What do we mean by a non-Established Church? We mean a Church whose rule and constitution are the outcome of the voluntary deliberations of the members, entirely unhampered by the civil power. In the Church of Scotland, as the outcome of recent legislation, there is now as great ecclesiastical and religious freedom as in non-Established Churches.

The argument which was popular in the old Voluntary days—that it is wrong to apply public money to religious purposes—has lost its force since the decay of the old Liberalism. In these days of State-aided education and

State-aided science, where is the incongruity of State-aided religion, when dissociated from State control? This is a question which is being asked by many in the non-established Churches; it is asked by many who, like the present writer, are dissenters by birth, temperament, and conviction, and who have no effusive friendliness towards Establishments.

Earnest men who are by no means enamoured of Churches are compelled to admit the necessity of union among religious organisations in face of the serious state of modern society. How can a disunited Church hope to cope with the process of disintegration which is observable in all departments of life. Chalmers, in his day, held it to be the duty of the Church to meet life at all points. In his view the Church should touch the intellectual and the social as well as the religious side of society. The work he did in the sphere of intellect, and notably in moral philosophy and science, evinced his broad views of the relation between intellect and religion. And who can forget his noble efforts to infuse into political economy the spirit of Christianity? With Chalmers Christianity was not the science of other-worldliness: it was a principle of individual regeneration and social organisation, by means of which the Headship of Christ was to mean the supremacy of Christianity in modern life. The Disruption—which need not have taken

place had Scottish opinion instead of English been the determining factor—shattered the ideal of Chalmers. The phrase “Headship of Christ” got narrowed into an ecclesiastical battle-cry, and in the dust and turmoil of controversy the relation of Christianity to all phases of the national life became obscured, with the result that literature, science, political economy, and intellectual and social development generally, have become divorced from Presbyterianism, which, from being the national force which Knox claimed it to be, has degenerated into sectarianism. The Churches are now waking to a sense of their defects, and especially in the matter of social conditions there has been within recent years a quickening of the religious conscience. All sections of Presbyterians are now making persistent efforts to grapple with the terrible conditions under which thousands of people in Scottish towns and villages are living, but, in consequence of our divisions, religious energies in social

reform are sadly dissipated. In material prosperity the age in which we live has made great strides, but on all that pertains to the higher things of the mind and spirit there has fallen the blight of materialism. In presence of the grave dangers which confront society the present fragmentary and jealous sectarianism is not only suicidal on the part of the Church, but is full of peril to society. It behoves all earnest Scotsmen to lay aside their prejudices, to put behind them purely theoretic quibbles about Church and State, and to do their utmost to bring about such a union of Presbyterianism as shall enable the Church to go forward to the great conflict with evil under the banner of union. The only hope for the modern world lies in the union of the theocratic and the democratic elements, and this will only be secured when once more a united Church takes her place as the regenerator and inspirer of human life in its social as well as in its individual aspects.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE KING'S SPEECH—THE PROSPECT OF IRELAND—THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE—THE EARTHQUAKE IN JAMAICA—ENGLAND'S DISLOYALTY TO THE GOVERNOR—OUR RELATIONS WITH AMERICA—JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

A KING'S SPEECH, in style as in substance, does not demand a detailed criticism. Long habit has ordained that a Cabinet in composing this necessarily dry and barren document is not upon its oath. It expresses rather an aspiration than a design, and the comparison of the work of most sessions with the Speech which opened them eloquently illustrates the vanity of human wishes. A year hence we shall be able to test the hopes of our Radicals by the measure of their fulfilment, and in the meantime we may contemplate the Government's progress with an easy satisfaction. Its programme of last year is not yet carried out, and its present ambition, if it be not set aside, will most surely o'erleap itself.

From many uncertainties, one truth emerges: the Liberal Party, as Mr Balfour has pointed out, prefers constitutional to social reform. Though upon the hustings it holds out bribes to the people, it changes its mind when it reaches Westminster. In an instant the people is forgotten, and the one thing necessary seems to be the tinkering of the Constitution. As the Liberals know no reverence, so they delight in abstract theories and

moral (or immoral) maxims. They are like pot-house politicians, whose eloquence outruns their knowledge of affairs, and who believe that they will enhance their own importance by shouting, "Down with everything that's up!" So Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues, instead of redeeming their promises of reform, have resolved to refashion the instrument of government. They are reflecting as deeply as they can upon the House of Lords, and we await the result with composure. They do not wish to change the constitution of the Upper House. In their cynicism they do not conceal their fear that reform might strengthen it. But they intend, if they can, to take away from it the power of veto, and to leave it as the mere symbol of an ancient and august body. That they will succeed in their design is impossible. The Constitution can only be revised after a succession of general elections, and our present Government has neither the courage to dissolve nor the strength to engage upon a constitutional strife, of which its youngest member could not see the end.

At the same time, no Tory will object to Sir Henry's

ambitious policy. There is nothing which will keep the Radicals so effectually out of mischief as a tilt at the House of Lords. Even if so vain a project as this does not drive them from office, it will pass the time innocuously and it will divide their ranks. And then, as if a contest of House against House were not enough, the Prime Minister is resolved, at the same time, to satisfy the aspirations of the Irish Nationalists. The many promises which he and his colleagues made at the general election are already broken. Though Ireland was then kept discreetly in the background, though we were told that the free and independent voters were invited merely to repatriate the Chinamen, who are still toiling on the Rand, it is to a constitutional change in the government of Ireland that the present session will be devoted. The poor Sir Henry is on the horns of a dilemma. If he refrain from the larger policy, he will not satisfy "the legitimate aspiration" of Mr Redmond. If, on the other hand, he satisfies this aspiration, he should alienate the Liberal Imperialists. This last enterprise is difficult enough. Hitherto the stalwarts, who shared Lord Rosebery's solitude in the furrow, have proved themselves inalienable. They have patiently surrendered to the persuasiveness of the ballot-box. At the request of Mr Keir Hardie they left their cherished opinions outside the House of Commons. But on the question of Ireland they

are almost too deeply committed. Recognising the unpopularity of Mr Gladstone's last bill, they pledged themselves to support the principles of the Union. Mr Haldane, who has not yet acquired the cunning without which no Radical statesman is complete, boldly asserted that "it would be a breach of faith to use the votes of Unionist Free-Traders for the purpose of setting up a system of which Unionist Free-Traders did not approve." Sir Edward Grey, with an equal carelessness, declared that "votes given for Free Trade would not be used to introduce Home Rule." Had these two statesmen studied the methods of Mr Gladstone, their revered leader, to better purpose, they would not have put themselves in their present ambiguous position. They would have qualified their statements with so many "ifs" and "ans," that they would have been able to support either side without contradiction. However, time will point out the way of their escape, and Mr Redmond may prove as clever a persuader as Mr Keir Hardie.

For Mr Asquith there is no chance of evasion. He has taken a header, and cannot possibly recover the shore of safety. With a heat which seems a little superfluous, he was induced by Lord Percy to give a definite pledge. "I want to use very plain language with regard to this matter," he said, "and I will, therefore, say this in face of the House. If, when the scheme of the Government is

produced, it contains any provision which, either in letter or spirit, is inconsistent with or is a violation of any pledge, declaration, or assurance that I have ever given, either before or during the general election, —if that is the case, and it can be proved, I will at once resign my position in his Majesty's Government." The speech, in its personal intensity, reminds us of that oration of Burke's, in the course of which he threw a dagger upon the floor of the House; and it is plain that Mr Asquith means business. For his colleague, Mr Haldane, retreat is still possible. Sir Edward Grey may still direct the Foreign relations of Great Britain. But between Mr Redmond and Mr Asquith it is war to the knife; and if the leader of the Irish Party is satisfied, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman must look about him for a new Chancellor of the Exchequer. And if Mr Redmond is not satisfied, why, then, the whole Government will find that its best safety lies in resignation.

But it is by its omissions that the King's Speech is most highly distinguished. By far the most important event of the coming year will be the Colonial Conference, and of this the King's advisers are ominously silent. Their silence is easily intelligible. They dread this Conference as bitterly as they dislike the Colonies. Radicals though they be, they are the determined foes of free speech, and they tremble when they consider the Colonial in-

sistence upon an unpalatable discussion. There is not one of our Ministers that can mention the word "protection" without a blush. They are one and all convinced that there is a kind of indelicacy in the secret thought of tariff reform. They have decided, with a Pecksniffian superiority, that while the Colonies may talk over the matter of preference among themselves, they must not say a word of it to the mother-country. They will not tolerate disloyalty to the sacred principle of Free Trade, spoken or unspoken, and they are sure that a commercial union of England with her Colonies would be an outrage upon their faith. Now if Free Trade were all that Radical fancy paints it, the conduct of his Majesty's Government would be ridiculous. Surely a free discussion could not but reassure the waverers and convert the enemy. Why, with a cause that in their own estimation is perfect, should the Liberal Party dread the simple raising of a plain question? That it will suffer from its timidity is evident. The Colonial Premiers, who do not share the superstition of the Cobdenites, are crossing the ocean not for their pleasure, but for the proper understanding of Colonial policy, and they are not likely to look with a sympathetic eye upon the indoctrinated folly of Mr Asquith. If they are to be gagged when they arrive in London, it would be far better for them to stay at home. Their visit, passed in restraint and solaced only

by the zeal and courage of the Opposition, is not likely to cast a lustre on the Government. The cause of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's silence, therefore, is clear enough. Its absurdity is equally evident. But the policy of the ostrich is not wise. That foolish bird is still visible to the hunter even when its head is deeply buried in the sand.

On the subject of Jamaica, also, the King's Speech was unnecessarily mysterious. It said either too much or too little. A mere distribution of thanks on all sides was not enough. We do not yet know how great is the debt which we owe to America, and until the facts are discovered we have no standard by which to measure our gratitude. Some facts are not in dispute. On January 14, Jamaica, that country of dark romance, was wrecked by an earthquake. Admiral Davis, of the American Navy, hastened "in the cause of humanity" to the spot, and, without the knowledge of the Governor, though with the concurrence of a subordinate, landed armed troops upon the devastated island. Why armed troops should be necessary to fight an earthquake and to assuage the sufferings which it caused, we do not know. As little do we know how the landing of bluejackets could serve "the cause of humanity"; and though it is easy to surmise why the presence of Admiral Davis's men was not acceptable, both sides have agreed, it seems, to say little or nothing

about it. At any rate, Sir Alexander Swettenham's protest is unanswered, and America has been publicly thanked, no doubt, "in the cause of humanity." But the incident suggests several reflections, and distressing as it was on all accounts, it should teach a lesson or lessons which England will find it profitable to learn.

No sooner did the news of the rebuff administered by Sir Alexander Swettenham to the American Admiral reach England than the whole press of the country arose in its majesty against the English Governor. The press did not wait to make inquiries. Its mind was made up on the spot. Our representative was guilty of outrageous conduct. Of that there was and could be no doubt. Some critics attributed his action to drunkenness, others to an ungovernable malice. The Ministers were not much more loyal than the press. Mr Haldane, for a reason which is not apparent, hastened to make a public apology. But no one had a word to say in favour of the Governor; no one dared to express appreciation of a brave man, sorely tried by calamity and impertinence. It was clear to all that Sir Alexander Swettenham had repelled kindness by insult; it was clear also that the bluejackets of Admiral Davis were mild-mannered gentlemen, swayed by nothing else than "the cause of humanity," and there was an end of it.

But it was not quite the end.

Presently there returned from Jamaica some travellers who knew the truth, and who are not swayed by the common superstition. Their testimony in Sir Alexander's favour was unanimous. Where there are so many voices, it is difficult to choose one, but we will let Mr Hamar Greenwood speak, because he is a Canadian who understands the difficulties of colonial government, and a Liberal who is untainted by the vice of jingoism. And this is his opinion. "As to the tone and diction of the Governor's letter to the American Admiral," he writes, "I can only say this, that the Governor would be the last man to cause offence, and the puerile criticism of the terms of the letter under the frightful conditions then existing is simply the latest case of the criticism of the strong man in the firing-line by the fool in the arm-chair at home. Is it come to this, that the might and majesty of the British Empire is to be prostituted to an outburst of Yankee bosh? No one who was not on the very verge of hell can for a moment understand the tremendous strain on the Governor and every one else for at least forty-eight hours after the calamity."

The plain truth is not likely to have an instant effect. There seems to be a disease in the temperament of Englishmen which persuades them to surrender their champions at the first breath of suspicion. The leader-writers at home did not pause to consider Sir Alexander's anxiety or provoca-

tion. They did not remember that the sudden apparition of a foreign force in a place of panic might have a disastrous effect upon the native populace. They did not ask what feeling the Jamaican negro had for the American bluejacket. They did not trouble to analyse "the cause of humanity," of which we hear so much upon paper and see so little in common life. They were content to take the text of a letter, not intended for publication, and written in a moment of unspeakable stress, and to condemn the writer unheard and undefended. Time and knowledge have happily put Sir Alexander Swettenham right in the eyes of the world. But the injustice was bitter enough to bear, and its memory will not soften the lot of our public servants. In every part of the globe there are devoted Englishmen who give their lives for their country. Their pay is no bigger than their chance of distinction. They do their duty in silence and without complaint, and the least reward they can expect is that their actions should not be always misinterpreted. Self-sacrifice demands appreciation, and if we permit press and politicians to insult the governors of our colonies and dependencies, we shall be unable to find brave and wise men willing to undertake the thankless and arduous task of foreign service. It is not for money, but for patriotism, that these men live and work and die; and their patriotism will not for ever survive the harsh criticism of Little Englanders, who are

convinced that the man on the spot is always wrong, and that an indelible blot always besmirches the fair fame of him who serves his country in war or in peace.

Had the Admiral, desirous of serving the cause of humanity, been other than an American, the condemnation of Sir Alexander Swettenham would have been less eloquent. But for more than a century we have treated America as a favoured nation. We have accepted insults at her hand without a murmur. We have permitted her Presidents, in search of votes, to indulge in the popular pastime of twisting the lion's tail, and have not complained. We submitted to the injustice of the Geneva award in politic silence; and Radical statesmen, intent upon an emotion, have found a pride in the sad memory of the Alabama. Whenever there has been a dispute between England and America, England has submitted with the best possible grace; nor has she hesitated to sacrifice her Colonies to her friendship with the United States. In defence of this inveterate policy, she has found no other excuse in public than that blood is thicker than water,—a meaningless maxim,—and has attempted to defend her weakness by an impracticable sentiment.

It was, indeed, in obedience to this sentiment that the people of England hailed Admiral Davis as a deliverer. But at least it may be argued that hitherto the sentiment has masked a far stronger feeling.

It is not merely in obedience to a theory of blood and water that we have preserved an obsequious demeanour towards America. We have remembered that the coast of Canada is long to defend, and that the Atlantic Ocean is not crossed in a day. It has, therefore, seemed prudent to keep inviolate our friendship with America. But there is no longer a sound excuse for what once seemed to be prudent. The constitution of the New World has been suddenly changed. The rise of Japan has persuaded America to attempt the solution of a fresh problem. She is no longer supreme upon the Pacific coast. Our new ally is a just and powerful counterpoise. The marvellous growth of Canada has been matched by the growth, no less marvellous, of Japan. It was an easy sport, when no rival threatened, to twist the lion's tail; and though no doubt there were circumstances in the dispute between Sir Alexander Swettenham and Admiral Davis which made the Americans unwilling to continue the discussion, it is evident that the old-fashioned policy of bluff will be less widely popular in the future than in the past. The change will be for the better on both sides. It is only upon equal terms that two great nations can approach one another. We do not suppose that America appreciated very highly our attitude of acquiescence. It is easier to quarrel with a man than to agree with a toady; and now that the only sound

reason for cant is removed, we look forward to the foundation of a better understanding between England and America than has hitherto been possible.

At present Japan is an unknown country, and unknown it will remain to the West for many generations. We have, as yet, no means of judging the strange folk with which we are allied. We have a profound knowledge of its arts. The externals of its life are familiar to all those who choose to study it. If we will, we can wrestle like the Japanese; we can learn to distinguish one school of painting from another; we can even acquire the rudiments of the language. And when all this is done, what do we know? The most striking fact in a striking book, lately published, 'The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn,' is Hearn's confession of failure to understand the Japanese character. Few Europeans have ever had Hearn's opportunity of observation, and of those who have had, not one has possessed Hearn's talent for sympathy and sensitiveness to impressions. A man of genius, almost devoid of prejudice, loving the surface of Japanese life with ardour, married to a Japanese wife, he is forced to acknowledge an ignorance of the people. "Oh! *you* talk of being without intellectual companionship!"—thus he writes to a friend—"O ye Eight Hundred Myriads of Gods! What would you do if you were me? Lo! the illusion is gone!—Japan in

Kyushu is like Europe,—except I have no friend. The differences in ways of thinking, and the difficulties of language, render it impossible for an educated Japanese to find pleasure in the society of a European. Here is an astounding fact. The Japanese child is as close to you as a European child—perhaps closer and sweeter, because infinitely more natural and naturally refined. Cultivate his mind, and the more it is cultivated the *farther you push him* from you. Why? Because there the race antipodalism shows itself. As the Oriental thinks naturally to the left where we think to the right, the more you cultivate him the more strongly will he think in the opposite direction from you. Finis sweetness, sympathy, friendship."

This clear and definite opinion was not expressed by a wandering tourist or a travelling journalist, but by one who judged Japan after a long and intimate experience. If Hearn could not understand the Japanese mind, to whom shall the understanding be given? He was gifted beyond other sons of men for the appreciation of strange peoples. A travelling poet, a gipsy artist, he had lived under many skies, he had been tanned by many suns. He did not entertain the narrow views of the West. The cant of equality and natural rights was odious to him. "Now, to talk to people who know nothing of social science, of political economy,

of ethical ideas in their relation to eternal truths," he says somewhere,—“to talk to such people of their *rights*, is like giving a new-born baby a razor to play with. Or putting a loaded revolver in the hands of a mischievous child. Or inviting a crowd of urchins to make a bonfire in the immediate vicinity of ten thousand barrels of gunpowder. And the Oriental knows this.” Hearn knew it too. He knew as well as the best Oriental that it was better to speak of duties than rights; and knowing this, he was still ignorant of the true nature of the Orient.

But though with the candour of an honest man he confessed his ignorance of the Japanese character, he yet remains the best writer on Japan that the West has ever sent forth. His quick imagination, his fine sense of words, enabled him to describe what he saw with a truth and artistry that are denied to the most of men. His strange descent, the many years of wandering which preceded his arrival in Japan, made him apt for the accomplishment of his task. He imparted something of his own temperament to all that he wrote. And though he succeeded in drawing beautiful pictures of a strange country, he owns how much of his own colour and fancy he put into his work. He confesses that to live in Japan is “like escaping from an almost unbearable atmospheric pressure into a rarefied, highly oxygenated medium.” The escape, pleas-

ant as it was, was not without its drawback. “How much one loses!” he says. “Never a fine inspiration, a deep emotion, a profound joy, or a profound pain—never a thrill or, as the French say so much better than we, a *frisson*. So literary work is dry, long, hard, dead work.” His own work escaped the coldness of Japan. Thrill, or *frisson*, is its very essence. But the thrill was natural to him, and had he stayed, as he once wished, in a Latin country the thrill would have intensified with the years.

That such a man as Hearn should have eaten out his heart as a professor of English in Japan is not a credit to our patronage of literature. He wrote for a few, and for the sake of his work, and his fame will grow year after year now that it can no longer solace him. Miss Bisland has written his life and edited his letters with a sympathetic hand. She has wisely suppressed herself as much as possible, and let Hearn tell his own story. And an enthralling story it is. Hearn, like so many men of imagination, was not always a sound judge of books and events. He praised the wrong Arnold, and he was a devoted disciple of that eminent exponent of the commonplace—Herbert Spencer. But we would forgive him far worse aberrations than these. For he was a man of genius, who, though he lived in the cold and rarefied atmosphere of Japan, dipped his pen in the fire of the coloured South.

FOREIGN TRAWLERS AND TERRITORIAL WATERS.

IN an Empire such as ours, whose coasts are washed by many seas, and whose maritime interests and fisheries are the greatest in the world, it is not surprising that questions should arise from time to time with one or other of our neighbours as to the rights of fishery or the extent of territorial jurisdiction on our coasts or on theirs. At the present moment we are involved with Newfoundland and the United States as to the interpretation of a fishery treaty—one of that peculiar group of North American treaties which, as Pitt predicted, have proved a fertile source of international embarrassment and dispute. Once more, for the second or third time, we are endeavouring to force a three-mile limit upon reluctant Spain—on this occasion in favour of British trawlers fishing on the Spanish coast. And in contrast to this the Supreme Criminal Court of Scotland has recently decided that, under a British statute, foreigners as well as subjects are debarred from trawling within the Moray Firth, a great Scottish bay, far beyond the three-mile limit, and it may be up to twenty-five miles or more from its shores. In coming to this conclusion, so contrary to current ideas on the subject, the Court held that the prohibition was express and unqualified; that it applied to a precisely defined area—namely, an arm of the

sea, *inter fauces terræ*, which was not proved to be outwith the territorial jurisdiction of this country, and might well be within it, both under Scots Law and the Law of Nations; and that it was unreasonable to suppose that the Legislature had resolved deliberately to impose a futile restriction upon its own countrymen, and at the same time to create a hurtful monopoly in favour of foreigners and so defeat the object of the statute.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the judgment refers to the North Sea Convention of 1882, in which the “exclusive right of fishery” along the North Sea coasts of the signatory Powers—thus including the Moray Firth—is defined as extending to three miles from low-water mark or from a base-line across the mouth of bays where the width does not exceed ten miles. It has generally been supposed that this limit also represented the extent of the territorial jurisdiction of the neighbouring State over the fishing operations of foreigners, or at least of foreigners to whom the Convention applied. But this was not the view taken by the Court. A distinction of great importance was drawn, apparently for the first time, between the exclusive right of fishing under the Convention and the right of the adjoining State to regulate the fisheries off its coasts, so long as sub-

jects and foreigners are treated alike. Exclusive fishing privileges, as defined by convention, said Lord Kyllachy, are one thing; territorial jurisdiction, proprietary or protective, is a different thing. "There is certainly nothing in the Convention," he added, "which in the least conflicts with the right of the several contracting nations to impose, each of them within its territorial limits (whatever these are), restrictions universally applicable against injurious practices or modes of fishing, such as are by this statute and by-law imposed here." The case, it may be noted, concerned a Norwegian trawler, or rather one of a fleet of trawlers maintained by English capital, but registered in Norway to evade the statute and enable them to fish habitually in the Moray Firth; and no treaty exists with Norway as to the rights of fishery. It was not, however, decided on this ground, the law being held to apply equally to subjects of States signatory of the Convention.

The decision of the Scottish Court, representing the unanimous opinion of a full bench of twelve judges, is unquestionably of great interest, both from an international point of view and with respect to the preservation of the sea fisheries. It comes at a time when, chiefly owing to the enormous development of steam trawl-fishing in Western Europe and the impoverishment of the older fishing-grounds, there is a general feeling among re-

sponsible authorities in this and other countries that the limit of three miles at present usually enforced is too restricted. Experience has shown that the opinion prevalent a generation ago, that the piscatory resources of the sea are inexhaustible, is not well founded. There is not now a single maritime country in Europe in which unrestricted liberty of fishing is permitted, and the tendency everywhere is to increase the stringency of the regulations and to extend them farther from the coast. It is in the North Sea, where trawling has been chiefly developed, that the effects of over-fishing are most marked. Experts have computed that the aggregate fishing-capacity of the modern fleets is approximately equal to 10,000 of the old sailing smacks, and that the area of the sea-bottom daily swept by their trawl-nets exceeds 1500 square miles. With such an enormous increase in the means of catching fish, it is not to be wondered at that the old grounds have shown signs of exhaustion. For many years trawlers have complained of a growing scarcity of valuable flat-fishes, which they attribute to the wholesale destruction of the small and immature forms in the neighbourhood of the coast. These complaints have been borne out by the inquiries of Select Committees of Parliament, and by official statistics, which show that the quantity of fish taken by English trawlers from the North Sea was less in 1905 than in 1903 by more than a million cwts.—

a decrease partly due to the trawlers forsaking the North Sea. It is agreed on all hands that the wasteful destruction of immature flat-fishes by trawling cannot be obviated by dealing with the mesh of the net or with the fish after capture, but only by putting a stop to that mode of fishing on the grounds where such fish are abundant. The trawl-owners attempted to do this in a direct manner in 1890 by voluntarily agreeing to abstain from fishing within a large and precisely defined area, of more than 5000 square miles, off the German and Danish coasts, where small flat-fishes abound. This arrangement breaking down, they endeavoured to get an Act passed to make the sale of immature flat-fishes illegal, their argument being that if this were done, trawling on the area in question would be unprofitable, and would consequently cease. Since then several Bills with this object in view have been introduced, but all have failed to become law, mainly because it was felt to be extremely problematical whether a general enactment of the kind would secure the cessation of trawling on the continental area without injuriously affecting the fisheries on our own coasts, and raising the price of fish. There thus remains as the only feasible alternative the direct closure of the grounds, as first proposed by the trawlers; and this was the method advocated by the Committee of 1900, who recommended that no effort should be spared by the Government to arrange for international treatment of the

subject generally, and especially for the regulation of the North Sea area. The earlier Committee of 1893 also recommended international regulations, but in another and a better way. They came to the definite conclusion that the three-mile limit was insufficient for effectively controlling the operations of fishermen and securing the protection of spawning and immature fish, and that for fishery purposes alone the limit should be extended on an international basis, so that each country might discharge these duties in the waters immediately adjacent to its coasts, and they "earnestly" recommended that a proposition on these lines should be submitted to an International Conference of the Powers. It is known that in 1895 the Dutch Government invited the Powers to agree to an extension of the territorial waters to a distance of twelve miles from the coast, and in the same year a British Act was passed extending jurisdiction over trawling on the coast of Scotland to thirteen miles from the shore, provided the States which signed the North Sea Convention accepted it as binding on their own subjects; but, inasmuch as no papers dealing with these matters have been laid before Parliament, it is uncertain what reception was given to the Dutch proposal by the British Government, or how far they have gone in giving effect to the recommendations of the Committees of the House of Commons or of the statute of 1895.

That there is a general need

of regulating trawling beyond three miles from the coast is shown by recent practice in several countries. Our own Legislature, either directly or through the Departments concerned, has prohibited this method of fishing in Scotland and Ireland in considerable areas outside that distance. In Spain and Portugal it is interdicted within six miles, and in Austria and Italy within five miles, of the shore, and almost all countries in which it is practised have forbidden it within the waters under their immediate control. Of late years the conditions have become aggravated. Owing to the impoverishment of the North Sea the trawlers are deserting it and flocking to the less exploited grounds on foreign coasts, their operations now extending from the White Sea and Iceland to the coasts of Spain, Portugal, and even Morocco. An increasing proportion of the trawled fish landed comes from distant waters—in 1905 it amounted on the east coast of England to nearly two million cwt., or over 30 per cent of the whole. It is therefore not surprising that many foreign authorities are apprehensive that what has happened in the North Sea will happen sooner or later on their own coasts, and desire in the interests of their own fisheries and fishermen that the trawlers should be kept from encroaching too near their shores.

It is very commonly supposed that jurisdiction over foreign fishermen cannot apply beyond three miles from

the coast, either because of the existence of international agreements, in which the boundary of exclusive fishing is placed at that distance, or because it is the limit recognised by international law. Neither assumption is well founded. Fishery conventions between certain foreign nations exist in which a greater distance is specified, as between Spain and Portugal, Denmark and Sweden, Austria and Italy; while those in force on our own coasts affect only a small number of States, and that unequally. These conventions are four in number: two were concluded with France, in 1839 and 1867; one with Belgium in 1852; and the last, usually known as the North Sea Convention, with those Powers, and with Germany, Denmark, and the Netherlands, in 1882. In all of them the definition of the exclusive fishery limit is the same, three miles from low-water mark, with a ten-mile base-line for bays, but the extent of coast to which it refers is not the same in each. In those with France and Belgium it applies "along the whole extent of the coasts" of the signatory Powers, whereas in the North Sea Convention, though these words are also used, it has been decided by legal authorities that it is restricted to the coasts of the North Sea to which the Convention is confined. As these are the only international treaties on the subject, the position at present is obviously anomalous. With regard to France

and Belgium, the three-mile limit is in force on all the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland. As concerns the other Powers named, Germany, Denmark, and the Netherlands, it is in force only on the eastern, or North Sea, coasts. On the other coasts of England and Scotland, and on the whole of the Irish coast, the boundary of exclusive fishing with respect to all countries but France and Belgium is undefined, and falls to be determined by the general principles of international law. This is also true of all other nations, as, for example, Norwegians, Swedes, and Spaniards, on all parts of the British and Irish coasts; it is equally true of British trawlers on the coasts of foreign States with which no convention exists. In all such cases the boundary must be determined by the principles of international law.

One of the established principles of international law is that the exclusive fishing belongs to a State up to the boundary of its territorial waters. It is admittedly open to any Government, in the absence of agreements to the contrary, to enforce that right on any part of its coast. If the opinion of the Scottish Court is rightly founded, a State may even prohibit the subjects of another nation with which a treaty defining the limits of exclusive fishing exists from practising a mode of fishing beyond these limits, provided the prohibition applies equally to subjects and is within the territorial sea. It

thus becomes important to understand what the true limits of the territorial sea are — a subject about which a good deal of confusion has gathered. Unfortunately, little or no guidance is to be obtained from the positive acts or declarations of States. It does not appear that any European Government in modern times has formally and deliberately defined the absolute extent of the neighbouring sea it claims as pertaining to it, though for certain purposes, proprietary or jurisdictional, particular limits have been laid down by most. From very early times a distinction has been drawn between waters more or less landlocked by the territory of the State, as bays, gulfs, and arms of the sea, and the sea washing an open coast. With regard to the former, there is no general rule to determine what is and what is not territorial, and the practice of nations has by no means been uniform. Each State deals with its bays in its own way, so far as it is enabled to do so with reference to other Powers. By the old common law of England, bays, gulfs, and arms of the sea, “within the *fauces terreæ*,” where one shore can be “reasonably discerned” from the other, are regarded as within the body of a county, and thus territorial; and by the former law and practice in Scotland all the great firths were territorial, so far as concerned the exclusive right of fishery. In like manner the great bays on the English coast, or so-called King’s Chambers, in-

cluding the whole of the Bristol Channel, were declared to be territorial in relation to neutrality. In the absence of modern cases to test the vitality of these rules, it is uncertain whether a claim to such extensive jurisdiction would now be generally asserted, though it may be noted that by a recent decision the upper part of the Bristol Channel, where the width is about thirty-seven miles, was shown to be territorial. In most fishery conventions the bays reserved for exclusive fishing do not exceed ten miles in width at the mouth; in those between Spain and Portugal the extent is twelve miles, which is also the fishery limit lately recommended by the Institut de Droit International. In the interpretation of the North American treaties this country has in practice departed from the original claim to the exclusive fishing in all bays, irrespective of the distance between the headlands, and a six-mile limit is now in force, "temporarily and as an act of grace," except with regard to the Bay of Chaleur, which is held to be territorial and has a width at the entrance of over fourteen miles. Other instances of wide bays decided to be territorial are the Bay of Conception in Newfoundland, and Delaware and Chesapeake Bays in the United States, while Granville Bay, on the French coast, over seventeen miles wide, was reserved for French fishermen by the Convention of 1839. Norway, moreover, claims all the fjords on its coast, including the Vestfjord, at the Lofotens,

which is about fifty miles in width, and has successfully maintained its right to the exclusive fishing within them in negotiations with other Powers.

On the whole, it may be said that, in the absence of treaties, there is nothing in the Law of Nations to prevent a State from exercising jurisdiction over wide bays which are clearly *inter fauces terræ*, or "within land." In any case, by the fundamental rule governing the delimitation of the territorial sea, a nation has an admitted right to claim as territorial such bays as can be defended from its shores. From the great power of modern artillery the areas thus brought under control may be extensive. It is interesting to note that on the coast of Scotland the rule would practically restore the old limits of exclusive fishing, including the Minch and all the firths, with the exception of a small part of the Moray Firth at its entrance.

With respect to the marginal sea washing an open coast, it is popularly supposed in this country that the limit under international law is three miles from the shore; but it is not difficult to show both historically and by reference to accredited publicists that the true principle which determines the extent is that just mentioned—the range of cannon. It was first definitely proposed in 1702 by Cornelius van Bynkershoek, an eminent Dutch judge. Taking advantage of an international custom which had grown up for a ship to salute whenever it came

within range of a fort on a foreign shore, he applied the principle in theory to the whole open coast of a State, whether fortified or not. The dominion of the territory was thus conceived as extending as far, and only as far, as projectiles could be thrown from the land, so that exclusive possession could be taken of the part commanded. In the latter part of the century—a period of almost continuous maritime wars—this principle became the rule with regard to neutral waters, and took firm root in international law. Quite a series of edicts and international treaties embodied it, to some of which Great Britain was a party. In practice, however, there was a difficulty. The range of guns varied, and though the distance was usually determined by a “large gun of battery,” there was no certainty that it would be everywhere the same. It was thus an advantage when a fixed distance was substituted for cannon-range, so long as it actually represented it. In 1782 an Italian writer, Galiani, pointed out that three miles was the farthest distance that any gun could throw a ball, and when war broke forth between Great Britain and France in 1793 this was the limit enforced, for the first time, by the American Government, and for the same reason, that it was “the utmost range of a cannon ball.” It was, however, only “provisionally adopted,” and was not always adhered to. What more than anything else gave currency to the three-mile doctrine were the decisions of Sir

William Scott (afterwards Lord Stowell) in the British High Court of Admiralty at the beginning of last century with reference to the capture of prizes by British cruisers. “We all know,” he said, quoting Bynkershoek’s famous aphorism, “that the rule of law on this subject is *terrae dominium finitur ubi finitur armorum vis*; and since the introduction of firearms that distance has usually been recognised to be about three miles from shore”—a statement generally quoted by English and American writers as authority for the rule. Thus originating in questions of neutrality, it was applied to fisheries by Great Britain after the war with the United States in 1812, vessels of that nation being excluded from fishing within one marine league of British territories in North America,—a prohibition inserted, with certain exceptions, in the treaty of 1818. Since then it has been adopted in various fishery conventions, and very generally applied by other countries (though with important exceptions), as the boundary of exclusive fishing.

But the three-mile limit in its origin and development is an Anglo-American doctrine which has never been incorporated into the general international law of Europe. An extensive review of the writings of accredited publicists shows that practically all agree that the range of guns is the historical basis of the delimitation of the territorial belt; and the majority, as Schmalz, Klüber, Ortolan, Hautefeuille,

Bluntschli, Massé, Lawrence, Pistoye and Duverdy, Pradier-Fodéré, Perels, Desjardins, de Martens, Aschehoug, and others, adhere to it as the only true rule. The acceptance of Bynkershoek's doctrine logically implies that the range of artillery at any particular period governs the extent of the territorial sea at that period, and many authorities, as Ortolan, Lawrence, Perels, Desjardins, Harburger, and de Martens, accept this view in its absolute form. Others, while admitting it as proper and reasonable, think that a mutual arrangement is first of all desirable or necessary, or that it applies specially to neutrality. Very few are of opinion that the three-mile limit has become established in international jurisprudence as the legal boundary. Calvo and Phillimore were the most important authorities who took this view; but both thought the extent too small, and that it ought logically to be increased owing to the greater range of modern artillery,—an opinion which is shared by Bishop, Woolsey, Fiore, Hall, and all recent writers. Lately, after exhaustive consideration, the Institut de Droit International and the International Law Association, representing the chief European publicists, have reaffirmed cannon-range as the public law of Europe. As this distance was, however, thought to be now too great for the exercise of all sovereign rights, they recommended its restriction to questions of neutrality. For other purposes, especially for the regu-

lation and preservation of sea-fisheries, it was agreed that the limit of three miles ordinarily in use was inadequate and should be extended, the distances proposed varying from five to ten miles, and that finally adopted in the Rules drawn up was six miles, partly in order that European practice might be made uniform with that already existing in Spain and Portugal. But until an international arrangement of the kind is concluded, it is held that a State has an incontestable right, in the absence of treaties, to declare as its territorial sea the waters that may be dominated by guns on its coast. It must be borne in mind that when the three-mile limit was introduced, and for long after, it was identical with the farthest range of artillery, and was thus sufficient to secure to neutrals that their coasts should not be violated by the operations of belligerents carried on beyond that distance; while at the same time it measured the extent of the protection they were bound to afford to the vessels of one belligerent from attacks by the other. These are the most vital attributes of the territorial sea; and now that guns throw shells fifteen miles and more, the three-mile limit is, *ipso facto*, obsolete for either purpose.

From the foregoing it will appear that, however general the usage of some countries may have been, the three-mile limit is not now the boundary under international law. The practice of nations, moreover,

is by no means uniform. That of the United States, in particular, has been inconsistent. When her interests required her to secure as narrow a width as possible, no nation could be more insistent on the marine league as the only limit sanctioned by the Law of Nations. On other occasions, when the aim was the opposite, she has displayed a singular versatility in discovering in the Law of Nations, or the laws of nature, just such principles as suited her case, at one time claiming the vague and wandering "boundary" of the Gulf Stream, at another, the whole of Behring Sea. British practice has been more uniform; but our Government has several times discussed or proposed wider limits. And since the increase in the power of artillery manifestly altered the extent of appropriation, great care has been taken in statutes involving the territorial sea to reserve sovereignty to the utmost distance allowed by international law or necessary for the security of the realm. Such reservations are ample, explicit, and reiterated in the Territorial Waters Jurisdiction Act, for example, which, often ineptly cited, merely extended criminal jurisdiction

over foreigners for offences committed on the "open sea" within a league of the coast; bays in England being left under the common law on the principle already explained, the range of vision, and in Scotland, presumably under Scots law—i.e., "within land." Lord Halsbury, the late Lord Chancellor, who had charge of the Act in 1878, has since explained that in drafting it "they took care specially to avoid any measurements; the distance was left at such limit as was necessary for the defence of the realm; then the exact limit was given for the purpose in view." Again, in the Act putting in force the North Sea Convention, care is taken not to confound the exclusive fishery limits under international law with the limits "defined by the terms of any convention, treaty, or arrangement for the time being in force" with any foreign State. In the absence of such agreement the extent is left to international law; and this, as shown above, and declared by the late Lord Salisbury in 1895, means the range of guns from the coast.¹

Still more important is the fact that four maritime nations, possessing more than half of

¹ Lord Salisbury said (6th May 1895—Hansard, vol. xxxiii. p. about 504): "Great care had been taken not to name three miles as the territorial limit. The limit depended on the distance to which a cannon-shot could go." Mentions that a cannon was fired on Jubilee Day which carried twelve miles.

The Lord Chancellor (Lord Herschell), who followed, said: "He was far from saying that three miles was to be the limit of territorial waters for all time. Originally the distance was fixed by gun-shot, and it was always said that the distance a gun could fire to was three miles. How far this principle was to be extended, whether it was to be extended indefinitely, was a question for consideration, and it was a question which would not be without its difficulty." Mentions a gun at Shoeburyness which fired a distance of thirteen miles.

Lord Halsbury followed, as quoted.

the western coasts of Europe, reject the one-league boundary and enforce wider and older limits—viz., Spain, Portugal, Norway, and Sweden. They are weak States, it is true; but all the more are they entitled to rely upon a just interpretation of the Law of Nations when their national rights are infringed. Spain and Portugal claim a boundary of six miles, and they have always resisted, as far as they could by diplomatic means, the attempts of stronger Powers to impose upon them the one-league limit. Of late years their coasts have been frequented by English trawlers, who have refused to be bound by the national laws. In this course, according to their statement, they are supported by our Foreign Office, which has informed them that the Government did not recognise any claims of the Spanish or Portuguese Governments to exercise jurisdiction over British vessels beyond the three-mile limit. Now the unhappy spectacle is witnessed of the national vessels being kept six miles off, while foreigners trawl within the territorial waters up to three miles from shore. Nevertheless the Spanish Government is absolutely within its right. The six-mile limit is the national limit, introduced when the three-mile doctrine was still within the womb of time; it is inscribed in treaties; it is in perfect conformity with the Law of Nations, which allows more; it is the limit now recommended by European publicists for all countries. No wonder that the Spaniards

feel indignant. Great meetings have been held in Spain and Portugal to protest against the invasion of their waters by foreign trawlers, and to demand an international conference to fix an equitable limit.

The territorial waters of Norway and Sweden are greater than those of the Iberian States, owing to the method of measurement—namely, four miles from the shore or from a line connecting the outermost isles or rocks not permanently submerged. On some parts of the coast the space thus appropriated reaches to twelve miles from land. Norway also claims all the fjords, at least two of which are of large dimensions. The right to these extensive waters is, as in the case of Spain, based on long prescription, treaties, the Law of Nations, and national necessity. It is denied that the marine-league limit is established in international law. The Scandinavian States have always rejected it, and they refused to sign or adhere to the North Sea Convention on this ground. Special stress is laid on the moral reasons. Inhabiting a sterile land, from which the most patient husbandry enables them to raise but scanty crops, the Norwegians have been blessed by Providence with a wealthy shore. The chief part of their subsistence is drawn from the sea, "with which they wage a desperate war in the darkness and tempests of winter and spring to gain their daily bread"; always with toil and hardship, too often with disasters which leave their homes

desolate. It is held to be only just that this natural source of food should be preserved for the poor native fishermen, so long as the plain rights of other nations are not violated. The argument in conjunction with the facts above stated seems unanswerable; and Norway has been more happy than Spain in having her rights respected by other Powers. France, in particular, whose traditional policy towards foreign fishermen has always been humanitarian, accepted these arguments when French vessels wished to fish in the Vestfjord, and did not insist on a three-mile limit being observed. Hitherto, Norwegian waters, which are rocky and deep, have been practically free from foreign trawlers; and Norway has no trawlers of her own, unless the English vessels registered there to fish in Scottish firths and landing their fish at English ports be so regarded. But within her wide territorial bounds, areas suitable for trawling are sure to exist; and now that English trawlers, having impoverished the North Sea and devastated many coasts, are eagerly searching for virgin grounds, they will be discovered sooner or later. The British Government will then have to decide whether to insist on imposing the obsolete three-mile limit on the Norwegians. But if Norway wishes other Powers to respect the wide waters she claims for the sole benefit of her own fishermen, she must be prepared to extend reciprocal treatment to them. Thousands of Scottish fishermen

around the Moray Firth also have a hard struggle to earn their daily bread, and are as much entitled by international equity to be "protected from the intrusion of foreign vessels with large capital at disposal" as are Norwegians, who claim that privilege for themselves. These men have suffered, and now suffer, from the action of Norway in lending her flag to English capitalists, knowing it is to be used to evade a British law. For the "foreign" trawlers, who abandoned the Moray Firth after the decision of the High Court, have now returned, under circumstances and with a sequel that suggest a carefully rehearsed plan. A week or two ago the "flag-masters" of several of these vessels—often the only Norwegians on board—were convicted for trawling at distances varying from five to twelve miles from shore. At the trial a protest was read on behalf of Norway—provided the trawling took place "outside territorial waters"; and that was followed by representations from the Norwegian Minister in London to the Foreign Office, and the release of the offenders. A semi-official explanation of the Norwegian view assumes that the territorial limit in the Moray Firth, in relation to Norwegian subjects, is three miles from the coast, contrary to her own practice and to international law, under which her action must be judged. Is it beyond the constitutional resources of Norway to recog-

nise the territorial regulations in Scottish firths by warning her subjects not to expect her support in what, after all, is a clandestine proceeding? That course would be in keeping with a resolution of the International Council for the Exploration of the Sea, to which she agreed—and which indeed, by a curious coincidence, was signed by Dr Nansen, then president, and now the Norwegian Minister—to the following effect: “In distinct areas of the sea, as, for example, the Moray Firth, in which any Government has undertaken scientific experiments in the interests of the fisheries, and in which the success of the experiments is being hindered by the operations of trawlers, it is to be desired that measures be adopted for the removal of such hindrances.” Meanwhile, pending a more permanent arrangement, it is announced that two courses will be adopted to meet the new conditions. A Bill will be introduced prohibiting the landing in England of fish taken in contravention of the statute, and prosecutions will be commenced against British subjects on board offending vessels—measures which will probably be effective for a time.

Obviously, the problem which confronts the Governments of Western Europe, and our own Government in particular, is not free from difficulty; but the longer a solution is postponed the worse will the evil become. In England the trawling industry is a great one, in which capitalists and share-

holders have sunk much money. It is entitled to fair treatment, but not to a licence which threatens the exhaustion of the grounds on which the other and predominant classes of fishermen depend. It is acknowledged by the trawlers themselves that some restraint must be put upon their operations if the productiveness of the fishing-grounds is to be preserved and the legitimate interests of the coast population of resident fishermen safeguarded. What has happened in Scotland since the extension of steam-trawling is a measure of what has occurred or is occurring elsewhere. Within the last twenty years many villages have been depopulated, and the resident fishermen reduced in numbers by nearly 15,000—enough to man a fair fleet. It is admitted that the only effectual way of dealing with the evil is to forbid trawling, at certain seasons or entirely, where most injury is caused—in the neighbourhood of the coast. The most efficient method of doing so is to extend the jurisdiction of the bordering State to such reasonable distance as may be necessary: it is not essential to increase the limits of exclusive fishing. This is the method recommended by the Committee of the House of Commons, by many fishery experts, and by the Institute of International Law: it is desired by Spain, Portugal, and Holland, and by other Powers. Would it not show wise statesmanship to take occasion by the hand and convene an International Conference to discuss it?

GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, G.C.B.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON was the *beau idéal* of a soldier and a gentleman—the soldier who never flinches, the gentleman who never boasts. If he was not so much talked about or written about as other men of less ability, his services seem to have been appreciated by those best able to reward them, and Sir Archibald was not the man either to write about himself or to encourage others to write about him. It may fairly be said of him that he rose by merit, and carved every step in his career by well-discharged duties, whether active or administrative. During the Indian Mutiny he acted as military secretary to Lord Clyde, whose cordial friendship and esteem he retained to the last. He fought in the Crimea, and was severely wounded at Lucknow, where he lost an arm; and as leader of the European Brigade in Ashanti and the Highland Brigade in Egypt, he enjoyed the high respect and confidence of his soldiers, whom he rallied to the attack more than once at critical moments. He did not shrink from the responsibility of acting on his own initiative when the occasion seemed to call for it; and his well-known sortie from Alexandria, which was at first severely condemned by Sir Garnet Wolseley, was abundantly justified by the knowledge which he had previously acquired of the enemy's arrangements. Thus, for most of the duties which a soldier is in turn called on to discharge, Sir Archibald was abundantly qualified. As an adjutant-general, as Head of the Intelligence Department of the War Office, in pressing an entrenchment or in arresting a panic, he showed equal judgment, equal intrepidity, and equal coolness. And though he had no opportunity of developing strategic talent on an extended scale or in the conduct of campaigns, it is probable that, had the chance been offered him, he would have added one more to the list of great British generals.

His last military distinction was earned at Tel-el-kebir. The battle was won mainly by the Second Division, commanded by Sir Edward Hamley,—the Highland Brigade, which formed part of it, and bore the brunt of the battle, being led by Sir Archibald Alison. Sir Garnet Wolseley was commander-in-chief, and it is well known that Sir Edward Hamley considered himself wronged by Sir Garnet in his despatches to the Home

Government. The hardest part of the fighting was done by the Highland Brigade. Sir Archibald Alison led them through the hottest fire, and when for a moment they fell back before it, Sir Edward Hamley and he exerted themselves successfully to re-form the ranks and rally them to the assault. It has sometimes been said that the battle of Tel-el-kebir was not such a hard-fought action after all, because the Egyptians never came to close quarters or hand-to-hand fighting. But our men had to cross a zone of fire which was kept up with terrific severity, for the Egyptian soldiers, though they did not resist a bayonet charge, stood their ground bravely, and were shot down in their ranks, as long as a hope remained. The coolness and courage displayed by Sir Archibald both in this attack and also in the night march across the desert, where the force at one time was thrown into great confusion, show that both brain and nerve were equal to the most trying occasions; and as far as regards actual danger, there can be no doubt that to storm a battery under a heavy fire requires more personal courage than hand-to-hand conflict with individual antagonists. On his return home, Sir Archibald had no reason to complain of his reception. He was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General and appointed to the command at Aldershot. The citizens of Glasgow gave him a sword and Lady Alison a diamond tiara.

We have alluded to his duties as military secretary to Lord Clyde, and this brings us to the mention of his literary ability, inherited no doubt from his father, the historian, and his grandfather, who wrote a once well-known work on the principles of Taste, which, whatever we may think of it as a philosophic treatise, is written with great elegance. Sir Archibald himself was a frequent contributor to 'Maga,' and one of its most loyal supporters. Whenever he had anything to say on the army or military subjects worth publication, he sent it to 'Blackwood.' For nearly forty years his articles appeared at longer or shorter intervals, as the case might be; and they were almost always valuable contributions to some leading question of the day, military or historical. His latest contribution appeared in May 1895, being a review of Mr Ropes's 'History of the Civil War in America.' This was preceded by a review of Lord Wolseley's 'Life of Marlborough.' Of Marlborough himself, he says, in regard to the Brest Expedition, that although Louis XIV. had received intelligence of it from somebody else before he got Marlborough's letter, that makes Marlborough's conduct no

better, as he meant to be the first to tell the secret. It has been urged, however, in Marlborough's defence, that he knew that Louis had already been informed of it, and that therefore his communication could do no harm. Neither Sir Archibald nor Lord Wolseley notice this theory. Other articles are on "Armed Europe," on "Sea Power," on "The British Army," and many years earlier on "Army Organisation."

One article that he wrote, now some fifteen years ago, styled "Our Army," may be referred to at the present time with great advantage. It lays down a comprehensive scheme of army organisation, dealing with the regulars, the militia, and the volunteers, and suggesting that for the militia the revival of conscription will be found necessary. What is specially interesting in this article is what the writer says of the territorial system, and how he has found, from his own personal and official experience, the attraction which it possesses for the private soldier. He says in the article written in 1892 that the territorial regiments are being more and more recruited from the counties which they are supposed to represent. Sir Archibald had the art of combining brevity with perspicuity; and it is unnecessary to say that with these powers his descriptions of battles, and the strategy and tactics appertaining to them, are beyond praise.

Sir Archibald's funeral at Edinburgh afforded a striking testimony to the esteem and admiration entertained for him. The Seaforth Highlanders, his old regiment, of which he was Colonel, who are quartered at the Castle, appropriately formed part of the funeral procession. These with the Scots Greys, and a line of carriages filled with his many friends, made up a spectacle such as is rarely witnessed even at a military funeral.

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MR HALDANE'S ARMY.

MR HALDANE'S scheme for the creation of a Territorial Army has been awaited with anxiety by the nation; both in Parliament and in the country at large there is an earnest desire to treat it independently of party considerations, and the House of Commons evidently is prepared to pass the Bill now before it, in the hope that it may give us the force we need for the defence of the Empire, and enable us to have a really National Army to protect the shores of Great Britain.

The main feature of the scheme is the abandonment of the theory of three lines of defence in our army, and the substitution of a dual organisation, consisting of the Regular Army with its Reserves, and of a Territorial Army in which are to be merged the Militia, Volunteers, and Yeomanry,—both lines being filled with men who enlist voluntarily.

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On the face of it, the plan does not appear an impossible one, provided that the numbers of men required can be obtained,—which means that it must be based on a sound system of recruiting, which is a *sine quâ non* if we are to keep up the army by voluntary enlistment. But a careful study of the Bill, and of Mr Haldane's explanation of it, coupled with the speeches of other members of the House of Commons, leads to the unsatisfactory conclusion that this great problem of recruiting has not been considered at all, and that even if sound in other directions the scheme is bound to fail, as those of Mr Brodrick and Mr Arnold Forster have failed, from the impossibility of obtaining the numbers needed. When it does fail we shall find ourselves face to face with some form of compulsory service, for the Militia and the Volunteers having been

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destroyed, there will be no possibility of resuscitating them, and we shall be forced to fall back on compulsory service, against which, as the Secretary of State assures us, his proposals are intended to act as bulwarks.

If he really means them to act as such, and if his military advisers on the Army Council and the Committee of Defence are in earnest in supporting him, some well-thought-out plan for the reorganisation of our recruiting system must find a place in the new scheme.

In considering the proposed plan, one of the first things that strikes one is the complete separation between the Regular and Territorial Armies. Speaking before the introduction of the Bill, Mr Haldane expressed the hope that henceforward there would be but one army—"the army of the King and the Nation, not two forces"; but, as a matter of fact, the new scheme appears to perpetuate, and even accentuate, the division hitherto existing between the Regular and Auxiliary forces. It destroys the organic connection of the Militia with the Regular battalions, and by depriving the proposed Territorial force of their Regular adjutants and permanent staff, and giving it its own staff and generals, it makes it into a completely distinct army, which is to be under the final control of the Civil Member of the Army Council.

This is indeed different from the truly National Army which we need, which should

both in its first and second lines be identified with the life of the people, must be recruited under one common system, and have one common aim, namely, preparedness for war, the first line setting the standard of efficiency to be followed by the second.

Passing lightly over the separation which is so evident between the two armies, Mr Haldane dwells with some emphasis on the advantages of inter-communication between them, by means of what he is pleased to call his "bridges"; but it seems extremely doubtful whether these "bridges" are strong enough for the purpose for which they are intended, or broad enough to carry the burden of constant traffic.

In destroying the Militia, the scheme does away with the most certain source of recruits for the Regular Army. Mr Haldane would have us believe that this is not so, and that the new training battalions will answer the purpose of the disbanded Militia and attract the same class and numbers of recruits. We take leave to doubt this. The most popular and efficient Militia regiments have been those which have owed most to the interest and personal exertion of the gentlemen of the county, and to local pride and patriotism,—all of which will be wanting in the case of the training battalions. But even if these do succeed in attracting recruits, the destruction of the Militia will not have been justified. Let us consider what 'The Army Book of the

British Empire' has to say with regard to this force: "The Militia, whose theory is conscription but whose practice is voluntary engagement, . . . plays an important part in the system by which the British forces are raised. Its object is to maintain in the United Kingdom a trained body of men available, in case of imminent national danger or great emergency, to supplement the Regular Army in the defence of the country. The Sovereign may, in such cases, direct by proclamation that the whole or part of the Militia shall be embodied for military service within the United Kingdom; in which case it becomes, until disembodied, to all intents and purposes a part of the Regular Army for home service, and amenable to military law."

Of the measure of security thus provided we have had ample experience in the past. During the last war in South Africa, 117 Militia battalions were embodied, many of them volunteering for service abroad. Both the Militia battalions of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, amounting to nearly 1600 men, were embodied and went to South Africa under their own officers and with the staff with which they had been trained in peace; and the depot remained behind to receive and train fresh recruits for the battalions at the front. Contrast with this the measures now proposed by the Secretary for War.

If the training battalions are to give anything like the proper training and instruction, it is

imperative that the depots in which they are to be located shall be made fit for the purpose. As Mr Balfour pointed out, the accommodation is at present totally inadequate in every respect. The barracks must be greatly enlarged and brought up to modern standards; equipment of every description must be provided, together with rifle-ranges near at hand and manœuvring-grounds within easy reach, as without these the training of the recruits and special reserves cannot be carried out. For all this a very large sum of money will be necessary, for which Mr Haldane has made no provision. If, further, they are to be made capable of expansion in time of war, and if they are to serve as schools of instruction for the officers and N.C.O.'s of the Territorial force, still further outlay will be needed. The General-in-Command cannot be called upon to make bricks without straw; and even if he has the assistance of the most highly intelligent officers of the General Staff, he will be unable to overcome the difficulties arising from inadequate accommodation. It is absolutely misleading to let Parliament believe that such training depots, sufficient for peace requirements and capable of expansion in time of war, can be created without a very large expenditure. The lessons of 1899-1900 are absolutely ignored. At that time the greatest difficulty was experienced in providing accommodation for the reserv-

ists of the Regular battalions on mobilisation. In every barrack throughout the kingdom the troops were crowded to a dangerous extent, and so it will be again unless the necessity for spending large sums of money is recognised and faced.

To come to Mr Haldane's proposals with regard to the Territorial force itself, and first as to the proposed county associations. For some years past the formation of county associations has been urged in 'Maga' as the best means of creating and fostering that local interest in the army which may keep alive the military tradition and stimulate recruiting. The idea has been that by enlisting the sympathy and help of civilians the young men in a county might be encouraged to join the county battalions, and to look forward on the satisfactory completion of their service with the colours to obtaining employment in their own county. Such associations would naturally be under the presidentship of the Lord-Lieutenant, but would be civilian in their character. Retired officers would find a place on them in their capacity rather of citizens than of soldiers; and though the military authorities of the district would be represented on the committee, the association would be independent of military control. Very different is the character and position of the county associations as outlined by the Secretary for War. Their

composition is really more military than civilian: they are to be completely controlled by the Army Council, and although charged with onerous and multifarious duties they are to have no real responsibilities or power of initiative. Under the circumstances it seems doubtful whether the Lord-Lieutenant and other gentlemen of influence in the counties will care to accept the position offered, or to undertake duties which will involve much trouble and possible expense with no corresponding power or freedom of action.

We hold very strongly that the complete separation of administration from command in military organisation is liable to hinder rather than to facilitate the working of the machine; that supreme control in a given area must be vested in one chief, and that he should have a complete mastery of all the business concerns connected with the troops in that area. The contrary principle has, however, been adopted of late for the army, and is to be applied to the Territorial force,—the administrative duties connected with it being confided to the county associations, while the command and training are otherwise provided for.

In the creation of a Territorial Army Mr Haldane assumes that it will be immediately possible to obtain the bulk of the men now serving as Volunteers: they will be required to enlist for four years, and will consequently become

liable to penalties for desertion and for non-attendance at drills, as is now the case with the men belonging to the Militia. It is true that an appeal will be allowed from the commanding officer to the county association, and even to the Civilian Member of the Army Council,—an arrangement which cuts at the root of all discipline,—but the men will cease to be in any true sense Volunteers, while failing to become soldiers.

When justifying the limitation of numbers in the proposed force, Mr Haldane said that in the past "it was, no doubt, thought that the Volunteer is not, properly speaking, a soldier"; but it is clear from the outset that he has no intention of making him a soldier, for in detailing the terms of enlistment he said, "The Volunteers will be in practically the same position as at present." Really it is difficult to know what the "man of the Territorial force" will be.

Again, with regard to the training of the force, there is the same ambiguity and apparent contradiction in the statements of the Secretary for War. Having distinctly stated that the new Territorial battalions are to be deprived of their Regular adjutants and permanent staff, he says, in speaking of the preliminary training, "We are not going to cut off the skilled assistance that this force has had, but rather to increase it, and the shape it takes must be determined by experience." Then with regard to the "annual

training, which is vital and is another matter, . . . they cannot take it efficiently unless they go into camp. . . . I hope that as many men as possible will go for fifteen days, and when we think they cannot do that, I trust they may not take less than eight. We reserve a dispensing power even there; but our purpose is not to be slack in the matter, but to get as much as we can."

If Mr Haldane rightly believes that the annual training in camp is "vital," why does he "hope" and "trust" that men will take it, and lay emphasis upon the 'power of dispensing with it altogether? Then as to embodiment for war training—"I have said this force exists only for a great emergency. . . . The difference between us and those who have put forward earlier schemes is this: We have thrown the war training on the other side of mobilisation, being enabled to do so as an island power, instead of making it take place in peace time."

Clearly the men who are to compose the new Territorial force are to be still less soldiers than their predecessors of the Volunteers: they are to be subject to the merest travesty of military discipline, for Mr Haldane is careful to explain that "in time of war men must be under military discipline—that is absolutely essential; but in time of peace we have cut out everything like courts-martial and military rule. If a man breaks regulations and does not come up

when he ought to do, the worst that can happen to him is a small fine, enough to be a caution, but not too much so as to hurt him; and there is a power of excuse in a proper case."

This is merely playing at soldiering, and to ask the country to pay nearly three millions annually for a force of such a character, and to believe that from it we shall be able in the hour of national danger to form in six months' time an efficient second line army capable of undertaking the defence of our own shores, is little less than an insult to its intelligence, and will certainly draw upon us the ridicule of our neighbours.

If the scheme is ever to become a reality, it is of the first importance that provision should be made for putting the discipline of the Territorial force on a sound footing.

We are told nothing as to what arrangements are to be made for the inspection of the force. This should, of course, be carried out by the Inspector-General. Unless he reports regularly on its condition, Parliament and the country can have no security that it is being kept up to the necessary standard of efficiency.

It is proposed that the Territorial force should be organised in fourteen divisions, each having its proper complement of cavalry and artillery. This is undoubtedly a great step in advance. The decided increase that has taken place of late years in the value of Volunteer Artillery has hardly, perhaps, been generally recognised. It

has come about gradually, and is mainly due to the extremely valuable course of preliminary training given by the Regular adjutants and permanent staff in the drill halls throughout the country, followed in the case of the Garrison Artillery by Volunteer camps at Shoeburyness,—thus establishing a real and thorough connection between the Artillery of the line and the Volunteer gunners. The physique of the men is excellent; their standard of efficiency is high. They are capable of handling any armament with which they may be entrusted, and take a pride in being gunners. All that is necessary in order to increase their value still further, and to develop their enthusiasm, is to strengthen the bonds that link them to the Royal Artillery, and to afford them opportunities for practice. They have attracted to their ranks many skilled artisans, and have also a considerable proportion of men who have served in the artillery of the Regular Army. There is no doubt that the Volunteer Garrison Artillery could readily be qualified to take the part already allotted to them, in manning the batteries of our fortresses and coast defences; but in time of war they will need the support of Regular Garrison Artillery, and of skilled gunners to act as "layers." The same is true of the Volunteer Field and Heavy Field Batteries. The training of the men is of a high order, and a considerable number have served as drivers or gunners in the Regular Army: there need be no hesi-

tation in assigning them a position in the Field Army. But neither as garrison nor as field gunners should we think of assigning to this partially instructed Volunteer Artillery duties which are of vital importance to the safety of the country, without affording them the assistance and support of a proportion of properly organised and trained Regular artillerymen. Any change in the Volunteer Artillery which does not aim at a closer union with the Royal Artillery, and does not add to its efficiency by securing to it opportunities for practice and equipment of the latest pattern, is to be deprecated. The steps necessary to bring it up to the required standard will involve a liberal expenditure, of which we find no trace in Mr Haldane's proposals.

As to the Yeomanry, this has now been developed into a really valuable force, and it is earnestly to be hoped that any necessary modifications may be introduced without lowering its efficiency. The principle of equalisation of the rate of pay for the whole of the national forces is a thoroughly sound one, and we believe the Yeomanry have no real reason for alarm: although their actual pay may be reduced, this should be counter-balanced by the fact that in future everything necessary for their equipment will be provided by Government.

The real crux of the whole scheme lies in the proposals for embodiment: this is to take place within a month of the calling out of the first

class of the Army Reserve (practically at such a juncture as occurred in November 1899) with the object of training the force for six months, and thus qualifying it for taking the place of the first line in garrison. It is to this contingency that every man who enlists in the Territorial force must eventually look forward, and it is not therefore surprising that employers of labour who have hitherto encouraged their employees to become Volunteers should hesitate to do so now, and that men should shrink from accepting an obligation involving so much real sacrifice. How is business to be conducted in our cities and towns, if men can be suddenly called upon to leave their avocations and to train for six months? and what privileges are to be conceded to those who are found willing to take upon themselves such a sacrifice for the good of the country?

If the condition thus nominally imposed were actually to be insisted upon, the numbers of the Territorial Army would probably be reduced almost to vanishing-point: it is doubtless a consciousness of this fact which has led Mr Haldane to minimise the probability of it ever being required, and so to frame his proposals as to put every possible difficulty in the way of the order for embodiment being issued. As a result, the power of ordering the embodiment of the Territorial Army will never count in our negotiations with foreign nations, either friends or enemies.

Nor can such an organisation as is now proposed for the Territorial force commend itself to our Colonies for their imitation: Mr Haldane fondly hopes it may, and that at the approaching Colonial Conference some plan may be proposed by which the fighting strength of the Colonies may be organised and held available to take part with the army of the Mother Country in the defence of the Empire. But it is not likely that the Colonies will agree to accept a standard of training so much lower than that already adopted for their partially paid forces.

It is well that Mr Haldane's exposition of his scheme, and the criticisms made upon it in Parliament, have served to throw light upon many points as to which no information can be gathered from the Bill. If the number of men required can be induced to come forward, it is possible that in the hands of a strong Government the Bill might provide the machinery for the creation of a Territorial force such as this country really needs; but for this purpose two things are necessary, neither of which apparently we can hope for under the present *régime*. It must be recognised that to demand such sacrifices from the men of the Territorial Army as will be needed to make it a reality, without meeting them in a spirit of liberality, is impossible; and, secondly, no such scheme can succeed without the development of military enthusiasm in the country—a development Mr Haldane has

declared it his intention to prevent.

To sum up our indictment of the scheme. First, in destroying the Militia it destroys our one certain and reliable means of providing a trained second line of defence, and substitutes for it an untrained, undisciplined, and utterly uncertain Territorial force, any member of which can avoid his obligations by the payment of a nominal fine; and in so doing it deprives us of the power of despatching our Regular Army abroad when necessary, and consequently of the advantage so needful when negotiating with other nations—namely, the knowledge that in the last resort we are prepared to back our word by deeds.

Secondly, in transforming our present Volunteer force into this Territorial Army, the scheme deprives it of the very elements of strength and stability it now possesses. By removing it from the direct command of the General Officer Commanding the District, by depriving it of its Regular adjutants and permanent staff,—above all, by relaxing the bonds of discipline, and inviting rather than discouraging irregularities and slackness,—it will lower the whole tone and *morale* of the force, and rob the nation of a real reserve of strength.

The great improvement that has taken place of late years in the Volunteer force has been brought about by the requirement of a higher standard of efficiency, to which officers and men have responded with real patriotism: the best and most

popular battalions have been those in which discipline has been most strictly enforced, and where the men have felt that they were being taken seriously.

The present proposals are, as every practical man, soldier or Volunteer, must know, almost farcical in their futility; they could only have been made by a Secretary for War who does not believe that the need for the embodiment of the Territorial force will ever arise, and who has condescended to produce this travesty of a scheme in the hope that by it the nation will be hoodwinked, and will acquiesce without further demur in the gradual reduction of the Regular Army. It is possible that this may be the result as far as the people of this country are concerned, but no foreign nation will be so blind; and we may rely upon it that our enemies will rejoice at our imbecility, and that our allies will seriously reconsider the value of our friendship.

The nation as a whole welcomed Mr Haldane's advent to office in the belief that, though pledged by his party to economy, he would find some means of satisfying the pledge without sacrificing efficiency, and that he might be trusted to put the safety of the Empire before party considerations. These hopes have been cruelly dashed. The present proposals seem to assure the destruction of such efficiency as we already possess with the minimum of saving; and it is only too evident that in framing his plans Mr Haldane has not considered the needs of

the Empire nor the possible schemes of our enemies, but how he can best lull the nation into security, while pandering to the demands of the Labour members and to the prejudices of the anti-military party.

So much for the party politician; but what of his military advisers—what of the Army Council, and the distinguished soldiers called to the Committee of Defence, and whose sanction Mr Haldane claims for his proposals? Is it possible that they can have acquiesced in a scheme of which they must know the hollowness and futility? Why, if they do not approve, have they not openly protested? There seems to be a feeling throughout the country that the adoption of the present proposals must lead before long to the introduction of conscription, in some form or another, for Home Defence. Perhaps this is the view taken by the Army Council, who may have agreed to the plan for that very reason. We must own to preferring the line of conduct adopted by Lord Roberts, who, having made up his mind that universal national service is the only solution of the problem of national security, resigned his seat on the Committee of Defence in order to devote himself to the propaganda of the idea. In season and out of season he has preached the duty of every man to train himself for the service of the country, and if his conduct has hitherto seemed to need justification, it has now amply received it.

AN EDDY OF WAR.

As James Blaythwate pressed on, he remarked the unusual emptiness of the roads, also that several houses had blinds down, though it was but May. Had not his mind been absorbed by his own petty affairs this would have attracted more of his attention. Approaching the enclosure of the little suburban station, he was quite astonished to observe its state. The whole place was full of piles of crates, cases, and sacks, and was littered with straw and waste-paper; and where was the usual row of cabs and flys with their touting drivers? Their place was filled by a row of horseless four-wheeled carts. As he perplexedly picked his way over the heaps of *débris*, a shout from close by startled him—" 'Alt-oo-goes-there? "

Puzzled as to the meaning of this expression, for it sounded like English, yet conveyed no sense to his mind, he walked on, not feeling personally interested.

Again he heard the same shout, in irate tones, this time quite close to him. The speaker, a "common" soldier in very dirty khaki uniform, sprang out in front of him from behind a stack of tarpaulins, and barred his way with a rifle which had a vorpal-looking bayonet on the end of it.

As the man was evidently addressing him—Mr James Blaythwate—he felt constrained to say something, for the bayonet was most

unpleasantly near his waistcoat.

"Well, my good man, are you speaking to me? What do you want?"

"Oo are yer a-calling of yer good man? W'y don't yer 'alt when ye're challenged? Where's yer pass?"

Convinced that, by some curious chance, he was dealing with a drunken man, James determined not to exasperate him by disputing the point, but to let the matter pass. Waving the soldier aside with his umbrella, he said soothingly—

"Tut, tut."

"Tut, tut, indeed. I'll tut-tut you up, if that's your little game."

With that the now irritated soldier put his head back and roared out some more incomprehensible jargon—"Corpril of the gord!" at the same time pointing his bayonet more directly at James's person. To avoid transfixing himself, the latter was forced to stand, and, in a moment, in response to the drunken man's yell, another khaki-clad red-faced soldier ran up from the Porters' Room, and, seizing Blaythwate rudely by the collar, said—

"No yer don't!"

Now though James was mild as mother's milk before his wife, this was not his wife, and he was getting annoyed.

"Refused to 'alt when challenged, Corpril. Tried to force me. Shouldn't wonder if 'e is

one of them furrin waiters, an' got dynamite or somethink in 'is bag; d——d furriner any-way."

"You come along o' me, sonny," said the newcomer, who wore stripes on his arm, and breathed hard on James's neck.

The latter was petrified with rage. He could not speak. To be violently assaulted by drunken soldiers, called a waiter, a d——d furriner, and "sonny," all within two minutes!

"Wh-wh-what the——" he stuttered, and then speech failed him. Illness and confinement to his bed, excitement and the hasty walk to the station, coupled with this last outrage, worked their cumulative effect. He turned pale, felt faint and sick, and staggered slightly.

Seeing that he looked ill, the corporal loosened his hold on the collar, and saying "You'd best come quiet," offered his arm, at the same time relieving James of the bag. Two more khaki soldiers had turned up meanwhile, so he was gently led towards the platform. As he was passing through the booking-office he sought his handkerchief with his disengaged hand. "Ah, use yer revolver, would yer?" and before he could get his handkerchief, his arm and again his collar were violently seized. This had a tonic effect, all feeling of faintness vanished, he saw red. The fighting blood of all the Blaythwates since the days of the city trained bands was roused. Uttering in a

yell language which, whispered, would have paralysed his co-churchwardens, James wrenched himself free from his captors with a rending noise, as his frock-coat tore in two, and led off briskly with his pudgy left, dealing the corporal what, in the idiom of the ring, is known as "One on the Boko." This member of the "backbone of the British army" countered neatly by driving James's hat down to his chin with the black bag. Then as one man they all leapt on him. There was a kaleidoscopic effect of red faces, khaki, and black cloth, which appeared fitfully in a cloud of dust, accompanied by an obligato of scuffling, grunts, and shocking remarks, such as "Get the ——'s revolver! Mind the dynamite! Biff him!"

The struggle was sharp but short. There emerged two khaki figures, very dishevelled and minus helmets—between them a man in dusty grey clothes. His face was hidden down to the chin by a split tall hat, through the rent at the top of which his head showed. His frock-coat, now grey with dust, was in tatters; his white waistcoat was smeared with blood; and his hands were securely bound by a frayed strip of black and white silk. From within the top-hat there issued a murmuring sound, even as of a bee in a bunghole. All were breathing heavily.

"'Ave you searched the d——d anarchist?" said the corporal, as he absently stanchd his bleeding nose with the prisoner's silk handkerchief,

and gingerly placed the black bag in a fire bucket.

"Yes, Corpril."

"Got 'is revolver?"

"There ain't no revolver."

"Been through all 'is pockets?"

"Yes, Corpril; 'ere's the contents in my 'aversack."

"Another case for the Provvo-Marshal! I wonder what 'is game is. Looks like a furriner, or one of them blooming Chun-chooses, with that beard an' all. But 'e *can* swear 'earty. No pass, tries to force a sentry, assaults me in the execootion of my dooty. . . . I think 'es woozy. Yes, take his boots off, same as a drunk, and put 'im in the pris'ner's room. I've giv' 'is bag o' dynamite a cooler in that bucket." With that the corporal went away.

James was set down, and his button-boots were taken off, none too gently. The trio then proceeded up the platform, the captive shuffling along the cold paving in his striped socks like a blind man. He was taken into the dirty oil-smelling lamp-room, his hat prised off his head, and the door locked on him, with the parting remark, "'Ope you'll doss down com-for'ble in the 'Otel Seesil."

He sat panting on the floor for some minutes. He thought it must all be a frightful dream—a result of fever—to be thus seized, abused, and assaulted by drunken soldiers on the platform of his own station. Where were the station-master and porters, the usual staff?

But no, he was not dreaming: there he was, his hands tied up with his own necktie,

and his bootless feet in front of him. He was sane, alive, and sober.

Many ideas occurred to him. He would write to some one—to 'The Times,' the War Office, concerning this "unheard of and inexplicable outrage—unprovoked assault." England should ring with the atrocity. He would exact a heavy penalty for all this, or he was not a free Briton, and *Habeas Corpus* had been enacted in vain. But none of this brought him nearer solving the problem of the moment, he concluded, as the practical side of his nature asserted itself. His best course at present was to take a quiet line towards this band of drunken miscreants, and wait till he could see some one in authority. Of course he would escape if he could, but then he would have to return to Irrawaddy Villa and face Mrs Blaythwate! For once he did not wish to face his wife.

Now Constance Blaythwate was a dear motherly little soul, and having, unluckily, no children, poured all the honey of her affection over her husband. Not that she spoiled her husband by any means; she was master in her own house—and James knew it. To have had a peep into Mr Blaythwate's home circle would perhaps have made life a little less ill-balanced to some of his clerks; for if she was the master in his home, he was very much master in his office, and, to misquote Macaulay, "What Mrs Blaythwate was to Mr Blaythwate, that was Mr Blaythwate to his *employés*,"

barring the wifely affection, of course.

As this lady does not enter further into this chapter of "our" Mr Blaythwate's biography, we can dismiss her in a few words. She was middle-aged, plump, and pleasant, nearly always wore a silk dress with a dash of lace (as some of the bar-haunting clerks would describe it), and a large cameo brooch. She loved her husband and her home: the whole house, from the door mat with "Forget-me-not" worked into the pattern, to the diminutive cosies which kept the boiled eggs warm at breakfast, showed signs of her loving care. Her husband's turnout, too, did her credit.

Poor little soul! His illness had been a sore trial to her. It had been a most serious attack of influenza, combined with nervous breakdown, and the strain of keeping up appearances and concealing from him all the truly terrible events of the past month, over and above the nursing, had told upon her health, and possibly a wee bit upon her temper. However, her attempts had been successful, and here he was at the time our story opens, thanks to her care, well on the road to convalescence, and, thanks to her cleverness, and, I am afraid, to some fibbing, quite ignorant of all that had happened and in comparative peace of mind.

Of course he had worried about his absence from business, but to have known about

the war—war actually in England, added to the troubles in the East—would have long delayed his recovery, if it had not made him much worse. Sometimes, when she was saying her prayers, she did feel a little conscience-stricken at the number and magnitude of the lies she had been forced to tell him in answer to his innumerable questions; but, though no Jesuit, she thought that in this case, at least, the end justified the means. This same ignorance was now to provide one day at least of sore trial for dear James, though, to be just, it was his own fault and not hers. How could she have known what his intentions were?

Barely two short hours before James's brusque arrival at the "Hotel Seesil," he had been comfortably ensconced in an invalid chair, enjoying, or perhaps suffering, the nursing attentions of his wife.

"Now I think you'll do, darling," she had at last said, as she gave a pat to the pillow behind his head and wheeled the arm-chair round back to the light. "I'm glad you are sensible enough to see the absurdity of thinking of town. I shall not be back till luncheon, I have so much to do this morning, but Gwladwys will bring up your hot broth and toast at half-past eleven." (Gwladwys was the parlour-maid.)

With that she took a parting glance round the room, and, after letting down the blind a foot and then pulling it up six inches, finally went

out, as there seemed nothing more for her to fuss over.

As soon as she had left the room, his dull and somewhat furtive expression underwent a transformation into one of alert purpose. He listened intently. After a few moments the front door banged, and he heard the scrunch of heels along the gravel drive of Irrawaddy Villa (James did business with Burmah). In a trice he was out of his arm-chair, flinging aside book, coverlet, pillow, and at the same time upsetting a glass of barley-water, which, I regret to say, he did not trouble to mop up. Shuffling to the window, he cautiously peeped out from behind the spotted muslin blinds tied up with red ribbon. He was just in time to see that it really was his wife, as she disappeared round the corner of the conservatory. With finished cunning, bred of long premeditation, he waited at the window for five minutes to see that Connie did not return to fetch something she had forgotten, or to give him some last injunction about himself. No, he was safe. At last he would get away to his business, and get away from this house of bondage.

He whistled: he would get to town again, be at his office, and see how the business had got on during his absence. He was not the senior partner, but, without wishing to appear conceited, he knew that he—Mr James Blaythwate—was really the firm. He had received no letters for weeks, and had not even seen a paper,

so close had his wife kept him. It was true he had always been accustomed to give way to her, and, after having been for so long helpless and dependent, had not gained sufficient strength to insist on the necessity of getting back to work. For a fortnight he had meanly pretended to acquiesce in her wishes, with the secret intention of giving her the slip at the first opportunity. And now he would do it.

His chance had come. The hospital nurse who had continued watch over him during the occasional absences of his wife had left him for good. His wife would be out for at least—he looked at the clock—two hours. He would catch the 10.40 up—not his usual train, but it would do. Without waste of time he proceeded to dress. He was by nature an orderly man, but a reaction against his wife's mechanically methodical life had set in. He ran amok amongst his clothes: it was an uplifting orgy of untidiness. He rummaged in all the drawers and in his wardrobe to get out his smartest kit, flinging with wanton glee everything he did not wish to wear into a corner. At this moment he never thought of the reckoning.

At last he got as far as standing before the glass to tie his necktie. The devil! he had quite forgotten his six weeks' beard, or rather fluffy Newgate fringe, for it could hardly be called a beard. Connie had not allowed him to shave, as she thought the beard kept his neck warm.

There was a grey hair or two among the brown fluff, and it looked positively loathly. There would not be time to shave and catch the 10.40, and the next up train was not till 12.10. Now James was a natty man, and took a proper pride in his dress, had a nice taste in cravats and washing waistcoats, and affected rather a military style. He wore a moustache, always kept his handkerchief up his sleeve, and greeted his friends with a sort of salute. His hats were perhaps a leetle too shiny, and his button-holes a thought too large; but he was, on the whole, very well turned out. He could afford to be so, as he was, in City parlance, a "warm man," and had no family.

As he gazed at himself in the glass, he almost determined to risk the 12.10, but the thought of the veal broth at 11.30 settled the matter. Beard or no beard, he would catch the 10.40. He tied his tie—black "Arscot" tie with a white wiggly bacterial pattern,—put on the best starched white waistcoat he could find. There he was—ready. He opened the door and crept down to the "morning room," collected some papers, which he jammed into his pocket, and many letters, which he threw into his black bag, and brushed and put on his hat. Down the hall he tiptoed, stopping to scrawl a pencil note to his wife—"Back to dinner, love,"—and so out at the front door, closing it as gently as possible.

Soft-footed he stole down the drive, his heart in his

mouth, ready to run for it should he see his wife's well-known bonnet anywhere in the distance. But, no—the gods were with James. He saw no one, the roads were almost deserted, though it was a lovely May morning. It was only ten minutes' walk to the station, and the road was out of Connie's usual cheesemonger-chemist-poulterer beat. At every pace the chance of detection lessened and his spirits rose: he even pursed up his lips as if whistling, but of course he did not whistle in the streets.

And all in blissful ignorance of the dread happenings of the last few weeks! We all remember that by May of that year the war in England was at its height. The dinghies had disgorged their thousands, and the Huns had landed their armies, as the papers put it, "on our fair country's soil," and seemed to be on the point of overrunning the southern counties. It was a critical moment. Indecisive encounters had been fought, but, notwithstanding the gallantry displayed by our troops and the promptness with which schemes had been improvised to meet the invasion (the possibility of which had never been officially recognised), the enemy seemed to have established a foothold. At this time of stress, when reinforcements sent East had so severely drained the supply of soldiers, it needed a mighty effort to get together a sufficiently large citizen army to cope with the invader. How

the tide turned and the wave of invasion was driven back is an old story, a topic that has been worn threadbare; and it is not our purpose to summarise in a few words the history of so great an event. We only aim at sketching one little episode.

It was just at this juncture that James Blaythwate, slinking down to the station, with nothing bigger looming on his mental horizon than an overmastering desire to escape his fond spouse and get up to his business, had suddenly encountered War—red War—and was recovering from the shock in the “Hotel Seesil.”

To return to Mr B., he stood up and examined his prison. The door was stout and secure; the window was open but barred. By squeezing his face close between the bars he was able to catch a glimpse round the corner. He saw the same sentry walking up and down. For a drunken man, James could not help thinking, he appeared very steady. As a matter of fact, his monotonous and regular march to and fro, and the decisive bang with which he brought his rifle down when he stopped, by no means betokened drunkenness. Curious! He had been so inconsistently savage only a few minutes before. However, Blaythwate did not desire any more dealings with this particular person, and decided to wait till he saw some one else, though he would have given a sovereign for a glass of water.

While cooling his fevered

brow against the iron bars something happened. The corporal, whose nose was now quite bulbous, came up with a fresh soldier, who faced the sentry. The corporal emitted a series of barks, and the men indulged in a sort of war dance, and, with much waving and slapping of rifles, solemnly set to partners. The new man changed places with the old sentry, who went away with the corporal.

James watched all these rites with a keen eye: he was perforce taking some interest in soldiering. The new sentry was a mere lad, and a pleasant-looking one to boot, so James, by now wary, plucked up his courage and whistled. No result. The sentry gave no sign. “Soldier!” said Blaythwate.

Again no result.

“I say, sergeant!” said the guileful James, with unction; “could I have some water?”

This was productive of some result, but the soldier did not reply or approach. He merely put back his head and yelled out the same shibboleth as the previous sentry: “Corpril of the gord!”

As this worried N.C.O. came running up, James could not help wondering at the strange habit of sentries of not replying when addressed, but of shouting for some one else.

As soon as he had ascertained what the “anarchist” wanted, the corporal brought a tin mug of water. As the prisoner was quiet, he untied his hands to allow him to drink, and waxed more affable. James wanted to put a number of

questions; but the corporal was most reserved. All that he would vouchsafe was that he—Blaythwate—would see the officer soon enough if he remained quiet; that the penalty for spies under martial law was “Death”; and that anything he said now might be brought up in evidence against him! With that he tramped off.

James ruminated again with closed eyes. What did the corporal mean by Spies—Death—Martial Law? Surely this was carrying the manœuvres to an extreme limit. It could not be manœuvres. If it were not the ill-timed jest of a detachment on the spree—and certainly the soldiers did not now appear so drunk as he had thought them at first—it could be only one thing—War! But even supposing we were at war, why talk of martial law in England? War to him had always been a vague, impalpable thing; it chiefly touched him through the variations in the Market. But an extreme step, involving interference with the liberty of the subject, which no free-born Briton would stand for two days! The only imaginable excuse would be war in England. Such an eventuality was naturally unthinkable. Who had ever taken seriously such vain tales as “The Battle of Dorking,” or any of the numerous subsequent imitations written by alarmists and hare-brained military faddists? Yet this seemed the only logical explanation of events. His head ached, and his brain began to whirl.

Poor fellow! he had been given no chance. He was behind the times. Events had moved beyond his ken; and the machinery of war, into whose workings he had been so roughly jerked, had been set in action by a chain of events logical enough to any one else. Most of us were then going through the mill. We had paid our footing. At that moment we were serving our country in one capacity or another—soldiers at the front, soldiers on the communications, transport drivers, hospital orderlies, special constables, cyclist messengers, storemen, clerks, accountants, overseers. We had taken our places in the scheme of things as we severally felt the call. Blaythwate had fallen suddenly into the vortex, or, more accurately, an eddy, and might well feel a bit dazed.

His hands being free, he reached for his handkerchief. His pockets were empty: his money was gone, his watch and chain, cigar-case, and the specially important papers he had placed in his pocket,—all gone! His feelings underwent a revulsion. War! What did he care about war? Damn war! It was the business of the overpaid and underworked soldiery, for the upkeep of which he was taxed; the business of the horde of licentious bandits who had, apparently for purposes of their own, mutinied, sacked the public-houses, got beastly drunk, and were now engaged in rapine and assault of the inoffensive populace. What was War to him compared to his business? He had lost enough

already by his illness, and was he now to be robbed by men paid to defend him? He vented his ire upon his battered top-hat, furiously kicking it round the room. This seemed to calm him, or at least to reduce the pressure.

Presently he heard the tramp of armed men. The door was thrown open, and he was told to "come on." Upon inquiring for his boots he was informed that it was "agin the regulations." With a resigned sigh he started down the platform, a soldier in front, one behind, and the corporal alongside. Luckily there were none of the usual top-hatted crowd about, and the few soldiers and civilians within sight were too busy to pay any attention. His heart gave a leap as he saw that he was being taken towards the station-master's office. The rubicund little station-master, Mr Jones, was a friend of his, or, rather, as much a friend as one in his position could be to one in Mr Blaythwate's. But as the party approached the office James was surprised to see printed over the door the words "RAILWAY STAFF OFFICER." Arrived at the door, he was almost startled out of his skin by a bellow of — "Prisne - Ran - Descort, How!"

This evidently meant the party to stop, for the leading man abruptly, and without warning, pulled up. The unsuspecting James ran full tilt into him, calling forth an audible anathema. Though only three feet away, the

corporal continued in a hail-the-maintop voice—

"Ri-Tur!"

Whereupon James found himself yanked round to his right by his neighbours, who then stood one on each side of him. He gave up attempting to understand what was said, and simply watched the soldiers so as to do as they did.

"Staattees!"

He vaguely shuffled his feet as he saw them do. "Leather-lungs" now disappeared into the office, and there was peace for two minutes; he came out. "Prisne - Ran - Descort, Shun! Ri - Tur! Wick - Mar! How! Ri-Tur!"

Somehow Blaythwate found himself standing before a table littered with papers, behind which sat a tired-looking man, also in khaki, apparently writing telegrams for a wager. He did not even look up for some little time, but continued to write. He was evidently an officer, and James gradually became indignant at being practically ignored after his shocking treatment. He burst out—

"Sir, I protest, I——"

His speech was cut short by a heavy nudge in the ribs and a hoarse whisper of "Wait till the officer speaks to you."

After a minute or two the latter, who was unshaven and appeared as if he had been up all night (as indeed was the case), looked up sharply.

"Well, Corporal, what is this?"

"Pris'ner, sir. Refused to 'alt when challenged, tried to

force number two sentry, and assaulted me when confining 'im. One of these furrin anarchist waiters, I think, sir."

"Have you searched him?"

"Yessir. 'Ere's a hinventory of 'is effecks, which are in this 'aversack, an' money an' personal trinkets in the pooch." And he handed them to the officer. James felt there was now at least a chance of getting his papers back.

"Was he armed?"

"Non on 'im, sir; but 'e 'ad a suspicious-lookin' black bag."

"What was in it? Where is it?"

"I did not open it, sir. Thought it safer to drown the charge first: some of these 'ere infernal machines are made to go orf when they're opened, I've 'eard. The bag rests in a fire-bucket in the booking-office."

James writhed.

"What evidence?"

"Number two ort four ort six, Private J. Smith, and four seven nine three ort, Private Hooley, sir."

The officer, who had been keenly examining Mr Blaythwate, decided to hear what he had to say before wading through the evidence. He said—

"Who are you?"

"I am James Blaythwate, of the well-known firm of Blaythwate Bros. & Buttery——"

"What nationality? Say 'the.'" (*N.B.*, this was a test word.)

"Why, English, of course. What the devil——"

"Hold on a moment, Mr Blathway. You must admit appearances are against you. To cut matters short—have you a pass?"

"No, I have a season."

"No, no. I mean a martial-law pass or permit, to identify you and allow you to travel."

"No. I don't even know what you are talking about."

"Can you name any responsible local man or official to vouch for you? You don't look as if you were the gentleman you name."

James could not but admit the truth of this remark, and was just about to ask the officer to take one of his business cards out of his pocket-book, when he caught sight of the cheery face of the station-master passing the door.

"Mr Jones," he called out, "Mr Jones!"

Mr Jones came in and coldly looked this bearded tramp up and down. Then a gleam of recognition came into his eyes.

"Why, if it is not Mr James Blaythwate! Why, Mr Blaythwate, sir, I hardly knew you. Whatever have you been doing to yourself? Well, well, well!"

This was conclusive. At any rate, the officer took it as a proof of identification.

"Well, what about this charge, Mr —er——?"

"Blaythwate," put in James.

"Thanks. Mr Blaythwate, what have you to say? It is a very serious charge in time of war."

"I think I can explain all that, sir. It is all a mis-

understanding," pleaded James, now quite humble. "I could explain it to you," with a meaning glance at the escort.

"Do you answer for this man, Mr Jones?"

"Why, yes, sir; he is a churchwarden of my church."

At this Captain Waters nodded to the corporal. The latter discreetly, though noisily, withdrew his cohort. Mr Blaythwate then proceeded to explain matters (amid many interruptions from the telephone). He had not proceeded far before Captain Waters had to request him to confine himself to facts without comment, as time was short. He would listen to the rest later. He also found very soon, to his stupefaction, that Mr Blaythwate was ignorant of the fact that the country was invaded and that war was in our midst. Finally, he said: "I see well enough that an error has been made, and I apologise on behalf of my men, who were only doing their duty. There were mistakes on both sides. I will do all I can for you. If you will go into that little room labelled 'Officers' Quarters,' you will find something to wash with and something to drink. Please make yourself at home for a quarter of an hour. I then come off duty, and will see you. Orderly!"

"Sir!"

"Fetch this gentleman's boots at once, also his black bag, and take them to him."

"Yes, sir."

Captain Waters, though he had been worried all night by many more weighty matters,

was much interested in this self-important specimen of a British Rip Van Winkle, and promised himself a few minutes out of his precious hours off duty elucidating this mystery.

For a quarter of an hour he continued writing. Then another officer (his relief) came in.

"Good morning, Johnnie."

"Hullo, Birdie! Goo' morning. I have a hairy wild specimen of a 'cit' here, who has been running amuck with the guard and got the worst of it. He seems a harmless sort of lunatic, who must have escaped from an asylum or prison, as he didn't know we were at war!"

"Oh, rathth! He ith thome d——d thpy who ith getting round you, old cock. You are much too thoft-hearted with thethe cunning bruteth. Could he pronounth 'th'?"

"Yes, yes; but not quite so fluently as you can! The poor chap has already been taken for a dynamiter on his way to wreck the line, and has been knocked about and his bag of papers soaked in a bucket of water. Well, I'm off to find out some more about him. Here are the papers."

When Waters joined Blaythwate, the latter had washed his face, put on his boots, and was sorting pulpy wet papers out of his bag. Luckily the most important had been in his pocket. The whisky had run out, and James at once said he would get some at the refreshment-room.

"No; I'm afraid you will not," said Waters.

"Why not?"

"Because all railway refreshment-rooms are forbidden to sell liquor. They chiefly sell biscuits, tinned things, hot coffee, soup of sorts, and chocolate!"

"My word!" said James.

"Look here," said Waters, "before I start off to explain matters fully—do you still wish to go up to town?"

"Yes, please."

"Well, I'll write you out a pass which will carry you through; but you will not go up for some time. The Flying Cit—the train for business men, you know—goes up at 9 A.M. every day. There is only one up passenger train. There are several up trains of empties coming back from the front, but they do not stop here. I think there is a mixed train of wounded and sick coming through in about an hour which will. But you cannot go up as you are. Will you go home and change, as you will have plenty of time?"

"No, by no means. If I do, it will be no Town for me to-day. Can I borrow some clothes?"

"Oh, yes. I tell you what: Mr Jones, who is just your size and figure, will lend you a suit, I expect. Let's ask him. I am very sorry I have none here. Besides, mine would not fit you."

They found Mr Jones, borrowed the clothes,—rather a larky suit of checks,—clean linen, and tweed cap. Blayth-

wate looked fairly respectable again, though a trifle more sporting than usual.

"If I might make a suggestion?" said Waters.

"Yes?"

"I think I would take off that beard. You see it has, perhaps, been knocked about a bit; but it does not look very well, and I think it very probably was partly the cause of your rough treatment. Beards are regarded with suspicion nowadays. I am not going to shave for a few minutes, so I will lend you my shaving tackle first."

James was only too pleased: and ten minutes afterwards had his usual pink chin, smooth and clean, and felt good. He and Waters became almost confidential. He told the latter all his adventures in detail, and really found him most sympathetic.

"Yes, that's the worst of it," said he; "our population, even the best-intentioned, are so ignorant about what war really means, as it has not existed in our country since the time of the Lord knows who, that our arms have been severely handicapped. We have lost incalculably through it. All sorts of private and civil interests, and so-called 'rights of the subject,' have been safeguarded and taken care of, instead of letting everything else go except the main object—to beat the enemy. Why, I have heard that during the first few days the soldiers were chary of trespassing, and that it took a lot of persuading to make them enter any preserved

woods; but I can hardly believe it. However, our friends the 'Huns' did not respect much, and have played 'All-in to win.' I think one wealthy landowner said he would claim compensation because a British cavalry regiment bivouacked in his park. Two days afterward he was forced to billet and feed a battalion of Jägers in his manor, a lot of his immemorial trees were felled, his billiard-room used as an operating-room, and his motor was commandeered by the officer in command. But we are learning: and now that martial law has been declared,—it was only done after a hot debate, mind you, even though the enemy was in England,—people are realising what 'War' is. We are doing better."

The merchant had hardly taken in the latter end of the sentence. He was puzzling over the Jägers. He dealt in such things himself, but in bales, not in battalions, and why feed them? He gave up the riddle: military jargon, no doubt.

"But you haven't told me where the fighting has been going on, or what the situation is now. I hope I may be allowed to have some idea."

"Oh, I'll explain to you. I wish I had a map, but I gave mine to another chap. However," and, with the aid of a pipe or two and a tin of tobacco, he proceeded to explain what he called "the general and special ideas of the posish."

He added a brief narrative of the landing and subsequent

operations up to that time. Mr Blaythwate was at heart a man and a patriot, and the recital of the indignities, defeats, and insults put on his country, thus brought home to him, made his blood boil. He clenched his fists—white fists, pudgy fists—and resolved he would volunteer next day. Numerous were his questions, some of them not much to the point, but it showed he was waking up the right way.

At length, as Waters answered his last question, he lay back in his chair and said—

"Good Lord! and I have known nothing about it all, and done nothing!" He paused pensively. "A moment, please,—there are one or two things I have not grasped. Why did the soldiers call me a foreign waiter and suspect dynamite?"

Waters grinned. "That's quite simple to explain. Well, you know the Vaterland is always ready, always secretly preparing. The Japanese were the same. The majority of good Huns all over the world being old soldiers, the Huns will be particularly well placed at the day of Armageddon, for their agents all over the globe are trained and prepared to do their little best to assist. It's all run by the Hunnish General Staff under the title of 'Die Götterdämmerung Gesellschaft,' or the Company of the Twilight of the Gods. In London the Gesellschaft has sub-branches in the 'Allgemeine Panhunsche Kellnerverein'—that's the Universal Pan-Hunnish Waiters' League—and the 'Blutwurst Bund,' consisting of clerks

chiefly. You know how London swarms with that sort of chap? Well, so far they have helped their country by blowing up the railway bridges at important points—points most cleverly chosen so as to impede our mobilisation. Among other things, they messed up all the telephone and telegraph wires in London. The result was chaotic. I'm told that when the Chief of Staff was trying to telephone to some general about a move, he got on to the *chef* at the Carlton, who gave him hell for not sending up enough plovers' eggs!

"This being so, we are particularly watchful against all foreigners now, and I am afraid a great many innocent English and foreign persons are inconvenienced. You carried a bag, you did not appear to understand the sentry, you struggled, you wore a scrubby beard,—hence the mistake. Well, if you'll excuse me, I think I'll turn in a spell. It won't be so long before your train comes along. Here's one of the empties running through now."

It was a tedious wait, but James, as he sat on the station seat, had plenty to think about, getting himself adjusted, as it were, into his new world. He was interested also to see some trains of wounded go up, and several trains of soldiers, guns, horses, and supplies pass through on their way to the front. At last his train arrived.

"Once in a first-class carriage I shall feel myself again." He was soon to be undeceived.

The train was a long one, made up of carriages, flat open trucks, and cattle-waggons, all rather dirty. It lumbered in, and drew forward outside the station, so that the engine might fill up with water at the water-column.

"I suppose you've got a pass," said the guard, rather crustily. Blaythwate hastened to show the permit Waters had written out for him on the yellow form. "Oh, all right, then, but you can't go in the carriages, you know, as they're full of wounded. Where you can go is in one of those open waggons. They haven't cleaned the cattle-vans, but, please God, they'll do it some day."

One by one his prospects of comfort were slipping away. Travel in an open truck was certainly the last thing he had ever thought of, but he was a man of his word,—it was always a favourite expression of his in the city,—and now he had got so far he intended to see the thing through. At the worst, it would be a series of experiences such as few others could boast. Presently they started.

At any rate, he was now on the road to London at last. He looked back at the station: the neat brick buildings, with the smoke curling from a chimney or two, looked as peaceful as could be, but he did not associate Peace with them. The only thing that seemed queer as he surveyed the scene was the unusual emptiness of the road. Well, not quite deserted, for there was something

moving. It was coming down the road, and hurriedly too. By Jingo! a female figure, a cerise-coloured bonnet. It could not be — yes, it *was* Connie, and no other!

It flashed through his mind that she must have returned early, discovered his escape, followed on his track, and come to see whether he had got away yet. She was running now. Doubtless she saw that the train was moving out. Faintly borne on the breeze the now familiar cry greeted his ears, "'Alt-oo-goes-there?"

That was all; the train was now increasing speed, and the station was receding into the distance. James sank on his tarpaulin seat, and wondered with a sort of detached interest what his wife's encounter with the sentry would be like. She mightn't understand, either. He pictured her rather annoyed. Would they call her "woozy," too? He felt almost inclined to back the lady if it came to a struggle. Fancy Mrs B. having her boots taken off! Bad James chortled a little, I am afraid.

They always seemed to be passing trains going in the opposite direction, full of men, horses, waggons, guns, and great piles of stuff. The men were crammed into trucks, but as cheerful as you please, singing and shouting, but not looking as tidy as they are usually represented in pictures. Then there were endless waggons loaded with bulky stuff, which he thought must be provisions and stores. Presently, after crawling along for

a while, they stopped away from a station on the top of an embankment. Something had been happening here, apparently, for a lot of baulks of timber were strewn about at the foot of the slope, where evidently heavy things had been dragged along. Blaythwate stretched his head out, and saw a number of men, some in khaki and some apparently navvies, on the line at the front end of the train. It was no use speculating, he knew, but he hoped that they were not being attacked by the enemy. There was hammering going on, and many men could be seen running about like ants when an ant-hill is disturbed, but with a certain method. He was just moving over to have a look out at the other side when a voice from below addressed him:

"Have you any jacks with you?" The speaker seemed to be an officer, from the authoritative in which he spoke.

"No, I've seen no Jacks; but there are lots of wounded soldiers in the train," was the innocent reply.

"What do you mean? I want to know about my stores, not for you to make silly jokes. Didn't you come up with the stores?"

"No, sir," responded the other, who, seeing how arbitrary these soldiers were apt to be, thought he had better be respectful. "I haven't anything to do with stores: I am only a passenger."

The officer passed on hurriedly, and another man in dirty khaki then came up, asking

whether there was any news from the front, adding that "The blank waiters were probably surprised that the bridge had been mended so quickly."

"Oh, has the bridge been broken?" asked Blaythwate.

"Of course, what d'you think?" said the man; "but it wasn't what you might rightly call a demolishin', anyway; we only had to shore up the ends of the girders, but ut was a bit awkward 'cause we're short of jacks: that's the reason why the captain asked if you'd got 'em. . . . Dam foolishness I call it," continued he, "not to have seen that these anarchist jokers would be after doing damage. It's good biz, though, they're mostly swep up into camps like that one over there,"—indicating an assemblage of tents which lay in an enclosure of barbed wire not far from the line. "They were getting a bit disliked, and if just a few of them *were* lynched, it served them jolly well right. The police are shepherding them now to rights, but it 'ud be better to dump them somewhere abroad, *I* think." The train moved on.

Time was getting on, and our passenger was becoming very tired and hungry: the journey was horribly tedious, so he thought it would be well to lie down and see if he could get a little sleep. After all, he found the tarpaulin was better than nothing as a couch, and he soon dozed off. He slept the sleep of exhaustion. Suddenly he was aroused by a hand shaking him, and the voice of the guard said—

"Now then, sir, you must get out here. Train can't get any farther."

Dazed and blinking, James painfully climbed down from his truck. It was night. In front was a network of rails shimmering in the different coloured lights reflected from the signals which dotted the night, high and low. Engines were on all sides, pulling and pushing long trains of trucks, some empty, some full of horses. The spring evening was made hideous by the panting of the engines, the banging of the trucks, the kicking of the horses against the sides, the almost continuous shrieking of whistles, and the shouts of the shunters. It was all a common enough scene, but never before witnessed by our friend from so intimate a standpoint. He stood by his truck. In this sliding pandemonium it seemed like a friend, for alongside it he knew he was safe in the six-foot way: once he left it and launched himself out on the wilderness of rails he would be lost, for he could not tell when he was between the rails and when not. It would be like a nightmare, for if he saw a train approaching he would not know which way to step, and would step very likely from safety to certain death.

A sudden rusty croak, almost at his feet, startled him, and looking down he saw a patch of blood-red light on his leg. It quite upset his nerves for a moment, but after all it seemed to be part and parcel of the whole terrible day. It was

war, war in England, and of course there was blood, blood everywhere. He looked again and saw the cause. It was a ground disc signal, which had been switched round. By its light he realised how near he was to the next rail, and hastily drew back towards his truck.

Presently the guard and two other officials came down the line discussing the detraining of the wounded.

"Hullo, you still here?"

"Yes," ruefully assented James. "To tell the truth, I don't know which way to go. I dare not move."

"Oh, I'll show you in a minute the way to get to the station, if you will follow me."

Blaythwate cheered up.

"Now then, sir, just come along with me, keep close behind, and step where I step," and off he strode, Blaythwate following him, with furtive glances up and down the lines as he crossed each rail.

"Where are you bound for?"

"I did intend to get to my office in the city, but I counted on being carried right through into St Paul's Station."

"Why, bless you, sir, that's impossible. That's what we've all been wishing for, for the last three weeks. The waiters blew down Blackfriars Bridge the first thing. They are knowing ones, and knew where the shoe would pinch pretty well."

"But what is the special importance of that bridge? I should have thought Cannon Street much more important. Though I personally do not go there as a rule, there are

thousands more city men who go to Cannon Street every day than to St Paul's."

"That's right, sir, from your point of view, but you see it's this way. Their object was not to inconvenience the city gents, or, as we call them, 'Daily Breaders,' no offence to you, sir, but to delay and throw out of gear this here concentration of troops; it's the hard and bony troops that would do the fighting, not you juicy gents. Now, though very annoying, no doubt, to the business men, the smashing of Cannon Street Bridge would not have helped the enemy more than a headache in their real object. Cannon Street is a dead end—it don't lead nowhere. But Blackfriars is one of the main links across the Thames, which connect the railway systems of the north of England with them of the south. Oh, I believe you—they're no mugs, these 'uns. They know where they'd put us in a hat."

By this time they had reached the platform, Blaythwate marvelling at the intelligence of the guard.

"Well, I must be going on with my work now, sir; I am not sure what to advise you. I don't think they'll let you cross the river without a special permit. They're mighty particular now, but I'm not certain. I think your best way would be to walk to London Bridge and try that way first,—it's quite close."

"Oh, I shall drive, I think," said Blaythwate airily.

"Excuse me. Not for love

nor money. You won't see many horses or motors about now, they're all commandeered for the army, leastways those that are workable. You'd best go straight down there, then first to the right under the railway, and bear to the left, and you have London Bridge staring you in the face. 'K'you, sir, much obliged. I wish you luck."

His guide was right; outside in the street there were no cabs, no motor-buses, no horses, and most shops were shut. The town looked extremely desolate. James betook himself in the direction advised, and soon found London Bridge.

There were large gates across the roadway, and a red lamp, as at a level crossing. As he approached them, a man in blue, with a rifle and bandolier, stepped out from the shadow into the light. It was an armed police sentry.

"Pass, please."

"I have no pass. I am Mr Ja——"

"Can't help who you are. You can't cross this bridge without a permit."

"But I want to get to my office in the City, or at least to a hotel in the West End," almost whimpered Blaythwate.

"Carn't 'elp it, sir. You will have to stay this side to-night. You can get a Pass, if you're all right, from a Provvo-Marshall at one of the South London Police Stations in the morning;" then, as James still hesitated, "Pass along, please, pass along,—no loitering allowed near the bridges."

There was nothing for it. Blaythwate felt like one of those wretched outcasts he had often pitied on the Embankment. He turned away and dejectedly started to walk westward. He would try all the bridges on his way. He did not know this part of London, but he had an idea of his bearings from the river.

He bought some food at an eating-house, and pushed on. It was a network of gloomy slums and streets, dark and shadowy, crooked and confusing. Eventually he arrived at Blackfriars Road Bridge.

Here he found another armed police guard. The sentry, by strange good fortune, was a constable of the City force who had often been on duty near Blaythwate's office, and knew him. Though he recognised him, and was most considerate and polite, he would not allow James to cross. He chatted for a few minutes, however, with the disconsolate wanderer, and explained several points to him,—how all the policemen who were reservists had been armed, and a jolly good thing too; how there had been anti-foreign riots and some lynching before the aliens had been concentrated in camps. James remembered the camp of the aliens by the railway, which had puzzled him not a little.

Alongside was the damaged railway bridge being repaired, a blaze of light and crowded with men and engines of every sort, from locomotives to gigantic steam-cranes.

In the gap, a confused mass

of piles; but the underside of the bridge, as indeed of all the others, was lit up more brilliantly than the top, and busy little steam-launches full of armed men skimmed hither and thither, patrolling the waterway. Tired as he was, James was fascinated by the scene, and dreamily watched the scintillations of light reflected on the shiny black ooze, uncovered by the ebbing tide. He gradually forgot himself and his troubles,—his mind turned to weightier matters. How about the front? A vague dread seized him; what if we should not win? What if we could not force back the invader? The feeling was like what he had experienced, with all of us, in the Black Week of December 1899. He must inquire for news. He really had heard no war news since his talk with Waters—hours ago.

Perhaps the tide of invasion had rolled forward. Perhaps the advanced guard of the Hunnish horde had reached Musfield Hill, and patrols of Bashi-bazouks, Zouaves, Cosacks, or Uhlans (he wasn't very clear about these foreign names) were scouting round Irrawaddy Villa. It was pos-

sible even that some bearded Visigoth had invaded the sanctity of his little home, and was entering without using the door-mat! But here he smiled. There would be Connie to be dealt with—unless she had been detained all day in the "Hotel Seesil."

There was none of the usual roar of the City. It seemed comparatively dead. Ten o'clock began to boom out clearly across the river from Big Ben.

At that moment there was a detonation which seemed to split the very earth; the whole of the southern sky, from the tops of the houses, which stood out an inky mass, to the zenith, burst into one dazzling sheet of flame. Blaythwate, with every other soul near him, was hurled down by the concussion. When he collected himself and could sit up, he found his friend police-constable Thompson on all fours close by. All the lights had gone out.

"Yes," muttered the policeman in an aggrieved tone, "there goes the gasometers. I knew they'd do it. I said so."

Blaythwate sat on in the darkness.

VITERBO.

THE CITY OF POPES AND CONCLAVES.

ONLY recently connected by rail with the rest of the world, and that by a studiously inconvenient line, Viterbo has been left outside of the regulation tourist track. This is a matter of regret (for the sake of the tourist), for in few places in Italy are the evidences of medievalism more intact, or can more interesting historic memories be found. This city, that stands at an altitude of over three hundred feet above the South Etruscan plain, and which is still bounded by the remains of what was once the dense Cimmerian forest, is the only Etruscan stronghold that continued to be important after the fall of Rome. Its history is, in miniature, the history of all Italy, a history of internecine warfare, of conquest by barbarians, of oppressions by Pope and Emperors in turn, of liberty and tyranny, of fanaticism and culture. If we may trust the local chroniclers, it was even the first city in Italy to become an independent commune. This was in the eleventh century, just when these species of miniature republics first rose into being. In 1100 the famous Countess Matilda of Tuscany, then Overlord of the town, included it in her celebrated grant to the papal see, which came to be called the Patrimony of St Peter. In this wise Viterbo became by right a papal city.

No wonder, therefore, that in the twelfth century, when the Popes and the Romans entered upon their long wars of conflicting interests, Eugenius III. should have migrated to Viterbo, and thus prove the first pontiff to seek an asylum amid its walls, and to install there his pontifical Court. By so doing he laid the seeds of that jealousy between Viterbo and Rome which lasted for many centuries, and might be said to have survived to this hour, so reluctant were the Viterbese to be connected by rail with Rome, and so inconvenient and slow and miserable in all respects is the service that links them with the outer world.

I had long desired to see this city, famed for its beautiful fountains and beautiful women. I was scarcely prepared for so much beauty, and certainly not prepared to find it had preserved such a pronounced medieval character. To begin with, it still owns, almost intact, its Longobard walls and towers, that surround it for the space of five kilometres, broken only, as of old, at stated intervals by six gates, of which four were renovated in the sixteenth century, while two still exhibit all the majestic solemnity of twelfth and thirteenth century architecture. It is by the so-called *Porta Romana* that the city is commonly entered, so named

because it abuts on the classic Via Cassia that connected Florence with Rome. It was inaugurated solemnly in 1653, on one of Innocent X.'s visits to Viterbo,—a place he was partial to, as it was close to his favourite summer villa, and his equally favourite sister-in-law, the dissolute Olimpia Maidalchini Pamfili. Innocenziana was the official name bestowed on the gate, but the people would none of that, and though the door is covered with adulatory inscriptions to this Pope, *Porta Romana* it was named by the people and *Porta Romana* it remains. What strikes the stranger on first beholding it are the marks of cannon-balls upon its stately surface. These are records of the French Republican assault in 1799. And next the tall statue of a female rose-crowned saint, whose slight figure rises into the air above the topmost pinnacle. This is the image of Viterbo's great glory, her own particular patron, who figures in the Roman Calendar as *St Rosa of Viterbo*, and must not be confounded with *St Rosa of Lima*, whose feast falls about the same date.

In *St Rosa*, in her deeds, in her festival,—that is honoured and kept in quaint fashion to this hour,—the medieval story of the city itself is in a measure adumbrated. This young saint, who died at the early age of seventeen, was born in 1235, when the Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire had temporarily wrested Viterbo from the papal possession, and furthermore, when the Emperor

then in power was no other than that most modern and most enigmatic figure, Frederick II. of Suabia,—an Italian by birth, an Oriental at heart, an eclectic and an aesthete, no barbarous rough-handed Teuton. Under his sway every heresy and opinion had freedom to make itself heard, and it so chanced that in Viterbo, a city always interested in religion and attracted to mystic speculation, the schism of the Patarines exerted widespread influence. In vain had Pope Gregory IX. launched his anathemas against the place. His voice, his threats, were disregarded. Yet, where he failed, a tender child was destined to succeed. This mere baby, who from her birth almost had evinced a predilection for a religious life, began at the age of ten to preach in the houses and streets of Viterbo, exhorting her fellow-citizens to lead austerer lives, to shut their ears to heretical preachings, to refrain from bloodshed and deeds of violence. She incited them further to shake off the yoke of that arch-demon, the heretic Frederick, and to restore their allegiance to their legitimate ruler, the Pope of Rome. And her words fell on fruitful ground. The city grew more peaceful, deeds of violence decreased, the moral standard was raised, and the Imperialists were openly flouted. Indeed, the latter attained such proportions that finally the political authorities saw themselves constrained to interfere. But since they shrank from the

appearance of persecuting a tiny girl, and also feared the people, who adored their "little saint," as they already called her, Frederick's viceroy hit on the expedient of banishing her and her family from the city in the depth of winter when the snow lay thick on the ground. The Cimmerian forest was in those times a spot to fear, for wild beasts and yet wilder men infested it. Nevertheless Rosa and her parents passed through all these dangers with safety, finding a temporary refuge in a small neighbouring town where Rosa continued her ministry, inciting the population against Frederick, and encouraging them to lead holier lives and to close their ears to the heresies that had also penetrated into this district. When she had successfully stirred them up, she deemed it time she should carry her propaganda elsewhere. But ere parting from them, on the morning of December 5, 1250, she thus addressed them:—

"Be of good cheer, rejoice much, for in a little while a great victory will be yours. For know that the mighty one who oppresses you and persecutes us is now near to his end, and the Church of Jesus is about to return to its supreme pastor."

Nor had the world long to wait for the fulfilment of this prophecy. Frederick, betrayed by his friend Piero della Vigne, pierced to the heart by the imprisonment in Bologna of his favourite son Enzo, distracted by the knowledge that in Germany a pretender was en-

deavouring to usurp the Empire, after roaming the length and breadth of Italy distractedly (though ever avoiding Florence, where, according to an old oracle, he feared to die), died rather suddenly in Fiorentino, near Lucera, in Apulia, December 13, 1250, thus fulfilling both Rosa's prediction and that of the earlier soothsayer.

Four months after this death Innocent IV. reacquired the papal patrimony, and the Guelph party were once more in power. It was then that the people of Viterbo razed to the ground the sumptuous palace Frederick was building for himself,—and what splendid palaces he could build all the world knows who has been to Apulia and seen Lucera or Castel del Monte. And such was the popular hatred of the Ghibelline, that it was decreed that the town walls be enlarged to cut right through the area, in order that none should ever again dwell upon the ground that this impious man had desired to occupy. To this hour can be seen vaults, arches, subterranean passages, half in and half out of the city walls, that mark all that is left of this great monarch's palace.

When Rosa heard of Frederick's death she at once returned to her native city, with the intention of spending her remaining years in seclusion and meditation. It is curious to learn that she applied in vain to the nuns of her parish church to be allowed to enter their order. Whether from jealousy or other reasons un-

explained, her request was repeatedly refused. She then founded a little informal Order of her own; but before retiring from the world she sent a message to the nuns who had refused her company, telling them that though they spurned her from them living, they would be constrained to have her among them dead; and furthermore, that she would prove a source of gain and honour to their community. Soon after, worn out with self-imposed privations and fatigues, Rosa herself died, surviving her arch-enemy but eighteen months.

Once more her prophecy was to be verified. The body of Rosa, whom Viterbo had already acclaimed as a saint, though the Church had not yet canonised her, was laid to rest in her parish church. Five years after, Alexander IV. established his papal Court at Viterbo. Soon after there appeared to him in his sleep a vision of the sainted damsel. She spoke to him, and enjoined him to disinter her body and remove it to the convent of St Damian, where she had so desired to find herself when alive. The Pope, who regarded this vision as a dream, took no heed of the saintly injunction. Three nights after it was repeated. The Pope, however, still deemed that it was a mere hallucination. Yet a third time was the vision repeated, and this time the saint was more emphatic and energetic in her commands. And since it appeared that his Holiness required a sign, she bade him

set forth for her tomb, telling him he would find it strewn with red roses, and roses would also be seen within. The next morning the Pope, accompanied by all the cardinals at Viterbo and a large body of clergy, set out for the church where Rosa lay buried. And the story has it that the grave was found as the vision had foretold; and when the grave was opened, the body of the young girl was seen to be uncorrupted. Whereupon the Pope caused it to be put into a richly carved urn, and four cardinals, followed by the pontiff in person, bore it on their shoulders to St Damian. Thus the nuns who had rejected Rosa living were indeed obliged and glad to accept her dead. From that day forth the name of the church was changed to that of St Rosa, her canonisation was effected, and the Pope decreed that the record of his vision should be celebrated in Viterbo in perpetuity. And since he beheld the saint for the third and last time on the night between September 3 and 4, this eve was chosen for the celebration.

To this day is the feast kept, and this with increasing rather than decreasing enthusiasm. At what in Italy is called the first hour of night,—that is, after Ave Maria,—on the evening of September 3, all Viterbo is astir, and not only all Viterbo, but hundreds who have come from far and near to be present at the *fête*. For some days a huge wooden shed has overtopped the high

Porta Romana, sheltering the tower-like erection that on this eve is borne the whole length of the city, enclosing the effigy of the girlish saint. On the appearance of the first star in the evening sky, sixty-four stalwart men, especially chosen for the purpose, and who regard this selection as a high honour, assemble before the shed and lift the huge erection upon their shoulders to the shout of "Evviva St Rosa." This tower-like structure, brilliantly lighted with hundreds of small oil lamps, changes its form every four years, increasing in height, elegance, and splendour. The latest model is a graceful species of Gothic tabernacle, not unlike some of the frames of Trecento pictures, and encloses on each of its four sides pictured scenes from the life of the saint, while the whole is surmounted by a canopy that shelters her effigy. The bearers, all dressed in pure white with bright red sashes, literally run with the heavy mass (the present tower weighs over four tons and is fifty-two feet high) through the narrow cobblestone-paved streets of Viterbo, never allowing the structure to sway or totter for one instant; so that, except one looks beneath, it would seem as if this brightly lighted tower moved of its own accord. Only at stated intervals, in a few open spaces, does it halt, and here the bearers cause it to gyrate upon itself—a strangely peculiar and picturesque sight. And thus, with these brief interruptions, does the lighted tower traverse the

tortuous medieval streets of Viterbo, overtopping the tallest houses, until at last, with a yet quicker run, it is carried up the rough steep incline that leads to St Rosa's Church, where it is deposited for the night.

The spectacle is really unique, fairylike. And a curious point is this, that though the whole show is in honour of a Church hero, the Church has no part in the pageant. It is to the strains of a military brass band that the saint's tower is borne through the city. Nor do the clergy assist at its departure or arrival. A full pontifical Mass in the Church of St Rosa on the following day is the only function assigned to the clergy. This secular character of a saintly feast is in itself a strange feature, and one of those anomalies that it would be hard to find outside of Italy. St Rosa's story is a curious one in any case, and has some analogies to that of Joan of Arc, for, like the Maid of Orleans, she combined religious and political enthusiasm.

But the interest of Viterbo does not end with St Rosa, or even with the, to us moderns, more attractive and sympathetic figure of Frederick II. For to the English it has two special claims to interest. In the first place, it was at Viterbo, on the piazza in front of its cathedral,—a piazza that still keeps all its medieval features, and that transports us back into the very heart of the darkest years of the Middle Ages,—that occurred a notable scene. Nicholas Brakespeare,

Adrian IV., the only Englishman who ever wore St Peter's tiara, here compelled the proud Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, to humble himself in the presence of his whole Court, obliging him to hold his stirrup while he descended from his mule. It needed all the suasion of his courtiers to induce Frederick to accede to this truly haughty papal demand, and only when the precedent of Lothaire was cited to him did he consent. But even so, the Barbarossa deeply resented the injury to his pride, and never ceased to proclaim that he paid this homage not to the Pope, but to St Peter, of whom he was the recognised representative.

The second incident connected with England occurred in the cathedral itself, an edifice that was once a temple of Hercules. Of this origin it retains only a magnificent colonnade, crowned with richly carved capitals, of which every one is different. It was at the high altar that Prince Henry of England, son of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III., was murdered. It appears that a number of princes and nobles had collected at Viterbo in 1271 on their return from one of the Crusades, the College of Cardinals being at that moment assembled in the city in order to bring a long interregnum to a close, and to elect a successor to the chair of St Peter. Among these nobles was Guy de Montfort, son of Simon de Montfort, who was killed in 1265 at the battle of Evesham. On this occasion the earl's body was

dragged in the dust by the Royalists and subjected to other indignities, wherefore his son Guy, who was present, vowed vengeance against the king and all his family for this outrage. For long no opportunity to fulfil the vow occurred until chance brought the two men together at Viterbo. On the morning of March 4 Prince Henry had gone alone to the cathedral to hear Mass. At the moment when the priest was elevating the Host and all were bowed in deep reverence, Guy de Montfort rushed into the sacred edifice, followed by a troop of underlings, brandishing his naked sword and falling upon the prince. Henry, when he perceived his danger, on his part started up the altar steps, clutching at the sacred table and the officiating priest, thinking thus to secure sanctuary. But Guy was not to be withstood. He not only pierced Henry through with his sword, but also killed the two acolytes who had placed themselves before the prince to shield him with their bodies. Henry expired instantly, while Guy and his followers simply turned and walked away quite quietly and unmolested out of the church, saying as he left it, "At last my father is avenged." "How?" replied his friend; "was not your father's body dragged in the dust?" When Guy heard these words he returned in hot anger to the altar, and, seizing the prince's body by the hair, dragged it outside into the public square and left it lying in the mud and dust. Then he

calmly turned, mounted his horse, and fled from the precincts of the city. Not a soul attempted to follow. Charles of Anjou was afraid to punish him, and the excommunications of the cardinals, the indignation of the Viterbese, did him little harm. Only two years after did Edward I. of England succeed in inducing Pope Gregory X. to deprive Guy de Montfort of all his fiefs and honours. Meanwhile the heart of Henry was put into a cup of gold and placed on a pillar on London Bridge as a memorial of the outrage. Dante mentions this incident in the 'Inferno,' placing the murderer in that seventh circle, guarded by the Minotaur and the Centaurs, which is surrounded by a river of boiling blood in which those whose sins have been tyranny or cruelty towards mankind are punished.

"A little farther on the Centaur stopped
Above a folk, who far down as the
throat

Seemed from the boiling stream to
issue forth.

A shade he showed us on one side
alone,

Saying: 'He cleft asunder in God's
bosom

The heart that still upon the Thames
is honoured.' "

A rude fresco and an epitaph commemorating the deed were long to be seen on the church's front. The wording of this inscription is reproduced in the 'Chronicles of Matthew of Westminster.'

It was within this cathedral, too, that Innocent III., that political genius, in 1207 assembled a Church Council,

which, with great pomp and ceremonial, laid the basis of the political constitution of the Papal State,—a constitution unchanged in its essentials.

What with its memories and with what it still retains of its ancient splendours, that Cathedral Piazza is really unique. It lies isolated a little from the rest of the city by a bridge of Etruscan origin, which must even then have connected the Arx with the main portion of the city. First to strike the eye is a fantastic open loggia of rich Gothic tracery work, supported by a wide flat arch that affords glimpses of the green Etruscan plain and the volcanic group of mountains that skirt it. Adjoining stands a stern massive thirteenth century palace, its flat nude walls broken by but a few mullioned windows, and also built, owing to the irregularities of the ground, on the top of strong wide arches, supported by massive buttresses, as can be noted if the building is approached from the back. In front it is reached by a wide monumental stairway. Immediately opposite, and close to the elegant Campanile with its striped black and white brickwork and its Gothic lancet windows, stands a small house. This is of rare interest, for here we are face to face with an authentic domestic dwelling of the thirteenth century not yet touched by the restorer's hand. It practically consists of one storey only, raised high above the ground on a double span of arches, now, and perhaps even then, filled in with brick-

work to allow of the use of the space for stables. Were it not for the Baroque façade of the cathedral, there would not be a discordant note in this piazza, which is practically all of one epoch.

What excites our imagination, however, besides its beauty, are its memories, which rush in upon us as we ascend the stairway and enter the great hall. In this vast chamber, once a portion of the papal palace, were held many conclaves. Here, too, the method of holding such conclaves and of electing popes was first formulated. It happened in this wise. It was the year 1270. The papal palace containing this vast structure had been completed four years, having been built for the popes by the Captain of the People in order that the popes might find a worthy and safe lodgment during the many occasions when they were driven from Rome owing to internal discords. For over thirty-three months had the cardinals met daily in the cathedral to elect a successor to Clement IV., but such were the dissensions among them that each day's sitting seemed to render a decision more distant and unlikely. At last the people of Viterbo, instigated by St Bonaventura, and urged also by all Christendom, resolved to put an end to these undignified contentions. Hence one day they proceeded to the residences of each of these factious prelates, and, taking them prisoner, conducted them severally to the great hall.

This done, they drew the bolts and bars of every exit, cut off the inmates from all means of communicating with the outside world, and informed them in no measured terms that they would not be released from durance vile until they had elected a pope. And since after some days no election had been made, the Viterbese reduced the quantity and quality of the food rations, and menaced yet severer measures if results were not speedily arrived at. Nevertheless again the days passed and no election was made. Then the Captain of the People ordered that the roof be removed from the council-room in the hope that the sun and the rain, the cold and the heat, might force the cardinals into a decision. This measure roused a very tempest among the prisoners: some of the prelates grew indisposed in consequence, and one, the Cardinal of Ostia, became so gravely ill that it was needful for the Viterbese to yield and to consent to his liberation. The document is still preserved in the Civic Library, signed by seventeen cardinals and sealed with seventeen seals, in which these princes of the Church, assembled in the uncovered hall, humbly implore the Captain of the People and the Podestà to allow them to put out this dying brother, appealing to the divine mercy, and declaring on oath that this prelate, if released, was willing to give his beneplacito to any pontifical election that might be made in his absence. It is dated "from the roofless Epis-

copal Palace, June 8, 1270." At last, seeing the Viterbese would not yield an inch despite anathemas and threats of extra-mundane punishments, the cardinals finally agreed, and chose Tebaldo Visconti to the Papal Chair, which he ascended under the name of Gregory X. This Pontiff, thus chosen, then decided that all future conclaves should be held in this wise—*i.e.*, that the cardinals should be sequestered from all contact with the outer world, as is still done, and that their rations should be reduced in quantity and quality the longer a decision was delayed.

Thus at Viterbo was originated the manner of electing popes much as it still obtains. And various other conclaves met in this spot, all more or less stormy. Once again the roof had to be removed to force the cardinals to elect, and on one occasion Charles of Anjou incited an insurrection against the dilatory prelates, and in person broke into the assembly, followed by an armed band, in order to remove from among the priestly electors two dignitaries whom, for his own personal ends, he wished absent from the council, as he knew they would vote against his desires. On the pavement of this vast bare hall can still be seen the holes for the tent-poles that upheld the awnings that separated the habitations of the various cardinals.

Looking out of the rear windows of this hall, that commands a wide view over Viterbo and its neighbourhood, we note in the Episcopal gar-

dens the signs of a ruined room. This fragment has also its memories and its tale. For it is all that remains of the room Pope John XXI. built for himself,—that "Peter of Spain," as Dante calls him, placing him among the great doctors of the Church. This Spaniard, or more properly Portuguese, reigned but eight months. His death was due to this very chamber of his erection, for the ceiling fell in upon him and killed him. Does this not rather look as if even in those days, whose high artistic morality some of our æsthetes laud so extravagantly at the expense of our own century, the jerry-builder was not quite unknown? This pope has been as unfortunate in death as he was in life. His contemporaries laid him to rest in an urn of porphyry, and here, in the Cathedral of Viterbo, he slept for six centuries, a quaint Latin epitaph recording his virtues and his vicissitudes. Then in 1886 the Duke of Saldanha, Portuguese Ambassador to the Holy See, passing through Viterbo, bethought him of his great compatriot, and desiring to do him honour conceived the unfortunate idea to upraise to him a new mausoleum, of which the intention was no doubt good but the result less happy. Hence the old tomb has been relegated to a spot below a back staircase.

To return to the jerry-builder. It was during the reign of the next John, John XXII., that the elegant loggia, erected outside the papal palace in order

that the people assembled in the piazza below could see their spiritual father and receive his blessing, after having been raised but fifty years, threatened ruin. Although the Pope commanded from Avignon that this "neglected loggia," as he calls it in his writing, be restored, nevertheless one half fell in entirely, while the other, that facing the piazza, was maintained in existence by the clumsy device of filling in the light, graceful Gothic arches with brickwork. In this condition the loggia has come down to us, and it was only in 1904 that, thanks to the local Inspector of Fine Arts, it has been restored to its pristine condition—yet another proof, were another needed, that the modern Italians do not neglect their art treasures, as the superficially informed tourist too hastily avers. This architectural gem shows traces that in its prime the stone was coloured in gold, red, and azure in the cornices, much after the manner in which the Greek temples are now supposed to have been picked out with pigments. A series of graceful intertwined arches of trellised tracery, rendered yet more airy by their surmounting open-worked rosettes, rest upon a number of slender double columns. On the surmounting architrave is sculptured a very epopee of armorial bearings. The Church is here represented by the double infule and the crossed keys, which was their coat of arms; the Empire by the eagle with outspread wings; the crests of various citizens

who had helped to rear this artistic jewel, and last, but not least often, the city's coat of arms—the lion gardant, holding the three-cleft lance. In course of time, for assistance given to the papal cause during the pontifical residence in Avignon, for the lance was substituted a palm-tree.

This lion with the palm meets us at every turn in Viterbo, but nowhere does he present a quainter aspect than in the principal square in front of the town hall, known as the Piazza del Plebiscito. Here rise two tall granite columns. On the one sits proudly a rude stone lion, the Guelph emblem, holding his lance. On the other is the same lion grasping in his jaggy paws the papal palm-tree. Quaintly, too, does he present himself if we pass through the open doorway beneath the town hall and enter its courtyard, though what strikes us first perhaps in this pretty little orange-tree-filled area, besides its extensive view, are a number of life-sized figures lying upon sarcophagi in that curious half-sitting posture that is peculiar to Etruscan tombs. There is something startling and almost uncanny in this unexpected sight, and it is a relief to turn from them to the splashing fountain and to note that it is surmounted by Viterbo lions, though standing on their hind legs this time, holding up between them the symbolic palm-tree, from whose leaves gushes forth the water.

The tower of the town hall, one of the finest, tallest, and

most impressive in Viterbo, is noteworthy as enshrining the first public clock that ever struck the time of day, older by some twelve years than that usually reputed the first on the face of the Church of Araceli in Rome. In the town hall are now preserved the local antiquities, ill-disposed and ill-lighted, and awaiting a more intelligent disposition and a better environment. This they may soon find in the old hall of the conclaves. Some of the pictures are of interest, such as the portrait of Raniero Capocci, the bitter foe of Frederick II., the first cardinal to wear armour in battle. Also two church pictures by Sebastiano del Piombo. The one of the Deposition from the Cross, as we learn from Vasari, was painted after a design of Michael Angelo's. The other, the Flagellation, is referred to in one of Michael Angelo's letters to the same master. The painter complains that though his work has been finished over two months he cannot get his payment for the same, as the man who had commissioned it is haggling about the price. Will Michael Angelo judge between them? To this end he will send the work to Florence at his own expense. Here, too, can be seen some of the paintings by Lorenzo da Viterbo, a master hitherto known by his nickname of Pastura, and too often deprived by the omniscient art-expert of some of his finest work. The very finest indeed is also harboured by Viterbo,

though to see it we must quit the city walls and wend our dusty way to the huge, utterly dilapidated church of St Maria della Verità. Here, in a side chapel, are the remains of frescoes illustrating the life of the Virgin. Best preserved is that of her marriage. Of this work Corrado Ricci, that fine connoisseur, who really knows his native art but does not blare his own trumpet like so many of the foreign art experts, says—

“Who in Italy until a few years ago knew that there had lived a Lorenzo da Viterbo, who had left behind him at his death, when only twenty-five, a painting so admirable that it merits a first place in the history of Italian Art? That art before the fourteenth century can offer fewer finer examples.”

And, indeed, it is a work throbbing with life, vitality, and individuality in face, figure, and gesture. The heads are all portraits of the notable citizens of the time, including that of Lorenzo himself, showing a youthful face that bears marks of physical suffering. As a study of costume, too, the fresco is highly curious. Since its reinstatement to fame, it has been often copied, and one of the happiest of these copies, due to a local hand, has been acquired by the British Museum.

The Civic Library, that is also housed in the town hall, and now includes the MSS. and archives from suppressed convents, should prove of immense value to historical

students. Among its treasures ranks an illuminated thirteenth-century Bible, annotated by St Thomas Aquinas. Long held a treasure are two copies of an edict, one in Latin and one in Longobard characters, said to have been issued by Desiderius, King of the Lombards, dealing with the origin of the name Viterbo, which according to this document was bestowed by this ruler. It now appears that these two documents, that led to most embittered archaeological disputes, are elaborate fifteenth-century forgeries, proving that the art of turning out false antiques is not a discovery of our commercial age.

They manufactured myths, too, and funeral inscriptions. Outside a church in the main square stands, supported on brackets and surmounted by a Renaissance decoration, a Roman marble sarcophagus representing the Caledonian hunt. This, according to popular legend, is the tomb of the beautiful Galliana, said to have been the most beautiful woman of Italy of the Middle Ages. An elaborate Latin epitaph, dated 1138, but invented in 1549, records the fanciful event. The story is amusing: it is told that a Roman Baron, desperately enamoured of the beauty of Galliana, stirred up a war between Rome and Viterbo, hoping to carry off his fair one in the ensuing confusion. But Viterbo was besieged in vain for the sake of this medieval Helen. The Romans were defeated. Before withdrawing, however, they besought the

Viterbese, as a grace, to allow them to behold this lovely damsel, if only for a brief moment. The Viterbese acceded to the request, and agreed that she should be shown them from one of the windows still existing in the gate of St Antonio, now called the Tower of the Beautiful Galliana. But hardly had the enamoured Baron set eyes upon the object of his devotion than, taking up his cross-bow, he shot her with an arrow through the heart! In memory of her virtues, her charms, and this treachery, the citizens accorded her a public funeral and a public monument. The only foundation of truth that can be traced to the tale is that in the twelfth century there lived and died at Viterbo a noble matron called Galliana, so noted for her beauty (and beauty is the prerogative of Viterbo women) that she was called the sixth wonder of the city.

Of course Viterbo is full of churches,—what medieval Italian city is not?—and nearly all have something of interest to show, though many have unfortunately been pulled about and debased by the bad taste prevalent in the eighteenth century—that century which wrought such havoc amid artistic treasures. One of the oldest is San Sisto, of pure Longobard origin, dating from the fifth century—that abuts on the city walls, and whose apse is actually built into them. Disused, and now only preserved as a national monument, is the Church of

St Francesco, full of lovely bits of Gothic work, though all so fragmentary and disconnected that no general impression of its earlier state can be obtained. It is noteworthy now chiefly as containing the tombs of two Popes. Here after many vicissitudes rests Clement IV., that terrible Frenchman who exterminated the last descendants of the Swabian emperors. His tomb is a fine piece of marble and cosmato work, due to the hand of that famous "Peter, the Roman citizen," who erected the tomb "of speckled marble" that enshrines the body of King Henry III. in Westminster Abbey. This Pontiff's tomb and body were removed several times from its original site, for it was supposed to work miracles, wherefore different congregations tried to obtain it by force or by fraud, in order also to obtain the emoluments that the possession of a miracle-working relic brought with it. Again and again successive Popes had to issue Bulls to prevent its renewed removal from some church in which it had found a temporary resting-place, and at last profane hands were laid upon it by the French revolutionaries when they invaded Viterbo in 1798. Only in 1885, after yet other migrations, was it definitely placed by the Italian Government in this church, and skilfully and tastefully restored.

By one of fate's little ironies, flanking it is the tomb of Pietro di Vico, the Roman Prefect, Clement's fiercest foe. This fiery Ghibelline, who drew down

on his head various papal ex-communications, commanded in his will that his corpse should be divided into seven pieces, as a sign of his detestation of the seven cardinal vices, to which he naively confesses that he was greatly prone in life,—an eccentric and truly medieval form of death-bed repentance. The original site of his tomb was, strangely enough, by the side of Clement, and by the side of Clement he rests once more, for the church in which he was originally laid has been desecrated into barracks. Apparently neither in life nor in death could these bitter foes keep apart. A yet finer sepulchral monument is that of Adrian V., a very gem of medieval art, a structure of many-coloured marbles, of twisted columns and rich mosaic, due to the hand that reared the exquisite cloister of St John Lateran in Rome.

But side by side, and almost over and above its stock sights, the streets of Viterbo teem with interest, so wonderfully have they in large part preserved their medieval character. Everywhere there are objects to hold and attract the eye. The Gothic, the Romanesque, the Renaissance, are all mingled together in picturesque entirety. Palaces of rusticated stone, their doorways set in massive arches, houses that, obviously for the sake of defence, could be approached only by steep outside stairs obstructed midway by heavy protecting portals, richly carved corbels, projecting parapets, sculptured friezes and cornices, wrought-iron balconies

and antique cresset lamps, meet us at every turn. There is one quarter, indeed, that has been left quite intact. With its tortuous streets, many of them blind alleys, or ending in subterranean passages, obviously for defence and for evasion, with its tall houses whose projecting eaves darken the streets below, with its arches that span the road at every few steps throwing dark shadows of their own on the pavement, with its stern gloomy towers that rise in confined proximity one above another, there is here preserved in this corner of Viterbo a genuine bit of old-world life. In this spot it is easy to reconstruct in fancy the lugubrious sanguinary scenes that must have occurred here, where the fratricidal strife that rent all Italian cities of the era raged in full vigour. The labyrinthine character of the whole, so full of corners, of excrescences, of recesses, would seem the construction of some madman, did we not remember that these irregularities were

imposed by the military architecture of the epoch, and by the exigencies of the contemporary methods of defence and attack.

Nor are Viterbo attractions exhausted when we have thoroughly explored the city. Its immediate neighbourhood, too, holds objects of interest and great artistic worth, such as the perfect Renaissance pilgrimage church of the Madonna della Quercia, built by Bramante, the village whence comes the far-famed Est Est wine, discovered by that Cardinal Fugger of the fifteenth century who drank himself to death in its vintage, his tomb showing his mitre flanked by two goblets. Further, there is the Lake of Bracciano, with its splendid fortress-castle, the Lake of Bolsena, Etruscan Norchi, to name but a few of the objects of interest. And last but not least, close by, that most complete example of an Italian villa, the Villa Lante. But all this would lead us too far afield.

ON SOME GREAT ENGLISH OAKS.

It is now more than sixty years since any attempt seems to have been made to classify as to their size the very large or remarkable old oak-trees that are to be found in almost every English county. The five largest specimens which were then recorded are those described by Loudon in his monumental work, '*Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum*' (vol. iii. pp. 1770-1775), published in 1844. These five ancient giants were the "Cowthorpe Oak" in Yorkshire, having a girth of 78 ft. (measured close to the ground at the close of the eighteenth century); the "Winfarthing Oak" in Norfolk, girthing $68\frac{1}{2}$ ft. at the base (measured in 1744); the "Merton Oak," also in Norfolk, girthing 63 ft. (which, being long quite hollow, was destroyed by a gale in January 1902); the "Hempstead Oak" in Essex, girthing 53 ft.; and the "Grindstone Oak," near Farnham, in Surrey, measuring 48 ft. near the ground and 33 ft. at 3 ft. up, but then fast waning to decay.

All of these are far larger than any of the oaks produced in Scotland, where the two largest are probably the "Capon Tree" at Ferniehirst in Roxburghshire, girthing $26\frac{1}{2}$ ft. at 3 ft. up, and $24\frac{1}{4}$ ft. at 5 ft. up, and an oak in the Haugh of Logie in Darnaway Forest, Morayshire, girthing $27\frac{3}{4}$ ft. at 1 ft. up, and 20 ft. 5 in. at 5 ft. up. But the big Scottish

oaks are usually much longer in the bole than the large English oaks; and the very simple explanation of this is that all the remarkably large oak-trees in England have at one time or another been pollarded, which of course made them comparatively short in the stem but big in girth, while some of the largest have long been rotten and hollow in the butt.

It is difficult to collect reliable information regarding old oak-trees remarkable either for their dimensions or on account of interesting events connected with them; and local naturalists and antiquaries would do good service if they would personally ascertain and publish precise details as to girth, height, and historical associations. In 1891 Mr J. Smith of Romsey, Hants, published many very interesting details in a paper "On British Oaks" (Royal Scottish Arboricultural Society's '*Transactions*,' vol. xiii.); and there is a valuable chapter on "Some Celebrated Trees" in Mr W. A. Dutt's '*Wild Life in East Anglia*' (1906). It is unfortunate, however, that we have not records such as this latter for each English county. Many fine old oak-trees, undoubtedly ancient, although perhaps not of very large girth, are known far and wide locally by characteristic names such as "Royal" or "Parliament," when some king has sat within its shade, or has held a parliament near

it in olden days; and there are many "Gospel Oaks," under the shade of which the clergyman and parishioners used to stop and read the gospel for the day when perambulating the boundaries of the parish during Rogation-week, according to the old, time-honoured custom.

Within the ancient royal forests there are many fine trees, but hardly so many of strikingly large girth as might have been expected—probably because every large tree that was sound enough had to be felled to provide navy-timber to the dockyard purveyors, on their demand. Since Loudon's enumeration was made in 1844, the Home Park at Windsor has lost the old "Herne's Oak," about which, as we read in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—

"There is an old tale goes that Herne
the Hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor
Forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still mid-
night,
Walk round about an oak, with great
ragg'd horns."

It was blown down during a gale in 1863, when a sapling was planted in its place, and has inherited its name. Near this are "Queen Elizabeth's Tree" and "Shakespeare's Oak," which are both fine trees. But a much larger tree is that known immemorially as "William the Conqueror's Oak," situated just within the park-palings near Cranbourne Lodge. At 5 ft. up it girths 37 ft., but it has long been in a decadent condition, supported by props. Another

very large old tree is the "Forest Gate Oak," a pollard girthing 28½ ft.

Between New Lodge and Highstanding Hill are the three younger "Queen Oaks," associated with the names of Anne, Charlotte, and Victoria. They are much younger trees than the above, and now girth only 15½, 17½, and 12 ft. respectively; but they are in vigorous growth, and promise in the distant future to be trees of remarkably large girth. The most interesting group of large oak-trees at Windsor is to be found between the keeper's house and Cranbourne Walk. It is remarkable as being the first "plantation" made, in 1580, by the sowing or dibbling of acorns, whereas previously to that the raising of oak had been entirely by means of the ancient practice of *encoppicement* or simple inclosure against deer and cattle, self-sown seedlings and stool-shoots being then left to come up naturally.

Notwithstanding its large area, the New Forest in Hants does not contain many very large oak-trees, as the sandy soil is not so well suited for their growth as the stronger lands in central and eastern England. But such large trees as there are have very picturesque outlines. At Boldrewood there are three large oaks—the "Western" girthing 24½ ft., the "Northern" 20½ ft., and the "Eastern" 16 ft. Larger than any of these in the forest, however, is the old and hollow "Oakley Oak" near Mottisfont Abbey, girth-

ing $31\frac{1}{2}$ ft. at breast-height. An interesting old boundary-tree is the now decaying "Seven Yards Oak," marking the limit of the parishes of Whitchurch and Hurstbourne Priors, which still girths 21 ft. at breast-height.

In the Forest of Dean—for centuries furnishing some of the finest oak timber for the navy—there are also far fewer big trees than might have been expected. The largest, and probably the oldest, oak within the bounds of the royal forest is "Jack of the Yat," growing by the roadside near the sixteenth milestone on the Long Hill, and girthing just over 18 ft. In the *purlieu* or disafforested portion of what was once declared *forest*, however, there stands, just outside the forest area, a much larger tree, the "Newland Oak," an old pollard with a 12-ft. bole, which now (1906) girths $45\frac{1}{2}$ ft. at the base and $43\frac{1}{2}$ ft. at 5 ft. up, and which spreads into five large branches at the height of 12 ft.

Farther to the south-west, in a meadow on Llanhenosk Farm, near Carleon in Monmouthshire, stands the "Coronation Oak," from beneath which the announcement of the crowning of our kings and queens is locally proclaimed. It girths $38\frac{1}{2}$ ft. near the base, and $27\frac{1}{2}$ ft. at the smallest part of its short bole. And nearly as large is the "Pencraig Oak" on Pencraig Farm, near Newport.

On the west side of Richmond Great Park (Surrey) there are many fine old pollard oaks,

girthing from 20 to $20\frac{3}{4}$ ft.; but unfortunately they are now stag-headed and dead in the crown, thus exhibiting the first unmistakable signs of decay from sheer old age, which nothing (not even mulching) can prevent.

In Worcestershire the heavy clayey-marly soil produces fine oaks, and there are at least five celebrated trees within that county. The largest of these, both as to girth and spread of boughs, is the "Cowley Oak," measuring 27 ft. in girth at 3 ft. up, which was specially mentioned in an old manuscript survey of Malvern Chase in 1633. But the bigger of the two "Colwall Oaks" in the parish of Colwall, near the old hunting-seat of the Bishop of Hereford, and girthing 27 ft. at 3 ft. up, though nearly 60 ft. round at the base, is supposed to be the oldest tree on or near the Malvern Hills.

In Kyre Park, on rising ground just off the Tenbury and Bromyard road, stands the "Gibbet Oak," girthing 24 ft. at 5 ft. up. Its name is said to date from the time of the Wars of the Roses, when two horizontal branches, about 8 or 9 feet above the ground, served for the hanging of traitors and spies. On the bank of the Teme, in Leigh parish, about a mile west of Bransford Bridge, stands the "Great Burr Oak," girthing 20 ft. at 3 ft. up. In a field near the Severn, in the southern part of Malvern Chase, stands the "Old Pollard Oak," girthing 17 ft., and remark-

able for its curious horizontal branches. Below Great Malvern, in a hedge by the side of the road to Sherrard's Green, stands the "Devil's Oak." Fantastic though its appearance be, it owes its name to the fact that on a damp, foggy morning some sweeps took shelter in the cavity of its hollow stem, and on being seen to emerge, they were mistaken for devils. All of these last three trees are extraordinary specimens of the "burring" which results from the lopping of pollards time after time.

Throughout Nottinghamshire there are many remarkable old trees, dating back to the time when Sherwood was a royal forest. As regards historical associations, the most celebrated tree is the "Parliament Oak" in Clipstone Park, standing by the side of the road leading from Edwinstowe to Mansfield. It girths $28\frac{1}{2}$ ft. at 3 ft. up, but is now in the last stages of senile decay. Tradition says that under it King John held an informal parliament in 1212, and that Edward I. also held another in 1290. At Welbeck there are some fine old oaks. Almost half a mile to the south of the abbey stands the "Greendale Oak," girthing 30 ft. at 5 ft. up, but it has now long been hollow from age. In 1724 a passage was made through the stem, and this opening is now 9 ft. high, $7\frac{1}{4}$ ft. wide on one side, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ ft. on the other. Another hollow tree is the "Shambles Oak," the cavity of which is said to have served as

a larder to Robin Hood, and to have oft resounded with the mirth of his merry men. In later days it was also said to have been used for a similar purpose by a noted sheep-stealer, which seems more probable. At the north end of the park, on either side of the drive, stand the "Two Porters," between which there was once a gate. The larger, which lost its top during a gale in 1881, girths 25 ft. 8 in. at 5 ft. up, and the smaller 23 ft. 2 in. About half a mile distant from these once stood the "Seven Sisters," remarkable from the fact of seven stems having shot up from one root-stock—most probably as stool-shoots from a very ancient coppice, or else as seedlings which became intergrown. But this curiosity was finally destroyed during a storm in 1888, when the last of the Sisters was blown down. The "Major Oak," also now long hollow, girths $29\frac{1}{2}$ ft. at 5 ft. up. It is nearly 70 ft. high, and its branches have a spread of 90 ft. The "Simon Forester" oak, girthing 22 ft., is another of the famous old Sherwood oaks in that same locality.

In Staffordshire, on Lord Bagot's estate near Rugeley, there are several very old and fine trees, of which the most celebrated is the "Beggar's Oak," girthing 23 ft. 2 in. at 5 ft. up, and considered one of the most beautiful and fully-foliaged of our ancient oak-trees. The "Squitch Oak" has also the same circumference at 5 ft. up; while the "King Oak," in another part of the

park, girths 20 ft. at the same distance above ground, and has a clean bole of 30 ft. and a total height of 70 ft. The "White Oak" also forms a curiosity, from its foliage being variegated and mottled with white; but the oldest of these park trees is the "Venison Oak," which ancient records show to have been a noteworthy tree over 600 years ago. Larger than any of these, however, is the "Swilcar Lawn Oak," growing in another part of the county, in what once formed part of Needwood Forest.

In Shropshire, growing in a field on the bank of the Severn, about half a mile from the village of Cressage, stands the hollow but very ancient "Christ's Oak," which girthed 30 ft. at 5 ft. up before the shell of the trunk began to decay. Tradition says that the early Christian missionaries taught their creed under its shelter, and that it is the ultimate surviving tree of the ancient Schobbesburgh woods, the hunting-grounds of the Saxon kings, which gave the name to the town of Shrewsbury. This aged veteran will probably soon disappear, as fell, from sheer old age, in June 1823, the last tree of Inglewood Forest, in Cumberland, an aged oak that had been celebrated locally for upwards of 600 years.

In Derbyshire there are four large oaks at Caulke Abbey, the biggest of which girths 31 ft. at the base and 28 ft. higher up; while another is 25½ ft. round, above the swell

of the roots. Some fine trees are also found in Warwickshire, of which the largest, that in the Deer Park at Stoneleigh, girths 36½ ft.; while another, near the Abbey, has a circumference of 24 ft.

In Oxfordshire, probably the largest tree is the "King Charles Oak" in Blenheim Park, which girths 23 ft., and has a bole of 23 ft. In Wiltshire, the biggest is the "Long-leat Oak," growing on the Marquis of Bath's estate, and girthing 25½ ft. at 5 ft. up.

Hertfordshire is rich in historical oak-trees. In Hatfield Park the largest is the "Lion Oak," girthing 32 ft.; but a far more celebrated tree, though much smaller and already decadent, is "Queen Elizabeth's Oak," standing about half-way down the avenue leading towards the town of Hertford. It is said that Princess Elizabeth was sitting under this tree on 17th November 1558, when the deputation came to apprise her of Queen Mary's death, and to offer their homage on her accession to the throne. Another fine tree likely to attain very large dimensions in the future is the "Grimston Oak," at Oxhey Chapel, about two miles from Watford. It was planted by the second Lord Grimston in 1773, and already girths over 17 ft., with a clean bole of 24 ft. Much older and larger, however, are "The Two Pollards" in Moor Park, which girth 25 and 23 ft.

In Bedfordshire, Ampthill Park contains many fine old trees, of which the largest are the two standing near the

mansion, and known as "The Amphthill Oaks." They are of about equal girth, each measuring 35 ft. at 3 ft. up.

Northamptonshire contains many fine oaks, of which the two most notable are the "Judith" or "Cowper's Oak" at Yardley, and the "Queen's Oak" at Grafton. The former girths 30 ft. at 3 ft. up, but has long been decaying and hollow in the trunk. According to local tradition, it was planted by Judith, niece of William the Conqueror and wife of the Earl of Northumberland, by whom the Yardley and many other manors in Northants were held. The "Queen's Oak" is also a hollow tree, girthing 22 ft. at 5 ft. up. It was beneath this tree, so runs the story, that Elizabeth, the widow of Sir John Grey of Groby, a Lancastrian knight who fell at the battle of St Albans, besought King Edward IV. to restore the forfeited estates of her late husband — an episode which ultimately led to her becoming Edward's queen, and the first Englishwoman thus elevated since the Saxon time. The "Salcey Oak," one of the very old trees remaining from the ancient Salcey Forest, girths 36½ ft. at 3 ft. up, and is, like many of these venerable oaks, quite hollow in the bole to a height of 11 feet.

In Norfolk the most celebrated trees are the two "Winfarthing Oaks." The larger in girth stands in the orchard of Lodge Farm, about four miles from Diss, and is supposed to be about sixteen hundred years old, although this can only be

mere conjecture. Mr Robert Marsham, the Norfolk correspondent of White of Selborne, found its basal circumference to be 68 ft. 7 in. in 1744. In 1820 it girthed 40 ft. at the middle of its butt, and in 1873 it still measured the same, but by 1894 it had shrunk to 38½ ft. It is now merely the picturesque ruin of a grand old tree. In an adjoining meadow there also stands the hollow, branchless trunk of the other fine old oak-tree, which Mr Marsham found to have a circumference of 30 ft. in 1744, and which measured the same in 1873. This county also boasts a "Queen Elizabeth's Oak," in Huntingfield Park, from beneath which favourite tree she is said to have shot a buck. It once girthed nearly 33 ft. at 7 ft. up, but now it merely exists in a moribund condition, being split into three sections, one of which is quite dead. Reaching back a few years farther, however, as regards historical association (or more probably only tradition in this particular case), is "Kett's Oak" at Royston, near Downham Market, which is popularly connected with the great peasant rising of 1549. This tree girthed 45 ft. near the ground in 1841. One of the finest trees in the county, however, is the "Thorpe Oak," in a wood close to the garden of Thorpe Hall. About 70 ft. in height, it has a clean bole of 42 ft., and girths 21½ ft. at 1 ft. up. In 1901 Norfolk lost one of its finest trees when the "Thwaites Oak" was felled, which grew in a meadow at

Tivetshall St Margaret. It girthed 21 ft., and had a bole 19 ft. long. It was sold by auction for £92, 2s. in September 1901, and four tons of bark were stripped from the stem and branches.

In Suffolk the most famous of the trees still growing is the "Henham Oak," near Henham Hall. In the hollow trunk of this old tree the royalist, Sir John Rous, remained hidden for some days, while Cromwell's soldiery searched for him throughout the mansion and its surroundings. All that now remains of it is a broken ivy-grown trunk about 12 ft. high and 27 ft. in girth. In 1878 most of its top fell, and the remainder in 1904, leaving only the present stump. When one reflects that, over 250 years ago, it was then already "hollow-hearted from exceeding age," it seems permissible to consider that this must surely be one of the oldest remnants of an oak-tree in England.

In the county of Kent one of the most interesting trees, though perhaps not one of the largest, as it only girths 18½ ft. at 5 ft. up, is the "Wilberforce Oak" at Holwood, beneath which, an old tree then, the philanthropist and Mr Pitt had a conversation, in 1788, that made the former resolve to bring forward a motion in the House of Commons for the abolition of slavery. Nearer

to Holwood House stands "Pitt's Oak," girthing 20 ft. at 3 ft. up, beneath the spreading branches of which the famous statesman used to sit and read.

Far bigger in cubic contents than any of the above, however, was the great "Golynos Oak," which grew about four miles from Newport, in Monmouthshire, and was felled in 1810 for the use of the navy. It was sold standing for £405, and yielded 2426 cubic ft. of sound timber. In those days there was such a scarcity of oak for shipbuilding that many a fine sound old tree must have vanished. But it must now always be a matter of regret when trees like the "Thwaites Oak" in Norfolk are felled for sale. Such links with the far distant past cannot be replaced: their disappearance is a permanent loss. Not all the gold of Ophir can raise up again one of these aged giants once it is laid low by axe or saw; and as an object in the landscape a picturesque old oak is verily worth much fine gold. When wind and storm at last overthrow decaying monarchs, the damage is equally irreparable. But such act of God is then inevitable; and a sturdy young plant can be set near at hand, to perpetuate the name of the fallen veteran away down into the coming centuries.

J. NISBET.

OLD GALWAY LIFE.

FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS.

ONE of my earliest recollections, if not the earliest of all, is of a visit which Lord Anglesey paid to us. As all the world knows, this gallant officer commanded the cavalry at Waterloo, and is generally held to have contributed more to the success of the Allies than any other of the leaders who participated in that great struggle, the Duke of Wellington alone excepted. As he rode over the field by the Iron Duke's side near the close of the day, a spent cannon-ball carried away his leg at the thigh.

"By G—! sir, I've lost my leg!" he exclaimed.

"By G—! have you, sir?" responded the Duke, who was probably too much preoccupied at that critical moment to take in the full extent of the calamity that had befallen his comrade-in-arms.

As Lord Anglesey was thus debarred from further campaigning, he was, in recognition of his brilliant services, made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. During his tenure of office he made a tour through Connemara, the first ever undertaken by an Irish viceroy, and on his way towards those western wilds he spent a night at our house. He carried amongst his baggage an assortment of cork legs, suitable for various occasions, and whilst the company were assembled downstairs at dinner his valet

treated the servants to a private view of them. I was taken to the exhibition by my nurse, and I remember that there was one leg in ordinary morning attire, another booted and spurred for riding—the leg which was clad in evening array he was wearing at that moment.

We were all gathered on the steps to witness his departure next morning. There had been much speculation amongst us children as to how he would be able to mount his horse, but he managed that difficult operation so easily and gracefully that when he rode away we were left in hot debate as to which leg was the artificial and which the real one.

I was somewhat older, but still a little girl in very short petticoats, when my grandfather became possessed of a piece of property not usual for a country gentleman to own. This was nothing less than a fully-rigged, ocean-going vessel of his own. He took her over from her former owner in payment of a bad debt, and it was a proud day for us children when we were taken into Galway to see the *John and Mary* as she lay moored beside the wharf. She was a three-masted barque, generally employed in the American timber trade, but in our eyes she could not have been surpassed by any ship of the British navy. My

grandfather perhaps did not view his new acquisition as ecstatically as we did, but force of circumstances having compelled him to become proprietor of the *John and Mary*, he determined to avail himself of her to provide an opening for one at any rate of the numerous junior members of the family who found an asylum beneath his hospitable roof. He accordingly appointed one of my young cousins mate on board his new craft. Neither my grandfather nor any one else deemed it of the smallest consequence that the cousin in question had never set foot on a ship's deck before, and knew no more of seamanship or navigation than he did of astrology. As for us children, we thought that no higher honour or better fortune could by possibility have fallen to any one's lot, and we watched the *John and Mary* hoist her sails and head away down Galway Bay and out westwards, bound for America, on our cousin's maiden voyage, with admiration by no means unmingled with envy.

It was in the autumn that he sailed away. There were no Atlantic cables in those days, and the cost of foreign postage was far too great for our cousin to incur the expense of a letter merely to chronicle the safe arrival of his vessel and himself upon the other side of the world. We had no expectation therefore of hearing from him while he was away, but when Christmas was past my grandfather announced to us that the arrival

of the *John and Mary* in Galway Bay might now be looked for any day. We were still waiting eagerly to hear of her return, when on the night of Sunday, the 6th of January, there swept over us and over all the west of Ireland that terrific hurricane which is still remembered and spoken of there as the Great Storm of '39. If there had been any prognostications of the coming gale, I was too young to be told of them; all that I remember is that we children awoke terrified, to feel the tall, stone-built house, at the top of which we slept, rocking beneath us, as the furious blasts swept in from the Atlantic. There came one gust more tremendous than those that had gone before, and with a mighty crash our window, which looked out westwards, was driven bodily in, covering the floor with splintered wood and glass. It was all my father and two of the gentlemen who chanced to be staying in our house could do with their utmost strength to force the door open against the raging, screaming wind that filled the room, and to rescue us; and though our old home stands some fifteen miles from the Atlantic as the crow flies, with a range of high hills intervening, the floor of our bedroom in the morning was coated with salt and strewn with seaweed. We were carried downstairs to the great vaulted kitchen underground, the one place which was thought secure, and where the rest of the household speedily gathered. It was feared every

moment that the tall house above us would topple down, and I remember my grandfather consoling the terrified company with the assurance that even if the house should collapse over our heads, the groining of the underground storey was strong enough to keep us safe. Happily it was not put to the test, and in the early hours of the winter's morning the fury of the gale abated. As we came up from our subterranean retreat into the hall, and reached the foot of the main staircase, we looked up and saw the stars shining clear above us. "Thady, where's the roof?" cried my grandmother in dismay to our general factotum, who was assisting to carry some of the youngest members of the family upstairs. "Troth, I don't know, unless it's down by the lake it would be," responded that individual. And down by the lake the twisted and broken remains were accordingly found next morning.

We were lucky, however, in having had a good slated roof over our heads, for in the thatched dwellings of our humbler neighbours fire was added to all the other terrors of that night. Matches cost a shilling a box then, and were luxuries attained to but by few. In all houses in Galway, of whatever degree, the turf fires in these days were never extinguished, but were left to smoulder on the hearths all night. The wild blasts whirled these embers up the chimneys and set the straw roofs ablaze. In Galway, Loughrea, and the

other towns of the West, whole streets were swept away, for the burning thatch was carried through the air, setting roof after roof alight, and in that raging gale it was impossible to make any attempt to extinguish the flames. A group of cabins that stood not far from our own gate caught fire in this manner. One of the occupants thereof was an old Waterloo pensioner, and when his affrighted womenfolk would have roused him in the earlier hours of the night, he waved them grandiosely away.

"I've been in too many battles to be frightened of a blast o' wind," he declared, and it was only with difficulty that he was induced to leave his bed even when the thatch of his own roof was on fire. When he got outside, however, and saw the row of blazing cabins, he exclaimed, "I've heard of the burning of Moscow, and I was at the battle of Badajos meself, but, dang me, this bates the whoule of them."

Then remembering his Waterloo medal, left in the burning house, the poor old fellow would have rushed back to recover it. He was held by force, and the roof of the cabin falling in a moment later effectually prevented any further effort at rescue.

The light of the winter's morning revealed a scene of widespread desolation. Trees were uprooted, houses blown down or unroofed, haggards and turf-stacks levelled—as a Connaught newspaper of that day recorded: "Between Gal-

way and Oughterard all is misery and woe." The wages of slaters and masons rose to seven-and-sixpence a-day,—a sum absolutely unparalleled then,—so great was the demand for their services. And one good citizen of Galway understood how to make hay, if not when the sun shone, at any rate when the winds blew, and to turn his fellows' distress to his own profit. Here is his advertisement, culled from the same old newspaper, and preserved through many long years:—

"Interea magno miseri cœlum

Incipit . . .

Queare agite o Tectis juvenes succedite nostris."

"Ye houseless, ye homeless, attend to my call:

Come here, my poor fellows, I'll shelter you all.

I've store of good mutton, good poultry, and fish,

With cowheel and tripe, that magnificent dish.

I've whisky the heart of a Stoic would warm,

And will make us forget the effect of the storm.

Be with me at five, or at half-past to-day,—

You'll be well entertained, and little to pay.

—PADDY KELLY."

We have brought advertising to a science nowadays, but perhaps Paddy Kelly's poetic effusion was as apposite to the occasion as any of our modern puffery; and is it conceivable that any restaurateur of the present day would seek to attract patrons to his establishment by heading his bill of fare with a distich made up of two appropriate lines, ingeniously conjoined from different

parts of the *Æneid*? The quotation is not free from blunders, it is true, but perhaps the country printer was responsible for those, not Paddy Kelly.

There being neither telegraphs nor special correspondents in those times, it was only gradually that the tale of disaster and wreckage which had taken place elsewhere filtered through to us. Indeed on that fierce night the mail coaches had had the utmost difficulty in accomplishing their journeys, and the Galway mail had been blown bodily off the road, and into the "gripe of the ditch," happily without hurt to man or beast. The coast was strewn with wrecks, and even the ships deemed secure within the harbour at Galway broke from their moorings and were driven ashore. One small craft, with its crew of three, was lifted bodily by an enormous wave and carried right inland, being found high and dry, with its crew all safe on board, when the storm abated. As each succeeding day brought its additional list of calamities and of loss of life by sea and land, the thoughts of all within our home turned anxiously towards the *John and Mary*, which should have been nearing the Irish coast upon that disastrous night. We children did not, perhaps, fully realise the fears of our elders, but as day after day went by without bringing tidings of the missing vessel, a deep and increasing gloom settled down upon the house. I cannot now

recall how long after the great storm the suspense endured, but I remember as vividly as if it had been yesterday how we all sat silent and depressed round the table after dinner. The cloth, according to universal custom, had been removed, and the decanters in their silver coasters were reflected in the shining mahogany below them. The door opened, and the servant standing in the doorway announced, "The *John and Mary* is come into Galway, sir. Master George'll be here in the morning."

There was a moment's deep hush, and then a crash, as my grandfather's grey head fell flat upon the table in the sudden revulsion from the anxiety and tension of those last days. Our cousin duly arrived next morning, to be acclaimed by us all as a hero, —and, indeed, the experiences which he had had upon his voyage had been sufficiently thrilling. The *John and Mary* had encountered the full fury of the gale in mid-Atlantic, and one huge wave which swept the decks had washed George overboard. By good fortune he clutched a lifeline as he was swept to what seemed certain death, and the next wave flung him back on the ship's deck again.

Our rejoicings over our cousin's return were destined, however, to be of short duration. The very next night, as we sat once again at dinner, there came the news that tobacco and other contraband articles had been found on board the *John and Mary*

by the customs officers, and that her captain had been committed to gaol on a charge of smuggling. George started up from the table, declaring with boyish bombast that the honour of his ship was to him as his own, and that he would return to Galway that instant to take his place on board her. My grandfather forbade his doing so, and commanded him to remain where he was. My grandmother, however, had considerable doubts as to whether the prohibition would weigh with him when the constraining influence of my grandfather's presence was withdrawn. George was a special favourite of hers, and she was keenly desirous of keeping him out of further trouble. She took the precaution, therefore, not only of locking his bedroom door at night, but also of removing his boots. All her care was in vain, however, for in the morning it was found that George had climbed out of the window and walked the eleven Irish miles into Galway barefoot in the middle of the night. My grandfather himself drove into Galway next morning and proceeded to the gaol where his captain was confined.

"This is a pretty business, Captain Mitchell," he stormed as he was ushered into that worthy's cell, "and I should like to know what you have to say for yourself for bringing disgrace on my ship and me."

"I've this to say, Mr Martin," retorted the old sea-dog. "There's a hundred ships and

more wrecked round these coasts this last big storm, and I've brought your ship safe into Galway Bay. That's what I have to say for myself, sir."

"And begad you couldn't say better," returned my grandfather, completely mollified and appeased.

The law, however, was not so easily pacified, and as it appeared that Captain Mitchell had converted the ship below hatches into a smuggler's emporium of tobacco, cigars, and other contraband, he was sentenced to pass some time in Galway gaol, and was thus precluded from taking command of the *John and Mary* upon her next voyage. My grandfather therefore promoted George, who was then aged nineteen and had had no other training than that one adventurous voyage across the Atlantic, to be captain of the vessel. He made two or three highly successful trips backwards and forwards to America, after which, a cadetship in the East India Company's service having been procured for him, he departed to other climes, and sailed the seas no more. It was quite incomprehensible to us children that he should relinquish the command of the *John and Mary* to serve John Company or any one else. My grandfather, whose successful trading across the herring-pond had more than recouped him for the bad debt which had been the original cause of his taking over the *John and Mary*, disposed of the vessel after George's de-

parture. She was cast away upon her very next voyage, and became a total wreck, though the crew were saved.

My grandfather's first nautical venture having proved so successful, he felt emboldened to launch out upon a more ambitious one. An enormous number of trees had been blown down in our woods by the great storm, and he resolved to turn shipbuilder, and to construct a yacht with the fallen timber in which to sail upon Lough Corrib, some five miles distant from our home. My grandfather had no more knowledge of shipbuilding than our cousin had had of navigation, but he never allowed such trifles to stand in the way of any projects he had formed. A retired sailor who had settled at our back gate and married the cook, and whom we styled Admiral Laffy, gave advice as to the lines of the craft. Her framework was put together in our woods, where a sort of float with huge wheels was also constructed. The giant skeleton was with much difficulty hoisted on to this, and then the work of dragging her across the five miles which separated us from Lough Corrib began. A long team of all the horses procurable, of every size and breed—from ragged, long-tailed Connemara ponies to ponderous cart-horses—was harnessed to the float, whilst many willing hands tugged at each spoke of the wheels. There were loud shouts and cheers in English and in Irish whenever an obstruction was successfully

surmounted or the summit of a hill reached, and the progress of our future yacht filled all who beheld her on her way with awe and admiration. Upon the shore of Lough Corrib my grandfather, Admiral Laffy, and our carpenter, by their joint efforts succeeded in constructing a two-masted vessel, which it would have been an excess of courtesy to have called a schooner. We thought her a beauteous craft, but to those who regarded her with less partial eyes she appeared decidedly clumsy and broad in the beam. One candid friend having observed that her progress through the water was likely to be about as fast as a canal boat's, she was forthwith dubbed the *Lord Cloncurry*, that nobleman being at that time chairman of the Grand Canal Company. The fishermen and other dwellers upon the shores of Lough Corrib, however, called her by the less high-sounding name of the *Moireen-lay-tha-wadtha*, which means the Little Mary with the two sticks. It was somewhat embarrassing when Lord Cloncurry himself paid us a visit not long afterwards and inquired why we had done him the honour of christening our yacht after him. He laughed very heartily, however, when the reason was explained to him.

The clumsiness and breadth of our pleasure-boat were not without their compensating advantages, as they gave us very comfortable accommodation below, where we had quite a spacious ladies' cabin,

furnished with large lockers, on which feather-beds from home were laid, forming most luxurious bunks. Indeed our start upon a yachting cruise resembled an emigrant family's departure for the backwoods, for a cart accompanied us, conveying feather-beds, pots and pans, and everything needful for our sojourn on board. Admiral Laffy was, of course, appointed skipper of the *Lord Cloncurry*. He was much addicted to high-sounding language, and I remember inquiring anxiously of him one morning when I first came up on deck whether we were likely to have a fine day.

"By the upskirting of the morn," he said sententiously as he cast his eyes aloft, "I doubt there'll be desolations before the afternoon."

Unfortunately the *Lord Cloncurry* required smooth water to sail in. A very small amount of wind caused her to heel over so alarmingly that there seemed imminent danger of her turning turtle. Whenever a squall threatened, therefore, we made haste to seek the shelter of an island and to cast anchor under its lee till the gust had blown itself out. Happily there are said to be as many islands in Lough Corrib as there are days in a year, so we never had far to run for safety. As we were not the slaves of time, and it did not matter much in which direction we sailed, these frequent stoppages and delays were of little consequence, and many were the happy summer days we spent on board our home-built yacht.

Another favourite holiday resort of ours was a fishing lodge which my father had amongst the mountains that separated us from the Atlantic. Upon the first occasion on which I was permitted to form one of the fishing-party my mother drove me to the lodge in a pony basket-chaise, the gentlemen of the party having gone afoot across the mountains. It was her first visit as well as mine, and, without any warning whatever, the road suddenly came to an end, and we found ourselves on the brink of a chasm—a narrow inlet of the sea which ran far inland. Those who had originally taken in hand to construct the road had not sufficiently counted the cost of the undertaking. The money had sufficed to bring the road to the edge of the cliff, but no funds had remained wherewith to build a bridge across the gap, and so the road was left without fence or any other protection to prevent a heedless wayfarer from toppling over to his destruction, whilst a rough track led round by the head of the harbour. My mother remonstrated at some cabins near by at such a perilous state of affairs, pointing out the serious accident which might befall any benighted traveller, but she was answered placidly,—

“Sure, yer honour, God is good, and who’d be thravellin’ the road by nights that didn’t know it.”

Upon one of our arrivals at the fishing lodge we found every one there in much per-

turbation and alarm because of the nightly apparition of a ghost,—a vague white form which flitted about a small neglected graveyard near the river, one of those clusters of graves about a ruined chapel wall which are so frequent throughout Ireland. One of the gentlemen of our party undertook to lay the unquiet spirit, and going out not far from midnight did indeed soon become aware of a white figure looming towards him through the darkness. Our friend, however, held on his way undeterred.

“Ghost,” he said in sepulchral tones, when he came near, “could you drink a glass of whisky?”

“I could so, yer honour,” blithely responded the ghost, taken off his balance by the unexpected offer, and standing revealed as the principal poacher of the neighbourhood, who had availed himself of this spectral guise to set his night-lines and carry on his other depredations undisturbed.

Upon another occasion my grandfather was one of the party, and after a day’s downpour and a red flood in the river, which promised the best of sport for the morrow, he determined to steal a march on the younger men. He got up accordingly at three o’clock in the morning, chuckling to himself at the laugh which he would have at all the young fellows at breakfast when he returned with a basket of sea-trout. Early as he was, however, he had been forestalled,

for as he approached one of the best pools on the river he beheld a man upon the bank endeavouring to land a fish, which from the splashing and the commotion in the water seemed to be a giant of its tribe. Convinced that he had caught a poacher redhanded, my grandfather hurried down, to be greeted with the cry—

“Oh, Mr Martin, for the love of God make haste or he’ll be slippin’ out of the net on me!”

The man was one of the keepers, and the salmon none other than Lord Cosmo Russell, one of our guests, who had gone out even earlier than my grandfather. Having lost his footing upon the rocks, he had fallen into the deep pool, and as he was unable to swim he would certainly have been drowned if the keeper, with much presence of mind, had not thrown the landing-net over his head and given it a turn, thus keeping him securely prisoned in its meshes till help came. With my grandfather’s assistance the young fellow was speedily drawn ashore, half-choked as well as half-drowned, but very grateful for his rescue.

Whilst on the subject of sport, I may here remark that in those old days, though grouse-drives and the colossal battues of the present day were unknown, yet there were possibilities of rough shooting such as are undreamt of now. John Dennis, whom I have mentioned in a previous paper as one of the most popular masters of the Galway Blazers, backed himself on one occasion

to shoot forty brace of snipe in a day, without a dog. He was scoffed at for his boast, but he accomplished the feat before luncheon, walking up the birds himself—and be it remembered that all guns were muzzle-loaders in those days. In my childhood old people could still remember seeing red-deer grazing amongst the cattle on our hills, but they had retreated into the wilder fastnesses of Connemara long before my time.

I recollect on one occasion being taken into Galway by one of my aunts for a day’s outing, she driving herself and me in a low pony-chaise. My aunt had much shopping to do and many friendly calls to pay, so that it was late before we set out for home, and darkness had overtaken us long before we had accomplished half our journey. I cannot now exactly recall what disaster befell our equipage,—to the best of my belief one of the tyres became detached from the wheel to which it appertained: at any rate, the injury was such that it was impossible to proceed farther in the damaged chaise. The night was dark, and it was beginning to rain. We were compelled to unharness the pony, and, leaving our conveyance by the roadside, to make our way on foot to a village, a mere handful of squalid houses, some distance farther on, where my aunt forlornly hoped that we might be able to procure a car to convey us the half-dozen Irish miles that still intervened between us and home. The village, however, did not pos-

sess a vehicle of any kind, and the rain steadily increased. Nothing remained to us therefore but to take shelter for the night in the one public-house that reared itself two-storeyed amongst its thatched neighbours. The owners of the hostelry with glib readiness undertook to provide us with tea and sleeping accommodation. We were seated at the former meal, not very appetisingly set forth in the frowsy, stuffy parlour behind the "tap," when a scuffling and shuffling became audible in the narrow passage outside, and, propelled from behind, there came in at the door of the room a huge feather-bed.

"What is this for?" demanded my aunt.

"Sure 'twas tay and a bed yez ax'd of me," returned the bare-armed hostess, still heated and dishevelled from her struggle with the feather-bed.

"But we do not require them side by side," returned my aunt with dignity. "Is there not a bedroom in the house which we can have?"

"Yis, sure,—there's an elegant room above-stairs."

"Then let us see it, if you please." And up we went by a ladder-like stair, and through a hole in the floor which gave access to the upper storey. We were ushered into a good-sized room that contained two beds, curtained with blue and white.

"A double-bedded room!—why, this is excellent; this will suit us admirably," said my aunt with much satisfaction. Even as she spoke, however,

a loud snore proceeded from behind one of the curtains. "Surely there is some one in this room already?" she asked in dismay.

"Ach, that's only Father Connellan, the quietest, nicest man that iver was. And sure he'd not mind the likes of yous."

My aunt, however, thought that we might be more pernickety than Father Connellan; and we were beating a hasty retreat when the reverend father, roused from his slumber by our voices, inquired from behind his curtains what was amiss. On being informed of the state of affairs, he insisted gallantly on rising and dressing himself, and giving up the apartment to us in undivided possession.

In the morning we discovered that the state chamber of our wayside hostelry was unprovided with washing apparatus of any kind, and my aunt sallied out in search of some means of supplying the deficiency.

"If you could even let us have some water in a tub, if there is nothing better," she said.

There was a hasty, whispered colloquy at the foot of the trap-ladder stair. A suggestion was evidently made and objected to. Then we heard the hostess's decisive tones. "Sure the last of them is out of it," she said, as she hurried towards the back premises. This time it was a bumping and rolling that ensued; and a barrel which had recently held salt herrings, and was

still redolent of its late contents, was rolled in from the yard. We preferred to postpone our ablutions, and to await the arrival of a conveyance from home, which a messenger, in local parlance, had "slipped over" to fetch.

Another of the recollections of my childhood is of the wedding of our nurse,—the same who had taken me to the private view of Lord Anglesey's legs. She had come to us from a distant part of the county, and on going up to the nursery one morning I found her in floods of tears. "Me father's sint a sthrange man to marry me, miss," she sobbed.

I promptly advised that she should refuse to be married, and stay on with us; but she only answered hopelessly, "Sure, I must do as I'm bid."

We escorted our faithful handmaiden to the chapel, all weeping in sympathy with her, whilst she wept more unrestrainedly than all the rest. The bridegroom—a shy, loutish countryman, who kept at a respectful distance as we walked along—did not appear to be in any way troubled by the grief of which he was the cause. We saw the bridal pair duly married, and they forthwith departed on foot together. I never heard of our devoted Mary again; but I have no doubt that long before the eleven miles into Galway had been covered she had dried her tears and acquiesced in the inevitable.

Such marriages were universal, the only unusual fea-

ture in this case being the bride's unwillingness—unwillingness for which, children as we were, we shrewdly held a good-looking young stable helper in my father's employment responsible. In general, such arrangements were accepted as a matter of course by the parties most nearly concerned.

I was visiting one day with one of my aunts at a cottage in our neighbourhood. We were much surprised to see there a large mahogany chest of drawers,—a very much handsomer piece of furniture than was generally to be found in those lowly abodes. *En passant*, I may observe that, owing to the extensive trade between Galway and Spain which had been carried on down to the beginning of the last century, Spanish mahogany had been imported into Galway in large quantities; and much good and solid old mahogany furniture still remains, a silent witness to the trade and commerce of those days. The mistress of the cottage, seeing where our eyes had strayed, said with much complacency, "Twas for that same I was married." She then proceeded to relate to us that the piece of furniture which had attracted our attention had been bequeathed to her father by an aunt, or some other female relative, with the express stipulation that it should form part of the wedding portion of the first girl married from the house. Not long afterwards her mother was at a fair, and heard that a small farmer, hitherto unknown to

her, had come in, partly on his ordinary business of buying and selling and partly to open negotiations for the hand of his only son. Such a chance was too good to be missed. An introduction was forthwith sought and obtained; and her mother explained to the father of this eligible *parti* that though her daughter would have but a slender portion in money, yet she would bring with her to her future home a couple of sheep, a yearling bullock, and, above all, the chest of drawers. The bargain was struck, and on the appointed day the bridegroom-expectant arrived to view his future possessions. "He wint down to the field wid me father," said our hostess, "an' he seen the sheep an' the young baste, an' thin he come up to the house for to look at the dhrawwers. He took a bit of a sthring out, an' he measured them ivery way, to make sure the size they was; an' thin he says, 'An' which o' thim little girls is it?' An' I was next the doore"—meaning thereby the eldest unmarried daughter—"an' so I wint."

To have been married as an adjunct to her chest of drawers seemed to the good lady a cause for pride, and the match had to all appearance proved a most satisfactory one.

Our gardener had the reputation of being very parsimonious and niggardly in his money dealings. He had also a sister who had somewhat passed the flower of her youth. I remember our lying crouched amongst some shrubs—with a fine childish unconcern at

eavesdropping—to listen to the negotiations which were being carried on across the garden wall between the gardener and an aspirant to the sister's hand. The wooer was holding out for a small increase to the lady's dower, which the gardener was unwilling to give. Losing patience at last, as the latter remained adamant to all arguments and persuasion, the ardent lover exclaimed angrily, "Troth, thin, it's glad ye should be to be gettin' shut of her. It's a trifle shtale she's gettin'." He marched off with that parting shot, and the negotiations were temporarily broken off. They were afterwards resumed and brought to a successful issue, but I do not know which of the parties gave way.

I also remember, though I had no personal acquaintance with any one immediately concerned, the marriage of the daughter of a well-to-do shopkeeper in the town of Galway. The father of the bride, like our gardener, was considered to be decidedly close-fisted. The bridegroom, as well as I remember, was of a station somewhat superior to that of the family he proposed to ally himself with. The wedding-day came, but when the bridal party assembled at the chapel the bridegroom failed to appear. After waiting long and vainly for the laggard, emissaries were despatched to his abode to hasten his coming. They found him snugly ensconced in bed.

"Sorra foot do I stir out of

this," said the prospective Benedick, "unless the fortune's doubled."

For an hour and more intermediaries ran backwards and forwards between the chapel and the bridegroom's dwelling, striving to make terms, whilst the bride waited at the altar with such patience as she could muster. The bridegroom, however, stood, or rather lay, firm, and at last the father, unwilling that his daughter should be put to shame in the sight of all Galway by returning to her father's house unwed, gave way, and promised to double the fortune as demanded, whereupon the bridegroom got up, dressed himself, and came to church to be married.

Somewhere in those far back days, too, there was a festivity long remembered in the annals of Galway. The owner of an estate some few miles outside the town was married to a lady who was very fond of company and of social gaieties, and who also held complete sway in the domestic establishment. She insisted on her husband throwing down the old house in which he and his fathers had lived and building a palatial mansion in its stead. When the imposing pile was little more than roofed in, the walls being only covered with their first coating of rough, criss-cross plaster, the lady, unable to restrain her impatience any longer, gave a house-warming,—an entertainment that lasted three days and three nights without intermission, and to which the whole of the county

Galway were invited. Guests were put up in the unfinished bedrooms, on the stairs, in any nook or corner which could be made to serve. Others, who could not secure even such accommodation, slept in their carriages, drawn up outside in the yards and shrubberies, whilst the remainder drove in and out of Galway for occasional periods of rest. On the second night of the festivity, in the hurry and scurry of getting supper ready for the numerous company, a luckless kitchen-maid missed her footing and fell from top to bottom of the stone kitchen-stairs. She was taken up dead, but the majordomo, deeming it a pity that the revels of the quality should be cut short, allowed no word of the disaster to be breathed above-stairs. He had a grave hastily dug under the stairs, in which the hapless girl was laid, whilst the dancing went on uninterruptedly overhead. The cost of the house-warming having wellnigh ruined the ambitious dame and her docile spouse, the mansion remained in its unfinished condition for many a long year, and eventually passed into other hands.

Though our hospitalities, happily for ourselves, were on a very much smaller and more modest scale, yet my grandfather was the most hospitable of mortals. Notwithstanding that he had already a large and many-branched family of children, grandchildren, nephews, nieces, and other collaterals established under his roof, he was never so happy as when a goodly number of guests were

gathered there too. His family were quite in accord with him on this head, and every member of it was ready to give up his or her room at a moment's notice to accommodate another guest. Our practice was to spread a sheet upon the floor, empty our belongings into it, and gathering it up by the four corners to depart with it to seek a shakedown in some one else's room, leaving the chamber thus summarily cleared for the new arrival.

The only member of the household who did not approve of this keeping of open house was Bartley, the turf-boy. Bartley's mission in life was to carry in turf from the long, dark turf-stacks, which were built up every autumn beside the hay- and oat-ricks in the haggard. He was to be met at all hours of the day mounting the back-stairs with a huge creel of turf upon his back, which he emptied with a thunderous reverberation into the capacious receptacles provided upon each landing, or else wheeling barrowloads of turf into the kitchen, which he flung down with even less ceremony in a heap in the corner. Some one happening to praise my grandfather's open-handed hospitality in his hearing, Bartley muttered in return—

“Och, ay, ivery wan is for iver cryin' up the ould masther and his hospitalitee, an' his axin' this wan and that wan to shtop wid him, but sorra wan thinks of Bartley that has to carry the turf for the whoule of thim.”

Another time, as he toiled upstairs beneath his load, he was overheard groaning to himself, “Pity help the people that has to carry the turf for Purgathory.”

One of my younger sisters somewhat shared Bartley's views upon this latter point. We were periodically catechised by the Warden of Galway, as the incumbent of the old collegiate church of St Nicholas was styled. This dignity dated far back into ancient and troublous times, when the inhabitants of Galway represented to Pope Innocent VIII., in the first year of his popedom, that they were civil and modest people, living in a town surrounded by walls, and that they did not follow the customs of the wild and mountainous people of those parts. By reason, however, of the impenetrations and provisions of these wild people they were so much harassed at their devotions that they could not assist at divine service, nor receive the holy sacraments according to English decency, rite, and custom. Further, that they were much disquieted and sometimes robbed and killed by these unlearned men. To protect his beloved children, the inhabitants of Galway, from all such damages and inconveniences, Pope Innocent, by papal bull, erected their parish church into a collegiate, to be governed by eight vicars, all of whom were to be virtuous, learned, and well-bred men, with a warden or custos at their head, who was, in some manner not very accurately defined, to

guard his flock from all such undesirable impetrations and provisions, and to keep the wild and mountainous people at bay. The lines of the Warden of our day had fallen upon more peaceful times, and he had not to fear the onslaughts of unlearned men, but only the ignorance of a few little girls when he came out to give us Scripture teaching.

He had been instructing us one day about the end of the world, and that no one would then be left alive in this mortal flesh upon earth, when my small sister spoke up boldly,—

“I don’t believe it.”

“But you must believe it, my child,” said the Warden, “for it is true.”

“It can’t be true.”

“Why not?” queried the perplexed divine.

“There must be people left in the world to cut the turf for hell,” said my sister clinchingly and triumphantly.

The question of turf, indeed, loomed very large in all Irish

households in those days, for except in the towns near the coast coal was rarely burnt. Our turf-bogs lay at the lower end of our lake, and the turf was brought up in big, clumsy turf-boats, and discharged at what we called the turf-quay, below the house. I remember one of our visitors standing on our hall-door steps, looking out over our lawn and lake to the purple slopes of the heather-clad mountains rising beyond, and extolling the beauty of the view and the judgment of the old builders who had set the house just where it stood. My grandmother, to whom this encomium was made, and who had an eminently practical mind, answered drily, that for her part she thanked Providence that those who had gone before her had built the house where there was an abundant supply of spring water, and within convenient proximity of a good turf-bog,—matters vastly more important, to her thinking, than the finest prospect in the world.

THE LAST CENTURY OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

THE years between 1688 and 1745 saw the end of the old Scotland and the beginning of the new. The seventeenth century, with its wars of catch-words and rival fanaticisms, its political confusion and economic stagnation, left the country in the apathy of exhaustion. The despotism of the Stuarts and the tyranny of the Kirk were both things of the past, the "lion and the serpent," to use Malory's image, having destroyed each other. At last Scotland had leisure to face her own peculiar problems and to set her own house in order. But the old strife had left perilous legacies behind it. A country devastated by a century of unrest cannot acquire self-confidence and enterprise in a day. It is apt to seek the cure for its evils in external change rather than in internal reform. Scotland's problem was not an easy one. She had to find some means of bringing a poor and barren land into line with her rich southern neighbour, and at the same time to maintain the individuality of her national character. Small wonder that her first experiments were futile, and that bitter lessons had still to be learned before she came to her own. The first half of the eighteenth century is filled with such vain endeavours. Ex-

pedient after expedient is tried and fails, till in very hopelessness the land is driven back upon herself and compelled to work out slowly and patiently her salvation from within. But if the landmarks of the epoch are all failures, we are not therefore to assume that Scotland stood still. From the day that moderation triumphed officially in Kirk and State, everywhere throughout the country a new spirit was abroad. Minds long perplexed with ecclesiastical trifling turned to more fruitful matters, and even in the long tale of poverty and discontent we seem to be in a clearer and more hopeful air. Mr Lang has brought his *History*¹ to a worthy close. His ingenuity and care, his great learning and his scrupulous fairness, have never been seen to better advantage. The casual reader will scarcely do justice to the research which has gone to compile these chapters, but to any student of the period who knows roughly the kind of authorities on which the conventional history is based, Mr Lang's industry must seem little short of amazing. Moreover, the period dealt with in the last volume has the unity of a single contest, and the reader is in less danger of bewilderment from a multitude of details. Mr Lang has his

¹ *A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation.* By Andrew Lang. In Four Volumes. Vol. iv. With a Frontispiece and Index to complete Work. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1907.

old trick of arguing in the text instead of giving his conclusions only and relegating his proofs to notes or appendix. The method has its faults, since it spoils the structural form, but it deepens the impression of the writer's candour. And in this volume, as we have said, there is a unity inherent in the matter which compensates for any discursive element in the manner. No good history can be written without enthusiasm, and Mr Lang is fortunate in his subject, for to him the pipes that "played for Chairlie" have always been a fairy song. With a grace of style and a tenderness that no other writer could compass he has written of that last glimpse of the older romance, when, in a world already prosaic and modern, ancient faiths and loyalties flowered for a moment in a brief St Martin's summer.

The Revolution of 1688 first brought Scotland out of her old feudalism under a semblance of constitutional government. Parliamentary reform was a crying need, and the nascent democracy demanded the abolition of that ancient grievance—the Lords of the Articles. For a little there was a fierce constitutional strife—an agitation, says Mr Lang, "liberal rather than patriotic." But soon men's eyes were turned from the Parliament House to the North, where Dundee and his clans were making their last stand for the old *régime*. In April 1689 he unfurled the Royal Standard on a hill-top near the town from which he took his title,

and, retreating before Mackay, began to draw to his side the many disaffected clans. The Fiery Cross was sent round, and Mackay's little force of 700 was all but swallowed up in Badenoch. Soon Dundee had collected an army of over 4000—Macleans, Stewarts, Camerons, and Macdonalds,—and Lochiel came to add his unique knowledge of Highland warfare to the skill of the Lowland commander. Mackay made a fresh start from Edinburgh with 4000 foot and a considerable body of horse, hoping to join hands with Argyll and scatter the clans in Lochaber. Dundee was at Blair when he heard of his enemy's proximity, and, urged by Lochiel, decided on giving battle. Mackay had cleared the pass, and the battle was joined in the haugh below Urrard. He made a speech, "in one vast and wandering sentence, about what his men owed to the Protestant religion and to their own safety." At sunset Dundee charged, with what issue all men know, and crowned a not ignoble life with a hero's death. It was the last effort of the loyalists for the time. Dunkeld, the incapacity of Cannon, and Mackay's skill once more gave the Government peace to devote its mind to civil troubles.

The Revolution Settlement was Erastian to the core, and as such unpopular with many classes in the nation. Carstairs, William's chief adviser in Scottish affairs, desired to conciliate the large middle party, and let Episcopalians on the

one hand and Cameronians on the other complain as loudly as they pleased. There was a diminished but still vigorous Remnant in the west, who objected to taxes for the upkeep of the "idolatrous occupants upon the throne," and referred habitually to William as the "head of the Malignants, Prelatics, Indulged, Toleratists, and Sectarians in these lands." Of this Remnant we shall shortly have news. For a moment the horror of Glencoe diverted the national interest once again from such prosaic matters. Mr Lang has given us a most careful and graphic picture of the massacre, of which the main burden of guilt must fall upon Stair. The fault of William lay in his refusal to do justice upon the guilty. "Not one of the murderers was punished, none was tried, all were promoted." Mr Lang is inclined to go further, and think that the King knew not only that the Macdonalds were to be uprooted and dispossessed, but actually exterminated. "It is an inexplicable blot on the character of a great, brave, wise, tolerant, and very useful man, and there is no more to be said." Glencoe did not tend to soothe a people already beginning to suffer grievously from their rich southern neighbour. English jealousy hampered Scottish trade and industry, and Scotland's own protective system, as seen in the case of the New Mills Company, worked hardship upon the consumer. Small wonder that there were wild-cat schemes in the air to in-

crease the national fortunes by some bold adventure. The Darien Scheme had no hope in it from the start. "The world at large was expected to purchase Scottish products, and when the scheme took practical shape great consignments of heavy tweeds and serges, per-ruques, kid gloves, thick blue bonnets, and Bibles were hurried out to supply a non-existing demand, that of the natives of tropical America!" But this folly was not visible to the promoters or to the subscribers, or even to English men of business, for John Locke advised the English Government to steal Paterson's plan and undertake the task of the Scottish Company. The Government mismanaged things as badly as possible. They gave the Scots adventurers legal privileges, and then did all in their power to thwart them. The result was utter failure, a serious financial loss to an already poverty-stricken country, and a new and very real grievance against England.

Union, it soon became evident to most people, was the only alternative to complete separation. The difficulties in the way of the Commission, whom the Queen appointed to discuss the matter, were serious enough in all conscience. The Presbyterians feared for the people of Zion if they were joined with prelatie Moab, and the Cavalier party, who detested the project for other reasons, worked on their fears. The Court party, headed by Queensberry, was on the English side, and the "Country party" was

as vehemently against it. There was much irritation on all sides with the English management of Scottish affairs, seeing that Scottish opinion was scarcely admitted to consideration. But most men in the North, more especially those concerned with trade in any form, saw that Union, for all its drawbacks, was the only way out of the trouble. "They knew that the independent sovereignty had been the cause of poverty and of the expatriation of their youth to fight under foreign flags." Already some of the old family animosities were weakening, and Scottish parties through these years show a kaleidoscopic habit of change. An Argyll had arisen who showed few of the traditional traits of his house, and a Montrose was found voting on the side of the Presbyterians. When the actual struggle came there was a renewed outburst of popular opposition, which represented a sentimental rather than a serious repugnance. Mr Lang shows, to our mind indisputably, that the Cameronians in the west had been led into promise of alliance with the Highlanders early in the winter of 1706, and that Ker of Kersland played an adroit part in winning their confidence and nullifying their purpose. Such Cameronians did not, of course, act officially through their "societies," but intrigued as individual malcontents. We see from Defoe's correspondence how delicate the whole situation had become, and Scotland needed much anxious shepherding before the Treaty of

Union was finally touched with the sceptre on January 16, 1707. "It was a sad old song," says Mr Lang, "that ended, and for many a day the new song was as mournful."

No sooner was the Union completed than a new kind of friction began. English tax-collectors were sent to Scotland to introduce the English system, and smuggling became a national industry. The Jacobites were galvanised into a surprising activity, and for a little found support in many unlikely quarters. Unfortunately they could not hit on a feasible plan, the Presbyterians (on Ker's testimony) wishing a landing in Kirkcudbright, other Lowland sympathisers at Montrose, while the only sensible scheme—General Buchan's for seizing Inverlochy—was scarcely considered. Ker—nominally Jacobite *agent provocateur*, but in reality a Government emissary—did inestimable service to his employers by setting the various parties by the ears. Even with it all, the country might have risen if the King had landed, but the futile enterprise of 1708 ended only in the circumnavigation of Britain. Meantime the Kirk had to suffer many things, which, says Wodrow, "were very uneasy to the honest old men that have seen the glory of the old temple." Patronage, which had been abolished by an Act of 1690, was restored, and the way was paved for that endless creation of sects which was inevitable when the democratic creed of Presbytery was put on an undemocratic basis. The

first of the new "peculiar peoples" were the Macmillanites in Galloway, and their example was soon followed in more reasonable and orthodox dissensions. The country was sick of the Union within a few months of its ratification, and even the Duke of Hamilton confessed to Lockhart that he regretted the share he had taken in carrying it. Few, perhaps, of the more responsible Scottish statesmen would have advocated its repeal, but the general dissatisfaction gave a cue to those who had never liked it, and whose eyes were always turning to St Germain, where James waited in a court of bankrupt conspirators for the chance of retrieving the fortunes of his house. To few characters has history been so consistently unjust, and no one of Mr Lang's portraits is more faithfully and sympathetically drawn. A sincerely religious man, he refused to forswear his faith even for a crown. He is accused of bigotry, says Mr Lang, when his only fault was honesty. He had no petty intolerance, and he gave Prince Charles a Protestant governor, with the result that the Prince's religion became a negligible quantity. Thackeray has drawn him as a wild, brilliant, amorous being, when in reality he was "a sober, diligent, reasonable, sad young man, affectionate, depressed, true to creed and honour." Of his loyalty to his friends his heart-broken correspondence in 1716 bears witness. Few men have had a sadder life. He hated debt, and yet was always in

want of money, while he made such small contribution as he could to his poorer supporters. He was surrounded by a needy and mendacious crew, so that he did not know where to turn for disinterested advice. His wife was always in the sulks, and the world sided with her, and pictured her grave husband as a heartless libertine. It cheers one to learn that in the end the scandal became less one-sided, and that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu invented and circulated the tale that the Pope himself was the lover of Clementina. James, unlike his son, was not cast by Providence for desperate enterprises. He had no magnetism, no optimism, none of the dashing qualities which mark the leader of forlorn hopes. But he had a singular depth of patience, courage, and quiet fortitude. He is not one of the great figures of his house, but if he lacked the glamour of the Stuarts, he lacked also their vices.

To shrewd observers, considering the state of the country, a Jacobite rising must have seemed as inevitable as the return of the seasons. England was a powder-magazine, but the powder was damp, and everything depended upon choosing the right moment for the spark. Few enterprises have been more grossly mismanaged than the "Fifteen." There were the usual hopes of aid from Charles of Sweden, of money and troops from France, and of widespread agitation in England. But at the last moment things took a turn

for the worse, and the undertaking began in a muddle, which Mr Lang for the first time has fully explained. Berwick had been telling James that his honour was at stake, and urging him to instant action. In July James received news from Ormonde which seemed to show that the moment was opportune, so without consulting Berwick and Bolingbroke he sent a message to Mar in London fixing August 10 for the Rising. Presently he received bad news from Mar and Ormonde, and immediately took steps to countermand his first order. Allan Cameron, the bearer of the message, was delayed somehow or other, and Mar, in spite of his fuller knowledge of the situation, acted upon James's first hasty message, and raised the standard on September 6. The chief blame must rest on Mar, who set out for Scotland in face of his own unanswered despatch—an act too reckless to deserve the name of gallant. He was a highly incompetent general, and he found himself opposed by Argyll, the wisest and ablest of living Scotsmen. The details of the campaign are dreary reading. At the start Mar may have had 12,000 men, such an army as Montrose or Dundee never commanded, but after his first recklessness he was incapable of swift action, and dallied at Perth waiting on James and reinforcements. James, hopelessly in the dark as to what was happening, did not appear, and the only

assistance came from the north of England, where a small knot of Jacobite gentlemen raised the standard—a mistake, Mr Lang says, for it broadened the area of operations beyond what was reasonable for so small a force. Mar, instead of concentrating against Argyll, sent an expedition under Mackintosh of Borlum across the Forth, which seized Leith, ignominiously failed to take Edinburgh, and then marched south to join Forster and Kenmure. The Rising now divided itself into a Scottish and an English campaign. Wintoun, Nairne, Mackintosh, and Kenmure were prevailed upon by the Northumbrian Jacobites, Widdrington, Forster, and Derwentwater, to cross the Border and attempt to rouse the north of England. It was a fatal blunder, against the wish of the Highlanders and of such men as Wintoun, and it involved the leadership of the incapable Forster. Marlborough, it is said, was consulted by the English Ministry, and, placing his finger on Preston on the map, he said, "You will take them there." He was not disappointed, for Preston proved to Forster, as before it had proved to Hamilton, the Marathon of a Scottish invasion. The army surrendered, Derwentwater and Kenmure went to the scaffold, and the ill-timed experiment came to a dismal end. In the north things went no better. Mar lay idly in the Scottish midlands, where he received the unexpected support of Breadal-

bane. His force grew thin from desertions, while Simon Lovat, who now appears on the scene, took his clan over to King George, and captured Inverness. At last came the strange battle of Sheriffmuir, where the Jacobite right wing won, and the left wing was defeated. The fight was ridiculously mismanaged by Mar, who flung away his superiority of numbers, and never knew how to find his own men. The whole affair sounds like comic opera:—

"The army had little powder, few flints, and no powder-horns, though there were tinkers and gypsies enough in the host, whose business was the making of such utensils. . . . The Highlanders continued to keep their powder loose in their pockets, where it was ruined if the weather was wet, while, if the warrior thoughtlessly put his lighted pipe in his pocket, the results were damaging and instantaneous. . . . Mar," adds Mr Lang, "seems to have regarded powder as a rare product of the soil in certain favoured regions, not as a commodity which could be made at Perth or Aberdeen by arts known to men."

James, who had landed at Peterhead, was met with dismal tales. The poor gentleman had little heart left for the enterprise, and after touring about Scotland for a little he returned to France, leaving a characteristic letter to Argyll, conveying a sum of money as compensation to the inhabitants of burned villages, "that I may at least have the satisfaction of having been the ruin and destruction of none at a time when I came to free all." So ended the *fiasco* of the "Fifteen." Most of the

great Scots lords made their peace with the Government, the English leaders suffering more in comparison than their brethren of the north. Thanks to Forbes of Culloden, the Ministry refrained on the whole from measures which might easily have set the whole country in arms. Argyll, who had borne the brunt of the defence, was scarcely thanked. The one person who profited was the scandalous Simon Fraser, who became Lord Lovat, married the sister of the chief of the Grants, secured the escheat of his rival for the chieftainship of the Frasers, Mackenzie of Fraserdale, and with General Wightman divided that unfortunate gentleman's silver plate.

The next thirty years of Scottish history are blank indeed. It is "a lost thread which might be sought, perhaps, in the study of free-thinking among the ministers and the sprouting of the germs of dissent." The Jacobite record is mainly concerned with events overseas, with the wooing and marriage of the Princess Clementina, and negotiations with Charles of Sweden and Alberoni. Wogan's abduction of Clementina came as a breath of wholesome romance in the midst of so much that is hopeless and futile. In Scotland the chief events are ecclesiastical and economic. The Revolution had brought a healthy Erastianism into Church government, but it had not lessened the *intransigence* of Calvinistic dogma.

In 1696, after the Acts against blasphemy had been revived, a lad called Thomas Aikenhead was indicted for saying that the Pentateuch was post-Exilian, and that materialism was the only true faith. He recanted,—which would have saved his life at the hands of the Inquisition,—but was duly hanged the following January. By the year 1717 heresy had become commoner, and the hunt was up against it throughout the Kirk. Nearly a century before a certain Mr Fisher, of Brasenose College, Oxford, had published a book, 'The Marrow of Modern Divinity.' This ancient work, which seems to have propounded the doctrine that "it is not sound to teach that we must forsake sin in order to our coming to Christ," was revived by one school in the Kirk, and its teaching condemned by the General Assembly. The controversy is obscure, for the Marrow men denied that they maintained the proposition that believers' sins are no sins, and declared that they only contended that salvation could not be sought by good works. Most men, however, seem to have considered that the Marrow doctrines, whatever their metaphysical justification, were dangerous to the common good, for "if all men and women behaved indecently, the fact that they were all 'saved' (even if it could be scientifically verified) would be a poor consolation for universal impropriety." Another cause of

jurisdiction, which was interpreted by many as the continuation of existing evils, such as patronage and prelacy. Patronage, however, was itself the great grievance. It had been reintroduced as a mischievous trick of the Jacobites; and it seemed to so sane a man as Wodrow to be likely to drag down the whole Presbyterian fabric, and with it, of course, "the Kingdom of Christ." There is no doubt that the affair was a great scandal, for we find presentations to parishes treated like a parliamentary election, with every kind of "treating" and "canvassing," and ministers grovelling for appointments in the style of footmen out of a place. Mixed up, however, with this most legitimate agitation, there was a great deal of more doubtful propaganda. Many of the malcontents, like Boston and the Erskines, were able, laborious, and honourable men. In such a contest no side has a monopoly of virtues, or, for that matter, of failings; for while Lord Grange was combating Arianism as the champion of orthodoxy, he was having his wife kidnapped by Lovat and deported to St Kilda. The Assembly "required faith, repentance, and sincere obedience as the conditions of salvation." The Erskines were opposed to the "dangerous though specious and palatable scheme." But, as Mr Lang says truly, "their own scheme, though 'palatable' especially to persons disinclined to 'faith, repentance, and sincere obedience,' was also more or less 'dangerous.'"

The result was an instance of that tendency of Presbyterianism which Hobbes had long ago predicted—a wondrous hiving-off of sects. We have the Original Secession of the Erskines, who revived the Covenant, and shortly proceeded to excommunicate each other. There were those who opposed the Burgess oath, and became known as Anti-burghers. There were those who went into general opposition to everybody, and called their Cave of Adullam the “Relief” Kirk. The Anti-burghers promulgated a New Testimony in the process of time, and those who dissented from it became the “Old Lights.” Meanwhile the Kirk, purged of such enthusiasts, became more and more Moderate; and, unhappily, moderation did not mean Christian charity so much as inertia and worldly wisdom. Our sympathies incline to the Sectaries, in spite of their fanaticism; for, as Mr Lang well puts it, “a religion with no enthusiasm is a religion with no vitality.” Any extravagance is to be preferred to that so-called good-taste which would “keep religion as inconspicuous as if it had been absent.”

Rationalism—we use the word in Mr Lecky’s sense as the opposite of blind superstition—was a slow growth in Scotland. The Kirk, for all the dialectical power of its theology, was slow to apply the same vigour of mind to the examination of witchcraft and cognate beliefs, and we have the amazing story of Miss

Christian Shaw of Bargarran in Renfrewshire—who later, as the wife of the minister of Kilmaurs, founded the thread manufactories of that county,—a story which carries us back to the heart of the Middle Ages. But the light of common-sense was beginning to penetrate the darkness, and we find Mr Fraser of Tiree and Mr Campbell of Aberfeldy treating “Satan’s Invisible World” as a subject for cool scientific inquiry. When Mr Hutcheson began to lecture on Moral Philosophy at Glasgow College, in English, he prepared the way for that *Aufklärung* which, however shallow its inspiration, was at any rate the foe of the more debasing superstitions. Of that old, poor Scottish world, so near in time and so far in sympathy, Mr Lang has drawn careful pictures. The Highlands were in a condition of semi-barbarism, blackmail, *teste* Lovat, being levied like the land-tax in more civilised countries. The famous ‘Letters from the North’ give an account of life in a Highland hut in winter, which is like a narrative of travels in Kamchatka. The land was full of idle men, who had no outlet for their energy except fighting. Young Highland gentlemen held commissions in the armies of France and Spain, and returned every year or two to recruit, so that there was no lack of trained soldiers. There were merits in the race which a southern observer could not

be expected to see—loyalty, a passionate devotion to their own homes, hospitality, and that virtue remarkable in an age of wreckers, a scrupulous kindness to shipwrecked mariners. They were to all intents a savage people, but they had in a high degree the merits of their defects, and we can set against the barbarous tale of Lady Grange a dozen episodes of creditable chivalry. The Lowlands, if more orderly, were scarcely less poor and barely more civilised. In the domestic life the only good things were the linen, of native manufacture, and the wine. The land was wretchedly cultivated, and the quality of the grain grown was bad. The food of the peasant was bear-meal porridge, oatmeal being a luxury, and “water kail” was a standing dish. A proverb such as “the clartier the cosier” shows that our ancestors thought little of the virtue which ranks after godliness. In the matter of education Scotland possessed, as always, a large number of excellent Latin scholars, and “humanity” was so indispensable a part of education that we find men of action like Claverhouse and Lovat quoting readily obscure Latin authors. But the colleges, like everything else, were poor, for a professor’s salary was only some £60, and he had to eke out a livelihood by taking boarders. So far as concerns personal habits, tea was beginning its attack upon the old roystering days of punch and claret, which,

however, were not to die for the better part of a century. Forbes of Culloden, so enlightened in many things, was an uncompromising foe of the new beverage. He was for putting a poll-tax on such families as used it, and a tax of four shillings on every pound of the herb, “for it is the meanness of the price that encourages the poorer sort to purchase.”

Mr Lang is not a historian of manners or economics, but his sketches are sufficient to show on what a prepared soil Jacobitism flourished. In spite of the fiascoes of the past, the irritation with England, caused by schemes like the Malt Tax and the disarmament of the Highlands, and incidents like the Porteous Mob, was so keenly felt, and the hopelessness of any solution so bitterly realised, that the eyes of even peaceable folk kept turning towards foreign invasion. The old Scotland of blind faiths and impossible loyalties was moribund but not yet dead, and it had to perish utterly before the new Scotland could be born. Even without Prince Charles it seems to us that another Jacobite attempt must have been made, but the existence of a young and ardent prince hurried on the enterprise. He had none of his father’s religion or patience, but he had what was more important for an exile—irrepressible gaiety, charm, and courage. Mr Lang has elsewhere told the story of that brilliant and delightful boy, who, after a few years of heroic

youth, sank into a tragic old age of indulgence and despair. His passion for Scotland was the most lasting of his qualities, from the day when he laid his hand on Hamilton of Bangour's shoulder on one of the Seven Hills, and asked the poet if he liked the view as much as that from North Berwick Law, to those latter years when he wept at the sound of the bagpipes. From 1737 onwards Jacobite plots had been simmering. Duncan Forbes saw what was afoot, and in 1738 he tried to anticipate Pitt's scheme and persuade the Government to raise four or five Highland regiments to give the Jacobite clans suitable employment. The Government declined, and about 1741 the "Association" began, of which the moving spirits were Balhaldy (a Macgregor), Lovat, and Traquair, with Murray of Broughton in the secret. The organisation of the Highlands was attempted in a somewhat amateur way, all the leaders having their own fish to fry, and distrusting each other acutely. Murray spent some years of anxious intrigue, now in Scotland making overtures to the Cameronians, now in France trying to galvanise the French Foreign Office into activity. The weak point in all these negotiations was the neglect of England, and vague promises from men like Beaufort and Hynde Cotton were accepted as good security. Presently Prince Charles escaped from Rome to France, and set about getting together an expedition on his own ac-

count. The enterprise was doomed from the start. The Jacobites in Scotland were a minority, in England a ludicrous minority. France was less than lukewarm, Charles of Sweden was dead, and there was no hope of European intervention. No Jacobite leader had shown conspicuous talent in the field, there was no statesman to furnish and administer funds, there was not even unbroken loyalty in their slender ranks. St Theresa setting off as a child to convert the Moors scarcely embarked on a more desperate venture than did the Prince when, under Murray's guidance, he sailed for the land of his fathers.

"Of trusty men," says Mr Lang, "hardy and resolute soldiers, Charles had probably not more than 2000 at the first—Lochiel's Camerons, the Macdonells of Glengarry, Keppoch, Clanranald, and the Appin Stewarts. Sleat's Macdonalds were held back by their chief; the delays of Lovat paralysed the Frasers; the chief of the Mackintoshes was of the party of Government; the Macleans had lost their chief; Cluny, with the Macphersons, was trammelled by his commission; Seaforth would not bring out the Mackenzies; the Munroes and Mackays were steady Whigs; and Macleod deserted the Cause. The gentry of the South were powerless: they had no 'followings.' Yet the Prince shook the throne."

We have no intention of retelling the melancholy twice-told tale of the "Forty-five." In a real sense the wisdom of the venture lay in its recklessness, for to defy the probabilities is sometimes the way to success. Mr Lang has written the story before, but in the present

volume it falls into its proper setting as the culmination of the old turbid history of Scotland. There were only two minds of high order employed in the affair, for Murray of Broughton was merely an ingenious go-between. One was Lovat, who was born to be a traitor to any cause he espoused. His creed from start to finish was self-interest, tinged with a slight clan-feeling and a faint nationalism, and his heroic death glorified one of the meanest and most disreputable of lives. Now he played his ancient game, sending a message to the Prince at Invergarry with apologies for his men not being ready, and a request for a warrant to seize Forbes of Culloden, dead or alive; while almost on the same date he wrote to Forbes asking arms to use against "the madmen with the pretended Prince of Wales." He had played the trick once too often, and Nemesis was hot-foot on the trail of the ancient traitor. The other brain was Lord George Murray, who had had dealings with Cope, which made him suspect with the army. His loyalty is as undoubted as his courage and ability, but he does not seem to have had the art of ingratiating himself with the motley force which followed the Prince. Of all the leaders he was the wisest and the least popular. Mr Lang gives us in great detail the story of the march to Edinburgh, and the battle of Prestonpans. "With Cope's troops no English general of the day would have been victorious, granting that the Highlanders were allowed

to take the offensive, and that the artillery could not come into action." But Prestonpans meant nothing. Marshal Wade might think that "England was for the first-comer," but what could a small force of a few thousands do to capture a land which had no predisposition to receive them. The total army, Mr Lang thinks, was no more than 4500 men, and a few ladies in carriages. Up to Derby they had small success. The great families of Lancashire and Cheshire—the Stanleys, Cholmondeleys, Leighs, and Grosvenors—sat still in their manors. As to the turning at Derby, there can be no final verdict. It is a problem in the science of hypothetics. There is a chance that the Prince may have been right, that a victory in the Midlands might have spread disaffection like wildfire in the English army, and that London "was for the first-comer." To us it seems that an advance would have only led to a more swift and dramatic end to the Rising, and that under no conditions could ruin have been long postponed. In any case, every reason known to military science was on the side of Lord George Murray and retreat. When the *gran rifiuto* was made, all dash and vigour went out of the enterprise, and it became what Horace Walpole thought the feeblest of things, a "rebellion on the defensive." The Prince shepherded back the disheartened clans with some skill, and Falkirk showed that they had not forgotten how to fight. In many ways

those months which came between Falkirk and Culloden were the finest part of the campaign. The Cause was lost, the men were starved, and the leaders in a villainous temper; but for a little, over a large extent of country, the Prince carried off the honours and kept his opponents in check.

Mr Lang's account of Culloden is by far the most luminous and complete that has been given to the world. Most of the details have long been settled, but one or two vexed questions remained, notably that of the conduct of the Macdonalds, and on these Mr Lang seems to us to provide the material for a final judgment. In an elaborate appendix he examines every account of Keppoch's death, and rejects the traditional version that he charged alone, while the clan sulked behind him. The narratives of the battle left by Cumberland and Colonel Joseph Yorke make it plain that the Macdonalds, on the left, attacked with the others, one company even out-running the line. They never came to the shock, being out-flanked and exposed to a heavy fire of grape, which broke their ranks. When Scothouse, Keppoch, and his brother fell, the attack ceased. So the tragic tale, for which Sir Walter Scott is mainly responsible, must be added to the list of historical fictions. On the right the flank fire seemsto have been less galling, "and the Stewarts of Appin, Mackintoshes, Camerons, Frasers, and Macleans fought as they ever

fought. Plied with guns in front and in flank, and by a front and flanking fire of musketry, blinded by smoke and snow, they broke Barrel's regiment, they swept over the foremost guns, and then, enfiladed by Wolfe's, they died on the bayonets of the second line." Mr Lang disposes—we hope for good—of the time-honoured fiction about the "no quarter" clause in the general order issued by the Prince before the battle. The phrase was confined to Cumberland's order, and he had no provocation from the clans.

With Culloden, Jacobitism ended in a sharp and complete cataclysm, as a mountain stream falling over a high cliff disappears in spray, and with it, too, the old national history of Scotland. The disaster—and its result was disastrous to all parties in the land—did good in so far that it cleared the air. It showed the country its real desires. The Jacobites were convinced of the futility of foreign invasion, and perforce had to settle down to some other means of salvation, while they had the legacy of a heroic memory to give them courage and self-confidence. The old Whiggish, law-abiding Scotland had got the upper hand, but now it was leavened with that element of birth and adventure which had before been in opposition. The "Forty-Five" saw the creation of a true national party, which, in default of all other help, was compelled into self-development. France and England had proved

broken reeds: it was now to be seen whether Scotland herself could not set her house in order. And so through the next half-century, amid many discouragements, the land created her own industries, her own commerce, her own school of thought,—in a word, a new national life.

But this is the history of modern Scotland, and Mr Lang is concerned only with that which is past. We close the volumes with regret, for he has been a delightful guide in many dark and tangled places. His manner, which is scarcely dignified enough for the classical historian, is well adapted to the history of Scotland, which is not great history. The philosopher will find small matter to interest him in these chronicles of moorland wars fought by a poor people in the mist and rain. With the exception of the Reformation, there is no great spiritual movement to rank in the history of thought. The Renaissance had little influence north of the Border. The great tides of European change ebbed and flowed with but little effect

on the retired backwater of Scottish life. It is the history of a great enmity—with England, and a great friendship—with France. It is the story of national independence won by a bitter struggle, and of that more subtle and difficult thing, national individuality, hammered out during a century and a half of nominal union. Its one interest to the philosophic historian is that it shows, at a time when the world had become orderly, the strife of past and present in sharp distinction. But if it lack philosophy it has abundance of romance. It is the strife of the little against the big, which is enough in itself to endear it to the heart of lovers of stirring tales. And in the tangle of wars and religions, there is as entertaining a variety of character as can be found in ampler arenas. Whatever its faults it is not a humdrum history, and its moral, if we must seek a moral in such things, is at least no ignoble one. "Poverty," in Stevenson's words, "ill-luck, enterprise, and constant resolution are the fibres of its legend."

THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE STATE.

THE various ways in which Universities have developed in different countries, and more especially their relation to the State, is not without significance to us in Scotland at present. It is evident to those who have the interest of the Scottish Universities at heart, that a period has been reached in their development when, if future progress is to be made, profound changes in their present constitution have become necessary. At the same time, different reformers are not agreed as to what the nature of these changes should be, and it therefore becomes of some importance to consider what is the real significance of the University, and what part it plays in the various agencies which go to the making of a modern State. Some will say that a University exists primarily as a centre for free thought and inquiry into all departments of knowledge, while others regard it as merely a training-place for the various professions.

The first conception of a University which has been stated above, evidently regards the University as the descendant of the old philosophic schools of Athens and Alexandria, which received the sanction of the State under the Roman Empire, and which kept alive learning and the spirit of investigation and inquiry. It may be questioned whether the popes, when grant-

ing charters to the Universities of Paris and Bologna, had any intention of encouraging such a conception. Human thought was regarded as bounded for all time by the dogmas of the Church and the philosophy of Aristotle, and the Universities were intended as a training-place for priests and lawyers. Yet the very freedom of those charters, and the complete control they gave the Universities over their own affairs, inevitably led to their becoming centres of intellectual progress.

Except for the jurisdiction of the chancellor, against whom they more than once appealed to the pope, they were granted a freedom of self-government which would be impossible in the modern State. In Paris, for instance, the government of the University was in the hands of the teachers and the rector elected by the nations of the students, a government which put the members of the University outside the jurisdiction of the magistrates of the city, and the granting of degrees and the management of the University lay entirely within the hands of the governing body.

The Church, therefore, guided by the constitution of the monastic orders and of the trade guilds, created a new organisation, which was ultimately to be the centre of that remarkable intellectual devel-

opment towards free inquiry into all branches of human thought which has proved so destructive to the dogmatic position of the Church itself. We see, then, in the very beginning of things, the presence of the two ideas which have continued throughout the history of the Universities to influence their development and their relation to the State. The Church merely wished to provide suitable centres for the training of priests and lawyers, but in doing so she created a new living organism with a vitality and a purpose and an ideal of its own, which has continued to the present day. Moreover, the question which we are to-day discussing is the old question in a slightly modified form, a question which has to be reconsidered by each generation.

There is something in the nature of government which makes the problems to be solved always the same, though each period in the world's history has to find its own solution. The old question of the relation of Church and State is alive to-day in Catholic France and in Presbyterian Scotland, though in different forms, and the old question of the relation of the State to the Universities is always coming up again and again for solution.

To-day, it is true, the State has taken the place of the Church, but the objects aimed at by the outside governing body on the one hand, and by the inner vitalising spirit of the University on the other hand, remain the same.

The modern State is indifferent, as all governments are indifferent, to the progress of human thought, but, on the other hand, it requires some place for the training of its servants. The State demands lawyers, doctors, schoolmasters, priests, and civil servants to carry on the daily work of the community, and regards the University as the crown of the educational system whereby these men are to be trained. They are to be turned out thoroughly well drilled for the work they have to perform, but they are not required to be investigators or searchers after truth. On the other hand, the University, burning with an inner fire, has other and larger ideals with which the State has little or no sympathy. The system which exists in any country is a compromise between these two conceptions of the function of a University.

It is not necessary for us to follow the gradual evolution of thought in the Universities and the influence upon them of outside movements, as this is not essential for the understanding of the question we are at present considering, namely, their relation to the State.

The next period, therefore, of special significance is the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. The contrast between the condition of things established in France and in Germany at this time is of great interest.

In France, the country of

centralisation and bureaucratic rule, it was necessary for the Universities to be recreated after the Revolution, and Napoleon undertook the task, and approached it from the point of view of despotic State control. He had, according to Paulsen, only one purpose to fulfil, namely, to provide training-places for the servants of the State, and consequently under his *régime* Universities in the full sense of the word disappeared, and special schools were established in their place for the training of doctors, engineers, and lawyers. The purpose of these schools was simply to drill and examine and to turn out a product well enough trained for routine work, but they had no conception of freedom of thought or desire for research. The thinkers of France have been, Paulsen says, associated with the Academy, but not with the specialised schools which took the place of the University. The Université de France was merely a centre for the bureaucratic control of these institutions, and the old conception of the University of Paris, that turbulent but free centre of teachers and learners which blazed with a great light in the darkness of the Middle Ages, was largely lost. France meekly accepted the rule of the bureaucrat and the school-master, in place of the free University system, and it is only of late years, under the rule of the Republic, that the old University idea has been to some extent revived. If we are to judge by the examples afforded

by the republics of France and America, democracies are in sympathy with the true University ideal, recognising a kindred spirit to their own. While this was the history of Universities in France, the history in Germany was very different. Under the influence of the revival of thought and learning, and the teaching of the group of men of genius who re-created Germany, a completely different conception of the University took shape.

The Universities were recognised under the different States on a plan which, in many respects, followed closely on the mediæval model. While each professor was required to give a course of lectures, he was left free to take what subject or method he pleased, and the student was equally free to attend or not to the instruction given. There were no roll-calls, no examinations, no course of study laid down which the student must follow. The University was a free community of teachers and learners, where the teacher was free to teach what he liked, and the learner free to learn what he liked. But, above all things, the professor was there as a researcher, who was to advance his subject and train up fresh investigators under him. Under the influence of Wilhelm von Humboldt and others, the German States were persuaded to endow these free institutions, and the system then created has remained to the present day.

The result of that system in promoting investigation into

all departments of knowledge is too well known to all of us to need repetition here. Other countries have had their men of genius and great investigators, but in Germany alone has there been a continuous organised product, owing to this form of University organisation.

The men of learning in other countries have long sighed for equal freedom, and have been full of envy of their fortunate German brothers. It is evident that in this system the original conception of a University was revived, and that, given the inner fire, and a succession of men inspired to work, the marvellous result is easily understood. If the inner impulse was wanting, such a system would result in the Universities becoming as intolerable as the monastic orders became before the Reformation, and it would then be necessary either to reform them or sweep them away.

Moreover, the German States have realised the necessity for specialisation, and have not hesitated to appoint a large staff of professors, each dealing with a special department. There again the spirit of those in authority has been in marked contrast to that in this country, where higher education has always been treated with incredible meanness by the Government.

The history of German Universities seems to contradict the view originally taken of the attitude of the State to the University and the purpose of the State in supporting such an institution. But there is

another side to the picture. Germany has had to pay a heavy price for the freedom of the Universities.

It is sufficiently evident that such a system of education, while fitted to produce a certain number of investigators in various departments of knowledge, men of profound learning in their own subject, is not fitted to produce the article required by the State, unless some system of compulsion and control is brought in.

Where is the army of doctors, lawyers, schoolmasters, and Government officials to come from to carry on the ordinary routine work of the country? A schoolmaster must be proficient in arithmetic and grammar, and the fact that he has published a research in higher mathematics will not make him a fit person to teach in an elementary school if he cannot spell.

Some method must then be devised for obtaining the well-trained average person required for the professions. And consequently we find that while this complete freedom for teacher and learner is allowed in the Universities, the entrance to every profession is closed by an iron gate—the State examination. The man who means to be a professor some day in some department of knowledge takes his University degree on a thesis and oral examination, becomes a Privat Dozent, and, if he proves a brilliant investigator, is sure of promotion. The fate of the Privat Dozent who does not succeed in research is not so

happy. He is sacrificed in the process of natural selection. But the doctor, the lawyer, the schoolmaster can only enter their professions by passing the State Examination. This fact necessarily controls the whole of his career. He cannot pick and choose. This State examination, on which his whole future depends, is always before him, and if human nature is the same in Germany as in England, must surely tend to a system of cramming and a distaste of learning for learning's sake. This side of the picture is seldom presented to us in descriptions of the German University system. Students who go from this country go to study in the Philosophical Faculty, and are delighted with the freedom they find there. They are not brought so much in contact with the men who are preparing for the professions.

Let us now pass from the consideration of France and Germany to the system which prevails in England,—not in the younger Universities, because they are too new for us to say what their ultimate fate may be, but in Oxford and Cambridge. We have seen how the heritage handed down from the Middle Ages was interpreted in France and Germany respectively. How has it been interpreted in England?

But before going to England, there is one further remark to be made about Germany. The appointment of the professors does not lie in the hands of the University. The University selects certain

names, which are presented to the Government, but the Government appoints whoever it likes, and is not bound by this selection.

In Oxford and Cambridge we find on the whole the most perfect examples of the mediæval tradition, as they are completely self-governing institutions, not only arranging and controlling their own course of study, but also appointing their own Fellows, lecturers, and most of their professors.

By the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge is meant here the whole system of colleges and of the University proper. There is no need for our present purpose to distinguish between them. Moreover these Universities have another most valuable charter of freedom. They are supported by their own endowments, and do not have to come to the Government for an annual grant. In Germany, the Universities are State-supported, and in Prussia a special official is appointed to each University by the Minister of Education to watch over the finances. It is evident that in this way the Government can, if it chooses, completely control the internal organisation. It is true that Oxford and Cambridge have had to submit to Government Commissions which were necessary to give the legal authority to various changes which had become essential, but otherwise they are left completely alone to govern their own affairs,—the colleges by means of the Fellows, the University proper by the votes of the members.

This method of government by the votes of the members is a somewhat clumsy one, and when a question excites unusual interest is open to abuse, the votes of those in residence, and responsible for teaching and governing, being swamped by members from outside; but, on the whole, it leaves the control of the University in the hands of those who are doing the work.

Moreover, while Oxford and Cambridge have been left with a freedom surpassing even that of Germany, the State has not for that reason refused to recognise the degrees conferred by the University, as giving the necessary qualifications for service for the State. With a few trivial exceptions, such as the Indian Civil Service, an Oxford or Cambridge degree opens the door to the professions, and for direct service under the State. In England the policy of the Government has been to trust the Universities with complete self-government, and at the same time accept their hall-mark as the standard required by the professions. This English system is worthy of more study on the part of other countries than it has received.

It is also sufficiently obvious that the collegiate and fellowship system is an ideal arrangement for promoting specialisation and research.

But our German critics may exclaim, "Why has the output of research in Oxford and Cambridge been so poor while the facilities have been so great?" How far this accusation of poverty of output is justified

by the facts is worthy of separate inquiry, but, assuming its truth, there are certain reasons to be given for it.

In the first place, the old fellowship system certainly tended to make men too comfortable. A sufficient income and charming surroundings for life, with no special duties or incentives to work, produced men who were in many respects delightful but were not, except here and there, workers. There are still a few survivors of this old generation.

In the second place, the old scholastic traditions have clung longer to Oxford and Cambridge than to any other University,—the tradition of learning rather than of research. This tradition is not altogether to be despised. It set before the nation from generation to generation a standard of scholarship, just as the monastic orders, before they became corrupt, set a standard of piety. Such a result is not without its value, though no addition be made to the realm of knowledge.

In the third place, Oxford and Cambridge have been burdened with the responsibility of teaching for the professions. As has been already explained, the State has left them free, and at the same time has accepted their hall-mark as genuine. In Germany the State has set the Universities free, but has insisted on having its own hall-mark. This burden of responsibility to the State has had a profound influence on Oxford and Cambridge. There is no man who works harder than the

young Don of the present day, but he is working hard at teaching. The breaking up of the learners into small groups necessitates a large staff of teachers, and the time and thought of the present day Fellow of a College are so occupied by this task that he has little time or energy for research.

We are not discussing now whether the methods of study or examination are the best. It is sufficient to point out that though they may doubtless be improved and modified, the complete freedom of the German system is impossible, as long as the University is responsible to the State for training for service under the State; and that the University which is left free, if it have any sense of responsibility, will itself require courses of study and methods of testing the acquirements of its pupils at various stages as long as training for definite professions is part of its duty.

To those who would have us adopt the German University system we have one question to ask—Are they also prepared to adopt the system of State Examinations?

The evil of the system of examinations by an external examining body are eloquently pointed out by Paulsen in his work on German Universities, but they do not require to be stated here. We have made up our minds that the system is an evil one, and we are gradually modifying our whole scheme of instruction in the schools and in the Universities so as to make the teacher the examiner,

and so as to make the stamp of proficiency depend on the testing of the student's work from day to day.

Such a system of education is not going to lessen the responsibility of the University professor to his student, or diminish the time to be occupied in actual teaching.

If we now pass from the consideration of Oxford and Cambridge to the Scottish Universities, we shall find fresh points of difference. Though the Scottish Universities have been derived from the same common root in the Middle Ages, and though they have had many distinguished investigators among their professors, it may be questioned whether as a whole they have ever realised the higher conception of a University, or regarded themselves as anything more than training-places for the professions. If any such conception of a higher purpose had been dimly present, it must have been quickly crushed by the treatment they have received from the State,—treatment which it is difficult to believe would have been possible if one spark of the old mediæval spirit had remained alive at the time of the Commissions of 1858 and 1889. To find so gross an example of State interference we must go to France and Napoleon. On the one hand, the State gave them a miserable endowment, just sufficient to enable them to carry on the training for the professions, but making all specialisation by increase of the professoriate or leisure for research impossible. On the

other hand, the Commissions drew up minute regulations governing every part of the work and teaching of the University, — regulations which cannot be altered without the consent of the Privy Council and Parliament. It is difficult to understand now how such a scheme was possible on the part of a Government with the examples of Oxford and Cambridge and the German Universities before them. The necessity for the autonomy of the Scottish Universities is, however, now so generally recognised that there is no need to discuss it here. Let us return, therefore, to the consideration of the central problem.

It is evident that the Universities have two duties, a duty to themselves and a duty to the State, and the question is how these two duties are to be performed.

It is evident that the German solution of the question cannot be regarded as satisfactory. The ideal which educational reformers have set before them means the training and examining of the student by his teacher, and the abolishing of the external test, and even the reduction of the number, if not the abolishing, of special examinations in the Universities themselves.

Consequently the demands put on the teaching staff are going to increase rather than diminish. We have therefore to keep before us the following problem in considering the future of our Universities,

namely, how to combine the most efficient training of men for the professions with the due encouragement of research, and also how to preserve the Universities from undue interference by the State.

The true solution is, on the whole, easier in this country than in Germany, as we have not ceased to regard the Universities as directly responsible for the training of men for the professions, and we have in *England* trusted them to carry out that duty. The solution will therefore probably be found in two directions. On the one hand, the teaching staff must be very largely increased, and on the other hand, the methods of training must be so modified as to encourage the attitude of mind of the investigator, while not losing sight of the necessity of acquiring a definite amount of useful knowledge. Moreover, the facilities should be increased for those who wish to devote themselves to pure knowledge and investigation rather than definite professional life.

But whatever the particular solution may be, we must never lose sight of the ideal which has been handed down to the Universities from the old Philosophic Schools of Athens—an ideal which, if once lost sight of or crushed to suit the purposes of a Church or a State, will mean that this chapter of man's development has closed, and that our civilisation is entering on the period of moral and intellectual decay.

THE YELLOW PRESS.

IF all countries may boast the Press which they deserve, America's desert is small indeed. No civilised country in the world has been content with newspapers so grossly contemptible as those which are read from New York to the Pacific Coast. The journals known as Yellow would be a disgrace to the Black Republic, and it is difficult to understand the state of mind which can tolerate them. Divorced completely from the world of truth and intelligence, they present nothing which an educated man would desire to read. They are said to be excluded from clubs and from respectable houses. But even if this prohibition were a fact, their proprietors need feel no regret. We are informed by the Yellowest of Editors that his burning words are read every day by five million men and women.

What, then, is the aspect and character of these Yellow Journals? As they are happily strange on our side the ocean, they need some description. They are ill-printed, over-illustrated sheets, whose end and aim are to inflame a jaded or insensitive palate. They seem to address the half-blind eye and the sluggish mind of the imbecile. The wholly unimportant information which they desire to impart is not conveyed in type of the ord-

inary shape and size. The "scare" headlines are set forth in letters three inches in height. It is as though the editors of these sheets are determined to exhaust your attention. They are not content to tell you that this or that inapposite event has taken place. They pant, they shriek, they yell. Their method represents the beating of a thousand big drums, the blare of unnumbered trumpets, the shouted blasphemies of a million raucous throats. And if, with all this noise dinning in your ear, you are persuaded to read a Yellow sheet, which is commonly pink in colour, you are grievously disappointed. The thing is not even sensational. Its "scare" headlines do but arouse a curiosity which the "brightest and brainiest" reporter in the United States is not able to satisfy.

Of what happens in the great world you will find not a trace in the Yellow Journals. They betray no interest in politics, in literature, or in the fine arts. There is nothing of grave importance which can be converted into a "good story." That a great man should perform a great task is immaterial. Noble deeds make no scandal, and are therefore not worth reporting. But if you can discover that the great man has a hidden vice, or an eccentric taste in boots or hats,

there is "copy" ready to your hand. All things and all men must be reduced to a dead level of imbecility. The Yellow Press is not obscene—it has not the courage for that. Its proud boast is that it never prints a line that a father might not read to his daughter. It is merely personal and impertinent. No one's life is secure from its spies. No privacy is sacred. Mr Stead's famous ideal of an ear at every keyhole is magnificently realised in America. A hundred reporters are ready, at a moment's notice, to invade houses, to uncover secrets, to molest honest citizens with indiscreet questions. And if their victims are unwilling to respond, they pay for it with public insult and malicious invention. Those who will not bow to the common tyrant of the Press cannot complain if words are ascribed to them which they never uttered, if they are held guilty of deeds from which they would shrink in horror. Law and custom are alike powerless to fight this tyranny, which is the most ingenious and irksome form of blackmail yet invented.

The perfect newspaper, if such were possible, would present to its readers a succinct history of each day as it passes. It would weigh with a scrupulous hand the relative importance of events. It would give to each department of human activity no more than its just space. It would reduce scandal within the narrow limits which ought to confine it. Under its wise

auspices murder, burglary, and suicide would be deposed from the eminence upon which idle curiosity has placed them. Those strange beings known as public men would be famous not for what their wives wear at somebody else's "At Home," but for their own virtues and attainments. The foolish actors and actresses, who now believe themselves the masters of the world, would slink away into *entrefilets* on a back page. The perfect newspaper, in brief, would resemble a Palace of Truth, in which deceit was impossible and vanity ridiculous. It would crush the hankerers after false reputations, it would hurl the imbecile from the mighty seats which they try to fill, and it would present an invaluable record to future generations.

What picture of its world does the Yellow Press present? A picture of colossal folly and unpardonable indiscretion. If there be a museum which preserves these screaming sheets, this is the sort of stuff which in two thousand years will puzzle the scholars: "Mrs Jones won't admit Wedding," "Millionaires Bet on a Snake Fight," "Chicago Church Girl Accuses Millionaire," "Athletics make John D. forget his Money." These are a few pearls hastily strung together, and they show what jewels of intelligence are most highly prized by the Greatest Democracy on earth. Now and again the editor takes his readers into his confidence and asks them to interfere in the affairs of persons whom they will never know. Here,

for instance, is a characteristic problem set by an editor whose knowledge of his public exceeds his respect for the decencies of life: "What Mrs Washington ought to do. Her husband Wall Street Broker. Got tired of Her and Deserted. But Mrs Washington, who still loves him dearly, Is determined to win him back. And here is the Advice of the Readers of this Journal." Is it not monstrous—this interference with the privacy of common citizens? And yet this specimen has an air of dignity compared with the grosser exploits of the hired eavesdropper. Not long since there appeared in a Sunday paper a full list, with portraits and biographies, of all the ladies in New York who are habitual drunkards. From which it is clear that the law of libel has sunk into oblivion, and that the cowhide is no longer a useful weapon.

The disastrous effect upon the people of such a Press as I have described is obvious. It excites the nerves of the foolish, it presents a hideously false standard of life, it suggests that nobody is sacred for the omnipotent eavesdropper, and it preaches day after day at the top of its husky voice the gospel of snobbishness. But it is not merely the public manners which it degrades; it does its best to hamper the proper administration of the law. In America trial by journalism has long supplemented, and goes far to supplant, trial by jury. If a murder be committed its detection is not left to the officers of the police. A thousand reporters, cunning

as monkeys, active as sleuth-hounds, are on the track. Whether it is the criminal that they pursue or an innocent man is indifferent to them. Heedless of injustice, they go in search of "copy." They interrogate the friends of the victim, and they uncover the secrets of all the friends and relatives he may have possessed. They care not how they prejudice the public mind, or what wrong they do to innocent men. If they make a fair trial impossible, it matters not. They have given their tired readers a new sensation, they have stimulated gossip in a thousand tenement houses, and justice may fall in ruins so long as they sell another edition. And nobody protests against their unbridled licence, not even when they have made it an affair of the utmost difficulty and many weeks to empanel an unprejudiced jury.

The greatest opportunity of the Yellow Press came a brief year ago, when a Mr H. K. Thaw murdered an accomplished architect. The day after the murder the trial began in the newspapers, and it has been "run as a serial" ever since. The lives of the murderer and his victim were uncovered with the utmost effrontery. The character of the dead man was painted in the blackest colours by cowards, who knew that they were secure from punishment. The murderer's friends and kinsmen were all compelled to pay their tribute to the demon of publicity. The people was presented with plans of the cell

in which the man Thaw was imprisoned, while photographs of his wife and his mother were printed day after day that a silly mob might note the effect of anguish on the human countenance. And, not content with thus adorning the tale, the journals were eloquent in pointing the moral. Sentimental spinsters were invited to warn the lady typewriters of America that death and ruin inevitably overtake the wrongdoer. Stern-eyed clergymen thought well to anticipate justice in sermons addressed to erring youth. Finally, a *plébiscite* decided, by 2 to 1, that Thaw should immediately be set free. And when you remember the arrogant tyranny of the Yellow Journals, you are surprised that at the mere sound of the people's voice the prison doors did not instantly fly open.

You are told, as though it were no more than a simple truth, that the Yellow Press—the journals owned by Mr Hearst—not merely made the Spanish-American War, but procured the assassination of Mr McKinley. The statement seems incredible, because it is difficult to believe that such stuff as these should have any influence either for good or evil. The idle gossip and flagrant scandal which are its daily food do not appear to be efficient leaders of opinion. But it is the Editorial columns which do the work of conviction, and they assume an air of gravity which may easily deceive the unwary. And their gravity is the natural accom-

paniment of scandal. There is but a slender difference between barbarity and sentimentalism. The same temper which delights in reading of murder and sudden death weeps with anguish at the mere hint of oppression. No cheek is so easily bedewed by the unnecessary tear as the cheek of the ruffian—and those who compose the "editorials" for Mr Hearst's papers have cynically realised this truth. They rant and they cant and they argue, as though nothing but noble thoughts were permitted to lodge within the poor brains of their readers. Their favourite gospel is the gospel of Socialism. They tell the workers that the world is their inalienable inheritance, that skill and capital are the snares of the evil one, and that nothing is worth a reward save manual toil. They pretend for a moment to look with a kindly eye upon the Trusts, because, when all enterprises and industries are collected into a small compass, the people will have less trouble in laying hands upon them. In brief, they teach the supreme duty of plunder in all the *staccato* eloquence at their command. For the man whose thrift and energy have helped him to success they have nothing but contempt. They cannot think of the criminal without bursting into tears. And, while they lay upon the rich man the guilty burden of his wealth, they charge the community with the full responsibility for the convict's misfortune. Such

doctrines, insidiously taught, and read day after day by the degenerate and unrestrained, can only have one effect, and that effect, no doubt, the "editorials" of the Yellow Press will some day succeed in producing.

The result is, of course, revolution, and revolution is being carefully and insidiously prepared after the common fashion. Not a word is left unsaid that can flatter the criminal or encourage the thriftless. Those who are too idle to work but not too idle to read the Sunday papers are told that the wealth of the country is theirs, and it will be the fault of their own inaction, not of the Yellow Press, if they do not some day lay violent hands upon it. And when they are tired of politics the Yellow Editors turn to popular philosophy or cheap theology for the solace of their public. To men and women excited by the details of the last murder they discourse of the existence of God in short, crisp sentences,—and I know not which is worse, the triviality of the discourse or its inappositeness. They preface one of their most impassioned exhortations with the words: "If you read this, you will probably think you have wasted time." This might with propriety stand for the motto of all the columns of all Mr Hearst's journals, but here it is clearly used in the same hope which inspires the sandwichman to carry on his front the classic legend: "Please do not look on my back." But

what is dearest to the souls of these editors is a mean commonplace. One leader, which surely had a triumphant success, is headed, "What the Bar-tender Sees." And the exordium is worthy so profound a speculation. "Did you ever stop to think," murmurs the Yellow philosopher, "of all the strange beings that pass before him?" There's profundity for you! There's invention! Is it wonderful that five million men and women read these golden words, or others of a like currency, every day?

And politics, theology, and philosophy are all served up in the same thick sauce of sentiment. The "baby" seems to play a great part in the Yellow morality. One day you are told, "A baby can educate a man"; on another you read, "Last week's baby will surely talk some day," and you are amazed, as at a brilliant discovery. And you cannot but ask, To whom are these exhortations addressed? To children or to idiots? The grown men and women, even of Cook County, can hardly regard such poor twaddle as this with a serious eye. And what of the writers? How can they reconcile their lofty tone, which truly is above suspicion, with the shameful sensationalism of their news-columns? They know not the meaning of sincerity. If they believed that "last week's baby would talk some day," they would suppress their reporters. In short, they are either blind or cynical. From these alternatives there is no escape, and for their sakes, as well as

for America's, I hope they write with their tongue in their cheeks.

The style of the Yellow Journals is appropriate to their matter. The headlines live on and by the historic present, and the text is as bald as a paper of statistics. It is the big type that does the execution. The "story" itself, to use the slang of the newspaper, is seldom either humorous or picturesque. Bare facts and vulgar incidents are enough for the public, which cares as little for wit as for sane writing. One fact only can explain the imbecility of the Yellow Press: it is written for immigrants, who have but an imperfect knowledge of English, who prefer to see their news rather than to read it, and who, if they must read, can best understand words of one syllable and sentences of no more than five words.

For good or evil, America has the sole claim to the invention of the Yellow Press. It came, fully armed, from the head of its first proprietor. It owes nothing to Europe, nothing to the traditions of its own country. It grew out of nothing, and, let us hope, it will soon disappear into nothingness. The real Press of America was rather red than yellow. It had an energy and a character which still exist in some more reputable sheets, and which are the direct antithesis of Yellow sensationalism. The horsewhip and revolver were as necessary to its conduct as the pen and inkpot. If the editors of an older and wiser time in-

sulted their enemies, they were ready to defend themselves, like men. They did not eavesdrop and betray. They would have scorned to reveal the secrets of private citizens, even though they did not refrain their hand from their rivals. Yet, with all their brutality, they were brave and honourable, and you cannot justly measure the degradation of the Yellow Press unless you cast your mind a little farther back and contemplate the achievement of another generation.

The tradition of journalism came to America from England. 'The Sun,' 'The Tribune,' and 'The Post,' as wise and trustworthy papers as may be found on the surface of the globe, are still conscious of their origin, though they possess added virtues of their own. 'The New York Herald,' as conducted by James Gordon Bennett the First, modelled its scurrilous energy upon the Press of our own eighteenth century. The influence of Junius and the pamphleteers was discernible in its columns, and many of its articles might have been signed by Wilkes himself. But there was something in 'The Herald' which you would seek in vain in Perry's 'Morning Chronicle,' say, or 'The North Briton,' and that was the free-and-easy style of the backwoods. Gordon Bennett grasped as well as any one the value of news. He boarded vessels far out at sea that he might forestall his rivals. In some respects he was as "yellow" as his successor,

whose great exploit of employing a man convicted of murder to report the trial of a murderer is not likely to be forgotten. On the other hand, he set before New York the history of Europe and of European thought with appreciation and exactitude. He knew the theatre of England and France more intimately than most of his contemporaries, and he did a great deal to encourage the art of acting in his own country. But above all things he was a fighter, both with pen and fist. He had something of the spirit which inspired the old mining-camp. "We never saw the man we feared," he once said, "nor the woman we had not some liking for." That healthy, if primitive, sentiment breathes in all his works. And his magnanimity was equal to his courage. "I have no objection to forgive enemies," he wrote, "particularly after I have trampled them under my feet." This principle guided his life and his journal, and, while it gave a superb dash of energy to his style, it put a wholesome fear into the hearts and heads of his antagonists.

One antagonist there was who knew neither fear nor forgetfulness, and he attacked Bennett again and again. Bennett returned his blows, and then made most admirable "copy" of the assault. The last encounter between the two is so plainly characteristic of Bennett's style that I quote his description in his own words. "As I was leisurely pursuing my business yesterday in

Wall Street," wrote Bennett, "collecting the information which is daily disseminated in 'The Herald,' James Watson Webb came up to me, on the northern side of the street—said something which I could not hear distinctly, then pushed me down the stone steps leading to one of the brokers' offices, and commenced fighting with a species of brutal and demoniac desperation characteristic of a fury. My damage is a scratch, about three-quarters of an inch in length, on the third finger of the left hand, which I received from the iron railing I was forced against, and three buttons torn from my vest, which my tailor will reinstate for six cents. His loss is a rent from top to bottom of a very beautiful black coat, which cost the ruffian \$40, and a blow in the face which may have knocked down his throat some of his infernal teeth for all I know. Balance in my favour \$39.94. As to intimidating me, or changing my course, the thing cannot be done. Neither Webb nor any other man shall, or can, intimidate me. . . . I may be attacked, I may be assailed, I may be killed, I may be murdered, but I will never succumb."

There speaks the true Gordon Bennett, and his voice, though it may be the voice of a ruffian, is also the voice of a man who is certainly courageous and is not without humour. It is not from such a tradition as that, that the Yellow Press emerged. It does not want much pluck to

hang about and sneak secrets. It is the pure negation of humour to preach socialism in the name of the criminal and degenerate. And the Yellow Press owes its vices to none of its predecessors, but to its own inherent stupidity. To judge America by this product would be monstrously unfair, but it corresponds perforce to some baser quality in the cosmopolitans of the United States, and it cannot be overlooked. As it stands, it is the heaviest indictment of the popular taste that can be made. There is no vice so mean as impertinent curiosity, and it is upon this curiosity that the Yellow Press meanly lives and meanly thrives.

What is the remedy? There is none, unless time brings with it a natural reaction. It is as desperate a task to touch the Press as to change the Constitution. The odds against reform are too great. A law to check the exuberance of newspapers would never survive the attacks of the newspapers themselves. Nor is it only in America that reform is necessary. The Press of Europe, also, has strayed so far from its origins as to be a danger to the State. In their

inception the newspapers were given freedom, that they might expose and check the corruption and dishonesty of politicians. It was thought that publicity was the best cure for intrigue. For a while the liberty of the Press seemed justified. It is justified no longer. The licence which it assumed has led to far worse evils than those which it was designed to prevent. In other words, the slave has become a tyrant, and where is the statesman who shall rid us of this tyranny? Failure alone can kill what lives only upon popular success, and it is the old-fashioned, self-respecting journals which are facing ruin. Prosperity is with the large circulations, and a large circulation is no test of merit. Success is made neither by honesty nor wisdom. The people will buy what flatters its vanity or appeals to its folly. And the Yellow Press will flourish, with its headlines and its vulgarity, until the mixed population of America has sufficiently mastered the art of life and the English tongue to demand something better wherewith to solace its leisure than scandal and imbecility.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

THE DAFT DAYS.

A NOVEL.

BY NEIL MUNRO,

AUTHOR OF 'JOHN SPLENDID,' 'THE LOST PIBROCH,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FOR all the regrets of increasing age there is one alleviation among many, that days apart from those we love pass the quicker, even as our hurrying years. Thus it is that separations are divested of more and more of their terrors the nearer we are to that final parting which wipes out all, and is but the going to a great reunion. So the first fortnight, whereof Miss Bell thought to cheat the almanac under the delusion that Bud's absence would then scarcely be appreciated, was in truth the period when she missed her most, and the girl was back for her Christmas holidays before half of her threepenny-bits for the plate were done.

It was worth a year of separation to see her come in at the door, rosy from the frosty air, with sparkling eyes and the old, sweet, rippling laugh, not—outside at least—an atom different from the girl who had gone away; and it made up to Bud herself for many evenings home-sick on an Edinburgh pillow to smell again the old celestial Christmas grocery

and feel the warmth of her welcome.

Myself, I like to be important—not of such consequence to the world as to have it crick its neck with having to look up at me, but now and then important only to a few old friends; and Bud, likewise, could always enjoy the upper seat, if the others of her company were never below the salt. She basked in the flattery that Kate's deportment gave to her dignity as a young lady educated at tremendous cost.

It was the daft days of her first coming over again; but this time she saw all with older eyes,—and, besides, the novelty of the little Scottish town was ended. Wanton Wully's bell, pealing far beyond the burgh bounds,—commanding, like the very voice of God, to every ear of that community, no matter whether it rang at morn or eve,—gave her at once a crystal notion of the smallness of the place, not only in its bounds of stone and mortar, but in its interests, as compared with the city, where a thousand bells, canorous on the Sabbath, failed, it was

said, to reach the ears of more than a fraction of the people. The bell, and John Taggart's band on Hogmanay, and the little shops with windows falling back already on timid appeals, and the grey high tenements pierced by narrow entries, and the douce and decent humdrum folk,—she saw them with a more exacting vision, and Ailie laughed to hear them all summed up as “quaint.”

“I wondered when you would reach ‘quaint,’” said Auntie Ailie; “it was due some time ago, but this is a house where you never hear the word. Had you remained at the Pige—at the Misses Duff's Seminary Miss Amelia would have had you sewing it on samplers, if samplers any longer were the fashion.”

“Is it not a nice word ‘quaint’?” asked Bud, who, in three months among critics less tolerant (and perhaps less wise) than the Dyces, had been compelled to rid herself of many transatlantic terms and phrases.

“There's nothing wrong with ‘quaint,’ my dear,” said Miss Ailie; “it moves in the most exclusive circles: if I noticed it particularly, it is because it is the indication of a certain state of mind, and tells me where you stand in your education more clearly than your first quarterly report. I came home from school with ‘quaint’ myself: it not only seemed to save a lot of trouble by being a word which could be applied to anything not otherwise describable, but

I cherished it because its use conferred on me a kind of inward glow of satisfaction like—like—like Aunt Bell's home-made ginger-cordial. ‘Quaint,’ Bud, is the shibboleth of boarding-school culture: when you can use the word in the proper place, with a sense of superiority to the thing so designated, you are practically a young lady and the polish is taking on.”

“They all say it in our school,” explained Bud apologetically; “at least, all except The Macintosh,—I couldn't think of her saying it somehow.”

“Who's The Macintosh?” asked Ailie.

“Why! was there no Macintosh in your time?” exclaimed Bud. “I thought she went away back to the—to the Roman period. She's the funniest old lady in the land, and comes twice a-week to teach us dancing and deportment. She's taught them to mostly all the nobility and gentry of Scotland; she taught Lady Anne and all her brothers when they were in St Andrews.”

“I never heard of her,” said Ailie; “she must be—be—be decidedly quaint.”

“She's so quaint you'd think she'd be kept in a corner cupboard with a bag of camphor at the back to scare the moths away. She's a little wee mite, not any bigger than me—than I,—and they say she's seventy years old, but sometimes she doesn't look a day more than forty-five if it weren't for her cap and her two front teeth missing. She's got the loveli-

est fluffy silver hair—pure white, like Mrs Molyneux's Aunt Tabitha's Persian cat; cheeks like an apple, hands as young as yours, and when she walks across a room she glides like this, so you'd think she was a cutter yacht——”

Bud sailed across the parlour to represent the movement of The Macintosh with an action that made her aunties laugh, and the dog gave one short yelp of disapproval.

“That was the way that Grandma Buntain walked,—it used to be considered most genteel,” said Bell. “They trained girls up to do it with a back-board and a book on the top of the head; but it was out before my time; we just walked anyway in Barbara Mushet's Seminary, where the main things were tambouring and the Catechism.”

“Miss Macintosh is a real lady,” Bud went on. “She's got genuine old ancestors. They owned a Highland place called Kaims, and the lawyers have almost lawyered it a'awa' she says, so now she's simply got to help make a living teaching dancing and deportment. I declare I don't know what deportment is no more than the child unborn, unless it's shutting the door behind you, walking into a room as if your head and your legs were your own, keeping your shoulders back, and being polite and kind to everybody, and I thought folks 'd do all that without attending classes, unless they were looney. Miss Macintosh says they are the *sine qua non* and principal

branches for a well-bred young lady in these low days of clingy frocks and socialism; but the Principal she just smiles and gives us another big block of English history. Miss Macintosh doesn't let on, but I know she simply can't stand English history, for she tells us, spells between quadrilles, that there hasn't been any history anywhere since the Union of the Parliaments, except the Rebellion of 1745. But she doesn't call it a rebellion. She calls it 'yon affair.' *She's Scotch!* I tell you, Auntie Bell, you'd love to meet her. I sit, and sit, and look at her like—like a cat. She wears spectacles, just a little clouded, only she doesn't call them spectacles; she says they are preserves, and that her eyes are as good as anybody's. They're bright enough, I tell you, for over seventy.”

“Indeed I would like to see the creature!” exclaimed Miss Bell. “She must be an original! I'm sometimes just a trifle tired of the same old folk about me here,—I know them all so well, and all they're like to do or say, that there's nothing new or startling to be expected from them.”

“Would you like to see her?” said Bud quickly; “then—then, some day I'll tell her, and I'll bet she'll come. She dresses queer—like a lady in the 'School for Scandal,' and wears long mittens like Miss Minto, and when our music-master, Herr Laurent, is round she makes goo-goo eyes at him fit to crack her glasses. ‘Oh,

Hair-r-r!' she says, sitting with her mitts in her lap,— 'oh, Hair-r-r! Can you not give the young ladies wise-like Scotch songs, instead o' that dreich Concone?' And sometimes she'll hit him with a fan. He says she plays the piano to our dancing the same as it was a spinet."

"I declare it beats all!" said Miss Bell. "Does the decent auld body speak Scotch?"

"Sometimes. When she's making goo-goo eyes at the Herr, or angry, or finding fault with us but doesn't want to hurt our feelings."

"I can understand that," said Miss Bell, with a patriot's fervour; "there's nothing like the Scotch for any of them; I fall to it myself when I'm sentimental. And so does your Uncle Dan."

"She says she's the last of the real Macintoshes,—that all the rest you see on Edinburgh signboards are only incomers or poor de-degenerate cadets; and I guess the way she says it, being a de-degenerate cadet Macintosh must be the meanest thing under the cope and canopy. Heaps of those old ancestors of hers went out in the days of the clans, fighting for any royalty that happened along. She's got all their hair in lockets, and makes out that when they disappeared Scotland got a pretty hard knock. I said to her once the same as Aunt Ailie says to you, Aunt Bell, 'English and Scots, I s'pose we're all God's people, and it's a terribly open little island to be quarrelling in, seeing all the Continent can

hear us quite plain'; but she didn't like it. She said it was easy seen I didn't understand the dear old Highland mountains, where her great-great-grandfather, Big John of the Axe, could collect five hundred fighting-men if he wagged a fiery cross at them. 'I have Big John's blood in me!' she said, quite white, and her head shaking so much her preserves nearly fell off her nose. 'I've Big John's blood in me; and when I think of things, I hate the very name o' thae abominable English!' 'Why, you've never seen them, Miss Macintosh,' I said—for I knew she'd never had a foot outside Scotland. 'No,' said she, quite sharp, 'and I don't want to; for they might be nice enough, and then I wad be bound to like them.'"

"Oh, Bell!" cried Ailie, "Miss Macintosh is surely your doppelganger."

"I don't know what a doppelganger is," said Auntie Bell; "but she's a real sensible body, and fine I would like to see her."

"Then I'll have to fix it somehow," said Bud, with emphasis. "P'raps you'll meet her when you come to Edinburgh—"

"I'm not there yet, my dear."

"—Or she might be round this way by-and-by. She'd revel in this place: she'd maybe not call it quaint, but she'd find it pretty careless about being in the—in the modern rush she talks about, and that would make her happier than a letter from

home. I believe The Macintosh——”

“Miss Macintosh, my dear,” said Bell reprovingly, and the girl reddened.

“I know,” said she. “It’s mean to talk of her same as she was a waterproof, and I often try not to, because I like her immensely; but it’s so common among the girls that I forget. I believe Miss Macintosh would love this place, and could stop in it for ever.”

“Couldn’t you?” asked Auntie Ailie slyly.

Bud hesitated. “Well, I—I like it,” said she. “I just love to lie awake nights and think about it, and I can hear the wind in the trees and the tide come in, and the bell, and the wild geese; and family worship at the Provost’s on Sunday nights, and I can almost *be* here, I think so powerfully about it; but—but——”

She stopped short, for she saw a look of pain in the face of her Auntie Bell.

“But what?” said the latter sharply.

“Oh! I’m a wicked, cruel, ungrateful girl, Auntie Bell; and I ought to want to love this place so much, nobody could push me out of it. And I *do* love it; but I feel if I lived here always I’d not grow any more.”

“You’re big enough,” said Auntie Bell. “You’re as big as myself now.”

“I mean inside. Am I a prig, Aunt Ailie? I’d hate to be a prig! But I’d hate as bad to tell a lie; and I feel I’d

never learn half so much or do half so much here as I’d do where thousands of folk were moving along in a procession, and I was with them too. A place like this is like a kindergarten—it’s good enough as far’s it goes, but it doesn’t teach the higher branches.”

Bell gazed at her in wonder and pity and blame, shaking her head. All this was what she had anticipated.

“I know the feeling,” said Aunt Ailie, “for I have shared it myself; and sometimes still it will come back to me, but in my better hours I think I’m wiser and can be content. If there is growth in you, you will grow anywhere. You were born in the noise of Chicago, Bud, and I suppose it’s hard to get it out of the ears. By-and-by I hope you’ll find that we are all of us most truly ourselves not in the crowd but when we are alone, and that not the smallest hamlet in the world need be intellectually narrow for any one with imagination, some books, and a cheerful constitution. Do you understand that, Bud?”

Bud thought hard for a moment and then shook her head. “It sounds as if it ought to be true,” said she, “and I daresay you think just now it is true; but I simply *can’t* believe it.” And all of them turned at the sound of a chuckling laugh, to find that Mr Dyce had heard this frank confession.

“That’s the worst of you, Bud,” said he. “You will never let older folk do your thinking for you.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

It is another mercy, too, that in our age we learn to make the best of what afore-time might be ill to thole, as Bell made fine new garments out of old ones faded by turning them outside in and adding frills and flounces. Bud's absence early ceased to be deplorable, since it wakened cheerful expectations not to be experienced had she stayed at home; gave rise to countless fond contrivances for her happiness in exile; and two or three times a-year to periods of bliss, when her vacations gave the house of Dyce the very flower of ecstasy. Her weekly letters of themselves were almost compensation for her absence. On the days of their arrival, Peter the post would come with his M.C. step to the lawyer's kitchen-window before he went to the castle itself, defying all routine and the laws of the Postmaster-General, for he knew Miss Dyce would be waiting feverishly, having likely dreamt the night before of happy things that—dreams going by contraries, as we all of us know in Scotland—might portend the most dreadful tidings.

Bud's envelope was always on the top of his budget. For the sake of it alone (it sometimes seemed to Peter and those who got it) had the mail come splashing through the night,—the lawyer's big blue envelopes, as it were, had got but a friendly lift through the

courtesy of clerks in Edinburgh, and the men on the railway train, and the lad who drove the gig from Maryfield. What were big blue envelopes of the business world compared with the modest little square of grey with Lennox Dyce's writing on it?

"Here's the usual! Pretty thick to-day!" would Peter say, with a smack of satisfaction on the window-sash. Ah, those happy Saturdays! Everybody knew about them. "And how's hersel'?" the bell-ringer would ask in the by-going, not altogether because his kindly interest led to an eye less strict on his lazy moods in the garden. One Fair day, when Maggie White's was irresistible, it rang so merrily with drovers, and he lost the place again, he stopped the lawyer on the street to ask him what Miss Lennox thought of all this argument about the Churches, seeing she was in the thick of it in Edinburgh.

"Never you mind the argument, Will," said Daniel Dyce,—"you do your duty by the Auld Kirk bell; and as for the Free folk's quarrelling, amang them be't!"

"But can you tell me, Mr D-D-Dyce," said Wanton Wully, with as much assurance as if he was prepared to pay by the Table of Fees, "what's the difference between the U.F.'s and the Frees? I've looked at it from every point, and I canna see it."

"Come and ask me some day when you're sober," said the lawyer, and Wanton Wully snorted.

"If I was sober," said he, "I wouldna want to ken—I wouldna give a curse."

Yet each time Bud came home she seemed, to the mind of her Auntie Bell, a little farther off from them—a great deal older, a great deal less dependent, making for womanhood in a manner that sometimes was astounding, as when sober issues touched her, set her thinking, made her talk in fiery ardours. Aunt Ailie gloried in that rapid growth; Aunt Bell lamented, and spoke of brains o'ertaxed and fevered, and studies that were dangerous. She made up her mind a score of times to go herself to Edinburgh and give a warning to the teachers; but the weeks passed, and the months, and by-and-by the years, till almost three were gone, and the Edinburgh part of Lennox's education was drawing to a close, and the warning visit was still to pay.

It was then, one Easter, came The Macintosh.

Bell and Ailie were out that afternoon for their daily walk in the woods or along the shore, when Mr Dyce returned from the Sheriff Court alert and buoyant, feeling much refreshed at the close of an encounter with a lawyer who, he used to say, was better at debating than himself, having more law books in his possession and a louder voice. Letting himself in with his pass-key,

he entered the parlour, and was astonished to find a stranger, who rose at his approach and revealed a figure singular though not unpleasing. There was something ludicrous in her manner as she moved a step or two from the chair in which she had been sitting. Small, and silver-grey in the hair, with a cheek that burned—it must be with embarrassment—between a rather sallow neck and sunken temples, and with smoked spectacles with rims of tortoise-shell, she would have attracted attention anywhere even if her dress had been less queer. Queer it was, but in what manner Daniel Dyce was not the person to distinguish. To him there was about it nothing definitely peculiar, except that the woman wore a crinoline, a Paisley shawl of silken white, and such a bonnet as he had not seen since Grandma Buntain's time.

"Be seated, ma'am," said he; "I did not know I had the honour of a visitor," and he gave a second, keener glance, that swept the baffling figure from the flounced green poplin to the snow-white lappet of her bonnet. A lady certainly, —that was in the atmosphere, however odd might be her dress. "Where in the world has this one dropped from?" he asked himself, and waited an explanation.

"Oh, Mr Dyce!" said the lady in a high, shrill voice, that plainly told she never came from south of the Border, and with a certain trepidation

in her manner. "I'm feared I come at an inconvenient time to ye, and I maybe should hae bided at your office; but they tell't me ye were out at what they ca'd a Pleading Diet. I've come about my mairrage."

"Your marriage!" said the lawyer, scarcely hiding his surprise.

"Yes, my mairrage!" she repeated sharply, drawing the silken shawl about her shoulders, bridling. "There's naething droll, I hope and trust, in a maiden lady ca'in' on a writer for his help aboot her settlements!"

"Not at all—not at all, ma'am," said Daniel Dyce. "I'm honoured in your confidence." And he pushed his spectacles up on his brow that he might see her less distinctly and have the less inclination to laugh at such an eccentric figure.

She broke into a torrent of explanation. "Ye must excuse me, Mr Dyce, if I'm put-about and gey confused, for it's little I'm acquaint wi' lawyers. A' my days I've heard o' naething but their quirks, for they maistly rookit my grandfaither. And I cam' wi' the coach frae Maryfield, and my hert's in a palpitation wi' sic bringin' and bangin' ower heughs and hills——" She placed a mit-tened hand on a much-laced stomacher, and sighed profoundly.

"Perhaps—perhaps a glass of wine——" began the lawyer, with his eye on the bell-pull, and a notion in his head that

wine and a little seed-cake someway went with crinolines and the age of the Paisley shawl.

"No, no!" she cried extravagantly. "I never lip it; I'm—I'm in the Band o' Hope."

The lawyer started, and scanned her again through his glasses, with a genial chuckling crow. "So's most maiden ladies, ma'am," said he. "I'm glad to congratulate you on your hopes being realised."

"It remains to be seen," said the visitor. "Gude kens what may be the upshot. The maist deleeborate mairrage maun be aye a lottery, as my Auntie Grizel o' the Whinhill used to say; and I canna plead that mine's deleeborate, for the man just took a violent fancy the very first nicht he set his een on me, fell whummlin' at my feet, and wasna to be put aff wi' 'No' or 'Maybe.' We're a puir weak sex, Mr Dyce, and men's sae domineerin'!"

She ogled him through her clouded glasses: her arch smile showed a blemish of two front teeth amissing. He gave a nod of sympathy, and she was off again. "And to let ye ken the outs and ins o't, Mr Dyce, there's a bit o' land near Perth that's a' that's left o' a brave estate my forebears squandered in the Darien. What I want to ken is, if I winna could hinder him that's my *fiancé* frae dicin' or drinkin' 't awa' ance he got me mairried to him? I wad be sair vexed at ony such calamity, for my family hae aye been barons."

"Once a baron aye a baron," said the lawyer, dropping into her own broad Scots.

"Yes, Mr Dyce, that's a' very fine; but baron or baroness, if there's sic a thing, 's no great figure wantin' a bit o' grun to gang wi' the title; and John Cleghorn—that's my intended's name—has been a gey through-ither chiel in his time by a' reports, and I doot wi' men it's the aulder the waur."

"I hope in this case it'll be the aulder the wiser, Miss——" said the lawyer, and hung unheeded on the note of interrogation.

"I'll run nae risks if I can help it," said the lady emphatically; "and I'll no' put my trust in the Edinburgh lawyers either: they're a' tarred wi' the ae stick, or I sair misjudge them. But I'm veesitin' a cousin owerby at Maryfield, and I'm tell't there's no' a man that's mair dependable in a' the shire than yoursel', so I just cam' ower ains errand for a consultation. Oh, that unco' coach! the warld's gane wud, Mr Dyce, wi' hurry and stramash, and Scotland's never been the same since—— But there! I'm awa' frae my story; if it's the Lord's will that I'm to marry Johnny Cleghorn, what comes o' Kaims? Will he be owner o't?"

"Certainly not, ma'am," said Mr Dyce, with a gravity well preserved considering his inward feelings. "Even before the Married Women's Property Act, his *jus mariti*, as we ca' it, gave him only his wife's personal and moveable estate.

There is no such thing as *communio bonorum*—as community of goods—between husband and wife in Scotland."

"And he canna sell Kaims on me?"

"No; it's yours and your assigns *ad perpetuam remanentiam*, being feudal right."

"I wish ye wad speak in honest English, like mysel', Mr Dyce," said the lady sharply. "I've forgotten a' my Laiten, and the very sound o't gars my heid bizz. I doot it's the lawyer's way o' gettin' round puir helpless bodies."

"It's scarcely that," said Mr Dyce, laughing. "It's the only chance we get to air auld Mr Trayner, and it's thought to be imposin'. *Ad perpetuam remanentiam* just means to remain for ever."

"I thoct that maybe John might hae the poo'er to treat Kaims as my tocher."

"Even if he had," said Mr Dyce, "a *dot*, or *dos*, or tocher, in the honest law of Scotland, was never the price o' the husband's hand; he could only use the fruits o't. He is not entitled to dispose of it, and must restore it intact if unhappily the marriage should at any time be dissolved."

"Dissolved!" cried the lady. "Fegs! ye're in an awfu' hurry, and the ring no' bought, yet. Supposin' I was deein' first?"

"In that case I presume that you would have the succession settled on your husband."

"On Johnny Cleghorn! Catch me! There's sic a thing as—as—as bairns, Mr Dyce,"

and the lady simpered coyly, while the lawyer rose hurriedly to fumble with some books and hide his confusion at such a wild conjecture. He was relieved by the entrance of Bell and Ailie, who stood amazed at the sight of the odd and unexpected visitor.

"My sister," said the lawyer hastily. "Miss—Miss—I did not catch the name."

"Miss Macintosh," said the stranger nervously, and Bell cried out immediately, "I was perfectly assured of it! Lennox has often spoken of you, and I'm so glad to see you. I did not know you were in the neighbourhood."

Ailie was delighted with so picturesque a figure. She could scarcely keep her eyes off the many-flounced, expansive gown of poplin, the stomacher, the ponderous ear-rings, the great cameo brooch, the long lace mittens, the Paisley shawl, the neat poke bonnet, and the fresh old face marred only by the spectacles and the gap where the teeth were missing.

"I have just been consultin' Mr Dyce on my comin' mairrage," said The Macintosh; and at this intelligence from a piece of such antiquity Miss Bell's face betrayed so much astonishment that Dan and Ailie almost forgot their good manners.

"Oh! if it's business," said Bell, and rose to go; but The Macintosh put a hand on her sleeve and stayed her.

"Ye needna fash to leave, Miss Dyce," said she. "A'

thing's settled. It seems that Johnny Cleghorn canna ca' a rig o' Kaims his ain when he mairries me, and that was a' I cam' to see about. Oh, it's a mischancy thing a mairrage, Miss Dyce; maist folk gang intill't heels-ower-hurdies, but I'm in an awfu' swither, and havens a mither to guide me."

"Keep me!" said Miss Bell, out of all patience at such maidenly apprehensions, "ye're surely auld enough to ken yer ain mind. I hope the guid-man's worthy."

"He's no' that ill—as men-folk gang," said The Macintosh, resignedly. "He's as fat's creish, and has a craighlin' cough, the body, and he's faur frae bonny, and he hasna a bawbee o' his ain, and sirs! what a reputation! But a man's a man, Miss Dyce, and time's aye flein'."

At such a list of disabilities in a husband the Dyces lost all sense of the proprieties and broke into laughter, in which the lady joined them, shaking in her arm-chair. Bell was the first to recover with a guilty sense that this was very bad for Daniel's business. She straightened her face, and was about to make apologies, when Footles bounded in at the open door, to throw himself at the feet of The Macintosh and wave a joyous tail. But he was not content there. In spite of her resistance, he must be in her lap, and then, for the first time, Bell and Ailie noticed a familiar cadence in the stranger's laugh.

Dan rose and clapped her on the back. "Well done, Bud!" said he. "Ye had us a'; but Footles wasna to be swindled wi' an auld wife's goon," and he gently drew the spectacles from the laughing eyes of his naughty niece!

"Oh, you rogue!" cried Auntie Aillie.

"You wretch!" cried Auntie Bell. "I might have known your cantrips. Where in the world did you get these clothes?"

Bud sailed across the room like a cutter yacht and put her arms about her neck. "Didn't you know me?" she asked.

"How could I know you, dressed up like that? And your teeth—you imp! they're blackened; and your neck—you wretch! it's painted; and—oh,

lassie, lassie! Awa'! awa'! the deil's ower grit wi' ye!"

"Didn't *you* know me, Aunt Aillie?" asked Bud.

"Not in the least," said Aillie, taking the droll old figure in her arms. "Perhaps I might have known you if I didn't think it was to-morrow you were coming."

"It was to have been to-morrow; but the measles have broken out in school, and I came a day earlier, and calculated I'd just hop in and surprise you all. Didn't you guess, Uncle Dan?"

"Not at first," said he. "I'll admit I was fairly deceived, but when you talked about being in the Band of Hope I saw at a shot through The Macintosh. I hope you liked my Latin, Bud."

(*To be continued.*)

HENRY FIELDING.

AMONG English men of genius Fielding has no superior in respect of virility and common-sense. No man of letters was ever more free of all the vanities and affectations of authorship. The humour which Thackeray said "flashes upon a rogue, and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lantern," never deserted the novelist in his dealings with himself. The drawing of bills on Prince Posterity is the oldest consolation of authorship; but when, as in the case of Henry Fielding, they have long ago been honoured, we consider the appeal as a sign not of weakness, but of a genius conscious of its strength and serenely confident of its endurance. In all of Fielding's writings there are only two or three such appeals, and it is characteristic of the man that they are worded with a conspicuous modesty. All his life he was pursued by scurrility; and we can recall no instance in his works where his humour—his good-humour—abandoned him, and left him a prey to a resentment which would have immortalised his enemies and dishonoured himself. The moderation is the more remarkable when we think what might have been had the author of 'Jonathan Wild' turned the terrible weapon of his irony against his assailants. But Fielding's humour saved him from the mistake of Pope. He did not embalm dunces in amber; he

laughed at them, and went his way. And just by reason of this moderation and good-humour we pay the more attention to Fielding's occasional appeals to posterity, the finest of which occurs in the Invocation which forms the magnificent introduction to the thirteenth book of his masterpiece, 'Tom Jones.' Fielding there invokes Fame: "Comfort me by a solemn assurance that when the little parlour in which I sit at this instant shall be reduced to a worse-furnished box, I shall be read with honour by those who never knew me or saw me, and whom I shall never know nor see." And in the last and greatest of the Prefaces he returns to the subject thus: "However short the period may be of my own performances, they will most probably outlive their own infirm author and the weakly productions of his abusive contemporaries."

At the various symposia which will be held this month in honour of Fielding's bicentenary, orators will not lack plentiful and notable critical dicta confirming the truth of Fielding's modest forecast. Gibbon's familiar prophecy will be many times repeated, that "the romance of 'Tom Jones'—that exquisite picture of humour and manners—will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria." But the

range of eulogy is indeed unlimited, from Byron, Scott, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Thackeray, down to the living singer who has thus summed up his achievement,—

“Ah, what a wealth of Life there is
In that large-laughing page of his !
What store and stock of Common-
Sense,

Wit, Wisdom, Books, Experience !
How his keen Satire flashes through,
And cuts a sophistry in two !
How his ironic lightning plays
Around a rogue and all his ways !
Ah, how he knots his lash to see
That ancient cloak, Hypocrisy !”

When the name of Fielding was mentioned at that famous gathering at Lamb's, when the topic of discussion was *Persons one would Wish to have Seen*, only “one seconded the proposition.” For this Lamb makes some atonement when he attributes to his friend, Henry Cary, only two vices, one of them being a want of relish for Parson Adams. But the coolness with which the proposition was received is typical of most readers' attitude to Fielding. He is not one of those writers that evoke an ardent biographical curiosity or establish a warm relationship with his readers. The reason for this lies in no want of incident in his career or of attractiveness in his personality. It is due, we take it, to the signal neglect shown to the most human of all his writings, the ‘*Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*.’ Reading that curious and moving fragment, we arrive at a new relation with its author, and entertain feelings for him that his great trilogy of novels will not alone inspire. A know-

ledge of his life serves a deeper purpose than biographical interest. It holds the secret of the genesis and development of his artistic achievement. His novels are built up of the stuff of his own experience. The consummate craftsmanship revealed in his first novel was the result of fifteen crowded years of varied literary endeavour.

The events of Fielding's life arrange themselves like the incidents in one of his own incomparable plots. Things apparently trivial are seen in retrospect to serve their part in the making of the novelist. To his first private tutor we owe the portrait of Parson Trulliber. His school days at Eton brought him the friendship of Lyttelton, his future patron, who made Fielding a Justice, and is therefore the only begetter of ‘*Jonathan Wild*’ and of much that is best in ‘*Amelia*.’ From Eton Fielding passed to Leyden, where he obtained a degree, as later did “Dr” Goldsmith. Before he was twenty-one he was back in London, with no fortune but a keen wit, an infinite relish of life, and the physique of a Guardsman. The literary conditions of the time conspired with his idiosyncrasies and the customary illusions of youth to suggest to Fielding that fame and fortune could be found most easily by writing for the stage.

To discuss Fielding's dramatic works at any length would argue a want of any sense of proportion. His plays

are frankly negligible. They belong to the school of Congreve and Farquhar, but for the most part they are undistinguished either for their construction or for their humour. And everywhere they show the signs of carelessness and haste. Fielding returned at a later date to playwriting, but it is convenient and not subversive of critical method to speak of this side of his work all in one place. His wittiest effort is undoubtedly "The Tragedy of Tragedies, or the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great, with the alterations of Scriblerus Secundus." In this surprising *jeu d'esprit* of a young author of twenty-four, Fielding successfully burlesques all the popular dramatists of his day. The Argument tells us that

"The spring of all is the love of Tom Thumb for Huncamunca; which caused the quarrel between their majesties in the first act; the passion of Lord Grizzle in the second; the rebellion, fall of Lord Grizzle and Glumdalca, devouring of Thumb by the cow, and that bloody catastrophe, in the third."

The play is replete with excellent fooling and parody. King Arthur, husband of Queen Dollallolla, utters the truly regal pronouncement—

"Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day:
Let other hours be set apart for business.
To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk,
And this our Queen shall be as drunk as we."

After a fling at Thomson's "Sophonisba,"—

"Oh, Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh,"—

Fielding proceeds to what was to him an ever-congenial subject, the absurdities of Shakespearian emendation. One line in "Tom Thumb" runs—

"The mighty Thomas Thumb victorious comes."

On this a footnote tells us that "Dr B—y reads, 'The mighty Tall-mast Thumb,' Mr D—s, 'The mighty thumbing Thumb,' Mr T—d reads, 'Thundering.' I think Thomas more agreeable to the great simplicity so apparent in our author." The end of this amusing travesty is a horrid debacle, when there are six murders in as many lines, the King finally cutting his own throat, with the regal assurance—

"So all our pack upon the floor is cast,
And all I boast is—that I fall the last."

In "Don Quixote in England" Fielding hit on an admirable subject, to which he does not do full justice. Sancho mouths his proverbs excellently, but the play leaves us in no need of Fielding's assurance of "the impossibility of going beyond, and the extreme difficulty of keeping pace with" Cervantes. More interest attaches to the plays which, in a lucky hour for English literature, offended the Ministry and brought about the passing of the Licensing Act, which was to be the means of turning Fielding's attention from the stage and of leaving him free to embrace the opportunity with which fortune and Samuel Richardson were

soon to present him. In ten years more than fifty thousand pounds had been expended by Walpole's Government in doles to printers and party hacks. In "Pasquin" and "The Historical Register," Fielding exposed this venality with ruthless severity, and in 1737 the Government retaliated with the Licensing Act, which effectually silenced dramatic political satire. The passing of this Act was attended and followed by some amusing incidents. It was in opposition to the measure that Lord Chesterfield made his witty but unavailing protest. "Wit, my Lords," said Chesterfield with splendid irony, "is a sort of property. It is the property of those that have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on. It is indeed but a precarious independence. Thank God, we, my lords, have a dependence of another kind." It was Chesterfield, too, who drily proposed that the licensing authority should be vested in a committee of Maids of Honour and of Bishops, as the supreme authorities on modesty and morality. But better even than Chesterfield's wit is the picture of the resolute Mr Justice Fielding of a later day, pursuing with his myrmidons the unhappy Kenrick for violating the very Act which his own youthful audacity had brought into being. From time to time Fielding returned to play-writing on conventional lines, but half-heartedly and quite unsuccessfully. As literature his plays count for almost nothing. He created no char-

acter that has lived, and all that time has salvaged from them is the two lusty songs, "Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England," and "A - Hunting we will Go." Their real value is the indirect but priceless one of that training in plot-construction which Fielding was later to display in another field.

In 1735 Fielding married Charlotte Craddock (the acknowledged original of "Sophia Western"), whose portrait as 'Amelia' will hang on the line for ever in the choicest gallery of English masterpieces. With her dowry of fifteen hundred pounds the prodigal young playwright set up as a squire in Dorsetshire, much to the indignation of the local Boobys and Westerns, who, not unjustly, derided his magnificent coach and his flunkeys dressed in yellow plush. Fielding had one magnificent year, and it, too, was destined to bear fine literary fruit, long after the flunkeys are lost to view, and when their master, according to his lively cousin, Lady Mary Montagu, was living in London, sometimes "in decent lodgings with tolerable comfort; sometimes in a garret without necessities; to say nothing of the sponging-houses and hiding-places in which he was occasionally found." These brave days in Dorsetshire give zest and truth and colour to many of the best pages of 'Joseph Andrews' and 'Tom Jones,' and in 'Amelia' their story is retold in detail and not without a whimsical air of grievance.

At the age of thirty Fielding

found himself entered as a student in the Middle Temple—a married man and a broken dramatist. The next five years of his life were bound in shallows and in miseries. While making shift to live by miscellaneous writing, Fielding took his legal studies very seriously, and there is ample proof that he became a sound lawyer, as he always approves himself in his writings a sound scholar. No conception of Fielding's personality is complete that fails to do justice to his scholarship and his punctilious discharge of duty. By sins of omission rather than of direct commission the picture of Fielding drawn by Thackeray is a caricature. He was no battered rake, but a hard-working man of letters, and when at last he obtained a sorry bit of legal preferment, his integrity and diligence and zeal lent dignity to a degraded office.

Novelists have seldom devised anything quite so humorous as the circumstances attending the birth of the English novel. In 1740 Samuel Richardson, a prosperous printer of the mature age of fifty-one, startled London with a novel written in a series of letters describing how the lovely, virtuous Pamela Andrews, chastest and most prudent of maid-servants, repulsed the base overtures of her master, Squire B., and succeeded by her virtue and prudence in persuading him to lead her to the altar. The work met with all but universal approval, and Richardson found himself acclaimed

not only as a novelist but as a moralist.

Absolutely devoid of any humour himself, Richardson was quite unaware that there was any flaw in the armour of his morality, and it was with a pained and incredulous surprise that he heard the following year that some profligate fellow had detected and pierced a joint. This was done in a scurrilous pamphlet entitled 'An Apology for the Life of Mrs Shamela Andrews, by Mr Conny Keyber.' Richardson believed this to be the work of Fielding, but wanting definite proof we cannot believe it to be so. It is a crude parody without a gleam of Fielding's scholarship or wit, consisting of the letters of the wanton Shamela to her wanton mother who sold oranges at Drury Lane. In a coarse and blundering way it finds the weak spot in the morality of 'Pamela,' but it is giving it its highest praise to say that it is the intermediate link of suggestion between 'Pamela' and 'Joseph Andrews.' It is true it expanded "Mr B." to "Mr Booby," a hint which Fielding adopted. But Fielding's wit was superior to such obvious parodies as "Shamela" and "Conny Keyber," and to some unknown enemy of Colley Cibber's in Grub Street we may safely assign this forgotten piece of ribaldry. That it suggested 'Joseph Andrews' there can be little doubt. But its dull indecency and its feeble parody forbid the supposition of so exalted an origin.

'Joseph Andrews,' scintillating with wit and humour, cannot possibly be the second and enlarged edition of so dull a jest.

Text-book traditions notoriously die hard. There is no hardier critical perennial than the statement that Fielding began 'Joseph Andrews' as a travesty of 'Pamela,' and that having created Parson Adams, the book developed into a great original novel. This is only a half truth. For the real reason for Richardson's animosity lies not in the rollicking opening chapters, but in the end of the book, where Fielding, with admirable humour, brings Pamela herself on the scene, and shows her lecturing her supposed brother Joseph on the folly of his passion for the lowly Fanny. It is a master-stroke of satire.

"'Brother,' said Pamela, 'Mr Booby advises you as a friend; and no doubt my papa and mamma will be of his opinion, and will have great reason to be angry with you for destroying what his goodness has done, and throwing down our family again, after he has raised it. It would become you better, brother, to pray for the assistance of grace against such a passion than to indulge it.'

"'Sure, sister, you are not in earnest: I am sure she is your equal at least.'

"'She was my equal,' answered Pamela; 'but I am no longer Pamela Andrews; I am now this gentleman's lady, and, as such, am above her. I hope I shall never behave with an unbecoming pride; but, at the same time, I shall always endeavour to know myself, and question not the assistance of grace to that purpose.'

To complete the jest Fielding makes Fanny prove to be Pamela's long-lost sister, while

the virtuous Joseph is the son of a man of property. Fielding's ingenuity in plot construction is seen at its best in the closing chapters of 'Joseph Andrews.' The novel is not throughout a model of construction. The "History of Leonora" has absolutely no connection with the plot, and at first sight the same appears to be true of the history of Mr Wilson. But by a signal stroke of genius Fielding reverts to the latter narrative, proves Joseph to be Wilson's son, and thus makes an apparent irrelevancy the pivot of his sharpest satire. Fielding's plots have been extravagantly overpraised. But the loose ends in them are surprisingly few. Again and again we encounter apparent digressions in his novels, only to find later that Fielding had never relaxed his grasp of any one of the strings. One pull at the finish and the loose loops disappear as if by magic, and all the strands of the narrative are taut and tight.

The shortest and the least complex of his novels, 'Joseph Andrews' has the charm as well as the inexperience of youth. Begun in jest, it is maintained throughout at a surprising height of humour and animal spirits. And mingled with its Falstaffian fun are the nicest strokes of characterisation. Writing professedly "in imitation of the manner of Cervantes," Fielding in this, his first novel, achieved in Parson Adams a portrait that has never been imitated or excelled. Like Don Quixote

the Parson is never ridiculous. Fielding insists again and again that "the only source of the true ridiculous is affectation arising from vanity or hypocrisy." This is the epitome of Fielding's criticism of life. It is the guiding principle of all his fiction. He held to it tenaciously and consistently, and without its recognition the purport of his novels cannot be understood. He does not war against cant or snobbery, or any other particular obliquity. Every form of affectation in the widest sense is the target of his splendid humour. To Fielding's eyes there was a deadlier and more heinous sin than all the seven, and it was the sin of imposture. And thus, though Parson Adams is displayed in the most ludicrous situations ever invented by the genius of comedy, he never forfeits our respect. He rises from the mire of Trulliber's pigsty still a gentleman and a scholar, and the last laugh is not with Trulliber. The master of the hounds who set his dogs on the Parson and afterwards tried to "roast" him, found he had caught a Tartar. For the Parson, whom Fielding endows with learning, generosity, and a childlike simplicity, was also as valiant as Friar Tuck; and his stout crab-stick was as dear to him as his 'Æschylus.' We know that he was a favourite of his author's, for in his later years he became tutor to Mr Thomas Jones's children and a contributor to 'The Champion.' It is impossible not to share Fielding's preference, for the

Parson is endeared to us by many merry recollections. There is that dreadful battle at the inn where the poor Parson gets soused with a painful of hog's blood. We recall his offering Mr Tow-wouse one of his nine manuscript volumes of sermons as security for a loan of three guineas, whereat Mr Tow-wouse, hearing the call of an imaginary guest, shouted, "Coming, sir, coming," and fled with all possible speed. We think of him mourning in the dark for the loss of his 'Æschylus,' and being "a little comforted when reminded that if he had it in his possession he could not see to read." Or again, we recall that fine touch of irony where the Parson's sermon on Resignation to Joseph is interrupted by the rumour of the drowning of his youngest child, and his philosophy proves a broken reed.

While Parson Adams is the hero and central figure of the novel, the stage is full of other characters all instinct with life. A poet and a player who make but a brief appearance are responsible for an excellent interlude. The poet reviles the actor for the failure of his tragedy, and the actor bewails the want of a poet worthy of the stage.

"If ever there were distress in a tragedy——" said the poet. 'I think,' interrupted the player, 'the performers did the distress of it justice; for I am sure we were in distress enough, who were pelted with oranges all the last act. We all imagined it would be the last act of our lives.'"

And in the redoubtable Slip-slop, the "confidous" Slipslop, glory of her "sect," mother of

all the Malaprops, we find the first suggestion of Fielding's unrivalled handling of what he felicitously calls "the college of chambermaids." "Monster!" she said to the virtuous Joseph; "how have I deserved that my passion should be resented and treated with ironing?" "My betters!" quoth Slipslop to the insolent Miss Graveairs; "who is my betters, pray?" "I am your betters," answered Miss Graveairs, "and I'll acquaint your mistress."

When Fielding had finished 'Joseph Andrews' he was in no doubt of the real originality of what Richardson called a "lewd engraftment" on his 'Pamela.' "I am in reality," he wrote, "the founder of a new province of writing, so I am at liberty to make what laws I please therein." The confidence was just, for the main stream of English fiction derives not from 'Pamela' but from its brilliant travesty.

Seven years passed before Fielding fulfilled the abundant promise displayed in every page of 'Joseph Andrews.' But his energy and versatility were enormous, and his 'Miscellanies,' published in 1743, brought together an interesting medley of prose and verse, and one work of capital importance. Fielding had little aptitude for verse, and his excursions into rhyme are as feeble as any recorded efforts of a great writer of prose. The Lucianic effusion, "A Journey from This World to the Next," is neither very original nor very brilliant. Nearly two-thirds of it relate

the various metamorphoses of Julian the Apostate, as slave, Jew, beau, monk, fiddler, philosopher, king, fool, soldier, statesman, alderman, and poet. The scheme admitted many opportunities for satiric reflection which Fielding does not miss, but there are only two passages in the book of enduring interest. One is that which describes the meeting of Virgil and Addison in Elysium, when Addison confesses to an imperfect acquaintance with the sixth book of the 'Æneid,' and is only comforted by that "very merry spirit, one Dick Steele, who embraced him, and told him he had been the greatest man upon earth,—that he readily resigned up all the merits of his own works to him. Upon which Addison gave him a gracious smile, and, clapping him on the back with much solemnity, cried out, 'Well said, Dick!'" And it is in the same chapter that Fielding, reverting to an old subject of his mirth, burlesques the emendators of Shakespeare.

"I then observed Shakespeare standing between Betterton and Booth, and deciding a difference between those two great actors concerning the placing an accent in one of his lines: this was disputed on both sides with a warmth which surprised me in Elysium, but I discovered by intuition that every soul retained its principal characteristic, being, indeed, its very essence. The line was that celebrated one in 'Othello'—

"'Put out the light, and then put out the light,'

according to Betterton. Mr Booth contended to have it thus—

"'Put out the light, and then put out the light.'

I could not help offering my conjecture on this occasion, and suggested it might perhaps be—

“‘Put out the light, and then put out *thy* light.’

Another hinted a reading very sophisticated in my opinion—

“‘Put out the light, and then put out *thee*, light,’

making light to be the vocative case. Another would have altered the last word, and read—

“‘Put out *thy* light, and then put out *thy* sight.’

But Betterton said, if the text was to be disturbed, he saw no reason why a word should not be changed as well as a letter, and instead of ‘put out thy light,’ you may read, ‘put out thy eyes.’ At last it was agreed on all sides to refer the matter to the decision of Shakespeare himself, who delivered his sentiments as follows: ‘Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote the line, I have forgot my meaning. This I know, could I have dreamt so much nonsense would have been talked and writ about it, I would have blotted it out of my works, for I am sure, if any of these be my meaning, it doth me very little honour.’”

But the greatest of all of Fielding’s miscellaneous writings is the incomparable ‘History of the Life of the late Mr Jonathan Wild the Great.’ As a feat of intellect, as an eagle-flight of irony, ‘Jonathan Wild’ has never been surpassed. Not Swift himself is more watchful and untiring, and only Swift can be compared. In ‘Count Fathom’ and ‘Barry Lyndon,’ to name the two most illustrious of Wild’s descendants, the irony periodically faints and falls. Whether the punishment fits the crime, whether the abuse was worthy of the expenditure

of so great a talent, it is permissible to doubt. Fielding had ever a passion for the mock-heroic, and once possessed of the notion of ridiculing the false sentiment and glory attaching to crime, he fairly revelled in the execution of his project, and lavished on it all the resources of his matured genius. From the birth of his “hero” on the first day of the Great Plague, and his baptism by the Rev. Titus Oates, Fielding follows his career with the enthusiasm of a Boswell, until the great day of the final procession to Tyburn. One of the finest touches of irony is the contention between Wild and Roger Johnson, the rival kings of Newgate. “Gentlemen,” said Wild to the assembled prisoners, “the liberty of Newgate is at stake.” The debtors even, “who were entirely unconcerned in the dispute, and who were the destined plunder of both parties, interested themselves with the utmost violence, some on behalf of Wild, and others in favour of Johnson.” In lighter vein is the description of the Newgate Ordinary, who justified his addiction to punch rather than wine because “it is nowhere spoken against in Scripture.” One of Wild’s ruling maxims illustrates the penetration as well as the brilliance of the irony. He “always kept to as much truth as was possible in everything; and this, he said, was turning the cannon of the enemy upon themselves.” The closing scene, when Wild attains “the height of Greatness,” is unforgettable in its

Hogarthian severity and realism. Preceded by a troop of Horse Guards, the Car—

“‘t’ is omitted where heroes are”—

passes through crowded streets to Tyburn, where it is assailed by a shower of mud and brickbats. The Ordinary in self-defence cuts the last service short and seeks safety in flight; but not before Wild, still true to his ruling passion, has stolen a bottle-screw from his breeches-pocket. Clutching this proud trophy in his hand, our hero, amidst universal applause, “swung out of this world.”

The Rebellion of 'Forty-five was the occasion of Fielding's re-appearance in journalism. He conducted 'The True Patriot' and 'The Jacobite's Journal'; but his very moderate success, and the vast disparity between his journalism and his fiction, suggest the infinite pains which he expended on his novels. The best of his essays appeared in his later venture, 'The Covent Garden Journal,' but even these have few traces of the ease and eloquence of the celebrated Prefaces in 'Tom Jones.' There is no other hypothesis can account for the disparity but that Fielding was a slow and laborious writer. This explains the crudeness of his hasty dramatic work, and the striking inequality between his fiction and most of his other prose. As a journalist he was a hard hitter, and his enemies were legion. His old adversary, Colley Cibber, dubbed him “a Drawcansir in wit who spared neither friend nor foe.”

The intimate details of his private life were made the subject of the coarsest lampoons. In the first edition of 'Peregrine Pickle' Smollett has a jeering reference to “the trading-justice who married his cook-wench.” The allusion was neither generous nor just. Soon after his success with 'Joseph Andrews' Fielding lost his wife, and four years later he married her maid, who had cared for his motherless children. In 1748, by the influence of Lyttelton, he was appointed Justice of the Peace for Middlesex and Westminster. So flagrant was the corruption of the bench at this time that the popular term of “trading-justice” was in most cases richly merited. In the last work that came from his pen Fielding vindicated his honour, and alludes scornfully to his stipend of “three hundred pounds a-year of the dirtiest money on earth.” Of his probity, as of his zeal, there is no room to doubt. The former is attested by more than one scathing exposure of his colleagues on the bench. Of the latter we have proof in the masterly report entitled “An Inquiry into the Causes of the late Increase of Robbers”—a document which no student of social life in the eighteenth century can afford to ignore. It is a valuable picture of low life in the London of 1750, and much of it, as the description of the evils of gin, is a striking commentary on the grimmest of Hogarth's cartoons. Not only “are the present reigning vices impar-

tially exposed," but practical reforms are suggested and urged. Fielding pleads strongly for the necessity of executions being conducted in private, so as to deny to future Wilds the last and crowning glory of the procession to Tyburn. It is strange but true that Henry Fielding, the gay man of pleasure, the author of 'Joseph Andrews,' developed into a magistrate of untiring energy and rigorous severity. His name was a terror to evil-doers. At the call of responsibility he turned over the new leaf with the fierce determination of Prince Hal.

"The labour of many years" is the author's account of 'Tom Jones,' which appeared shortly after his appointment to Bow Street. Fielding never wrote a boastful word, but he does not hesitate to tell us that he "employed in it all the wit and humour of which I am master." "Ne plus ultra," said Lady Mary Montagu, and so the general verdict has run. On the merits of 'Tom Jones' there has, since Johnson's time, been no serious conflict of critical opinion. Its plot has been over-praised and its ethics unduly censured. But its supremacy as a work of art, its rich and fertile genius, its captivating interest, its masterly analysis of character, its splendid qualities of wit and humour and wisdom, the fine and mellow vintage of its matchless prose,—all these are things that have long since been finally appraised and judged, and are part and parcel of our literary canon.

"The Man of the Hill" has been discussed and criticised to such an extent, that it is pardonable to confound him with the Old Man of the Sea. He is interesting but irrelevant, and his ancestry may be found in the picaresque romances whose influence is generally discernible in Fielding. It is the very essence of the picaresque romance that its action should jog on from inn to inn, with no necessary limit to its length but the author's energy and the publishing convention of the day. In the conduct of his plot Fielding, both in 'Joseph Andrews' and in 'Tom Jones,' was really less original than Richardson, or than he proved himself to be in 'Amelia.' The picaresque romance is a natural stage in the evolution of the novel, characterised by an imperfectly developed vertebral column. Even in 'Tom Jones' it is possible to detect this hereditary looseness of structure. It was due, we take it, to his training as a playwright that Fielding was able to conceal this so successfully. As in the notable case we have mentioned from 'Joseph Andrews,' so everywhere in 'Tom Jones' Fielding displays an astonishing skill in accounting for all his characters before the curtain drops. The plot of 'Tom Jones' is full of dramatic surprises and devices. Is there a better guarded secret in fiction than the parentage of Mr Jones? Blifil's interception of the lawyer's letter, and the opportune arrival of the Squire in time to rescue Sophia

from the foolish Fellamar and the beastly Bellaston, are admirable instances of stage-craft. And the plot would deserve all the encomiums paid to it, if it were only for the ingenuity displayed by making the threatened death of Allworthy the means of revealing the character of every member of his household. No, the plot of 'Tom Jones' is not perfect. Many inferior novels have been written since with better plots. The distinction of 'Tom Jones' is, that there has never been so good a novel with so good a plot.

In reading 'Tom Jones' it is essential to remember that Fielding's guiding principle is the exposure of affectation in its twofold form of vanity and hypocrisy. He is never false to this conception of his province. He pushes the principle so far as sometimes to confuse ethics and outrage delicate sensibilities. Once or twice he violates decency. Many readers have felt that Jones was but a sorry hero, and that Fielding has dealt all too leniently by him, and awarded him more than his share of the good things of life. The two types represented by Jones and Blifil are more crudely represented in their borrowed form of Charles and Joseph Surface, but in Sheridan's hands the finer nuances of character are lost. As Fielding presents them, the moral deducible is a sane and healthy one.

Fielding held that the sins arising from a mean and treacherous heart are blacker than any intemperance. But few can

have read 'Tom Jones' without deploring the needless intrusion of the hateful Bellaston episode. It has been defended on artistic grounds. Fielding, it is urged, reduced his hero to this most pitiful shift in order to enhance the forgiveness we end by showing him. But the superfluous can never be artistic, and Mr Jones had already demonstrated to the fullest degree the frailty of his virtue. Most readers would wish that Parturidge's surmise had been true, and that his master had earned the fifty pounds by cutting a purse. Better a highway robbery than a Bellaston gift. The episode is a needless excrescence. When we come to it we feel that the bracing winds of March no longer blow through the story, and we breathe the fetid atmosphere of an unventilated room. Of the sincerity of Fielding's aim we have as little doubt as of the general healthiness of the book. Many critics have handled this subject. On a question affecting morals and fiction there is no better or sounder Lord of Appeal than Sir Walter Scott, himself a writer without stain. And this is his pronouncement on the morality of 'Tom Jones':—

"The vices and follies of Tom Jones are those which the world soon teaches to all who enter on the career of life, and to which Society is unhappily but too indulgent; nor do we believe that in any one instance the perusal of Fielding's novel has added one libertine to the large list who would not have been such had it never crossed the press. And it is with concern we add our sincere belief, that the fine picture of frankness and generosity exhibited in that

fictitious character has had as few imitators as the career of his follies. Let it not be supposed we are indifferent to morality, because we treat with scorn the affectation which, while in common life it connives in the open practice of libertinism, pretends to detest the memory of an author who painted life as it was, with all its shades, and more than all the lights which it occasionally exhibits to relieve them."

From ethics we turn to the story with the same sentiments as Squire Western expressed when he cut short the lawyer who was explaining that poor Sophy's dead bird could not be the ground of an action in law.

"If the case be but of a partridge, there can be no doubt but an action would lie; for though this be *feræ naturæ*, yet, being reclaimed, property vests; but being the case of a singing bird, though reclaimed, as it is a thing of base nature, it must be considered as *nullius in bonis*."

"Well," said the Squire, "if it be *nullus bonus*, let us drink about and talk a little of the state of the nation, or some such discourse that we all understand."

Than the Squire himself there is no more tempting subject of discourse. His is the loudest and most insistent voice in all this wonderful book. He is Fielding's conception of Squire John Bull, and the entire story echoes with his view - halloo. He enters Jones's sick-room hallooing; after a violent quarrel with his sister he sends a halloo of defiance down the passage as she leaves. He storms through the story like a mad bull, at the mercy of every gust of passion. Of moderation he knows nothing: he is always "bussing" or cursing. But his splendid vitality is

contagious. We catch him at his best when the excellent Allworthy—whose character is a fine tribute to Fielding's friend and generous patron, Ralph Allen, whom he endows with every virtue without making him a fool—endeavours to persuade the Squire that in the matter of the control of Sophia's affections God and Nature allowed him only "a negative voice."

"A negative voice!" cries the Squire. "Ay, ay; I'll show you what a negative voice I ha'. Go along; go into your chamber. Go, you stubborn —!"

In the end the adroit and peaceful Allworthy always triumphed. "I don't know how 'tis," said the Squire, "but, d——n me, Allworthy, if you don't make me do always just as you please; and yet I have as good an estate as you, and am in the commission of the peace as well as yourself."

"The highest life," observes Fielding, "is much the dullest, and affords very little humour or entertainment. The various callings in lower spheres produce the great variety of humorous characters." And Fielding's wit is never brighter, his analysis is never more acute, than when he is exposing the ridiculous vanity and mercenary loyalty of the college of chambermaids and serving-men. There is profound knowledge of human nature, as well as humour, in the soliloquy of Mrs Wilkins when she heard the contents of Allworthy's will:—

"He has left me mourning; but, i' fackins! if that be all, the devil shall wear it for him, for me: I'd

have his worship know I'm no beggar. I have saved five hundred pounds in his service, and after all to be used in this manner! It is a fine encouragement to servants to be honest!"

The same detective skill is seen in the hesitation displayed by Mrs Honour as to the prudence of siding with Sophia or with the Squire, and in the grotesque vanity with which she prided herself on her knowledge of London life. It was Mrs Honour who withered up a rival abigail with the scathing rejoinder: "In the country, indeed, one is obliged to take up with all kind of trumpery, but in town I visit none but the women of women of quality."

When we have read 'Tom Jones' for its story, we want to read it many times for the mere excellence of its writing. Fielding's style is a model of ease and strength, absolutely free from every kind of inkhorn affectation and mannerism. His mock-heroics are only a scholar's jest. It may be that he put all the wit and humour he was master of into the book, but the impression it leaves is of an immense reserve. A reader who runs will not enter into the full possession of this masterpiece. "However swift his capacity may be, I would not advise him," Fielding ironically remarks, "to travel through these pages too fast; for if he does, he may probably miss the seeing some curious production of nature which will be observed by the slower and more accurate reader." On every reader of 'Tom Jones' we would enforce one condition. For no one who

cannot relish the inimitable Prefaces has any right to sit down to the banquet that follows.

From internal evidence alone it would be reasonable to infer that a period of ten or fifteen years separated 'Tom Jones' from the last of the trilogy. The actual period was little more than two years. For a quarter of a century Fielding lived hard and worked hard, and now at the age of forty-five he was an old man. The change is fully reflected in 'Amelia.' Humour there is still in abundance, but for the first time we discover pathos. The flow of animal spirits runs less swiftly, and the lantern which had flashed on so many sides of life, revealing so many hidden hypocrisies and such a wealth of unexpected humour, was now turned by its possessor on himself. For the warm-hearted, lovable, erring Captain Booth is as surely Henry Fielding as the beautiful and forgiving Amelia is Charlotte Craddock. The *annus mirabilis* in Dorsetshire and the grey years that followed it in London are the subject of the finest portions of 'Amelia.'

There is a new note of earnestness in 'Amelia,' and, without preaching, Fielding supplements the work of Hogarth. The evils of gambling, the dangers of the masquerade, the corruption of the bench, the libertinism of society, are each in turn portrayed with the unerring knowledge and skill as of old, but with a deeper sincerity. In Mr Justice Thrasher, who was

"never indifferent to a cause but when he could get nothing on either side," Fielding added a new character to the immortals of fiction. But as 'Amelia' is a story of married life, Amelia herself is the proper and indisputable heroine. To this exquisite portrait Fielding brought all the nobility of his heart, and all the cunning of his hand, and though

"Seas between us braid hae roar'd"

of fiction, good, bad, and indifferent, since Fielding's day, Amelia is still, as she seemed to Johnson, "the most pleasing heroine of all the romances." Sweetness, innocence, modesty, are mentioned by her author as her chiefest traits, but this does not exhaust her charms. The greatest of men novelists have seldom succeeded in making a good woman interesting. But unless forgiveness be a folly, there is no foolishness in the character of Amelia. Her innocence is united to a playful humour and a shrewd common-sense: hers is not the innocence of ignorance. "Fielding," says Thackeray, "from his own wife drew the most charming character in fiction." The portrait proclaims its origin. Its exquisite beauty and subtlety of detail reveal not only the force of a transcendent genius, but the tenderness of a devoted lover.

The fire of Fielding's wit, damped down as it sometimes seems in 'Amelia' by the melancholy of introspection, flames not infrequently with its

wonted brilliancy. The book opens with a picture of Bridewell, that is the *locus classicus* on the subject. Eighteenth-century literature has frequent references to the "sponging-house." The best footnote on the matter is to be found in 'Amelia.' In Mr Bondum's hospitable house you will meet with many curious types of genius in distress, and Mr Bondum himself will gladden your heart with his unexpected eulogy on Freedom. "I am all for liberty," said Mr Bondum to his shy and reluctant guests; "oh, it is a very fine thing, and the constitution of England." And it is doubtful if Fielding's comic genius ever evolved a finer character than Colonel Bath, rare mixture of pomposity and rectitude, who "was killed in a duel by a gentleman who told the Colonel he differed from him in opinion." Colonel Bath had a passion for Shakespeare that endears him to us.

"'You must remember these lines,' said the Colonel—

"'By Heaven, it was an easy leap
To pluck bright honour into the full
moon,
Or drive into the bottomless deep.'

"'I say, d——n me, the man that wrote these lines was the greatest poet the world ever produced. There is dignity of expression and dignity of thinking, d——n me.'"

'Amelia' was the last of his works published in Fielding's lifetime. A quarter of a century after his death his long-lost comedy, "The Good-Natured Man" (or "The Fathers," as it was re-christened in view of Goldsmith's unwitting plagiar-

ism), was found and produced by his friend, David Garrick, who contributed to it the last Prologue he ever wrote. But the only posthumous work of Fielding's of importance is the "Journal of the Voyage to Lisbon." The last three years of his life were oppressed by drudgery and failing health. In 1753 occurred the famous case of Elizabeth Canning, in which Mr Justice Fielding appears to have acted with less than his usual sagacity. The duties of his ill-paid office were notoriously exacting, and Fielding, like many another giant, refused to capitulate until recovery was impossible. The pages of the "Journal" tell the sad story of his vain quest of health, and the book fills a niche quite by itself in the literature of autobiography. For cheerfulness and fortitude under adversity, it recalls nothing so much as the closing pages of Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter. It is an amazing commentary on the depths of human uncharitableness that there were contemporaries of Fielding who found in his "Journal" new proofs of his depravity of heart. A braver book was never written. Sickness will elicit truth more surely than wine, and Fielding emerges from this dread confessional as we should expect and wish the creator of 'Amelia' to appear. He is brave and considerate and kind, and his merry heart goes all the way. Literally sick unto death, Fielding was a keen observer to the end. He noted the ruffians of Rotherhithe, who jeered while

he was being carried on board "with an excrescence of an uncontrolled licentiousness mistaken for liberty." He made a minute study of the captain of the vessel, who, in spite of his forbidding sea-dog manners, wept when the ship's kitten fell overboard. This exhibition of sentiment proved of service to the captain, for when a crowning discourtesy compelled Mr Justice Fielding to threaten him with the law, and so brought the ancient mariner abjectly to his knees, his illustrious passenger "did not suffer a brave man, and an old man, to remain a moment in this posture."

Less than two months after the end of this dismal voyage, Fielding was buried in the hill of the Estrella at Lisbon. "Travellers," says Borrow, "if they be of England, may well be excused if they kiss the cold tomb, as I did, of the author of 'Amelia,' the most singular genius which their island ever produced." "No man," said Lady Mary Montagu, "enjoyed life more than he did, though few had less reason to do so. I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince on earth." There is no reader of Henry Fielding's works that has not hoped so. He ranks with Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Scott as one of our sovereign benefactors, one of the great creative forces in our literature. With them he shared the godlike faculty of creation; with them he guards the purity of the well of English speech.

J. H. LOBBAN.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE FLYING STATIONER—THE AMATEURS OF BROADSIDES—BURTON AND PEPYS—THE SHIRBURN BALLADS—THEIR CHARM AND CHARACTER—DOGGEREL OR POETRY—THE CATNACH PRESS—THE DEATH OF THE BROADSIDE—DEMOCRATIC LITERATURE—ANOTHER TERROR TO DEATH.

IN the England of ancient times there was no more picturesque figure than the Flying Stationer. He hawked his ballads and his penny histories wherever he had the chance of finding a purchaser. You might surprise him at country markets or country fairs. You might espy him plying his trade at the street corner in London, or hastening from the Newgate quarter, from Giltspur Street to Blowbladder Street, laden with broadsides hot from the press. Was a murder committed, he would sing you and sell you a ditty with "horrible details." Did the Sovereign celebrate a birthday, he would chant you in his sing-song voice forty stanzas of pure patriotism. He was familiar in the early sixteenth century, and he still remains an amiable memory to the "oldest inhabitant." In the beginning of time he served both as newspaper and preacher. Even if his facts were exaggerated by fancy, or distorted by prejudice, his virtue was unimpeachable. If he sang gruesome songs of the triple tree, he always let his hearers derive some moral sustenance from the recital. And how fair and noble are his ballads to touch and sight! Those who are fortunate enough

to possess specimens know the joy of the old black-letter, and of the rude woodcut, which was turned to innumerable uses, and sold over and over again to the small presses of England.

In the old days they had enthusiastic amateurs—these broadsides of the Flying Stationer. All the good antiquarians loved and collected them. The names of Selden and Burton, of Samuel Pepys and Anthony Wood, will always be connected with them. The author of the 'Anatomy' threw his net wide and collected everything. "I hear news every day," said he; "and those ordinary rumours of wars, plagues, fire, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, apparitions, of towns taken, cities besieged, in France, Turkey, Germany, Persia, Poland, &c., daily musters and preparations, and such like, which these tempestuous times afford, battles fought, so many men slain, monomachies, shipwrecks, piracies, and sea fights, peace, leagues, stratagems, and fresh alarms." Such were the subjects of the catchpennies which Burton gathered with the zeal of a scholar, and

piously bequeathed to Bodley's Library. Pepys was a still finer connoisseur of popular poetry, and the ballads which he gave to Magdalen College are unsurpassed in number as in interest. A new ballad could make him forget in an instant either grief or business. "Thence with Lord Brouncker to Loriner's-hall by Moore-gate," thus he wrote in May 1668, "a hall I never heard of before, to Sir Thomas Teddeman's burial, where most belonging to the sea were. . . . But, Lord! to see among the company the young commanders, and Thomas Killigrew and others that come, how unlike a burial this was, O'Brian taking out some ballads out of his pocket, which I read, and the rest came about me to hear! And there very merry we were all, they being new ballads." They are old now, and have a value for the historian of manners of which Pepys, enthusiast as he was, never dreamed.

So rare are the ancient broadsides, so industriously were they read to rags and tatters, that the specimens of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries may only be seen in public libraries. But it is an age of reprints, and we owe Mr Andrew Clark a profound debt of gratitude for having published an excellent collection of ancient broadsides, of which the earliest is 1585 and none later than 1616.¹

These ballads were found in

manuscript in Lord Macclesfield's library. Why they should have been in manuscript is not clear, as, though their originals may be worth their weight in gold to-day, a handful might then have been bought for a penny. Mr Clark suggests that the copyist may have found them pasted upon a wall; and this is likely enough. The practice, once common, is noted by Aubrey. "When I was a boy nine years old," says he, "I was with my father at one Mr Singleton's, an alderman and woollen draper in Gloucester, who had in his parlour, over the chimney, the whole description of Sir Philip Sidney's funeral, engraved and printed on papers pasted together." Some such pasting as this may account for the laborious writing out of the Shirburn Ballads. But however they came about, we are delighted to have them, for they are in every way representative of their kind. Here the curious may find love and war, piety and infamy, murder and sudden death, the freaks of nature and the follies of mankind, the exploits of kings and the triumphs of soldiers—all described in the familiar style. Here, for instance, is "a pleasant new ballad of the most blessed and prosperous Reign of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth," sung to the tune of the "Queen's Hunt's Up." It is doggerel, of course, but it breathes the true spirit of patriotism. A single stanza

¹ The Shirburn Ballads. Edited by Andrew Clark. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

will give a fair taste of its quality :—

“Ring out your bells !
 what should yow doe els ?
 Stricke up your Drums for joy !
 The Noblest Queene
 that ever was seene
 In *England* doth Raigne this day.
 The Noblest Queene
 that ever was seene
 In *England* doth Raigne this day.”

The balladmongers were impartial in politics ; and though they worshipped Elizabeth with a constant heart, there was no hero whom they loved so well as Essex, whose victories in Ireland suggested many a hymn of triumph, and whose lamentable death inspired the popular poet to much doggerel and many tears. The highwayman, too, was already a favourite subject, and the fashion, set in the seventeenth century, endured as long as the poets of Newgate retained their popularity. In Queen Elizabeth's reign, as in the golden age of the high-toby, it was the adventurer's ambition to be neatly turned off to a new ballad. But none could boast a pleasanter ditty than Phillip Collins, whose exploits were celebrated to the tune of “Paggington's Round,” and who was then pressed comfortably to death “the third of December last past 1597.” Here follows the last verse, which contains, according to unbroken custom, a solemn warning to the young :—

“He would not be hangèd, for so he
 had sworne :
 wherefore he had Judgment, to death
 to be preased,

To haue his bones broken, his flesh
 brus'd and torne :
 and thus died *Phillip*, the Deuill of
 the west.
 Though long he had past,
 loe ! thus, at the last,
 a greenious affliction upon him was
 cast.
 Take heed, all yow roysters !
 take warning herebye :
 who leads his lyfe badly, as badly
 shall dye.”

This specimen is better than most, and it must be confessed that a literary merit is not the chief charm of the ballads. Those who read them in the hope of discovering fine phrases or ingenious rhythms will be disappointed. For the most part they are the merest doggerel. The journeymen who composed them had a useful set of phrases upon which they could come whenever the exigence of rhyme suggested it. “As plain is expressed,” “As you shall surely see,”—these and their like never failed them. If the lines scanned, well and good ; if they did not, an inflection of the voice might cover the discrepancy. The variety of metre, which is the peculiar distinction of the ballads, was due to the fact that their authors were obliged to fit new words to old tunes. And how excellent are the names of these old tunes ! There is a world of romance in the very sound of them. “To the tune of Fortune my Foe,” “To the tune of Bragandarye,” “To the tune of the Wanton Wife,”—these carry you back into another world, another age. The tunes, no doubt, are a large part of their delight, but there are other

reasons why the amateur should love the songs which were sung at the street corner four hundred years ago. Far more intimately than the masterpieces of poetry do they belong to their time. In them no genius comes between the reader and the written word. As he turns them over he gets a glimpse of the way in which the Elizabethan man-in-the-street—for the man-in-the-street already existed—thought and talked. The ballads, in brief, are the best commentary upon popular history that we possess. They represent for us the journalism of the time. But it is a journalism which is not degraded by curiosity, and is composed in obedience to a decent, if popular, tradition. They are rarely literature; they are always life; and it was for the life in them that Pepys and Burton loved and treasured them.

Nevertheless, in the Shirburn Collection there are several numbers which prove that now and again a better taste demanded satisfaction. It is not a little surprising to find the Running Patterer laying an easy hand upon Sir Edward Dyer's admirable verses, "My mind to me a kingdom is." If the subjects of King James bought this "sweet and pleasant sonnet" on a broadside, they had a deeper understanding of poetry than their descendants of to-day. But by far the most remarkable ballad in Mr Clark's collection is that entitled "A Pleasant Dream," and set to "any new tune." Three stanzas are a translation from Anac-

reon, and for their elegance and rarity are worth quoting here:—

"Cupid abroad was lated in the night;
his wings were wetted with ranging
in the raine.
Harbour he sought; to me he tooke
his flight
to drye his plumes. I heard the
boy complayne;
My dore I oped to graunt him his de-
syre,
and rose myself to make the wag
a fyre.

Looking more nearer, by the fyre's
flame,
I spide his quiver hanging at his
backe.
I feard the child might my misfortune
frame—
I would have gone, for feare of further
wracke:
And what I durst, poore man, did
me betyde;
for forth he drew an arrow from his
syde.

He pierst the quicke, that I began to
starte:
the wound was sweet, but that it
was to hye,
And yet the pleasure had a feeling
smart:
this done, awaye he flies (his wings
were dry);
But left his arrow styll within my
brest,
that now I grieve I welcomed such
a ghest."

Herrick, also, tried his hand at a paraphrase of this lyric, but we are not sure that the poet of the street had not the best of it.

For good or evil, the ballads of the market-place were for many centuries England's only form of popular literature. Who wrote them we do not know, nor does it vastly matter. Whoever the authors were, they were so tightly bound in the chains of tradition that

they were rarely able to give an independent expression to their fancy. So closely similar are they in style and purpose, that their works have the appearance of a kind of folklore. If such a thing were possible, they might have been the joint product of the whole community. As a matter of fact, they were composed by men who so accurately gauged the people's taste that there was practically no difference between the authors and their public. A comparison has often been made between the Border Ballads and the ballads which the Flying Stationer sold in London. The comparison, which, of course, is all in favour of the Border Ballads, should never have been made. In the first place, the Border Ballads have for the most part been improved by later hands, and very few of them have come down to us in the shape in which they were first written. In the second place, the Border Ballads are separated from the poor attempts of London by a difference of dialect, which gives them a genuine dignity of their own. Working on this nobler convention, the northern ballad-mongers attained a distinction which their southern rivals lacked. The Patterers of London, on the other hand, who wrote in Shakespeare's time, wrote in the same tongue which was Shakespeare's. They did not invent a dialect of their own—they merely vulgarised the speech of their time; and when we consider their works, we unconsciously try them by

a lofty standard, to which the Borderers are not expected to conform.

Yet such as it was, the tradition of the street ballads endured through the centuries, and is not wholly extinct. But by none was the craft brought to so high a pitch of prosperity as by Jemmy Catnach, who came from Newcastle-on-Tyne to London in 1813, and who drove a thriving trade in broadsides and chap books for many years. Though his poets were no better and not much worse than their predecessors, Catnach had a fine genius for organisation, and he distributed his specimens of popular literature by the million. In style and subject the works of Catnach bore a close resemblance to the broadsides of the seventeenth century, and it is the strangest quality of the later ballads that they never seem to change. A single comparison will be enough to illustrate our meaning. In 1599 a ballad was written in praise of Essex, of which the first verse now follows:—

“Of joyful triumphes I must speake,
The which our *English* friends did
make,
For that renowned mayden's sake,
That weares the crowne of *England*.
In *Ireland* Saint George's day
Was honoured bravely every waye,
By lords and knights in rich array,
As though they had been in *England*.
Therefore let all trew *English* men,
With every faithfull subject then,
Unto my pray-ers say Amen!
Now God and Saint George for *Eng-
land* !”

Set by the side of this a verse written more than two hundred years afterwards, in

honour of Queen Victoria's
Coronation:—

"Arouse! arouse! all Britain's isle,
This day shall all the nation smile,
And blessings await on us the while,
Now she's crown'd Queen of Eng-
land—

Victoria, star of the Brunswick line,
Long may she like a meteor shine,
And bless her subjects with her smile,
Victoria, Queen of England.

Then let England, Ireland, Scotland
join,

And bless thy name in every clime—
In unison we all combine

To hail the Queen of England."

There is little enough to choose between the two. In metre, diction, and effect they are as like as two peas. A changed spelling alone marks the centuries which separate them. That the man who wrote the second knew the first we cannot suppose for a moment. But he, too, was unconsciously obedient to an old tradition, and this similarity seems to prove conclusively that the literature of the street was wholly uninfluenced by contemporary poetry. The panegyric of Essex is as remote from the verse of Shakespeare as the chant in honour of Queen Victoria is remote from Wordsworth.

And what has become of the Flying Stationer to-day? He has been moribund these fifty years. Now and again he emerges from his retirement under the stress of a sensational crime. And so long as he lasted he remained true to his habit of doggerel and sound morality. William Palmer, for instance, was hanged in 1856, and here is a single verse of his threnody:—

"Oh, listen unto William Palmer,
Who does in anguish sore bewail.
Now guilty they at last have found
me,

And sent me back to Stafford Jail.
Every one appears against me,
Every person does me hate,
What excitement is impending
On guilty William Palmer's fate."

It is not of much account, but it is a fair specimen of an art that in 1856 was already dying, and which is never likely to be revived, save for a passing hour.

The broadside, in brief, has been killed by the Music Hall and the halfpenny paper. The people is no longer compelled to seek its news or its art in the street or in the marketplace. If a crime be committed any one may read the full authentic details, and may contemplate the ill-printed portraits of the criminal and his victim as soon as a special edition can be printed off. It is true that this prosaic presentation of the facts does not satisfy the universal craving for harmony. It is for the satisfaction of this craving that the Music Hall is designed. The man who, two centuries ago, would have been content to pick up a few pence as a Flying Stationer, is now paid two hundred pounds a-week to entertain the people, and he rides down to his Hall magnificently in a motor-car. It is a difference only in method, and the one practice maybe is as good as the other. But the age of Elizabeth left us the Shirburn Ballads and many others like them. What will the music hall songs of to-day reveal to the Eng-

lishmen of the twenty-third century?

Thus, by a strange paradox, the most democratic age the world has known has rejected the only truly democratic form of literature that ever was invented. Nevertheless, the democracy cannot keep its fingers out of the inkpot. Mr Thomas Wright, for instance, has chosen to present the career of Walter Pater in a popular form.¹ Not content with a single broadside, Mr Wright devotes to his victim two solid volumes. The ancient practitioner thought that a single woodcut was enough to adorn his subject. Mr Wright gibbets Walter Pater with seventy-eight plates. Seventy-eight plates, most of them irrelevant, and all superfluous! What would Walter Pater have thought of this outrage committed upon his exclusive simplicity? Mr Thomas Wright, with the vanity of a biographer, declares that "it is the kind of work in which Pater himself would have gloried." This statement is the best possible proof that Mr Wright is wholly unfit for the task which he has undertaken. The career of Pater is the career of a fastidious scholar. He wrote for himself and his friends, and he was content to take the verdict of the few. He did not clamour in the market-place, or play tricks in the newspapers. His outlook upon life was reserved and aristocratic. His friends

at Oxford and elsewhere might think what they would of him as a man; for the rest of the world he should exist as a writer of exquisite prose, and as nothing else. It is true that Mr Wright tells us little enough concerning Pater. But that is not his fault. His indiscretion is bounded only by his ignorance; and had his curiosity uncovered more things that should remain hidden than it has done, they would surely have been exposed to the public view.

We do not propose to review in detail this book, which is no book. To describe it would be impossible. It is like an ill-cooked beefsteak a mile square. It is like a pat of stale butter that weighs a ton. It is like anything that is unpalatable, useless, and oversized. We will do no more than give a few examples of the style which Mr Wright adopts in the course of his ridiculous biography. He is amiable enough to attribute to Pater, in his school days, a "simious, hairy face, and prodigious chin." It is in these felicitous terms that he describes the year 1863: "The year was a joyous one for the country on account of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, but it was a sad one for Pater, for, while he stayed with his cousins, came news of the death of his aunt Bessy, which took place at Dresden, where she was residing with her nieces." This, we suppose, is a specimen of the stuff in which Pater "would have

¹ The Life of Walter Pater. By Thomas Wright. With seventy-eight plates. 2 vols. London: Everett & Co.

gloried," and it may be matched on every page. Mr Wright, indeed, has a perfect genius for irrelevancy. We do not know why, in a work which purports to be a life of Walter Pater, we should be confronted with a biography of the late Mr Oscar Wilde. As little do we know why these portentous volumes should be embellished with ill-printed photographs of Mr William Sharp and Mr Edmund Gosse. And, then, there are pictures of a house in Camberwell which do not appear altogether relevant to Mr Wright's research. But it is needless to particularise. A scrap-book is one thing which may have its uses, a biography is a work of another kind, and no good end is served by the silly confusion of the two.

Mr Wright, indeed, has done his best to hold a distinguished man of letters up to ridicule.

He will not succeed, because within a month his two vast volumes will have been forgotten. But the author is not the only man who should arouse the anger of all those who have any regard for humane letters. He has cast his net far and wide. The list of friends whom he thanks for assistance in his "difficult undertaking" is a long one; and no one who helped him directly or indirectly can escape the blame which attaches to an accomplice. The older practice of the rude woodcut and the savage doggerel was far better than the modern trick of two volumes and seventy-eight plates. And we can only hope that Mr Wright's exploit will be a warning to others. If it be generally approved, or widely followed, then it may be said with perfect truth that he has added another terror to death.

GOVERNMENT AND THE GOAD.

WHAT difference may exist between the real intentions of the Government and the professions with which they still endeavour to allay the growing distrust of their supporters, time only can discover. They have announced an imposing programme. The more they look at it, the less they like it. But Dissenters, Radicals, and Socialists are banded together to extort it, and wriggle as he may, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will find it difficult to escape. Ministers are in the hands of merciless creditors, who will have their pound of flesh sooner or later.

The resolution in favour of disestablishing and disendowing the Church both in England and Wales, proposed by Mr Everett on February 28, must be regarded only, as far as England is concerned, as the recognised method of keeping a demand alive; since it cannot possibly become a subject for serious consideration until the ground has been cleared of other rather weighty matters which now block the way, and can hardly be disposed of within the lifetime of the present Parliament. Mr Birrell spoke hopefully of years to come when public opinion might be ripe for this inestimable blessing. No other Minister spoke at all, or even honoured the debate with his presence.

But it is otherwise with the Church in Wales. A separate

Bill has been promised by the Prime Minister for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales at the earliest opportunity,—that is to say, either next session or the session after that; and he will be kept up to the collar, we may be quite sure. Meantime we are in a better position, perhaps, for taking a calm survey of the situation than we should be in the heat of the battle, “when all the field is rolled in smoke.”

When a division was taken on Mr Everett's motion, the result was rather instructive, as only 198 members appeared out of the whole 500 in support of it. And, indeed, it is no secret that many of the old Liberals were very angry at the introduction of it. However, its advocates did not do their cause much good. Mr Everett spoke of “the property appropriated to the Church at the time of the Reformation,” adding that it “was intended for the whole nation.” *What* property? The property of the Church was given to her ages before the Reformation, and rests on a title certainly quite as good as that of any Duke or Marquis in the land to his ancestral estates, if not indeed a much better one.

To the Socialist, of course, this argument presents no difficulty: all property in his eyes is robbery. He would draw no distinction between the aristocracy and the hierarchy. Let them both be

treated alike. Let the whole of their estates be thrown into a common melting-pot and the mass handed over to the State to redistribute as it likes. But for those who recognise in the principle of property one of the main girders which hold society together to talk lightly about disendowing the Church of England betrays either an amount of ignorance, or a contempt for truth, of which educated men should be ashamed.

When Nonconformists renew their old outcry against the bishops sitting in the House of Lords, they require to be reminded that they themselves enjoy a privilege much more important than this, for their ministers have seats in the House of Commons, which the Church clergy have not. As regards Dissenters' marriages, these can now be celebrated in dissenting chapels under exactly the same conditions as those which are performed in Church.

The Welsh Church will be the first victim. The Nonconformist conscience will show the same indulgence to the English Church as Cyclops promised to Ulysses. They will devour her last. But whether they will ever get their first mouthful seems highly improbable at present. In the Royal Commission on the Church in Wales there has been great friction between the Nonconformist Commissioners and the chairman, Mr Justice Vaughan Williams. The Nonconformists desire to make the Report a political document, not con-

fined to facts, but dealing in suggestions, comparisons, and inferences outside the scope of the inquiry. This intention the chairman has always steadily opposed. And as the actual evidence has been coming out more and more against them every day, the Dissenters are naturally anxious either to manipulate it in their own favour or to close the inquiry as soon as possible. They don't like statistics, and prefer shibboleths. Some *modus vivendi* seems to have been arrived at for the present between the chairman and the Nonconformists. But we look to the former to support the cause of truth and justice, and to take care that the inquiry is exhaustive and devoted to its legitimate and original purpose, and no other.

There is one other point to which we desire to call special attention. An *obiter dictum* of the Archbishop of Armagh, the Venerable Primate who is now eighty-three years of age, has been eagerly seized upon by the Nonconformists and played for all it was worth. It is true that during the last forty years the march of improvement which has been so conspicuous in the Church of England has extended itself to Ireland, and that it is possible to point out many results bearing witness to the extent in which the Church of Ireland has partaken of that general revival of Church feeling which marked the last half of the nineteenth century. But these results are not the fruits of disestablish-

ment in Ireland any more than they were in England. They came about in spite of disestablishment, and perhaps alone saved it from being the destruction of the Church. Had Mr Gladstone been more patient, and allowed the Irish Church time in which to develop the full effects of the new spirit which was quickening both branches of the Anglican Church, while retaining all her property and all the advantages of her position, what might she not have been now!

As it is, she is very far indeed from affording that argument in favour of disestablishment which Nonconformists affect to find in her. The Irish laity are already beginning to feel the bad effects which may arise from the loss of independence and the loss of culture among the Irish clergy. So many churches have been closed, and so many parishes united, that the poor have often to walk seven Irish miles and back again to attend divine service. Under the old *régime* the parson of the parish was a resident gentleman with a fixed income, which he spent on the spot in the midst of the parishioners among whom he lived. Now a great part of this income goes to an absentee body, who use it for general purposes far away from the parish to which it originally belonged. Nor, finally, has the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland had that happy effect which was predicted in 1869, of allaying ecclesiastical jealousies and

the bitterness of the *odium theologicum*. On the contrary, the Church in Ireland and the various Protestant denominations are divided from each other more sharply than ever. In the present condition of the Irish Church, the English Church may see as in a mirror what she would be herself if the Nonconformists had their own way.

But the most amusing argument advanced by the Government and the Nonconformists is, that by destroying her constitution, plundering her property, and starving her schools we should make the Church of England stronger and healthier than before. Here we have the well-known fable of the fox who had lost his tail. Yet it has its weight even with one party of Churchmen. Free the Church from State control, strike off her fetters, and she will rise into new life and the enjoyment of far greater spiritual power than she possessed before. But what kind of fetters are they that the State imposes on the Church, and what party in the Church is it that desires to get rid of them? We all know; and we all know what kind of additional spiritual power they are aiming at. The ultra-Ritualists see their opportunity in disestablishment, and many of them openly proclaim their sympathy with it. The "spiritual power" exercised by these men would be exercised as it is now by Dissenting ministers and Roman Catholic priests. If a less cultured class of

men came into the Church, and drawn from a lower stratum of society, what they lost in social standing they would certainly endeavour to regain by sacerdotal aggrandisement. The Church would have few attractions for the class of clergy who now constitute her backbone when robbed of her dignity, her property, and all that makes the life of an English clergyman as much as possible like the life of an ordinary English gentleman, with interests of its own apart from its professional duties, and enduing him with a wider range of sympathies than any purely professional man can ever hope to possess, be he soldier, lawyer, or divine.

Mr Birrell asks what good the bishops and clergy have ever done. It seems never to have occurred to this ingenious gentleman that the good which they do is the discharge of those sacred functions to which they are regularly ordained. The Church has done more than her share of philanthropic and social work, as the Archbishop of Canterbury informed Mr Birrell in a letter written to him last month. But these things are not the final cause of her existence. That would remain though philanthropy were exhausted.

As for the House of Lords, it has come to this, that after swaggering all the autumn and winter about his coming fight with the Peers, and his firm resolve to make mince-meat of them, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman cannot say more than they

are very "ill-bred men," and that he means to let them know it: how, when, and where he declines at present to reveal. Mr Mackarness's first application about a month ago having elicited no information from the Prime Minister, this troublesome person some three weeks afterwards gave him a second prod, to remind him of his duty and of what his friends expected of him,—but with practically the same result, and the same stammering excuse. The Government just now are too busy to trouble themselves about the condition of the House of Lords. They said not long ago that no important measures could be carried through Parliament till that House had been dealt with. Now they say they have so many important measures to pass that they have no time to deal with it. How they can reconcile these two statements we cannot comprehend. But they have become with practice such adepts in the art of reconciling contradictories, that they may believe themselves capable of even this impossible feat. Events have happened, we know, to cool their ardour. But taking them at their own valuation, nothing of the kind referred to should have been allowed to daunt them. There was their big majority, there was the "mandate," there was the whole "people" on their side. Nothing could hurt such a Government. Yet now we have the edifying spectacle of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman frightened at the shadow of

his own policy, and evading to the last moment any frank announcement, because two counties shake their fists at him.

We recognise the magnitude of the difficulty which confronts the Prime Minister. What we complain of is that he led his followers to suppose that he saw his way to surmounting it, when he really had no such prevision. He is doubtless well aware that the kernel of the question is the Lords' Veto, and that if retained in any effective form it would make a reformed House of Lords just as distasteful to the "mountain" as an unreformed one. Two proposals have been made which seem to be attempts to get round the difficulty without directly meeting it. One is Lord Newton's, who would give power to the Crown to create ten life peers every year. The other is Mr Winston Churchill's, who would enable the Government of the day at the assembly of every new Parliament so to manipulate the House of Lords as to make it correspond to the majority of the newly elected House of Commons. Either of these plans would practically neutralise the veto, if not abolished in so many words. Mr Churchill's plan would make the House of Lords only a second House of Commons, the Minister being master of both. Lord Newton's plan would enable the Minister in the course of five years to get fifty peers of his own way of thinking into the Upper House, and in the sixth and seventh

session could carry everything he chose with a wet finger.

On the other hand, suppose the veto to be directly abolished, would a House of Lords reformed on the lines suggested by Lord Newton, and endorsed by Lord Curzon, have any real controlling power? The substitution of a chamber composed of picked men from every order and profession, partly hereditary, partly elective, all able and all in earnest, for a chamber which, according to its critics, possesses few or none of these qualifications, would, it is thought, effect the desired object, and by the sheer weight of brains, character, knowledge, and experience be able to overawe the Commons and secure submission to its verdicts. We don't believe it for a moment. Take such a House of Commons as we have at present, and are very likely to have again, is it to be supposed that the party on whose votes the Government are now dependent would meekly accept the advice of a chamber which only represented intellect, learning, science, political training, birth, and property? Not a bit of it. No such House of Lords would have power to extract the poison from socialistic measures, and the Radical-Socialist alliance would clamour for its extinction as loudly as they do now, if it had.

We see from a letter addressed to the Editor of 'The Spectator' that Mr Goldwin Smith's is of much the same opinion. "Leave a hereditary element in the House of Lords," he says, "and the first time a popular measure is de-

feated the agitation will be resumed." We go further than that,—we say that it would be resumed whether a hereditary element remained in the House or not. His remedy is to convert the Privy Council into a Second Chamber. But can we suppose that the Radicals and Socialists would pay any more regard to a veto because it was given by men who wrote *Right Honourable* before their names?

Let us look at the House of Lords as it now is. In several respects it already corresponds to the ideal Senate sketched out by honest reformers. The decisions of the House of Lords are even now the decisions of picked men. The fact that so large a number of its members leave the conduct of affairs in the hands of a select few is an argument in its favour, not against it. The miscellaneous Chamber suggested by Lord Newton would be very unlikely to bring to the discussion of public questions more political ability, more trained intellects, and more men versed in practical administration, and accustomed to brief and business-like methods, than the House of Lords has exhibited during the debates of the last fifty years. Loquacity and pedantry, so fatal to progress of business in the House of Commons, are not the vices of an aristocracy, and it may be that on these particulars the new House of Lords would show to less advantage than the old.

In the second place, we must remember that the representative principle has a certain share in the composition of the House as it is. Many of

the peers have been elected by popular constituencies to seats in the House of Commons. And no Radical, we suppose, will say that one who is good enough for the Commons is not good enough for the Lords. They come to the Upper Chamber after a long Parliamentary training in the Lower, where they have mixed with men in all stations of life, and have heard all that democracy has to say for itself by its cleverest advocates. A political assembly largely leavened by such elements as these is a very different thing from one in which they would be mixed with men who have never been commoners, never stood a contested election, and never heard a popular debate; and a great many of the proposed new senators would be such men.

We have heard from a clerical politician that it is a monstrous thing for the aristocracy to interpose between the people and the sovereign. Such a man must suppose that we are living under a democratic despotism instead of a constitutional monarchy. The essence of constitutional government is the distribution of power among several depositaries who act as checks upon each other. The British constitution is a system of checks. The abolition of the House of Lords with its power of veto would be a subversion of that constitution; and if we are to have it, there are many who think that one Chamber would be better than two. A single House, strengthened on Lord Newton's lines, for which peers and clergymen should be elig-

ible,—men trained to affairs in their respective counties and parishes, and with an educated knowledge of history and its lessons,—would not be likely to countenance hasty legislation, and their personal qualifications would have as much influence in the Lower House as in the Upper.

We can understand that many peers should regard this prospect with satisfaction. The House of Commons would open up a new career to them, and they would feel that they occupied a more dignified as well as a more useful position in a stronger House of Commons than they would do in a mutilated House of Lords. Still, it would be a hazardous experiment—one that we should not like to see tried except in the last resort.

Further, when it is said to be unfair that one party in the State should always command a majority in the Upper House and the other party never, it is forgotten that if the House of Lords is to act as a check on hasty or revolutionary legislation this inequality is almost a necessity. The measures for which it is necessary that some check should be reserved are such as are irrevocable, and such measures will, in nineteen cases out of twenty, be the work of the Liberal or Radical party. They are not to be feared from the Conservatives. The Education Bill of 1902, though the Radical party have failed to reverse it at present, is not irreversible, and is likely to be much modified hereafter. But once separate Ireland from England, or

the Church from the State, and the two could never be reunited. The breach would be final and irreparable. A House of Lords in which a Liberal Government commanded a majority would be powerless to prevent it. The Conservative veto may inflict temporary or partial injustice on particular interests. The want of it may cause lasting injury to the Constitution, the nation, and the Empire.

As the Prime Minister has sought to silence one class of malcontents by assuring them that he still has his eye upon the Lords, so he hopes to satisfy another by a little bill in advance which, though it only stops one hole in the sieve, possesses the incomparable merit of inflicting gross injustice on the Church of England. This, no doubt, is what the Government rely upon to soothe the disappointment of their Non-conformist friends, who find both the disestablishment of the Church and the utter extermination of Church schools unpleasantly deferred. To what extent it will console them for these blighted hopes seems at present a little doubtful. But this much is known beforehand, that should any talk of compromise be in the wind, calculated to mitigate in ever so slight a degree the hardship inflicted on denominational schools, the Government will not be allowed to accept it even if they would. "No, you don't," says the Dissenter to the Premier, with another application of the goad, should he show any signs of wavering. An arrangement has already

been suggested which the Church might be willing to accept, though still leaving a heavy balance of wrong to be wiped off. But the Dissenters won't hear of it. They have put their hand to the plough, which is to obliterate religious education, and they are not going to look back.

The pith and marrow of Mr M'Kenna's Special Religious Instruction Bill is this. The Local Authority is to pay the salaries of teachers in the non-provided schools, and the managers of these schools are to return to the Local Authority as much of the amount as goes to the teaching of religion. It may be thought a little difficult to calculate this proportion with any nicety, but that is a small matter. It is stated that the sum so paid is to be one-fifteenth of the sum paid during the whole year to the teachers employed in giving religious instruction. As far as it goes, this scheme is sufficiently iniquitous to satisfy the most rabid Nonconformist. Under this Bill denominational managers will have to pay, first, for their own buildings; secondly, for their own religious teaching; and thirdly, for the religious teaching of others, which is not their own. Dissenters pay only for one kind of religious instruction. The Church pays for two—besides other expenses, for which Dissenters are quartered on the rates. In case the fifteenth is not paid when it becomes due, the Local Authority will withdraw the Government grant and cease to recognise the school; in

other words, the school will be closed and the children thrown upon the street.

By placing all religious teaching in the hands of one teacher, the amount of the fifteenth might be considerably reduced. But to exact it at all is a gross and flagrant wrong done to the Church of England, to which she will probably not submit. We have spoken of a compromise, and if the Local Authority would agree to pay rent for the school buildings, thereby recognising the Church's right of property in them, it is possible that Churchmen might accept it as a set-off against the fifteenth. But the Dissenters will put their foot down on this proposal at once, and should either Campbell-Bannerman or Mr M'Kenna show any signs of listening to it, he will be severely reprimanded.

Moreover, all voluntary schools are not Church of England schools. There are British and Wesleyan schools, on which the payment of the fifteenth will fall with still greater severity than on the Church schools. The Roman Catholics are furious against it; and in addition to these elements of hostility, the Nonconformist supporters of provided schools exhibit great, if not equal, dissatisfaction. Mr M'Kenna's Bill is a Bill for the relief of passive resisters. Many such declare that they will not be relieved after this fashion. They won't allow a penny of public money to go to the support of teachers not appointed by some public authority. They want to see

even the Government grant to denominational schools abolished. In short, nothing will satisfy them but the total exclusion of these schools from all share of Government support whatever, though they represent a great national institution, such as no class of Dissenters have any claim to represent.

But on no question have the Government suffered so heavily as on the New Hebrides Convention. They got up the steam against the Unionists with Chinese Labour, and now the boiler has burst and scalded themselves. The question divides itself into two parts. There is first the Labour Contract, sometimes called indentured labour, sometimes slavery, as the circumstances of the case may require; and there is, secondly, the treatment of the Australasian Colonies by the Imperial Government. As to the first, it is idle to go into details as to whether the New Hebrides Convention or the Transvaal Chinese Ordinance is the more favourable to the condition of the apprentice. We need not inquire any further when we know that by the New Hebrides Convention a girl of twelve years old, "if she is tall enough," may be artied to an employer for three years away from British territory, and made to work from sunrise to sunset; and that there must be three complaints of ill-treatment before the employer can be touched,—that is quite enough. It would be easy to prove that the Chinese Ordinance was more favourable to

the "slave" than the Polynesian one. But the broad facts of the case, which no sophistry can explain away, are what it is necessary to bring home to the English people at every possible opportunity. The Liberal Government gave their blessing to indentured labour in British Guiana when it suited them in 1895. They roared against indentured labour in South Africa ten years afterwards, when it equally suited them to curse it; and on the strength of their opposition to "slavery," proclaimed in the marketplace and from the house-tops throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, secured a large majority at the General Election. Immediately afterwards they returned to their first love, and embraced slavery again as if they had never quarrelled with it. The people of this country must be made to understand the gross deception that has been practised on them—the gross hypocrisy of which Ministers have been guilty; and not only that, but also the inability of the present Government to put an end to Chinese labour in the Transvaal, after all their fine talk, till the Boers are willing. They have given these gentlemen self-government, and the first use they make of it is to retain what the donors pledged themselves to banish.

To understand the feeling of Australia and New Zealand one must read the Blue Book for oneself. On the 5th March 1906 Lord Elgin assured the Governors of Australia and

New Zealand that "Convention will not be confirmed until his Majesty's Government has had the opportunity of considering the views of your Ministers." Most persons would have supposed that this assurance was something more than a mere form, and that it would not have been given had the Home Government already determined that the Convention "must be confirmed or rejected practically as it stands." Yet such was the case. At the very moment when Lord Elgin was inviting the Australasian Governments to express their views with regard to the new system to be established in the islands, that system was already settled between France and England beyond recall,—the Colonists, though invited to "express their views," being debarred from giving any effect to them, and limited to accepting or rejecting the Convention *en bloc* without the power of modifying it or amending it in the slightest particular. In a letter addressed to Lord Northcote by his Prime Minister, Mr Deakin (June 13), we learn the feeling with which the conduct of our Government was regarded in the Colony. When a French delegation was in London, and occupied in drawing up with the Colonial Office a complete system of government for the New Hebrides, the Australian Government was left to learn the fact from the newspapers. During the whole time that the Conference was sitting in London no note of its proceedings was communicated to the Colonists; and it was

not till six days after its rising that an official telegram was received dealing with the matter. The suppressed indignation which breathes through Mr Deakin's despatch is very perceptible. And who can wonder at it. If we read through the speeches of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr Winston Churchill in reply to Mr Lyttelton, Mr Balfour, and Mr Bonar Law, we shall find no explanation of this extraordinary treatment further than that our Government did not see any reason for communicating more freely with the Colonists! It was not worth while. The liberality of Liberalism is a curious study.

It is truly painful to be obliged to note the rapidity with which Ministerial ambiguities succeed each other. Home Rule is once more the question of the day, as it was in 1886 and 1892. The Duke of Devonshire has always warned us that it was only lying in ambush, and nobody need complain of Mr Balfour's reply to the Irish deputation who reads the debate in the House of Lords raised by Lord Denbigh on the 20th of last month. It is perfectly clear now, from the words of the Lord Chancellor himself, that Government are prepared to introduce a devolution Bill for Ireland, embodying that "larger policy" which is confessedly a stepping-stone to Home Rule. This is the sense in which the Nationalists accept it, and in which the Government means them to

accept it. This much is distinctly asserted by the Lord Chancellor, and indirectly or tacitly admitted by other members of the Government. During the General Election the constituencies were assured by Mr Asquith, Mr Haldane, Sir Henry Fowler, Sir Edward Grey, and innumerable Liberal candidates, that nothing was further from the thoughts of the Liberal party than Home Rule. It was not an issue to be tried in the next Parliament; and now, having secured their majority by these denials, they have to satisfy the Nationalists by swallowing their own words, and bringing in a Bill which is only the first stage to an independent Parliament. As soon as this stage has been reached we shall soon hear the call for "horses on."

The Scotch Education Bill and Small Landholders Bill are concessions which are only of a piece with the general policy of the Cabinet. The Small Holdings Bill is substantially the same as that of last year, explained to the House by Mr Sinclair on the 28th July. Of its main principle we may again speak in terms of unqualified disapproval. It is to extend the area within which the Crofters Acts at present operate to the whole of Scotland, regardless of the fact that the Crofters

Acts were only passed in consideration of the peculiar circumstances appertaining to the crofter tenure. Where landlords decline to cut up their estates and sell their land for this purpose, the Land Commission about to be created may take it by force. There is no reason in the world why such a system, once established in Scotland, should not be extended to England; and we have not the smallest doubt that this is what its authors intend.

It is the outcome of agrarian socialism directed to the realisation of an idea and careless of practical results. For it is as certain as anything can well be in this world of doubt and darkness that the system of *petite* culture is not, in Great Britain, as a general rule, a success. It may sometimes be adopted as the lesser of two evils, but that is the most that can be said. Its advocates too often forget that the success or failure of such a system is not to be decided in a single generation. If the first occupants weather all the risks incidental to agriculture, especially to petty agriculture, and still more especially to petty agriculture carried on without capital, in what condition shall we probably find their successors? Let Cumberland and Lincolnshire answer that question.

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A SUBALTERN OF HORSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ON THE HEELS OF DE WET.'

BOOK I.—"THE BITTER END."

CHAPTER I.—A WILD-CAT WAGER.

OSBORN HERRIES sat in the open window and gazed wearily out upon the barrack square. A miserable enough prospect: the shingle-covered quadrangle radiating the strong spring sun; the harsh ugly lines of the stables and married sergeants' quarters beyond, and the fact that he, Osborn Felix Herries, because he was "orderly dog," would have to spend the rest of the brilliant day in these deserted and uncongenial surroundings, were depressing circumstances enough. Osborn Herries turned the problem over in his mind, as hundreds of young cavalry officers have done before. Was it worth the candle? It might have been all right ten years ago, but since he had

joined the Imperial Dragoon Guards there had always been a dearth of subaltern officers, and here he found himself, after six years' service, still fourth on the list of subalterns, and, owing to the weakness of the present establishment in that exalted rank, confined to barracks as orderly officer at least twice a-week.

He looked up at the blue sky overhead and speculated, as it was so warm and bright, that the ladies in London would be out in their spring clothes. For the twentieth time that day he mused that the game was not worth the candle. It might do for those of his comrades who had neither money nor ambition. But he had both. It had been bearable

when the regiment was on service. But here, at home, it was quite another thing. He was tired of touching his hat, and slapping his boot with a cutting whip.

There was a movement on the hitherto deserted square. A trumpeter, in the tight yellow-striped overalls of a dragoon's full dress, strode with all the importance of self-conscious and temporary consequence into the middle of the square. Halting, with the ungainliness of a dismounted dragoon, he raised his instrument with a flourish and sounded a call. It was the warning for guard changing. Having sounded it twice, the lanky trumpeter returned with busy steps to the shadow of the stables.

Osborn Herries removed himself wearily from the anteroom window-sill. This was all part of the mummery of which he was the unfortunate victim: he must now effect a quick change in the wings, and climb into another dress to mount the new guard. As if, for that matter, a man could not mount a guard in his pyjamas, with not a soul in barracks to care whether he or the guard were properly dressed.

The most discontented subaltern of the Imperials left the anteroom, ascended to his quarters, and began to adorn himself in the undress frock-coat that suited his tall figure so well. By the time he had slipped into his cross-belt he could hear the heavy tread of the guard as the sergeant mustered it on the barrack

square. Two minutes later Lieutenant Osborn Herries, sword in hand, was inspecting the said guard with all the stern decorum that this impressive ceremony demands, and had temporarily forgotten his ennui with the customs and practices of the British cavalry. But when, in his peevishness, Herries had moralised that there was no one in barracks who cared a button as to the character of the dress in which he marched away his guard, he was wrong. Mrs Sergeant Perry happened to be taking tea in Sergeant-Major Klippop's quarters, and Mrs Klippop was very interested indeed in the ceremony of guard-mounting.

"Which of the young gentlemen is it to-day, Mrs Perry?" said the sergeant-major's wife, as Herries appeared in the square. "Oh, I am glad it is that Herries. He do look so well in his frock-coat. A 'bloomin' Hadonis,' the sergeant-major calls 'im, with 'is curly brown 'air an' blue heyes. An' don't 'e carry 'isself well, 'e looks all 'is inches, as the sergeant-major sez. An' so nice spoken an' mannered, an' rich too. See 'e 'as six 'orses in barriicks, an' the sergeant-major says as 'ow 'e 'as as many more in training at Newmarket."

"Lor, you don't say so!" was Mrs Perry's only comment. She was the latest importation on the strength of sergeants' wives. A little pink-and-white dairymaid type who, being a matron of only two weeks' standing, took little interest

in any of the opposite sex other than her husband.

"Yes, an' such nice manners an' so kind'earted. Why, when Corpril Brill's wife died, 'e paid for 'er funeral, an' she not on the strength neither. An' when Mrs Falherty fainted at the Regimental Rifle Meeting, 'e 'eld 'er 'ead, an' I can tell yer it took some 'olding, she being fourteen stone. An' bathed 'er temples an' giv' 'er whisky - an' - water to drink, which is what I sez she fainted for, mor'n 'eat of the sun, as she sez. But you ain't seen Mrs Falherty, as they's gone to the Yeomanry. An' the sergeant-major speaks so well on 'im."

To all of which Mrs Perry agreed, her eyes fixed, not on the shapely shoulders in a well-fitting blue frock-coat, but upon the broad back encased in scarlet that represented her ideal of a man, and who, alas! would be commanding that guard for the next twenty-four hours. The tears almost came to the little bride's eyes as she thought of that interminable period—twenty-four hours!

In the meantime the unconscious object of Mrs Klippop's eulogy, having mounted his guard, returned to his quarters and divested himself of his ceremonial panoply. Returning to the mess-room, he found that he would be required to keep solitary vigil no longer. He discovered an equally discontented brother subaltern struggling with anteroom ennui.

"Hullo, Jimmy! What's

keeping you in to-day?" said Herries, as he settled himself in a chair.

The Hon. James Callagher, by way of answer, shook his head wearily, and turned to his brother officer a face almost as inexpressive as a Chinaman's. He was a young man of remarkable appearance,—short and well-knit of figure; impassive of feature; with beautiful yellow hair, perfectly groomed, and a fair moustache carefully ironed skywards.

"What's keeping me in, Gasser? Why, I can't get out."

Herries smiled indulgently.

"What! have they found you out at last, Jimmy?"

"I wish it was only that," answered the exquisite Callagher. "It is not that they have only just found me out: they encompass me on every side. I can't even go to my quarters,—there are three of them sitting on the stairs."

"Big amounts?" queried Herries, as he leaned back in his arm-chair.

"Big enough," purred Callagher. "They would appear nothing to a Pierpoint Morgan like yourself, Gasser; but they will fairly sicken the noble lord my father when they are presently placed before him."

"He should be about acclimatised by this time, Jimmy."

The Honourable James pulled himself slowly out of his chair and walked across the hearth-rug until he stood over Herries. Then he said slowly, with just a tinge of bitterness in his voice—

"Gasser, have you not lived long enough to know that there is a climate which, sooner or later, will always get back on a long-suffering parent. It is not the luscious lotos-groves of the West End; it is not the fat soil off which we reap our whirlwinds, that breeds the apoplectic germ in the parental mind. It is the moist clinging clay of the New Jerusalem in our midst that finds the weak spots in our progenitor's forbearance—that New Jerusalem whose market opens at 66 per cent, and closes—goodness knows where!"

Having delivered himself with more fervour than was his wont, the beautifully-groomed subaltern thrust his hands in his pockets and retired to the hospitality of a cushioned fender. Herries looked at him earnestly for a moment and said, half aloud—

"Poor old boy, so you're Jew'd?"

Callagher flushed. It seemed that his equanimity was about to desert him. But he mastered the impulse, and replied in the soft tones he affected so well—

"Yes, Gasser, I'm Jew'd—Jew'd badly. But we've still got the second life on the Baronial Hall to fall back on, and an apoplectic stroke more or less won't hurt the present incumbent; so don't worry me with your good-nature. I'm too proud, or perhaps too honest, to take clean money with dirty hands. Besides, perhaps I shall be able to win a hundred or two from you before we turn in to-night. Anyway, we will have some

sport this evening. Fluffy is back from the Cavalry School. Have you seen him? How well he's looking, and he is as pleased as a dog with a tin whistle. Says that they haven't ragged him once down there."

Herries, who saw that Callagher had divined, and was prepared to resent, the offer of temporary aid which was upon his lips, was not sorry to find the subject turned.

"Yes, poor devil," he rejoined, "that must have been a change for him. Don't you think, Jimmy, that we are often a little too down on him? The poor devil is harmless enough."

"That's just where you are wrong, Gasser; that insatiable love of argument of yours induces you often to take an extreme view, and always an opposite view, on whatever subject is under discussion. Any one not knowing you as well as we do for the good old chap that you really are, and judging you by your arguments, would think you an awful prig. Now, you are quite wrong about Fluffy. He is not quite harmless. If he had followed the bent of life to which Providence has ordered him, he would have been harmless enough. His physical infirmities would not interfere with his success as a curate, or a village schoolmaster. In either of these capacities he would do no harm. But as a soldier! Remember that, in the event of war, we shall have to intrust, not only the country's honour,

but many men's lives, to this man's keeping. This is a responsibility that his nervous resistance will never sustain. Why, you yourself know that the men have no more confidence in Fluffy than we have. Then it is better, in the long-run, for the country, for ourselves, for the men, and for Fluffy himself, that we should make it clear to him that he was not intended by nature to be a Heavy Dragoon!"

All through this recital the Honourable James had sat on the cushioned fender-rail, delivering himself of his carpet lecture in his characteristic murmur.

Herries, who felt the justice of Callagher's remarks, but not the inclination to agree, essayed a mild remonstrance.

"But in our zeal for the public weal are we not inclined to be too uncharitable, Jimmy! Are we affecting a dignified attitude in resorting to billiard-room horse-play?"

Callagher, lighting a cigarette with his usual deliberation, said—

"My dear Gasser, what other course is open to us? If you know of another, lay it on the table. We are peculiarly situated in the British army: although there is generally some mechanism to prevent an undesirable from getting into the Service, yet if he chance to evade it, or develops infirmities later, there is no machinery to get him out, unless he commit a felony; and obliging as poor old Fluffy is, he will never rise to that. If he were capable of

a felony, I should say keep him. His limitations, though apparent enough to us and to the men, are not officially gauged until active service places him in a position of responsibility. The fate of that fellow 'Frothy' in the Grenadiers is a case in point. He cannot walk down Piccadilly without half a dozen fellows telling the story of his fit of 'Mauseritis' at the Modder. It would have been better far for Frothy if he had taken the timely warnings of a subaltern's court. Not that we in the Imperials have ever gone to the extremes practised in the Guards. Fluffy could leave us to-morrow and never be ashamed of his connection with us. But if he stays and we ever go on service, which I hope may be to-morrow that I may have some relief from my duns, we shall have another case like the Guardee Frothy, unless Fluffy is left with the Reserve Squadron. Did you ever see Frothy, Gasser?"

"Yes, I knew him, poor devil. I cannot understand why he hangs on in town. If I were he I should lose myself."

"It's easier said than done. It's all very well for a man in the ruck, but it's devilish hard for a gentleman to lose himself in town. Take this Prothero case,—the man was simply given away because he was a gentleman. His new associates spotted that. Now take yourself, Gasser,—you couldn't lose yourself in town whatever rôle you undertook!"

Herries got up out of his chair and walked across to the

window. He stood a moment drumming with his fingers upon the mess album. He was thinking more of the boredom of this Aldershot life than of the conversation in progress.

"Lose myself! of course I could. We may be fairly notorious, Jimmy, here in Aldershot and at the Savoy and Gaiety, but outside those most reputable haunts we at once become merged in the great unknown. Just give a thought to the various houses in town where you go. Does the face of any one single servant remain in your mind? Yet what a number of refined faces you see amongst men-servants. I'll warrant you that there is many a strange life's history under vaseline and powder."

The Honourable James looked up quickly at his brother subaltern. For a second there was more animation in his freckled face than he usually countenanced.

"Dreamer again, Gasser: there is as much romance encased in red plush breeches as there is beneath the soiled frock-coat of the oily greaser who is waiting at the bottom of the stairs to serve a process on me!"

"Well, I don't agree, Jimmy: if I were to be 'wanted' for anything, I should 'forge' a character and take service in some household. I would never be detected,"—with this assertion Herries joined Callagher on the fender.

"My dear boy, you! why, your ringlets and fine head would betray you anywhere.

You wouldn't have a dog's chance. You would be spotted anywhere!" Callagher lighted another cigarette.

"That's where you are mistaken. Why, you could not, straight off, tell me the colour of any of the mess-waiters' hair or eyes, yet you have seen Adams practically every day for the last two years. I am positive that I could disappear in London indefinitely, simply by going as a man-servant into someone's employ in the West End."

Callagher stood up.

"Gasser, you are talking rot. I would bet you a couple of hundred pounds that you could not, by taking service in London, lose yourself for three months during the season."

Herries was stung. There was something in Callagher's tone that he resented.

"That's a bet, Jimmy. Provided I can get the leave, I will take service and prove you to be wrong. I'm bored to extinction by this dwarfing life!"

As Herries made this admission a third officer entered the anteroom.

The Honourable James, whose impassive face was at moments as irritating as his drawl, turned to the newcomer.

"Here, Fox, come and warn the Gasser to be more careful of his fair fame and fairer shekels: he is about to undertake a spell of domestic service as a relief from the perpetual monotony of up-to-date soldiering."

Captain John Fox, a tall, handsome senior captain, with

a reputation as the fittest, kindest - hearted, and most pessimistic officer in the regiment, joined his junior comrades at the fire-guard.

"What are you babies wagering about?"

"It's this way——" began Callagher.

Herries cut him short—

"I have bet Jimmy a couple of hundred that I can take service in a household in the west of London, and continue in such service during the season without being detected. Is not that the bet, Jimmy?"

Callagher nodded assent. Fox's mouth twitched with the cynical expression that his brother officers knew so well.

"You will first get Prendergast to register your names in the fine-book. Can't have you boys breaking the mess rules about wagering in the anteroom. Then if you, Gasser, are really bent on making such an utter fool of yourself, why, it is incumbent upon us three to keep silent about it, otherwise we shall have the whole of the young officers of the 1st Cavalry Brigade engaging in an area reconnaissance of the West End. Kind of quest of the 'Golden Garçon.' Why, Mike Rimington's 'Treasure Hunts' and similar exercises for young officers wouldn't be in it."

Herries's loss of equanimity had been but momentary. He had, however, made the bet, and being in the mind to carry it on, at once saw the point in Fox's argument. "You are quite right, Fox, except in

your simile. 'Golden Garçon' is hardly appropriate, unless it were Jimmy who went into hiding. But, in my interests, this must be kept quiet. Are you content, Jimmy, that it should remain solely in the ken of us three?"

"Content. You and me principals, and Johnny Fox, here, referee."

"And," added the captain, "the usual fine for officers wagering in the anteroom. But, I say, I want you fellows to play up this evening. I've got a German dragoon coming to dine to-night. He is not a bad cove, and was devilish civil to me when I was over in the Fatherland. He's now at the Embassy, and quite keen to meet and know the British cavalry officer at home. I want you to be kind to him, because his regiment took me up. I pleased them the first evening. One of the majors proposed my health, suggesting that, in welcoming me, the German army only regretted that I had not come with twenty thousand more of my fellows. He didn't say it quite nicely; so I jumped up to acknowledge the toast, thanked my friend, and complimented him on having discovered the secret of the exact numbers that our General Staff considered adequate for the invasion and conquest of Germany. The whole table saw the point, and they were awfully pleased. I couldn't have had a better introduction. Well, I'm off to meet the gallant Rittmeister as soon as the

trap comes round. So long, you fellows."

As the door closed behind Fox, a mess-waiter entered and informed Callagher that his servant would like to see him.

"That's good," rejoined Callagher. "Looks as if Danby had moved the bailiffs on. Does he report the court clear, Adams?"

The mess-waiter could not subdue a grin as he opened the door for the well-groomed Callagher to pass out. The door

slammed, and the orderly officer was left with the anteroom to himself, to cogitate upon the extraordinary undertaking into which an afternoon of ennui had landed him. After ringing for afternoon tea he made a pilgrimage to the leave-book, and then sat down and wrote a couple of letters. One was to a certain William Diggle, who had been his father's butler in the old home, and who now drew a pension from the estate.

CHAPTER II.—SUBALTERNS' HORSE-PLAY.

Count Eric von Meyer, of the Oldenburg Dragoons, was evidently charmed with the hospitality of the mess of the King's Imperial Dragoon Guards. Bridge and the seniors in the anteroom had no enchantment for him after dinner: he must accompany the juniors to the billiard-room. The Count's mission to the country, as he insisted in perfect English, was to learn something about the British cavalry. "My instructions are to study your cavalry spirit, which we soldiers in Germany are taught is the best military quality that the British army possesses." He was beginning well, for in his first visit to a cavalry unit he showed an inclination to stick to the spawning-ground of the quality of which he professed to be a student.

He was a fine specimen of the well-bred Teuton. In repose his figure was an ideal of muscular symmetry:

it was only in movement that one was able to detect the want of that suppleness of limb which is the result of out-door training, and which the British youth shares with Nature's savages. His knowledge of English billiards, moreover, was not sufficient to add to the excitement of the two games of "snooker pool" in which he joined, and, in short, every one in the billiard-room was getting unutterably bored with Fox's guest, when Callagher challenged Chesterton to some feat of harmless horse-play. The Count's eyes sparkled as Chesterton, a fat little globule of a man, peeled off his jacket and vest. This was what he had come to see.

It does not take long for the after-dinner atmosphere of a mess billiard-room to become electrified. Callagher and Chesterton rolled over each other on the floor for a few seconds and then made way for another couple. Carpet

competitions mean exhaustion, exhaustion means thirst, and the quenching of an after-dinner thirst augments excitement. Captain John Fox, who had a dozen years' experience of these things, felt that it would be expedient to withdraw his guest. There is a limit, in a highly-charged atmosphere, to the forbearance that the etiquette of hospitality is able to exercise. But the Count had no intention of withdrawing. He was thoroughly enjoying himself. The limit of his experience was not bounded by the confines of a German garrison town: he had travelled, and he knew that he saw in the babel of this mess-room a little exhibition of that unquenchable spirit of personal independence and self-reliant rivalry that had made the British Empire in the past and which maintained it in the present. His host's endeavours to entice him to the anteroom below fell on barren land.

"My dear Fox," von Meyer would remonstrate, "I am not the smallest degree bored. I am really most grateful to you. I here to-night more about the British Army learn than I should in four years at Carlton House Terrace. My only regret is that I am not sufficiently skilled in the competitions to join." Fox shrugged his shoulders, and began inwardly to regret his hospitality. He himself only desired to be in bed, especially as he could see that the younger members of the mess were beginning to "see red." He could read the

signs as surely as the mess waiters, who now found it difficult to keep level with the demands for whisky-and-sodas.

Etiquette had so far prevented any one of the revellers from inviting the Count to hazard a throw. But the excitement was sufficiently contagious to rouse the sportsman in him and bring him into line with the others. He took Callagher, who, all breathless from a bout of his so-called jiu-jitsu, was sitting on the billiard-table, by the arm.

"I do not understand your present display of English feats. But I was a good gymnast, and have a strong arm. Will any of you try grasping hands with me on the billiard-table?"

This challenge was received with a roar of approving acclamation. A crowd of young, hot, eager faces gathered round the billiard-table, while the Count took off his dress-coat and bared his right arm. He demonstrated the nature of the competition. The competitors, grasping their right hands across a corner of the table, placed their elbows firmly on the baize, and then, without moving from this pivot, strove to bend their opponent's hand backwards. It is a competition which calls for a strong wrist and considerable mental endurance.

The Honourable James, whose golden hair had become considerably disarranged during his various grovellings on the carpet, was the first to join issue with the Prussian

champion. The two men clasped hands, closed the grip, straightened their backs, and the Englishman's hand went down like a ninepin.

"Perhaps you were not ready?" said the Count court-ously.

Callagher allowed that he had not "quite tumbled to the idea," and settled down for a second trial. He made a little better show on his second venture, but von Meyer, with the indulgent smile still on his lips, defeated him. The second defeat rather jarred Callagher's wrist, and he retired. Prendergast, the senior subaltern, took his place. Von Meyer disposed of him without an effort. In fact, one after the other, the whole room went down before the Prussian. Fox was the only opponent that caused him the slightest difficulty. The cheers and chaff that had greeted the Honourable James's overthrow were now absent. The absolute rout of a roomful of British officers, in a feat of simple strength, by their Prussian guest, had a most sobering effect.

"You are not a very strong lot," said von Meyer, quite innocent of the discourtesy implied.

There is no doubt that, as the tall, broad-shouldered Count smiled indulgently upon them, his hosts felt sore at the indignity of defeat that their guest had placed upon them. Not a word was said: the Imperials were too well-bred to show resentment to a guest, more especially a foreign guest;

but there was just that brief moment of silence which is often more expressive than words. For a short time the relationship of host and guest was forgotten in the bitterness of racial emulation. The Teuton stood exultant in victory, the Englishmen crestfallen in defeat. Just at this turn of the wheel Osborn Herries, the orderly officer, returning from his rounds, entered the room. His appearance gave relief to an awkward pause. Callagher and Prendergast hailed him simultaneously.

"Come along, Gasser, old man; we want you to vindicate the mess. We have all gone under to Count von Meyer."

Herries walked up to the billiard-table. Smiling, he answered, "What is it? I hope that some one has downed Jimmy."

There was no lack of spokesmen to describe the nature of Callagher's defeat, or the character of the ordeal. Herries stood by the table and watched the illustration.

"I've played that game before: it's the very devil on one's wrists," he said, when the grip had been explained.

"If you English officers practised more with the sabre, you would not be so easily defeated. Perhaps our friend, the officer of the day, is a swordsman?"

There was nothing in the wording of the Count's admonition of the British cavalry officer that implied an insult, yet in the present case the slight inflection of his voice

accentuated the suspicion of that contemptuous superiority which a Prussian officer rarely learns how to disguise. But as he said it he turned full upon Herries, and almost flung the speech in his face.

The two men were nearly of a height, and very similar in build. The Prussian, owing to the skill of his tailors, had the appearance of possessing the better chest measurement; but Herries was the more lithe and supple. There was a moment of suspense as the champions took each other's measure. The men grouped round the table knew that if any officer in the regiment was physically developed and fit, it was Herries. Not that he had ever been the accomplished gymnast that the upper development of the Prussian suggested, but a naturally powerful man, whose love of exercise, combined with the opportunities of regimental life, kept him in splendid condition. Herries met the Prussian's covert sneer with his usual pleasant smile, and without a word divested himself of his belt and jacket. Von Meyer was already stripped, and as the orderly officer turned up his shirt-sleeve the German had the first visual indication of his opponent's natural strength.

With some quip about Callagher and his recent course of jiu-jitsu, Herries took his stand at the table. He distributed his weight in a workmanlike manner, and, as the Count did likewise, said to Fox, "Just give the word 'go.'"

The two men clasped hands,

and settled their elbows on the green baize, looked into each other's eyes, and waited for the word. It was a tense moment. Herries felt, in the first touch of their hands, that he was pitted against a man with muscles of iron and relentless courage. The Prussian knew that he had to deal with a man of different calibre to the officers who, one by one, had gone down before him.

"Go!"

*The grip tightened, and the two men, putting their weight into the strain, tested their strength. In that first strain Herries knew that his only chance of success lay in the hope that he might be able to outstay his rival. For a minute both wrists were rigid as either competitor invited his opponent to attack. The Prussian was the first to make his effort: his forearm was slightly longer than the Englishman's, and in combination with a strong wrist this could be counted an advantage. Herries gave a little,—there was just the suspicion of a relaxation; in a second his sinews were rigid again. He was inviting the Count to put forth his strength. How great was the effort required to defeat it was evident from Herries's face. It was a long, determined attack, and as he put his weight into it the look of superior confidence on the Prussian's face changed to one of relentless determination. The onlookers watched the contest in silence. They could realise what it meant to the rivals from signs upon

their faces. The first attack failed. Yet Herries did not essay a counter. The first attack had shown him that his only chance lay in a passive resistance.

A few words of encouragement to Herries from his comrades round the table, and then the Count, finding that the relaxation from his effort brought no counter, returned to the attack. He was a powerful man, and into this essay he put the last ounce that his slightly superior leverage gave him. How much it cost Herries to resist this attack the room could see. The veins stood out on his brow and neck. Ever so little his wrist gave, but with a magnificent effort he resisted and warded off the assault. A moment's respite as the Prussian effort died away, and then the Englishman felt that the time had come to carry the struggle into the enemy's country. He braced himself with his left hand against the table and put his last remaining energy into the attack. The excitement was intense. The Prussian's resistance was spent. The spectators could see that his wrist was giving. The sinews stood out like whipcord. It looked as if the veins of his neck would burst. Great drops of perspiration beaded his brow. Silence was now impossible; the welcome signs of von Meyer's distress called forth encouragement to the regimental champion. But the Prussian made a magnificent rally. It seemed that his hand must go over, that his

elbow must leave the baize, when suddenly Herries seemed to fail. Spent though he was, with a determination bred of wounded conceit the Prussian rallied a despairing effort. For a moment his opponent gave before him, his hand became upright again. Then Herries made his supreme endeavour. Again the spectators held their breath. Except for the deep nasal breathing of the combatants, there was absolute silence in the room. A mess-waiter who had just entered stood by the door as if spellbound. Suddenly there was a report like a muffled pistol-shot. The Prussian went over with a howl of pain, and amid a murmur of excitement Herries found himself gripping a limp hand. So magnificent had been the Prussian's resistance in despair that both bones of his wrist had snapped. When the nature of the regiment's victory was realised, the sense of the room was all sympathy for the man who in his stiff-necked pride had accepted serious bodily injury in preference to acknowledging by surrender the superiority of his opponent. The nature of the hurt and pain that he of necessity must have suffered killed the first burst of elation over the regimental victory. Fox, not unnaturally, was most distressed at the incident. Luckily there is no lack of medical attendance in Aldershot, and the compound fracture was doctored almost immediately. But although in great pain, von Meyer pulled himself together before

he was led away to Fox's quarters. Bringing his heels together, he bowed to the circle of sympathising officers. Then turning to Herries he suavely added—

"To you, sir, I am under an obligation which I hope I may some day be able to discharge."

With this enigmatic remark he bowed himself out of the billiard-room, escorted by Fox and the surgeon. Herries had offered his services during the setting of the broken limb, but the doctor waved him aside, so he now stood, minus his jacket, the centre of his brother officers' admiration and congratulation. Although no one, least of all Herries, had wished their guest the crowning evil of a fractured wrist, yet his exulting manner in his earlier triumphs had thoroughly exasperated the junior officers of the Imperials. They grouped round Herries, congratulating him, and discussed the curious ending to the episode.

After the fine excitement of the last half-hour, the evening had now become tame and uninteresting. Callaghan was the first to discover this, and broke the monotony by volunteering the information.

"I say, you fellows, Fluffy has gone to bed. Let's have him out. It is a crime after giving us all an extra day a week of 'orderly dog' to go and slip off to bed at nine o'clock on his first night. Come on, Seraph, come and help me get him out. We'll see what he's learned at the Cavalry School; we'll make him

scout the mess and climb the subaltern's cliff."

As there was no dissenting voice, Prendergast, the senior subaltern, who rejoiced in the pseudonym of "the Seraph," and the Honourable James, left the billiard-room to discover the unfortunate Fluffy, the pet name of one Lieutenant O'Meara Meggy, who was unfortunate enough, with the very best intentions, to have missed the qualities of bearing and force of character which an unwritten law demands from those who undertake the responsibilities of his Majesty's commission.

In five minutes the self-appointed inquisitors were back again: Callaghan, the leading spirit in every undertaking of this nature, held open the billiard-room door, as he made the announcement in his usual purring drawl.

"Gentlemen, Mr Frohman now has the pleasure of presenting to you the celebrated scout and cliff-climber, Burnham O'Meggy. This expert will give an exhibition of the most up-to-date and scientific method of scouting a billiard-room, as tested by Mike Rimington and approved by Baden-Powell!"

A peal of laughter rang out as the unfortunate Fluffy, in obedience to the order "March," advanced into the room on all fours. He cut a most ridiculous figure. Dressed in his pyjamas, his instructors had made him don a mackintosh and slouch hat, relics of South Africa, and then with a lighted candle in his hand

scout the floor. As the unfortunate officer crawled under the billiard-table, Callagher, who was always humorous, instructed the audience that they were now witnessing the most up-to-date method of indoor tracking, as recommended to "stupid" cavalry officers by the daily press and the Netheravon instructors. He added, "The operation is better illustrated when the exponent is cliff-climbing."

The latter expression had reference to a species of horse-play that the Imperials' subalterns usually indulged in if any of their number made a trivial offence against the moral code of their community. The billiard-room, as any one who has been quartered in Aldershot will know, in the cavalry messes is on the second storey. It is possible to climb from the window to the ground by means of rain-pipes and ledges. It is this light punishment that is forced upon erring subalterns by their more virtuous peers. Really the feat is not a difficult one, but on first sight, especially at night, it presents the impression of a dangerous undertaking.

As Callagher delivered himself of his introduction, Prendergast threw the window open. Herries and Chesterton went to the window and looked out. It was pouring with rain.

"Cut out the cliff-climbing, Jimmy, at least for to-night,—it's raining cats and dogs," said Chesterton.

Herries backed him up by slamming down the window.

"Very well, gentlemen," the showman continued to drawl. "The elements having conspired to prevent us from giving you this most interesting illustration, our great scout will, after he has stood me a drink, join in giving you a demonstration of jiu-jitsu, the wonderful and novel science of self-defence that we have imported from the outer barbarians of the East!"

A howl of laughter went up after this sally, for the fact that Callagher was making constant, almost daily, trips to town on the plea of undergoing a course of jiu-jitsu, was one of the many jokes against him in the mess.

To this statement the hitherto placid Meggy entered some protest. "Steady on, Jimmy: I'll stand you a drink and the whole room drinks, but I'm not going to grovel with a great lout like you."

"What? Mutiny in my menagerie!" and Callagher, who really had acquired the rudiments of the Japanese science, with an alertness that no one except those who knew him would ever have imagined him to possess, gripped Meggy by the loose of his mackintosh and flung him, without apparent exertion, into the laps of two brother officers sitting on the benches. To effect this, the Honourable James had subsided on to his back. As he rose to his feet, amid a shout of merriment, again assuming his lethargic drawl, he explained,—

"That, honourable gentlemen, is an insignificant dem-

onstration how we, miserable exponents of the honourable art of jiu-jitsu, though of pigmy strength, defeat our honourable enemies, and also maintain the most honourable discipline in the obedient mess of this unworthy regiment!"

"Do they charge extra to teach you the language as well, Jimmy?" queried some one, amid the chorus of laughter.

"No, sir!" replied Callagher, dropping his drawl for a second. "But if your educational standard had been up to that required in an officer of commissioned rank, you would have been as conversant with the language of our ally as you are with a turf accountant's code. Does any gentleman here wish a lesson in jiu-jitsu, or must I vanquish the noted scout again?"

Herries, who was sitting on the billiard-table, again began to divest himself of his jacket.

"Look here, Jimmy," he said, "I don't know anything about jiu-jitsu, but I'll take you on: make it catch as catch can!"

"Will you pay a substantial forfeit if you break my arm?" queried Callagher, to the delight of the room.

The two men closed, and Callagher, whose knowledge of the Japanese art was not sufficiently advanced to be of much use to him except with an unwary subject, got the grip. The immaculate James, though not nearly as tall as Herries, was powerfully built. It was a good struggle, but

when they finally overbalanced Callagher was on the top. It was unexpected, and when they disentangled themselves Callagher was so pleased, and his golden hair was so rough, that he so far forgot himself as to show some animation in his usually impassive face.

Now Herries had entered into this competition simply in order to relieve the pressure on the unfortunate Fluffy, for whom, though he realised his worthlessness as an officer, he felt sorry. But once engaged in the competition, he was piqued in suffering a defeat so easily. He challenged a return. This time the struggle took longer to decide. Callagher had not the advantage of grip, but the strength of his short back and heavy waist almost counterbalanced this disadvantage. After a desperate grovel on the floor for about four minutes, Callagher was rolled over, and the sense of the room awarded the second bout to Herries. Callagher had an objection. He claimed that in the first roll over, both the orderly officer's shoulders had touched "earth"! This the room disallowed.

Now the Honourable James, like so many high-spirited men, was a bad loser. It irked him to be other than first or second in anything he undertook. He felt aggrieved at the room's decision against him. He returned rather savagely to the charge and challenged Herries to a deciding bout. Nothing loth, now that his blood was running warm, Herries again

took the floor. As they skir-mished for the grip, Callagher said beneath his breath—

“Gasser, will you make that bet five hundred?”

“Anything you please, Jimmy!”

They closed, and in a second Herries was flying across the room, to have his fall broken, as had been Fluffy’s, by the men sitting on the bench.

Catching Herries unawares, Callagher had again brought off the jiu-jitsu throw.

A mess-waiter stood in the doorway. “The sergeant of the guard would like to see the orderly officer!”

Herries climbed into his jacket, adjusted his belt, took a drink from a deserted tumbler on the mantelpiece, and went down to his duty.

As he left the brilliantly lighted mess-room for the dim stairway, he realised that for him, in such a dull place as Aldershot, it had been a day replete in incident. He had put in for leave, pending retirement from the service; he had made a sensational bet, which he had just raised to five hundred pounds, that he would efface himself as a domestic servant for three months; he had broken a distinguished foreigner’s arm, and he was now going down to turn out the guard, with a wrenched shoulder, earned in a moment of mess-room knight-errantry, which he was now inclined to think misplaced.

Certainly it was a record for one day of garrison life in Aldershot.

CHAPTER III.—“THE BITTER END.”

Chesterton and Prendergast were playing billiards in the Cavalry Club. They had made a late night of it on the previous evening, and were now, after a late breakfast, killing a spare three-quarters of an hour before trotting down to Knightsbridge to a particular sale of horses at Tattersall’s, which was their excuse for being in town.

The plump, chubby-faced Chesterton fancied himself with a cue; consequently the Seraph, who was vastly inferior, sat for the most part on the bench, dangling his legs and making conversation while Chesterton monopolised the table.

“Gasser is up in town,

Puck,” Prendergast remarked, as his opponent settled down to a stroke.

Chesterton finished his stroke before he answered.

“Yes, I know he is. I saw him yesterday afternoon. He has taken rooms at Buckingham Gate. He says he is going to buy a few horses to turn out, and is then going abroad for three or four months.”

“He is a quaint fellow; very likely, then, we shall see him at Tattersall’s. It is a nuisance that he is going just now. We shall find it awfully difficult to fill his place in the team. If he had stayed we might have pulled off the tournament this year!”

Chesterton let off an easy hazard, and therefore allowed a few seconds in which to recover his equanimity before re-joining in the conversation.

"Who knows that he may not play for us yet, this season. He has so far only taken three months' leave, and he told me yesterday that he was not selling his ponies. I don't think that he will go very far abroad. He has probably got something on which he is not over keen to discuss." The Seraph had made five, which allowed his opponent a little longer period than usual for conversation.

"I think you are right, Puck," continued Prendergast, as he again settled himself into a corner of the bench. "Do you think there is anything on between the Gasser and Jimmy? No? Well, I was not sure, only when Gasser said the other day that he might leave his ponies with the regiment, to be played by members of the team, he quite unexpectedly made a reservation about Jimmy. Said that Jimmy is such a butcher on a pony—which isn't true. He cannot help his seat, but his hands are all right."

Chesterton persevered in his break and finished the game. "No, Seraph, I don't think so. Jimmy has just rubbed Gasser up the wrong way. That, I think, is all. Gasser is of a very queer temperament. He is absurdly sensitive and devilishly determined. You see how he felt the business of the German attaché. He might have broken the fellow's neck instead of only his wrist, for

the pother he made about it. That is all over-sensitiveness, and will wear off when he has something more suited to his undoubted force of character than soldiering. See what a splendid fellow he was out in South Africa; and then that bet he had with Lascelles about the sporting tour in France. No one but a man of character could have carried that through."

"You don't think that he may have another of these wild-cat wagers on, do you, Puck?" queried Prendergast, as they put on their coats. "I forget what it was, but something I heard Jimmy say the other day suggested the idea to me."

"I don't think so. I haven't heard anything about it. But Gasser is chock-full of that particular socialistic mania which, in the wealthy, is a disease more common than most of us believe. He has the socialistic kink quite badly, and I am sure that his curious wagers are, in the first instance, prompted by his peculiar partiality for socialistic doctrines. I know him possibly better than any one in the regiment, and I don't pretend to understand him. But of this I am certain, that, with his money, determination, and interest, if he were properly moulded, the Gasser would run a good chance of becoming Prime Minister some day. As it is, in all probability he will get no moulding at all, and will have his chance of success ruined before he grows out of those kinks in his nature which we all know

so well, and which have so often amused us. Shall we have a short drink before we embark on the perilous operation of horse-buying?"

The two dragoon subalterns were now in the hall. To satisfy Chesterton's suggestion about refreshment they went into the smoking-room, just as the object of their late discussion passed out through the hall to the doorway.

"There is the Gasser," said Prendergast. "I expect we shall find him at Tattersall's."

It was a bright spring morning, and as Herries strode down Piccadilly towards Hyde Park Corner, he felt all that pleasure in life which it is impossible for the healthy in mind and body to miss, if a spring sun is shining over the West of London. Town was just beginning to fill, and a few hours of a blue sky and warm sun had touched the gloomy grey of the West End as if with a magic wand. The dull cloak of winter was cast aside, and the gaiety of spring had germinated; so much so, that in the flood of sunshine pouring down upon the parks and pavements, and catching the wealth of warm butterfly hues, even the grinding motor-busses, in the colouring of their loads, seemed less incongruous than usual. Here and there where wall and railing gave a peep at Nature, the slips of landscape were as smiling as the less decorative works of man.

Osborn Herries had arisen that morning with a brain dulled by a sense of despond-

ency. In him this was an unusual state. But in the present instance it was not surprising, for no man of nice character could contemplate severing his connection with so intimate a social circle as the mess of a cavalry regiment without deep feelings of regret. Although the trivialities of peace-soldiering had bored and irritated Herries to distraction, yet it was hard to overcome the personal magnetism of those brother officers with whom he had lived and worked in the closest intimacy, both in peace and war, for several years,—an intimacy once severed, never to be reformed, and rarely to be adequately replaced. Herries had spent the previous evening in the suite of rooms he had just taken at Buckingham Gate. As he had driven up Broadway to the entrance, to take possession, the macilent monotony of the building had depressed him. Then an interview which he had later with his father's pensioned butler, Diggle, had not added to his gaiety. In the first place, this dignified and superannuated henchman had, with that licence which is allowed to a servant who has known you since birth, entered a stern protest against the proposed term of domestic service. This protest had provided material for the usual senile homily which harped on the memory of the dead, and their knowledge of and interest in the actions of the quick. No amount of argument would convince the aged servitor that

the main string to his instrument was at its best problematical, and Herries's toleration was strained to the utmost by Diggle's depressing efforts to link the sad passages of the Past with the, to him, sadder passages of the Present.

At length, finding that none of the pathetic conjectures in his *répertoire* would move the young man to relent from his determination to carry out his proposals, the aged Diggle verged upon tears as he departed with the mission to make secret and suitable arrangements for his late master's son and his present benefactor to enter upon his strange experiment.

This combination of events had depressed Herries. But in the morning, as he had walked across St James's and the Green Parks to the club, and inhaled the breath of spring, this sense of depression had been speedily dissipated, and now, having called at 127 Piccadilly for his letters, he gaily stepped the mile to Knightsbridge, that cavalry officers know so well.

There are few places in London where you can find in a confined space such a varied and characteristic study of human nature as awaits you in Tattersall's yard during a Monday auction early in the season. The knot of prehistorically shakoed police inspectors at the entrance are a suggestion of the knavery that ever lurks in the environment of the horse. As you enter the inner yard from the entrance court, you are aware of

an extraordinary hum of conversation. It is the sound of the vivacious crowd which, gathered round the artistic centre shrine, dedicated to our stalwart friend Reynard, is re-echoed by the glazed roof overhead.

To-day every one will be present, for the stable of hunters, the property of that well-known figure from the Shires, Sir Joseph Plumpacre, and the string of polo ponies belonging to the brothers Gilmasters, are catalogued. Consequently, the whole world of sport is gathered, chatting on the flags of the yard or strolling through the spacious stables. The elderly gentleman there, with the old-world manner and gamekeeper-cut to his clothes, is the Earl of Bungay, than whom no one in the kingdom, peer or commoner, knows or loves a horse better. The white-faced, faded young man talking to him is a junior Minister of the Crown, who, once having been a soldier, takes relaxation from the affairs of State by playing polo. Over there, why that is probably the most interesting man in the yard. Incongruity of costume means nothing at Tattersall's. Every one knows Henderson, the benign character against the wall. In spite of a face and beard like a minister of the Gospel, top hat that might have been borrowed from a hard-case cabby, and breeches and gaiters that would have disgraced a "beater," he is probably the shrewdest buyer in the country. His opinion on horse-flesh is valued by

every one, from king to coal-heaver. That fine, intellectual-looking man yonder?—you may well ask. He is over eighty, and he won the Bar point-to-point last year! You ought to know the small man with the square shoulders and whitening moustache, who is “going over” the horse they have just pulled out of the stable. See, Herries takes off his hat to him. It is the General Officer Commanding at Aldershot, the first cavalry leader we possess. That? The official starter! Next him? City financier, Hebrew of the best brand! Those? You must put down every boy without a hair on his face and in a white waistcoat as representatives of that new clan that is rapidly increasing in London, the rich unemployed. They are the parasitic fungi of a successful nation. They drain the sap which wealth produces, and are the harbingers of moral and social decay. Look at them! They are horsey men to-day, to-morrow they will be “road-hogs,” and the intervals are spent in checking tape returns. They are too *blasé* even to attend a race meeting. Let us pass them by. That crowd? It is typical of the English, more particularly the London, horse-dealer. Those over-dressed, loud-voiced, yellow-haired ladies with them are their women-folk. At the worst the affectation for starting dress is their most harmful attribute. That well-dressed man the police inspector has just spoken to? Judging from the attitude of the in-

spector, it is probably a pick-pocket. You will find the most amazing wolves in sheep’s clothing here.

Such was the scene into which Herries plunged on that fine April morning. He nodded to one or two fellows, men up from Aldershot on a like errand to his own, secured a sale catalogue, and started to make the round of the stables. As he came to the door of the Ten-Stall stable, his attention was arrested by a fine-looking animal that some one had desired to see in the yard. As the attendant groom trotted it up and down, the usual little crowd of interested critics lined up. At his first glance Herries had been taken with the outline of the horse. “Do for a Household Johnny,” had been his first thought, as he noticed the colour of the animal—that very dark brown that verges on black. The horse was so good-looking that Herries turned it up in the catalogue and found that it was a single entry and possessed the curious name “The Bitter End.” It was entered as “sound and regularly hunted by a lady.” Being doubly interested in the animal, first on the count of his own selective powers, and secondly by the name, Herries stepped in to make a closer inspection.

Just then a couple of the flash dealers joined the group.

“Hello!” one of them remarked, “here’s old Bitter Tip up again.” Then as he patted the animal’s neck he added, “Wonder what harm you’ve done since you were last here,

old boy? They ought to call you Bitter Pill, since no one will swallow you."

"Do you know anything about him?" asked Herries tentatively.

"Know anything about him, Mister? Lord, no; only that he's up here regular as clock-work about four times a-year. No matter who buys him,—parson, old lady, hunting swell, or blooming millionaire, he's back here with a good character and as meek and kind as a spaniel. We in the trade don't like him—why, I don't know, though he always goes cheap enough. None of us will buy him; he has just that reputation, that's all!"

Herries stopped the groom, who was about to return the black to his stall, and had a better look at him. He was a picture above, clean below, and a nice free mover. Herries was interested. He nodded to the man to take the horse in again, and was turning away to pursue his inspection further when he felt his sleeve plucked. A little wizened man stood at his elbow. He was obviously of the stable type, and was dressed in what was doubtless a gift suit of tweeds, since it was two sizes too big for him. The bloom on his face suggested intemperance rather than a healthful exposure to the elements,—or perhaps it would be more just to say, reflected an evidence of both influences.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the wizened caricature of a man, touching his hat with that lightning motion which is the essential salutation of an Eng-

lish groom, "but was you interested in that black 'orse, sir?"

"Why?" queried Herries, smiling.

"'Cause, sir, 'e's a danged good 'orse," and the groom gave a knowing leer.

"Who are you, whatever?" questioned Herries.

"Me, sir; why, I'm Dotty Jim, an' what I knows about that 'orse is worth a shillin'."

Herries saw that he had been inveigled into a shilling's worth by one of those curious anomalies,—short-witted sharps, who seem as inseparable from the environment of horsey communities as ginger-pop sutlers are from army manoeuvres.

Herries parted with his shilling, and dived into the Ten-Stall stable after the black, with his mind in that splendid state of indecision which is the mainspring of Messrs Tattersall's income. Dotty Jim went through the pantomime of "spitting on the bob" for luck, and then lurched off to dissipate the gift.

Presently the groups crowding the yard began to gather round the rostrum in the corner. The auction was about to begin. The pale-faced auctioneer, remarkable for the quality of his silk hat, stood chatting, with one foot on the step of the rostrum. Herries, having mooned through a couple of stables, found himself in the yard again just as the auctioneer stepped lightly into his dock of office. The monotone of a voice that depended upon an overhead sounding-board, a bustle at the bottom of the yard as the

public stepped clear to make a lane for the first exhibit, and the sale of hunters and polo ponies began.

As Herries moved across to the receipt of custom, he stumbled across his brother subalterns, Chesterton and Prendergast, who, having taken longer over their "morning reviver," had just reached the sale yard.

"Hullo, Gasser, doing any good?" was the greeting.

"What, Puck, not lunching in bed? Not ailing, I hope? These early hours are not your usual form in London!" and Herries smote the chubby Puck familiarly on the back.

The three men then mingled in the group that lined the run, and indulged in professional criticism, while a couple of the flash community busied themselves in examining minutely each candidate as it was stripped.

The business was not brisk, and animal after animal was returned. So disappointing was it that the auctioneer even allowed an inflection of remonstrance to enter into the monotonous whine of his voice. The three subalterns of the Imperials, bored by the present character of the sale, had become oblivious to the murmur off the sounding canopy, and were discussing without animation some regimental matter. Herries was called to order by a husky voice and a slight pressure on his elbow.

Dotty Jim, redolent of his most recent potation, whispered, "The black 'orse, sir, is coming up now."

Herries's attention returned to the sale.

"Will any gentleman say sixty guineas—fifty guineas? Fifty guineas for this horse?" droned the auctioneer. The black stood quietly against the wall, while the flash buyers stepped back, not troubling to run their hands over his legs or test his age.

"What! back again, old cock? You will soon be able to take out a licence as a London guide!" A coarse laugh greeted this sally. It was evident that the trade viewed the black with disfavour.

"Will any gentleman say twenty guineas? Mind, gentlemen, this horse is being sold without reserve!" came the colourless exhortation by the auctioneer.

Herries peered between two pairs of broad shoulders. Certainly the black piqued his fancy. A fine outline, head well carried and set on, good shoulder, short cannon-bone, great driving-power behind, coat showing a good constitution, and a mild eye. What more could a man want?

Unconsciously he arrested the auctioneer's eye. That keen student of physiognomy and human nature had read the interested attention on his face.

"Will no gentleman say ten guineas, to make a start?"

Herries felt the hypnotism of his look and nodded.

"Ten guineas!"

The flash gentlemen looked round, interested to detect the bidder. There was no contest, and in the space of two minutes

Herries found himself the owner of *The Bitter End* at the absurd price of twenty-one guineas. The flash gentlemen delivered themselves of some witticisms, and then, after their temporary respite, reopened their administrations on the next candidate. His brother officers congratulated Herries on his purchase, and together they went to the stable to make a closer inspection. In looks certainly the black was a bargain.

In the stable they found that Dotty Jim had taken upon himself the duty of rugging the horse up.

"Hullo!" said Herries, "have I purchased you as well?"

The little man pulled taut the second buckle in the roll, and stood with his hand resting on the wither.

"I wouldn't like to say as 'ow you 'asn't, sir. I've known this 'orse, sir, ever since 'e was foaled, an' a danged good 'orse 'e is when I'm about. But 'e won't bring you no luck, that's why Mr Beckwith called 'e *The Bitter End*!"

"What! has he a reputation for bad luck?" asked Herries, recalling the remarks of the men in the yard.

"Reputation for bad luck? This 'orse? Why, 'e's the unluckiest 'orse on owners as ever entered this stable, or looked through a bridle, for that matter!"

Herries turned to his brother officers with a smile. "I've evidently gone and done it. Either of you fellows want a cheap horse? But we will know the worst." Turning to

the gorilla-visaged groom he continued, "You seem to know all about it: if you want to stay with the horse you had better give me your version of his history!"

A gleam came into the beery eye. "Do you mean, sir, that you will take me on?"

"Precisely. That is, I will give you a trial."

"Very good, sir," said the quaint caricature, just removing his hand from the *Bitter End*'s wither long enough to enable him to touch his cap.

"It was this way. You young gentlemen, seeing as the 'orse is only a six-year-old, will probably be acquainted with the sad story of Mr Beckwith of Pushkin Park. Well, *The Bitter End* was bred by him. He is out of an 'alf-bred mare called *Bush Girl*, by a blood 'orse called *Cetewayo*. I know as 'ow they said in the stable that it was a funny thing that both sire and dam should 'ave African names. Well, I was took on to look after some of the brood mares. Now, we none of us could understand that *Bush Girl*. She was a funny-tempered mare. At times she could almost speak, and then she would break out so bad that she could 'ave savaged a elephant. Mr Beckwith, who was a middle-aged man, as 'ap you gentlemen mind, who 'ad recently married a second wife, an 'andsome young lady from the neighbor'ood, who oughter no more 'ave married Mr Beckwith than me. She just did it to be mistress of Pushkin Park, I'm thinking. Now Mr Beckwith thought a powerful lot

of that mare Bush Girl. She was a nice mare to look at, mind. When her time was nearly in she seemed to run off condition. Nothing I could do could make her brighten up. Mr Beckwith was so concerned that he told me that I was to watch 'er, and as soon as she was took in foal he was to be called. Well, it was just a quarter of three in the morning, that's according to the sworn evidence, that I waked Simmonds, that is the butler, and it was just a quarter of an hour later that Mr Beckwith made the discovery that broke up 'is 'ouse'old. I was with 'im at the time, as you gentlemen may mind. Well, that was a bad business, and Mr Beckwith forgot all about Bush Girl. When I gets back to the stable, the foal was born, an' late on the following afternoon Bush Girl died. It was what Cleghorn, the stud groom, called a hominous houtlook for the foal. Master's 'ome broke up, dam dead, an' only Dotty Jim for a foster-mother. For a long time the master didn't take no interest hin the stud farm. 'E didn't like me no'ow, since I 'ad been with 'im on the night of the discovery an' hall through the law business. But 'e was a just man, was Mr Beckwith. It wasn't no fault of mine that I'd see'd the bad turn 'is family affairs took. Anyway, Cleghorn kept me an' the foal out of the way for a good time. When the colt was shaping so good and nicely, and the master was a forgetting of 'is troubles, Cleg-horn couldn't keep it from 'im

no more. Now we 'ad always called the colt Zulu, 'cause of 'is sire and dam, an' Mr Beckwith came round and looked at 'im. First the old man said nothing, but two days after the name-board came for 'is stall, and the name 'e 'ad give 'im, though 'e 'ad said nothing to us, was The Bitter End. Now you gentlemen may laugh at me, but I've been laughed at now too much to mind, but when that colt was first in a stall there were something wrong with it. There 'ad bin something wrong with its mother, but nothing that I, who watched her, could quite find out. But with that colt it was different. It used to see things. What, I don't know, but it used to see things that frightened it so that it would sweat its coat wringing wet. No, it weren't rats in the straw. It ain't afraid of rats, it ain't afraid of nuthin' that's living. That's the oddest 'orse that ever stood at Tattersall's. But it sees things, an' when it does it's just mad. It don't do no one hany good to own that 'orse or 'ave nuthing to do with it. I've 'ad my dose, Cleghorn got 'is. I hain't got no kith and kin, and all I 'ad was the girl I was a-courtin' down at the Park. She was the only child of Job Tickner. Now Job, though only a labourin' man, 'aving married late in life an' losin' 'is old 'oman 'er first time comin' to bed, an' bein' that thrifty, put together a tidy sum, which would 'ave been ourn, only the girl took an' died while we was a - courtin'. An' Cleghorn 'e

lost 'is two childer with the diphthery almost about the same time. I know'd it was all about what that there colt was seein', an' I told 'em so. That's why they says as 'ow I'm dotty. But there's very little that's dotty about me, an' as I 'ad nuthin' more to lose now that Job's girl was dead, why I stuck to my beauty 'ere. An' such a kind 'orse too. But there's more to foller. Mr Beckwith 'ad three childer by 'is first wife. Boys, most of 'em. Well, the eldest, Mr James, was a fine 'orseman. 'E took a fancy to the colt, an' began to ride 'im when 'e was three horf. 'E always used to say to me that 'e was the best bit of stuff that the master 'ad bred. Well, one day Mr James takes the colt out, and an hour after the colt comes galloping 'ome alone as if ole Nick was be'ind 'im. I got 'im into the stall an' I know'd what it was. 'E 'ad seen 'is bogie when 'e was out. Whenever 'e see'd it, it took 'im at least an hour to come round. But the worst we 'ad not expected. They brought Mr James 'ome in a milk-cart with 'is neck broke. 'Ow it 'appened no one ever saw. 'E was just picked up on the turnpike dead. When the master 'eard that Mr James 'ad been riding the colt, 'e give Cleghorn orders to 'ave 'im destroyed in the mornin'. In spite of my adversities, I did not want this, for I 'ad grown real fond of the colt, but Cleghorn didn't mind. 'E 'ad one kid lying dead, and the other dyin', an' was botherin' to

know whether 'e would be able to get both their funerals into one, so 'e was ready to shoot the colt in the mornin'. I did feel bad when I give 'im 'is last feed, as I thought, that evenin'. What 'appened up at the 'ouse that night I don't know, but about ten o'clock the butler come down with a message that the colt was not to be destroyed, but was to go up to London at once to be sold. As the butler was afeared to go over to Cleghorn's on account of the dead kid, I took the message over to 'im just as the second kid died. 'E damned me and the colt somethin' 'orrid.

"Well, gentlemen, hafter that I didn't see much of the 'orse for some time. 'E was bought 'ere at Tattersall's by a dealer on a hoff day for a tidy price. But as luck 'as thrown me an' that 'orse together, I larned all that 'appened to 'im. The dealer parted with 'im to a country vicar who 'ad suddenly come by a legacy, an' who 'ad a darter as 'unted. That vicar was some forty miles from Pushkin Park, where I 'ad gone back. Well, gentlemen, you may not believe it, but it's gorspel truth: one mornin' I come down hearly to hopen up the stables, when who should I find a-standin' by the door but 'is nibs 'ere. 'E 'ad come far and fast, for 'e was mucked all up. As soon as 'e see'd me 'e kind of whinnayed, and trotted hover an' rubbed 'is nose in my 'and, just as much as to say, 'I ham glad to see you again, matey.' Well, of course, we 'ad to return 'e,

an' I took 'im over the next day, wonderin' in my 'eart what news I should 'ear at the hend of my journey. I knew by the looks on un when I see'd 'im that mornin' that some'at 'ad 'appened. Nor was I mistook. When I arrived I found there was the devil to pay at that parsonage. The darter, for whom the 'orse 'ad been bought, 'ad ridden into 'Orsham, and heloped with the groom wot accompanied 'er in 'er rides. Bitter End brought poor old parson no luck, so 'e give hup grooms and such like, and sends the 'orse up to London. Tried Aldridge's this time, an' was bought by a dealer, an' broke the bloke's leg against the Park rails the following day. 'E unloaded 'im on a young officer in the Royal 'Orse Guards. What quite 'appened to this young officer I don't know, but 'e left England rather sudden-like, and went to furrin parts—Transvaal or somewheres—where they soon killed 'e. So 'e didn't 'ave no luck. Then the 'orse, as was now rising six, came up to Tattersall's again, and was bought be a City gentleman for Park work. 'E's a showy mover in the Park, 'e is. Well, this gent 'adn't 'ad 'im mor'n few weeks when they found 'im out, and sent 'im to gaol for a

long term. I always says as 'ow the hownership of the 'orse did it. Anyway, he must 'ave left 'is sorrowin' widder badly hoff, 'cause old Bitter was hup at Tattersall's again. Then folks began to say things sneery-like about the 'orse, as doubtless you 'eard them to-day. But I thinks myself, gentlemen, that it wore off. What's 'appened between this and that, gents, well, it's nuthin' that's very encouragin'. Beyond makin' a motor-kyar shy, this 'orse 'as 'ad very bad luck. It is true, though, that a motor-kyar, meetin' 'im at the bottom of an 'ill, tried to avoid 'im and went violently hover a culvert, whereby two of the contents was killed. But that's to yer credit, hain't it, ole man?

"Who was the last howner, gentlemen? Why, the unfortunate gentleman who lost 'is mother, wife, an' four children in the wreck of a Channel steamer. 'E kind of didn't fancy 'orses after that. An', gentlemen, most of these bad things 'as 'appened while I was separate from the 'orse; you will find, gents, that when hi am about 'e will ordinarily be 'ave hisself. Very good, sir, I will fetch 'm along to the Ladbroke Mews,—close by Westminster Habbey, isn't it, sir?"

(To be continued.)

INDIA : 1857-1907.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

FIFTY years have passed and gone since the evening of the 10th of May 1857. The number of those who can recall the anguish and suspense of that terrible year at home is all too quickly growing smaller; still fewer are the survivors of the gallant troops who took part in the toils and trials of the Mutiny campaign in India. To all such this fiftieth anniversary cannot but be full of memories—memories many of them of anxiety, of horror, and of terror, but others too of pride in deeds of heroism and endurance, of elation at success hardly won, at duty unflinchingly accomplished in the face of difficulty and danger. Nor will the anniversary be overlooked even by the younger generations whose recollections cannot carry them back to events of half a century ago; least of all will it be forgotten in India. As the sun sets in a haze of heat and dust on the 10th of May, and the long-darkened rooms are thrown open to catch if they may some breath of cooler air, we may be sure that the thoughts of many will go back to that sultry Sunday evening at Meerut, when the flames of the burning bungalows in the cavalry lines gave the first signal for the general conflagration, which was to wreck so many homes and leave behind it such a legacy of grief and hate.

As for the heroes—and the heroines too—of those dark days of 1857, the memory of them has never faded. At Delhi the lofty spire of the monument on the historic Ridge looks across the intervening space, over the boulder-strewn hillocks and the white-walled bungalows almost hidden amidst the thick growing shrubs, to the red sandstone walls of the imperial city and the delicate minars and milk-white domes of its Jamma Masjid; whilst below, amidst the trees, the new bronze statue of John Nicholson keeps watch over the cannon-wrecked breach by the Kashmir Gate. At Cawnpore, the fierce sunlight streaming through the painted windows of the Memorial Church stains the white radiance of the chancel floor, whose walls record the names of the gallant defenders, men and women, of Wheler's intrenchment; and a mile away a peaceful garden, where the shadows are ever restful and calm even when all the land seems to be gasping for breath, surrounds with its fresh and fragrant verdure the fateful well, where that "great company of Christian people, mostly women and children," who near this spot came out of much tribulation, sleep on together undisturbed. At Lucknow the trim lawns and well-kept paths smile on the crumbling ruins of

the Residency, where Henry Lawrence fell; and the dark cypress bushes grow green round the stone by the Martinière, where lies all that could die of William Hodson. So long as British rule lasts in India these memorials will never be neglected, nor will the names of those whom they honour be forgotten.

Moreover, there is another way in which the fiftieth anniversary of the Mutiny will certainly be made prominent in India. It is the "jubilee" year of all those splendid corps of native troops which sprang so rapidly into existence to aid us in quelling the rebellion. First amongst them, Hodson's Horse, which is known to-day as the Ninth and the Tenth (Duke of Cambridge's Own) Lancers, will not fail to commemorate the eventful month when it leapt fully armed into life, eager and ready to take part in the prolonged and deadly struggle outside the walls of Delhi. Then there are Wale's Horse, which has since gained wider celebrity as the Eleventh (King Edward's Own) Lancers, the Twelfth Cavalry, and the Fourteenth Lancers, who in 1857 were famous as "Murray's Jats." Of infantry regiments there are the Sixteenth, which was formed from the faithful remnants of the mutinous battalions at Lucknow, the Seventeenth, and some fifteen Punjabi battalions, amongst them the two famous regiments of Sikh Pioneers (23rd and 32nd) which have been prominent in almost every campaign and expedition in the

last half century. Each of these corps will celebrate this year the fiftieth anniversary of their birth and of the hard-fought battles where they made such a noble beginning of their now long roll of honour. There is no fear, then, that in India the occasion will pass unnoticed, or that the men who are working out there to-day will fail to remember with reverence and admiration the prowess and the endurance of those who preceded them.

But is it not fitting in this fiftieth anniversary of the year which added so many heroic names to our history that we should pause to consider what we are doing to hold inviolate the inheritance which they shed their blood to save, that we should examine how we stand in India to-day, how our position compares with that of half a century ago, how far we have effaced the wounds made by the strife and bloodshed of 1857, and what progress, if any, we have made towards effecting a permanent influence on that vast country which we have ruled now for some four generations?

It is unnecessary and profitless to revert to the much-discussed question of the causes of the Mutiny, but it is certainly useful for our purpose to consider the conditions in which the outbreak occurred and which governed its character and fixed its limits. In the south of the peninsula in 1857 three-quarters of a century of stable government and of unbroken quiet had not only

allowed the naturally peaceful and inoffensive peoples of those territories to settle down into the uneventful grooves of their agricultural pursuits, but the same influences had also cleared the country of those hordes of professional soldiers who had wandered down from the north to seek their fortunes in the armies of Tippu Sultan, or under the rival banners of the French and English. With the final overthrow of Tippu and the establishment of undisputed British supremacy these adventurers found their occupation gone, and for the most part they soon departed to more promising fields for their prowess. The local army was now composed almost exclusively of the southern races, which had indeed done good military service during the recent wars, but which were not naturally warlike, and which had generally required a considerable stiffening of Europeans or of the more martial warriors from Rohilkhand and Oudh.

In the east somewhat similar conditions prevailed. The natives, relieved from the constant strain and anxiety of internecine wars between their successive rulers, devoted themselves exclusively to their peaceful pursuits; but here such troops as were maintained for garrison or police purposes were still composed of mercenaries from the north-west,—for the indigenous races of Bengal are so averse to the profession of arms, that not even in the piping times of peace would they voluntarily handle a

musket or endure the toil of a soldier's life.

In Central India an epoch of comparative peace had succeeded to the chaos of rapine, pillage, and murder which had characterised the supremacy of the Mahrattas, but vast countries still remained under nominally independent rulers. These rulers had by no means forgotten the freedom and excitement of the days of their previous ascendancy. They still maintained, too, considerable forces of armed men drawn from those professional warrior classes which for centuries had battered on the battlefields of Central India. Moreover, their dreams of throwing off the yoke which galled them were made more vivid and more insistent by the dread of further limitations to their authority, which they saw foreshadowed in the policy of their conquerors.

In Oudh, the great recruiting-ground of India, both the military classes and the wealthy nawabs, who had hitherto been their patrons, were animated by a similar feeling of irritation, and even of hatred, towards rulers whose personality was repugnant to them, whose measures were unintelligible, and whose intentions were distrusted; and here the regret for the greater licence of the old native kingdom was the more poignant because the latter had only recently been brought to an abrupt termination. Here more than anywhere else in India such sentiments of discontent and distrust reached even to the small land-

owners and peasants, for it was from these that the armed forces of the kingdom of Oudh had been very largely recruited. At the same time, it was a sinister fact that these very classes supplied almost the whole of the recruits to the Bengal Army of the East India Company.

Finally, in the Punjab all classes of the population were still oppressed by the memory of the recent campaigns which had destroyed their independent national existence. But while, therefore, it cannot be supposed that the British conquerors were looked upon with much affection, it is certain at the same time that the very fact that they had conquered caused them to be regarded by the soldiers of the Khalsa with no little respect, and induced the belief when the Mutiny broke out that the Power which could subdue the Punjab would make short work of a rising amongst the despised and detested Hindustanis. For the moment, however, the British had very few Punjabi troops in the ranks of their army; a beginning had been made of enlisting them, but except in two regiments of Sikhs, the Guides, and a few small irregular corps, the measure had not as yet progressed much. The officers of the Company were inclined to distrust the Punjabis, and the Hindustani soldiery hated them, and did everything they could to make the service unpleasant for such as joined its ranks.

This, then, was the position in the spring of 1857: the

country people everywhere fairly contented, or, at least, not actively hostile, except in some parts of Central India and in Oudh; the families of those who had formerly been independent rulers almost everywhere disaffected, distrustful, and disloyal; the army (both the regular native regiments of the Company and the great contingents maintained by native princes) recruited in the north, almost entirely from just those parts of India where alone active hostility to the British existed amongst the lower orders. To these conditions should be added the fact that the native army had been pampered and petted to an extent that would have turned the heads of more loyal mercenaries than these were. They had been assured on all sides that they were invincible; they had seen the indomitable Gurkha and the stubborn Sikh sue for peace from the generals in whose armies they served, and they failed to realise how much those victories were due to the men who led them, and to the little force of white soldiers by which in every campaign they were accompanied. When, puffed up with pride and conceit, they showed signs of insubordination, their demands were treated with a consideration which they interpreted as weakness; when they even rebelled, their mutinous conduct was, if possible, condoned. Small wonder if in all these circumstances sedition and disloyalty flourished in their ranks, and that general mutiny, once proclaimed, spread

like wildfire through every cantonment of Upper India.

Inquirers about our position in India often ask whether there is any danger of a recurrence of such a mutiny as that of 1857. This question may readily be answered in the negative. First of all, it is to be remembered that that rising was distinctly and almost solely what its name implies. It was not, except to a very small extent and within restricted areas, a rising of the people, but a mutiny of the soldiery. It is true that it was fostered by many of those who had previously been the ruling class, but nevertheless in the main it was a purely military revolt, rendered possible by the composition and character of the Company's army, and largely due to the circumstances of that army's previous history. When it is realised how completely the native Indian army of to-day differs in character and composition from that of fifty years ago, it will also be appreciated how improbable is the recurrence of a rising similar in character to the great Mutiny. Apart from the fortuitous circumstance that in 1857 the British force in India had been seriously depleted; apart, too, from the very important detail that whereas the old Bengal army included many batteries of expert field-gunners, at the present day there is not a single native soldier who can handle or fire any gun bigger than mountain artillery,—over and above these sources of weakness in 1857,

which it may be confidently expected will never recur, there exists the great essential difference that, with the exception of a very small minority (which, it may be observed, did *not* mutiny), the native army of Bengal at that time was one in race and in country, united by every bond of common interest and common associations. To-day, on the other hand, it is recruited from diverse parts of India, and is composed of half a dozen or more various and socially discordant elements, many of them traditionally hostile to one another, differing in race, in language, in physique, and in mental as well as physical characteristics. Injudicious treatment might conceivably result in sporadic cases of mutiny; it is even possible to imagine some common cause which would unite two or three of the several classes of which the native army is composed; but it is difficult to believe that any agency could ever produce a carefully planned coalition in revolt between elements so antagonistic as the Dogras of Kangra and the Mussulmans of Oudh, the Sikhs and the Hindustani Brahmans, the Rajputs and the Pathans of the North-West Frontier.

But there is another safeguard against the recurrence in the army of such events as those of 1857, and one which may give us more positive satisfaction. Not only is the organisation of the Indian Army of to-day entirely unfavourable to the development

of such a crisis, but the relations existing between the soldiery and their British officers also make eventualities of the sort most unlikely. It is often said that service in the army is becoming less popular amongst the classes from which for the last half-century our ranks have been filled. This is undoubtedly and unfortunately true; but the change is not accompanied by any loosening of the ties which unite officers and men. It is due to the superior attractions of civil service under Government, to the rapidly increasing areas under cultivation resulting from the development of the corn trade and the advance of irrigation, to the consequent rise of wages in the labour market, and partly too, no doubt, to the greatly augmented toil and strain of military life in cantonments (although it is possible to exaggerate the importance of this factor in the case). In any case, however, the shortage of recruits is not due to disloyalty or disaffection, and it is well known in India that those who have served in the ranks of our army, and the relatives of such men, are more genuinely and actively loyal to us than any other class in the country. At no time have the relations between British officers and their men been more satisfactory than they are at present. The growth of such athletic sports as football and hockey, and the increased amount of time spent in camp and at manœuvres, bring officers and men together in an intimacy more healthy and more really

friendly than any which existed in former days. If it be objected that a similar confidence in the personal loyalty of their men was constantly displayed by the Bengal officers in 1857, and was constantly found to be misplaced, it may be replied that the conditions are not analogous. In 1857 those who were so trustful were wilfully blind to the signs of the coming storm. Unbiased observers both within and without the army were able to see this, and did not hesitate to say that they were living in a fool's paradise. To-day, on the other hand, there is not one competent critic who questions the good faith of our native soldiery.

Although, however, we may thus unhesitatingly come to the conclusion that our relations with the Indian troops in our employ have changed very much for the better since 1857, it is impossible to regard with equal satisfaction our position in respect to other and far more numerous classes of the population. If we turn first to the ruling princes we find, indeed, a great outward change; much of the barbarism of oriental royalty has disappeared; the principal chiefs have received from their English tutors something more than a veneer of Western civilisation; they are fully able to appreciate the advantages of a British suzerainty as compared with that of any other European Power; but they none the less appreciate, too, the limitations by which they are surrounded; their loyalty to us is, naturally enough,

begotten of self-interest; it is absurd to speak of it as patriotism, because, however much we may try to disguise the fact, our Empire in India is not an Indian but a British Empire. Satisfactory as our existing relations with the princes of India may be, therefore, and fully as they may recognise the justice of our rule, it is hard to believe that, if at any time of crisis in our fortunes they should see a reasonable chance of throwing off our yoke and of establishing an independent federation of native states, devotion to the British crown would cause them instead to stand by us.

Such an eventuality, however, is at present necessarily remote: not so the dangers likely to result from the growth of disaffection amongst the masses of the population, which are becoming daily more imminent. Here, at anyrate, we cannot claim to have made progress for the better during the last fifty years. The spread of education on lines far from judicious, and freedom of the press, which amongst people so frothy and wanting in ballast as the *babu* class in India has quickly degenerated into unbridled licence,—these two factors have resulted in the dissemination amongst millions of ignorant and superstitious people of a flood of lying and scandalous literature calculated to have a grave effect on the relations between government and governed. How extravagant are the falsehoods which are scat-

tered broadcast amongst the people was recently exemplified in the case at Lahore of the 'Punjabi,' a newspaper which published a story to the effect that a soldier orderly had been shot in cold blood by his British officer because he objected to carrying the dead body of a pig which the officer had killed. Nor did the monstrous libel stop there, but added that such deliberate murders by the British are of common occurrence. It may be thought that a story so obviously impossible would be comparatively harmless, because it bears on its face its own refutation; but this is not so. No fable is too absurd or too extravagant to obtain credence from the ignorant inhabitants of an Indian village. Two years ago the sanitary authorities of a large cantonment in the United Provinces ordered all house-owners to construct ventilating apertures in huts occupied by native menials. Thereupon it was rumoured that the doctors wished to get rid of all native servants in order to prevent the spread of plague in the place, and that the so-called ventilators were really devised to allow of a suffocating poison being readily dropped into each dwelling-house whilst the occupants were asleep. All the natives in the place had spent their lives in the service of Europeans, and it might have been thought that they would at once see how absurd was the report described. Those who were reasoned with did indeed profess their disbelief in

it; nevertheless, on the night on which it was said that the poison was to be thrown into the huts not a man, woman, or child would sleep therein, and the whole community passed the night in the open. This anecdote is related to illustrate the extraordinary credulity of the uneducated Indian; and if such a story as the above could gain credence in a British cantonment, how much more easily will the inhabitants of lonely hamlets, situated in unfrequented jungles, where no white faces are ever seen, give credit to the monstrous fabrications about the cruelty and rapacity of the English which the village schoolmaster reads aloud of an evening from his farthing news-sheet for the edification of the community? The evil may hitherto have worked slowly, but it is constantly spreading, and increased printing and postal facilities have greatly accelerated its growth during the last few years. Such an outrage as that which recently occurred near Poona, when some officers were set upon without provocation and almost beaten to death, is an example of the consequences of the race-hatred which is being fostered by the Indian press to-day. That similar consequences and of increasing gravity will recur in the future, unless some means be found to check the growth of the poison, no one can doubt.

We arrive, then, at this conclusion, that in our relations with those great masses of the population of India which

were, generally speaking, far from hostile to us in 1857, we have retrograded rather than progressed in the last half-century. The fact that the fifty years which intervene have been a period of unbroken peace, and, on the whole, of general prosperity, has only served to accelerate our loss of ground; for the old days when the land was constantly overrun by pillaging hordes are forgotten, and the benefits which result from a stable and strong Government are overlooked. Does this mean that our rule in India is a failure? The answer is both yes and no. It is not a failure in the way that Radical visionaries and fanatics would have us believe, whose extravagant vapourings do but show their complete ignorance of the East and of the complexity of the government of Orientals by a Western Power. It is not a failure economically and it is not a failure socially, so far as the preservation of life and property, the establishment of law and order, the gradual extension of education, and a general increase in the wellbeing of the people, can make it a success. But if the failure in question is the failure to make any permanent impression on the country, to graft any of the spirit of Western ideals on to an Oriental stock, to effect, in short, any real influence upon the soul of the Indian people, then assuredly we have failed completely, and shall continue to fail so long as our sway over India lasts. How, indeed, can

it be otherwise? Even if the native population of the country were akin to us in thought and temperament, could we expect really to influence them by intercourse so entirely from without, so official (for want of a better term), as is that between Englishman and Indian? Much less can we look for lasting results when we are dealing in this manner with races so aloof from ourselves, so different in their whole mental attitude, and at the same time so essentially conservative, as are the peoples of India. We cannot get near them if we would. The climate prevents us from ever colonising the country. Our stay there is at the most but for a few years; we are merely birds of passage, and our places when we leave are taken by others who come out from home as completely ignorant of India and its mysterious life as we were before them. There is thus no gradual progress in our relations with the natives. The new men do not take up the work where their predecessors left off, but they have to begin all over again for themselves. It is nothing better than a task of Sisypheus, and what makes it more hope-

less is the fact that our lack of success is not due to faults of ours, but to the inexorable force of circumstances which cannot be altered. For we of the West cannot change our nature, and most assuredly those of the East will never change theirs.

Thus it comes about that when in this fiftieth year since our rule in India was finally established we ask ourselves what progress we have made in the last half-century, all that we can claim is that we have carried on the government to the best of our abilities; we have devoted to it some of our best intellects; we have given the country peace, justice, and prosperity such as it had not enjoyed before; we have endeavoured by the unbiassed impartiality of our rule to remove all traces of the violent passions of 1857: but we are no more an integral part of India than we were then; we shall remain for so long as we are able and strong enough to maintain our Empire; but if in process of time that Empire shall fall, nowhere will it disappear more swiftly or more completely than in our Eastern dependency, and leave not a wrack behind.

LIBERTY AND PATRIOTISM IN AMERICA.

GUARDING the entrance to New York there stands, lofty and austere, the statue of Liberty. It is this statue which immigrants, on their way to Ellis Island, are wont to apostrophise. To contemplate it is, we are told, to breathe a larger air, to taste for the first time the sweets of an untrammelled freedom. No sooner does M. Bartholdi's beneficent matron smile upon you, than you cast off the chains of an ancient slavery. You forget in a moment the years which you have misspent under the intolerable burden of a monarch. Be you Pole or Russ, Briton or Ruthenian, you rejoice at the mere sight of this marvel, in a new hope, in a boundless ambition. Unconscious of what awaits you, you surrender yourself so eagerly to the sway of sentiment that you are unable to observe the perfections of your idol. You see only its vast size. You are content to believe the official statement that 305 feet separate the tip of the lady's torch from low water. You know that you gaze on the largest statue upon earth. And surely it should be the largest, for it symbolises a greater mass of Liberty than ever before was gathered together upon one continent.

In truth, Liberty is a thing which no one in America can escape. The old inhabitant smiles with satisfaction as he

murmurs the familiar word. At every turn it is clubbed into the unsuspecting visitor. If an aspirant to the citizenship of the Republic declined to be free, he would doubtless be thrown into a dungeon, fettered and manacled, until he consented to accept the precious boon. You cannot pick up a newspaper without being reminded that Liberty is the exclusive possession of the United States. The word, if not the quality, is the commonplace of American history. It looks out upon you—the word again, not the quality—from every hoarding. It is uttered in every discourse, and though it irks you to listen to this boasting of Liberty, as it irks you when a man vaunts his honour, you cannot but inquire what is this fetish which distinguishes America from the rest of the habitable globe, and what does it achieve for those who worship it?

In what, then, does the Liberty of America consist? Is it in freedom of opportunity? A career is open to all the talents everywhere. The superstitions of Europe, the old-fashioned titles of effete aristocracies, are walls more easily surmounted than the golden barricades of omnipotent corporations. Does it consist in political freedom? If we are to believe in the pedantry that Liberty is the child of the

ballot-box, then America has no monopoly of its blessings. The privilege of voting is almost universal, and the freedom which this poor privilege confers is within the reach of Englishman, German, or Frenchman. Indeed, it is America which sets the worst stumbling-block in the voter's path. The citizen, however high his aspiration after Liberty may be, wages a vain warfare against the cunning of the machine. Where repeaters and fraudulent ballots flourish, it is idle to boast the blessings of the suffrage. Such institutions as Tammany are essentially practical, but they do not help the sacred cause commemorated in M. Bartholdi's statue; and if we would discover the Liberty of America, we must surely look outside the ring of boodlers and politicians who have held the franchise up to ridicule.

Is, then, the boasted Liberty a liberty of life? One comes and goes with ease as great in England as in America. There are even certain restrictions imposed in the home of Freedom, of which we know nothing on this side the Atlantic, where we fear the curiosity of the Press as little as we dread the exactions of hungry monopolies. Of many examples, two will suffice to illustrate the hardships of a democratic tyranny. Not long since the most famous actress of our generation was prevented by a trust of all-powerful managers from playing in the theatres of America, and was compelled to take refuge in booths and tents. Being a lady of courage and

resource, she filled her new rôle with perfect success, and completely outwitted her envious rivals. Far more unfortunate was the fate of M. Gorki, who visited America to preach the gospel of Freedom, as he thought, in willing ears. With the utmost propriety he did all that was expected of him. He apostrophised the statue in a voice tremulous with emotion. He addressed the great Continent, as it loves to be addressed. "America! America!" he exclaimed, "how I have longed for this day, when my foot should tread the soil where despotism cannot live!" Alas for his lost enthusiasm! A despot, grim and pitiless, was waiting for him round the corner. In other words, the proprietor of his hotel discovered that Mme. Gorki had no right to that name, and amid the cheers of the guests he and his companion were driven shamefully into the street. Were it not for the wanton inconvenience inflicted upon M. Gorki, the comedy of the situation would be irresistible. The Friends of Russian Freedom, piously enamoured of assassination, and listening intently for the exquisite reverberation of the deadly bomb, sternly demand of the Apostle his marriage lines. The Apostle of Revolution, unable to satisfy the demand, is solemnly excommunicated, as if he had apostrophised no statue, as if he had felt no expansion of his lungs, no tingling of his blood, when he first breathed the air of Freedom. O Liberty! Liberty! many follies have been committed in thy name!

And now thy voice is hushed in inextinguishable laughter!

The truth is, American Liberty is the mere creature of rhetoric. It is a survival from the time when the natural rights of man inspired a simple faith, when eager citizens declared that kings were the eternal enemies of Freedom. Its only begetter was Thomas Jefferson, and its gospel is preached in the famous Declaration of Independence. The dogmatism and pedantry upon which it is based are easily confuted. Something else than a form of government is necessary to ensure political and personal liberty. Otherwise the Black Republic would be a model to England. But Jefferson, not being a philosopher, and knowing not the rudiments of history, was unable to look beyond the few moral maxims which he had committed to memory. He was sure that the worst republic was better than the noblest tyranny the world had ever seen. He appealed not to experience but to sentiment, and he travelled up and down Europe with his eyes closed and his mind responsive only to the echoes of a vain theory. "If all the evils which can arise among us," said he, "from the republican form of our government, from this day to the Day of Judgment, could be put into a scale against what France suffers from its monarchical form in a week, or England in a month, the latter would preponderate." Thus he said, in sublime ignorance of the past, in perfect misunderstanding of the future. And

his empty words echo to-day in the wigwams of Tammany.

All forms of government have their strength and their weakness. They are not equally suitable to all races and to all circumstances. It was this obvious truth that Jefferson tore to shreds before the eyes of his compatriots. He persuaded them to accept his vague generalities as a sober statement of philosophic truth, and he aroused a hatred of kingship in America which was comic in expression and disastrous in result. It was due to his influence that plain citizens hymned the glories of "Guillotina, the Tenth Muse," and fell down in worship before a Phrygian cap. It was due to his influence that in 1793 the death of Louis XVI. was celebrated throughout the American continent with grotesque symbolism and farcical solemnity. A single instance is enough to prove the malign effect of Jefferson's teaching. At Philadelphia the head of a pig was severed from its body, and saluted as an emblem of the murdered king. So monstrous was the rite, that I quote the historian's own description: "Each one placing the cap of liberty upon his head pronounced the word 'tyrant'! and proceeded to mangle with his knife the head of the luckless creature doomed to be served for so unworthy a company." And the voice of Jefferson still speaks in the land. Obedient to his dictate, Americans still take a sentimental view of Liberty. For them Liberty is still an emotion

to feel, not a privilege to enjoy. They are willing to believe that a monarch means slavery. America is the greatest republic on earth, they argue, and therefore it is the chosen and solitary home of Freedom.

So, ignoring the peculiar enslavements of democracy, forgetting the temptations to which the noblest republic is exposed, they proclaim a monopoly of the sovereign virtue, and cast a cold eye of disdain upon the tradition of older countries. The author of 'Triumphant Democracy,' for instance, asserts that he "was denied political equality by his native land." We do not know for what offence he was thus heavily punished, and it is consoling to reflect that the beloved Republic has made him "the peer of any man." It has not made any other man his peer, as the episode of Homestead vividly reminds us. He is separated far more widely by his wealth from the workmen, whom he patronises, than the meanest day-labourer in England from the dukes to whom he is supposed to bend the knee; and if Mr Carnegie be the fine flower of American Liberty, we need not regret that ours is of another kind.

In Jefferson's despite, men are not made free and equal by the frequent repetition of catchwords, and it is by a fine irony that America, which prides itself upon a modern spirit, should still be swayed by a foolish superstition, more than a century old,—that the cant of Liberty and Equality, uttered by a slave-owner in

1776, should still warp its intelligence. "I don't know what liberty means," said Lord Byron, "never having seen it;" and it was in candour rather than in experience that Byron differed from his fellows. Nor has any one else seen what eluded Byron. A perfectly free man must be either uncivilised or decivilised—a savage stronger than his fellows or an undetected anarchy armed with a bomb. A free society is a plain contradiction, for a society must be controlled by law, and law is an instant curtailment of Liberty. And, if you would pursue this chimera, it is not in a democracy that you are likely to surprise it. Liberty is a prize which will always elude you in a mob. The supremacy of the people means the absolute rule of the majority, in deference to which the mere citizen must lay aside all hope of independence. In life, as in politics, a democratic minority has no rights. It cannot set its own pace; it cannot choose its own route; it must follow the will of others, not its own desire; and it is small comfort to the slave, whose chains gall him, that the slave-driver bears the name of a free man.

Liberty, indeed, is a private, not a public, virtue. It has naught to do with extended franchises or forms of government. The free man may thrive as easily under a tyranny as in a republic. Is it not true Liberty to live in accord with one's temperament or talent? And as the best laws cannot help this enterprise, so the

worst cannot hinder it. You will discover Liberty in Russia as in America, in England as in France, —everywhere, indeed, where men refuse to accept the superstitions and doctrines of the mob. But the Americans are not content to possess the Liberty which satisfies the rest of the world. With characteristic exaggeration they must boast the exclusive monopoly of a rare and curious virtue. In Europe we strive after Freedom in all humility of spirit, as after a happy state of mind. In America they advertise it—like a patent medicine.

America's view of Patriotism is distinguished by the same ingenious exaggeration as her view of Liberty. She has as little doubt of her Grandeur as of her Freedom. She is, in brief, "God's own country," and in her esteem Columbus was no mere earthly explorer; he was the authentic discoverer of the Promised Land. Neither argument nor experience will ever shake the American's confidence in his noble destiny. On all other questions uncertainty is possible. It is not possible to discuss America's supremacy. In arms as in arts, the United States are unrivalled. They alone enjoy the blessings of civilisation. They alone have been permitted to combine material with moral progress. They alone have solved the intricate problems of life and politics. They have the biggest houses, the best government, and the purest law that the world has ever known.

Perfect Freedom is their exclusive privilege, as sky-scrappers and elevated railways are their exclusive possessions. Their universities surpass Oxford and Cambridge, Paris and Leipzig, in learning, as their Churches surpass the Churches of the old world in the proper understanding of theology. In brief, to use their own phrase, America is "It," the sole home of the good and great.

Patriotism such as this, youthful in enthusiasm, simple in faith, may prove, if properly handled, a national asset of immeasurable value. And in public the Americans admit no doubt. Though they do not hesitate to condemn the booblers who prey upon their cities, though they deplore the corrupt practices of their elections, they count all these abuses as but spots upon a brilliant sun. A knowledge of his country's political dishonesty does not depress the true patriot. He is content to think that his ideals are as lofty as their realisation is remote, and that the triumph of graft is as nothing compared with a noble aspiration. The result is that the Americans refuse to weaken their national prestige by the advertised cannibalism which is so popular in England. They are for their country, right or wrong. They do not understand the anti-patriot jargon, which was born of the false philosophy of the eighteenth century, and which has left so evil a mark upon our political life. To them the phenomenon which we call

Pro-Boerism is not easily intelligible. They take an open pride in their country and their flag, and it is certain that, when they stand in the presence of an enemy, they will not weaken their national cause by dissension.

This exultant Patriotism seems the more remarkable when we reflect upon what it is based. The love of country, as understood in Europe, depends upon identity of race, upon community of history and tradition. It should not be difficult for those whose fathers have lived under the same sky, and breathed the same air, to sacrifice their prosperity or their lives to the profit of the State. In making such a sacrifice they are but repaying the debt of nurture. To the vast majority of Americans this sentiment, grafted on the past, can make no appeal. The only link which binds them to America is their sudden arrival on alien soil. They are akin to the Anglo-Saxons, who first peopled the continent, neither in blood nor in sympathy. They carry with them their national habits and their national tastes. They remain Irish, or German, or Italian, though they bear the burden of another State and assume the privileges of another citizenship. But there is no mistake about their Patriotism. Perhaps those shout loudest who see the Star-spangled Banner unfurled for the first time, and we are confronted in America with the noisy expression of

a sentiment which cannot be paralleled elsewhere on the face of the globe.

They tread the same ground, these vast hordes of patriots, they obey the same laws,—that is all. Are they, then, moved by a spirit of gratitude, or do they feel the same loyalty which animates a hastily gathered football team, which plays not for its honour but for the profit of its manager? Who shall say? One thing only is certain, that the Patriotism of the cosmopolites, if it be doubtful in origin, is by no means doubtful in expression. On every Fourth of July the Americans are free to display the love of their country, and they use this freedom without restraint. From the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, from Detroit to Mexico, the Eagle screams aloud. She screams from early morn to dewy eve. And there is nothing to silence her screaming save the explosion of innumerable crackers, the firing of countless pistols. For this day the youth of America is given full licence to shoot his inoffensive neighbours, and, if he will, to commit the happy despatch upon himself. The next morning the newspapers chronicle the injuries which have been inflicted on and by the boys of New York, for the most part distinguished by foreign names, with the cold accuracy bred of long habit. And while the boys prove their patriotism by the explosion of crackers, their fathers, with equal enthusiasm, devote themselves to the waving of flags.

They hold flags in their hands, they carry them in their button-holes, they stick them in their hats, they wear them behind their ears. Wherever your eye is cast, there are flags to dazzle it, flags large and flags small, an unbroken orgie of stars and stripes.

It is, in fact, the Guy Fawkes Day of America. And who is the Guy? None other than George III. of blessed memory. For the Fourth of July has its duties as well as its pleasures, and the chief of its duties is the public reading of the Declaration of Independence. In every town and hamlet Jefferson's burning words are proclaimed in the ears of enthusiastic citizens. It is pointed out to a motley crowd of newly arrived immigrants that George, our king, of whom they had not heard yesterday, was unfit to be the ruler of a free people. And lest the inestimable benefit of Jefferson's eloquence should be lost to one single suddenly imported American, his declaration is translated into Yiddish for the benefit of those to whom English is still an unknown tongue. In a voice trembling with emotion, the orator assures the starving ill-clad Pole and the emaciated Bohemian that all men are free and equal; and so fine is the air of the Great Republic that this proposition, which refutes itself, is firmly believed for the moment by the penniless and hungry. And when the sun sets, and darkness enwraps the happy land, fireworks put a proper finish upon the national joy, and the favourite set-piece

represents, as it should, a noble-hearted Yankee boy putting to flight a dozen stout red-jackets of King George.

Humour might suggest that the expression of Patriotism is a trifle overdone. Perhaps also a truce might be made with King George, who, if he be permitted to look from the shades upon a country which his Ministers lost, must surely smile at this immortality of resentment. But to the stranger, who witnesses this amazing carnival for the first time, two reflections occur. In the first place, the stranger cannot but be struck by the perfect adaptation of Jefferson's rodomontade to an unexpected purpose. Although that eminent Virginian, at the highest point of his exaltation, did not look forward to the inrush of foreigners which is overwhelming his country, there is a peculiar quality in his words, even when translated into Yiddish, which inspires an inexplicable enthusiasm. In the second place, the stranger is astounded at the ingenuity which inspires a mob, separated by wide differences of race, speech, and education, with a sudden sympathy for a country which is not its own.

And when the last crackers are exploded, and the last flag is waved, what is left? An unreasoning conviction, cherished, as I have said, by a foreign population, that America is the greatest country on earth. But what the conviction lacks in sincerity it gains in warmth of expression, and if America be ever confronted by an enemy, the cele-

brations of the Fourth of July will be found not to have been held in vain. Where there is no just bond of union, a bond must be invented, and Patriotism is the most notable invention of the great Republic. To have knit up all the nations of the earth in a common superstition is no mean achievement, and it is impossible to withhold a fervent admiration from the rhetoric which has thus attained what seemed, before its hour, the unattainable.

But in this cosmopolitan orgie of political excitement the true-born American plays but a small part. He has put the drama on the stage, and is content to watch the result. If a leader be needed in a time of stress, the man of Anglo-Saxon blood will be ready to serve the country, which belongs more intimately to him than to those who sing its praises with a noisy clatter. Meanwhile he lets the politicians do their worst, and watches the game with a careless indifference. Even if he loves his country, his love does not persuade him to self-sacrifice. You may measure his patriotism by the fact that, if he does venture upon a political career, his friends know not which they should do—praise him or condole with him. "Isn't it good of So-and-so?" we constantly hear; "he has gone into politics." And with the approval is mixed a kindly, if contemptuous, sorrow. The truth is, that the young American of gentle birth and leisured ease hates to soil his hands with

public affairs. His ambition does not drive him, as it drives his English cousin, into Parliament. He prefers to pursue culture in the capitals of Europe, or to urge an automobile at a furious pace across the sands of Long Island. And the inaction of the real American is America's heaviest misfortune. So long as politics are left to the amateurs of graft and boodle, so long will Freedom be a fiction and Patriotism a piece of mere lip-service. Wealth is not wanting; brains are not wanting; energy is not wanting. Nothing is wanting save the inclination to snatch the control of the country from the hands of professional politicians. And until this control be snatched, it is idle to speak of reform. The Constitution of the United States is, we are told, a perfect Constitution. Its perfection is immaterial so long as Tammany on the one hand and the Trusts on the other conspire to keep it of no effect—a mere paper thing in a museum. The one thing needful is for men with clean hands and wise heads to govern their States, to stand for Congress, to enter the Senate, to defend the municipalities against corruption. And when this is done, the Declaration of Independence may safely be forgotten, in the calm assurance that it is better to spend one day in the service of your country than to fire off a thousand crackers and to dazzle the air with stars and stripes innumerable.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

THE LAST O'HARA.

"AY, it still goes by the name o' the O'Hara's Leap among the folk biding about here. My father was gey fond o' telling how it came to be caa'd that. He was in Colonel Adair's corps at the time, and so saw the whole thing."

We had toiled up the long steep road, and were now on the top of the highest cliff. The old schoolmaster was tired; so we sat down on a grassy dyke, with our backs towards the Glens of Antrim and our faces towards the laughing sea. He was in reminiscent vein, and while we sat there in the sunshine he told me the story.

The O'Hara it's named after was ane o' the auld reduced native Irish gentry. There was a sma' wheen o' them in these parts in my father's young days, but they are a' gone now, and naebody kens or cares whar. It was very different in my father's time. Then they were revered by their ain folk, and hated by the new gentry as the rightfu' owners o' a' the broad lands o' the North.

He was the head and the last o' the family that caa'd themselves the O'Haras o' Slemish.

Slemish is that bauld peak ye can see the tap o' on the ither side o' the Glens. Ah, mony's the merry hour I hae spent amang its bonny banks and braes years lang-syne, when my father had settled

doon on a bit farm halfside on it; and mony's the time as a wean hae I wondered ower the story o' the long standing-jump that the deevil took frae it till Skerry Hill five miles or mair awa', when St Patrick wanted to talk to him on the error o' his ways. That's the story as Presbyterian folk tell it. The mark o' the deevil's hooked snout is still on the stane on the tap o' Skerry whar he lit: I hae seen it mysel'.

Though the O'Haras caa'd themsel's the O'Haras o' Slemish, their stronghold was at Duncairn—a mile or twa up the Glens. It was at ae time a grand place, and the O'Haras were aye mating and fechtin wi' a' the best families in the county. But they were an unfortunate lot. There was never trouble in the country but they maun be in it, and they never were in trouble but they came ill out o' it. Their sairest trial was after the siege o' Derry, when King William blew up their stronghold, seized their lands, and outlawed the whole jing-bang o' them. It was thought that, like mony ither ancient races at that time, they wad hae to seek their fortunes in foreign parts, and maybe it wad hae been better for them if they had; but they had friends at court that got the outlawry withdrawn and part o' their land restored to them—the part the Scots and English newcomers disdained to tak', that is, four

or five thousan' acres o' mountain land, maist o' it too poor to grow thistles on. So they built themsel's a new mansion, little better nor a good farmhouse, out o' the ruins, and under the shadow o' their auld castle, and lived there a mournfu', seclused life, revered by their ain folk and hated and avoided by the new gentry and settlers about them.

My father, before he entered the service o' Nabob Starkie, was for a time wi' a sma' landowner by the name o' Montgomery, whose land marched wi' that o' the O'Haras. Mr Montgomery was a liberal-minded man and had very nee'bourly relations wi' the last O'Hara, though he was no Irisher or papist. And my father was often sent on his business, and sometimes went on his ain, to Duncairn House. Ye ken the last O'Hara's right-hand man was a big soft-faced carle caa'd Eagan MacEagan, who aye had a jug o' whusky handy when a friend happened to caa'. And though, in general, my father only kept company wi' his ain folk, the Scots or Protestants as they're now known, still he was no sae bigoted that he couldna see merit or find pleasure onywhar else.

Ye maun ken my father was a much more intellectual man than maist men o' his position. He took great interest in the auld legends and literature o' the Irish, and big Eagan MacEagan was just fu' o' these. He and his fathers had been hereditary bards to the O'Haras o' Slemish time out

o' mind, and a' the songs that his ancestors had sung, and a' the stories that they had told to the honour and glory o' the O'Haras, he kent by heart. And when the nights were lang and dark, and things were ganging dully at his maister's house, mony a time my father wad slip ower to Duncairn and spend a pleasant and profitable hour or twa ower a basin o' smoking punch, listening to Eagan MacEagan's tales o' the time when the O'Haras were kings in their ain country, and had their ain castles, and their ain soldiers, and their ain hangman, like the best in the land.

Sometimes when my father went ower to Duncairn he wad meet the O'Hara himsel'. He pictured him as a wee bit body, not much better nor a crowle, very cauld in manner and very hot in temper. His hair was red-brown, and so was his beard, which he let grow long, contrary to the custom o' that day. But the queerest thing about him was his eyes. They seemed ower big for his wee face, and aye to be gazing at something awa' in the distance which you couldna see. And their colour was red-brown like his hair, and an uncanny light aye shone in them, just as if there was a candle burning behint each o' them; and when he got angry, the candle went up in a bleeze that made you grue a' doon the back.

Then his way o' life was curious. They said that his father, after having his carriage-horses seized by the Orange-

man, Lawyer Hogg, at Ballymena, for five pounds apiece, had in his fury put his son under an oath never to leave his ain grund except to renew the auld struggle wi' England. However that may be, he never left it, but spent his days and nights reading auld Latin and Irish history books, and doing kindnesses to his ain folk, who, poor bodies, often sairly needed them. They fairly worshipped him; and weel they might, for he was the only ane o' a' their ancient gentry about here who, through weal and woe, peace and war, remained true to the auld race and the auld religion.

But the Scots farmers were very suspesious o' him. Ye ken the Protestant gentry o' that day were a very wild set. They were aye fechtin' or gambling or drinking or rioting a' ower the country, and the farmers thought it was an unnatural thing that the O'Hara shouldna take a hand in the pleasures o' his class. Then they seldom saw him, save when they were coming hame late and took the auld Duncairn Road—and a rough bit road it was—for a short out; and he a'ways hated to see them on it. And when they wad meet him in the gloaming, and he wad glare at them wi' those red-brown flaring eyes o' him flashing oot ower his big red-brown beard, they fairly shivered wi' dread. Mony o' them held that he wasna merely a papist, but had sold himsel' to the evil ane, body and saul. Ay, and mair nor the farmers

shared this view, for twice the Presbytery o' Ballymena discussed in secret session whether he shouldna be delated as a warlock. But my father, who, as I told you, was a very intellectual man, aye maintained it was easy enough to explain his strange way o' life wi'out throwing out ony reflections on his character. When ane thinks o' the insult an Irishman and a papist was in those days liable to be treated wi' when he went amang Protestants, ye can speer why a spunky man like the last O'Hara chose to bide at hame and amang his ain folk.

Weel, as I told you, the O'Hara's right-hand man was big Eagan MacEagan. He was caa'd the steward, but the relation between him and the O'Hara was no the ordinary ane o' maister and servant. MacEagan looked on the O'Hara mair as his owner nor onything else. He wad hae died a dog's death to save him an hour's uneasiness, wi'out thinking for a minute that he was doing onything beyond his bounden duty. And the O'Hara on his part regarded MacEagan wi' a devotion very different but maybe as strong in its kind, as I think you'll agree by-and-by.

Eagan MacEagan married a lass o' the Laverys o' MacUillan. The Laverys are a family wi' a thraw in them. Sometimes it comes out in them in the body and sometimes in the mind. If it comes out in the body, they are aye misshapen crowles, but usually they are quick in the uptak';

and if it comes out in the mind, they are mere haverals, but usually they are very bonny. Eagan's wife hersel' was a sonsy, red-cheeked lass, but wi' no more sense than a hen. She bore Eagan only ae laddie, and he took the thraw in the body. From his birth he was a wee, weakly, wizened-up thing like a last year's apple. The O'Hara, as the laddie grew up, saw he wad never be fit for ony honest work, so he decided to give him a good education, and make him an attorney or something o' that kind. So when young Michael MacEagan was auld enough he sent him to Mr M'Neil's Academy at Ballymena, and gied him a pony to carry him to and fro.

Now a' the scholars—and, for that matter, a' the teachers—at the Academy were Presbyterians,—the Presbyterians were aye keen on education; and just when young Michael was sent there, the Presbyterians a' ower Ulster were agog ower the French Revolution. Ye ken, ever since the great evictions thirty years afore, when some forty thousand Presbyterian farmers were driven frae Ulster to America, the Presbyterians, both them that went awa' and them that stayed at hame, had borne a bitter hatred o' English rule; and when the American war broke out not lang after, England had bitter reason to know it. Now the example o' the French had fired them a' wi' a burning hope o' overthrowing the government they loathed. Everywhere they were blether-

ing about the principles o' the revolution and the rights o' man, and the chance o' setting up an Irish republic, and laying in stocks o' treasonable literature and auld guns and pikes.

Weel, young Michael, in his shairp way, listened to the talk o' his fellow-scholars, and he soon picked up some knowledge o', and became a raging convert to, democratic views. He had good sense enough, though, to say nae-thing about these at Duncairn, for he kenned that the O'Hara hated them, and he felt sure that if he, a mere kern o' the O'Hara's, preached to his father such a monstrous doctrine as that the O'Hara was nae better than himsel', though he was his ain son Eagan wad wring his neck wi' as little pity as he wad a chicken's.

It was just when the Presbyterian discontent was at its height, and a' parties saw that the outbreak o' rebellion was a matter o' days, that the O'Hara directed Eagan to hae some twa score head o' kine canted the next fair day at Ballymena. So when the fair day came, twa herds took ower the kine, and Eagan and young Michael drove ower after them to the market. The kine sold weel, and Eagan gieing the herds a couple or three glasses o' ale—Eagan and young Michael taking whusky—sent them hame again, while he and Michael went about the toon seeing some auld friends.

They were at this till the fair was ower. By that time the farmers that had been at

the fair—and the MacEagans themsel's, I fear—had had a good mony whuskies, and were in no way to think o' what was prudent. So they made what is now caa'd a demonstration against the Government. They were nearly a' Presbyterians, dour and fierce bodies they aye were, and they wanted to show their hatred o' their enemies. They gathered in groups about the fair hill, and talked fiercely o' what they wad soon do, and the mair excitable o' them wad frae time to time shout out, "Remember Orr!" "Liberty for Ireland!" and such-like cries.

Weel, Nabob Starkie wi' his corps o' yeomen—my father's corps—lay stationed in the toon, and he wasna the sort o' man to stand this lang. Before the demonstration had weel begun he was seen coming riding at the head o' his corps, and ance the farmers saw him they gey soon quieted doon and began to separate, and not a few o' them hurried aff to their carts and started hame.

Nabob Starkie rode slowly through the wheen folks that still remained, glaring fiercely from side to side wi' his big yellow-black eyes, as if dauring ane o' them to whisper. He had got right out o' the sma' crowd, and was passing where Eagan MacEagan was standing watching the scene wi' his cripple o' a son hanging on to his arm, when suddenly Michael—I speer it was the whusky working on him—squeeled out in his wee thin

voice, "Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!"

"Seize that cursed whelp!" shouted out the Nabob. "Who's that with him? His father? Seize the old dog too. Off with them to the bridewell this minute!"

Before Eagan MacEagan kent weel what had happened, he and his son had been seized by half a dozen yeomen, and were being driven like wild beasts along the streets to the jail.

They were brought before a court-martial the next morn, and each was sentenced to receive twenty-five lashes on the fair hill that day at twelve o'clock.

The court-martial hadna risen long, and my father was wi' the Nabob receiving some orders frae him in his private room in the hotel, when the door opened and who should walk in but the O'Hara. How he had got news o' what had happened to the MacEagans my father never learnt.

He saluted the Nabob very politely, apologised for intruding on him, told him who he was, and stated finally that he had come to ask for a delay in the execution o' the sentences on his servants until he could appeal to the General Commanding in Belfast.

A' the time he was speaking Nabob Starkie kept glowering at him in a venomous way: he hated the O'Hara wi' a renegade's hate. When he ceased, the Nabob said very slowly: "O'Hara, you're not so well reported yourself that I am likely to grant you a favour

for your traitors of servants. The sentence was lawful and given by a lawful court, and if you are at the fair hill to-day at twelve o'clock you'll see it carried out. Now, get out of the room. I have no time to waste on you or the other two papists."

The O'Hara's red-brown eyes bleezed out like furnaces, and for a minute my father thought he was going to strike Nabob Starkie. But he recovered himself, and turning quickly left the room wi'out saying a word.

At twelve o'clock Nabob Starkie wi' his corps marched up to the fair hill wi' Eagan and his son. My father wad gladly hae escaped going, but the Nabob had found out that he kenned the MacEagans, and sae wadna excuse him.

Eagan a' the way to the fair hill wore a firm and calm face; but Michael, though he was now about eighteen, greeted like a wean. When they reached the ground there was a good crowd there, and in the front o' it was the O'Hara. The moment Eagan noticed him he staggered and nearly fell, and from then till he was tied to the triangle he seemed in a daze.

He never uttered a word or a groan while the cruel thongs cut his naked flesh. When he received his portion he caa'd out.

"What does the hound want?" asked the Nabob.

"Your honour," said poor Eagan, "my laddie there is but a poor wee bit o' a crippled wean, and no fit to thole this.

If your honour pleases, I'll tak' his strokes as weel as my ain."

The Nabob laughed.

"If the cur wants mair strokes," he said to the provost-marshal, "gi'e him ten mair."

Wi' that the O'Hara broke through the circle o' yeomen. His eyes were flaming, and his whole frame in a tremble.

"Before one more stroke is given him," he cried wildly, "I demand if they are to be taken off the laddie's punishment?"

Nabob Starkie glowered at him wi' a poisoned look.

"O'Hara," he said slowly, "I have warned you once to-day; I'll not warn you again. Turn that man off the ground."

The O'Hara was bundled back behind the yeomen again, and ten mair strokes were gien poor Eagan. Then he was untied, and young Michael put in his place.

When the first lash fell on his wee withered-up back he screamed wi' agony, and he continued screaming till the tenth fell. Then he fainted. The provost-marshal went on lashing his poor senseless body.

Ance mair the O'Hara broke through the yeomen. He now looked to my father clean daft.

"This is hell's wark!" he shouted. "Here," and he tore off his ain coat, "I'll take the rest!"

"Arrest that d——d papist!" yelled the Nabob. "We'll see if we cannot stop his obstruction of the King's officers in doing their duty!"

The O'Hara was seized by the yeomen and carried off to the bridewell. The provost-

marshal went on lashing the senseless laddie. When the twenty-five were gien they loosed him frae the triangles and threw him on the ground, and then the yeomen marched off. Eagan lifted his bairn gently in his arms and carried him to the inn, where he had left his horse and car when they drove in frae Duncairn the morn afore sae blithe and canty. That e'en it was a sairly different journey back.

Next morn the O'Hara was charged before a court-martial wi' high treason. There was much difference amang the officers that sat on it, and they debated in secret long before they came to a decision. But at last the Nabob, who presided, had his way, and announced that the court found the prisoner guilty, and sentenced him to be hanged before his ain house, which was to be burnt before he suffered. The Nabob and his corps were to carry out the sentence on their march the next day to Glenarm, where they had post-haste been ordered. Colonel Adair, who was bitterly against the sentence, rode off to Belfast to see the General Commanding, but he refused to interfere. He said that the O'Hara's death wad cow the papists and prevent them joining the Presbyterians.

My father was at the trial, in attendance upon the Nabob, and he saw there amang the audience Eagan MacEagan. The man was sae changed that my father hardly kenned him. His big saft face had hardened into a rock, and his blue laugh-

ing eyes glittered like sword-steel. He heard the sentence on his chief without showing ony feeling, and then walked frae the court, looking like a man in a dream.

My father thanked God the next morn when Nabob Starkie gied him so mony wee commissions to carry out in Ballymena that he couldna be through them till long after the time when the corps wi' its prisoner was to start its march. It was arranged that my father, when he had finished his work, should ride alone after them and report himself at Glenarm.

Weel, the commissions took mair time even than was speered — maybe my father was no minded to be too quick wi' them — and it was near nightfaa' when he started to ride to Glenarm. He thought he wad gang by the auld Duncairn Road, just to see the ruins o' the house whar he ance had spent mony pleasant evenings.

As he came near the O'Hara country night had faa'en, and he noticed a red light in the dark sky.

"They maun hae been slow wi' their wark," he said to himself. "The hoose is bleezing still."

As he drew nearer he noticed twa or three mair red lights, and then three or four mair, and sae on, till the whole sky was as red as if it was a' on fire itself.

He didna ken what to mak' o' this till he met a party o' Captain Blair's troop. They were a' half-mad wi' drink and rage and excitement. They

told him that Eagan MacEagan wi' a party o' pikemen had surprised the corps where the road rins through Duncairn Wood, and had rescued the O'Hara, besides killing twelve or mair yeomen; that the yeomen had searched the woods and rough ground for miles round, and had found no trace o' the O'Hara or the rescuers. So Colonel Starkie, for punishment, had detached Captain Blair's troop, wi' orders to burn every house, great or sma', on the O'Hara's land. As my father rode past the wee clachan near Duncairn Castle, and heard the roar o' the flames through the roofs o' the poor bits o' houses, the curses o' the yeomen and the screams o' the women and the groans o' the redshanks that were dying in the effort to defend them, his very heart sickened wi'in him, and he wad hae asked leave to retire frae the corps that night but that he kenned weel if he did the Nabob wad hae had him shot for a traitor. My father was new to the wark then, and he learnt afterwards to thole it better; but, as I told you before, till his dying day he couldna talk o' those awfu' times wi'out greeting.

Well, three days or so later the "turn-out," as the rising was caa'd, took place. I needna dwell on it. The O'Hara appeared at the head o' twa or three hundred redshanks, and the maist o' them were slaughtered by the Nabob as they were trying to mak' their way hame after the Battle o' Antrim.

Now, though the O'Hara

and Eagan MacEagan were aye amang the hottest fechtin' they werena found amang the slain. So a price was put on their heads and a' the country round was owerrun wi' soldiers and yeomen and spies searchin' for them. But deil a trace o' ither could onybody find, until ae night the O'Hara and Eagan broke into the house o' Captain Blair—that ravaged the O'Hara's lands, you mind—and took him frae his bed and hanged him on a tree in his ain lawn in front o' his ain hall-door.

As you may speer, this made the authorities hotter for their capture than ever. They suspected that his ain folk were hiding the O'Hara, and they tried a' sorts o' devilish devices to mak' them disclose his wharabouts. Cornet Strong and his party o' horse were the maist brutal in this wark. Ae night when they were camping out up in the hills near Duncairn, the O'Hara suddenly appeared among them like a ghost, shot the Cornet deid, and before ony ane could recover frae his surprise disappeared again like a ghost.

Twa days later Major MacMunn, that the day afore had lashed an auld Glens woman to death for refusing to tell where her man was hiding, was seized by the O'Hara and Eagan on the Broughshane Road in broad daylight and carried off. It was a day or twa before the troops sent in pursuit found him, and when they did find him he was tied to a tree in Duncairn Wood, and had been lashed to death

just as he had lashed the auld woman.

Day after day and night after night the twa men turned up whar they were least expected and revenged wi'out pity some outrage on the Glens folk. It was noticed soon that they bothered themselves in no way about outrages on Presbyterians; but a yeoman or trooper wha had lashed a Glens man or ravished a Glens woman wasna safe in the middle o' a regiment. And soon it grew that if a redshank was interfered wi', he wad threaten them wi' the vengeance o' the O'Hara, and it was a threat naebody a'thegither liked.

Times and times the soldiers thought they had got him. Cordons o' horse wad be thrown round districts whar he or Eagan had been seen and drawn closer and closer, every bush and hole and house being searched on the way. Usually no trace o' them was found. Sometimes, on the other hand, they were there, but they aye in the end broke through the cordon, sometimes killing a trooper or twa, but ever escapin unhurt themsel's.

After a wee the queerest stories began to get round among the troops, and, indeed, ower a' the countryside. Folks got to recaa'ing that lang syne mony had doubted if the O'Hara hadna sauld himsel' to the deevil. And now his daring deeds and his constant escapes from what should wi' ony ane else hae been certain death made maist folks sure that he had. And

when this belief got about folks told the most uncanny things about him. Ane was that he could see just as weel in the dark as in broad daylight, and maybe that was true, for wi' such flaming eyes as he had naebody could speer what he mightn't be able to do. Anither was that bullets didna hurt him. Man after man told how he had fired straight on him as he passed, and he had run on as unwounded and unconcerned as if a pea had been blawed at him. And Tam Phipps o' Montgomery's Horse told the strangest tale o' a'. He said he struck him ance a fair stroke wi' his sabre ower the shoulder, strang enough to lop his arm aff, but the sword wadna cut him. The edge o' it just turned ower, whilst a stoon ran up Tam's ain arm as if the sword had caught lightning. Every ane kent that Tam was a lying, boasting body, aye fu' o' wonderfu' experiences and adventures, but still, when he told the story and showed his blunted sword, folks couldna but feel a wee uneasy.

Well, what wi' a' these bogle stories about him, and what wi' his wonderfu' daring and more wonderfu' escapes, and what wi' the number o' them he had killed frae time to time, and what wi' his fearsome appearance wi' his flaming eyes and red-brown beard, the maist o' the troops sent after him got as feared o' him as feared could be. Mony o' them doubted if the O'Hara wasna the very deevil himsel' come to earth to

help the papists, and mony mair were convinced that at ony rate he was under the deevil's care and protection. At last it grew to this, that when they thought he was near them they turned pale wi' fear, and when they saw him they were so fu' o' terror that they had hardly strength enough to pu' a trigger, let alone steadiness enough to tak' an aim. And a' this warked out to the safety o' the O'Hara.

Well, the Government got fairly mad wi' everybody connected wi' the business. They blamed Nabob Starkie for driving the O'Hara into rebellion, and that was ane o' the reasons they retired him and gave his corps to Colonel Adair, but only ane o' them. A mair important ane was maybe the Nabob's unpopularity now that the frenzy o' the rising was ower. And they blamed the officers o' the troops searching for the outlaws for want o' tact and energy, and they directed Colonel Adair himsel' to tak' on the pursuit in person.

Colonel Adair soon after he took ower the command showed a great liking for my father, and, as you ken, he later attached him to his ain private service, where he long remained. The first proof he had that he was a favourite was ae evening when the Colonel sent for him privately.

"Sergeant Thomson," said he, "you know this corps better than I do. Now I want to-night a dozen men for secret service—it's not dangerous but

it may be trying to their nerves. I want men who are not always channering about warlocks and bogles, and who would face the devil himsel' if he *did* turn up. Get them ready by twelve to-night, and tell no living thing anything about this."

My father said naething, but as he went awa' to carry out the Colonel's orders he thought to himsel' — "Heavens above us! is it possible he's going to try and catch the O'Hara wi' only twelve men? Pray God ony o' us ever sees the morn's light again."

Well, he quietly warned twelve o' the stoutest-nerved men in the corps to be ready for service the night at twelve, and to say no word about it to ony ane. And then he went to his ain quarters and drew the charges o' his pair o' holster pistols and recharged them, putting in instead o' bullets twa silver buttons that he cut frae his service waistcoat. Not that he ever believed that the O'Hara was a warlock, but he was aye a prudent man, and he thought it weel to be on the safe side.

At twelve o'clock my father wi' the twelve troopers rode slowly up to the Colonel's quarters. He came out wi'out summons, mounted his horse, and bidding them mak' as little noise as they could, rode off towards the auld Duncairn Road. They rode silently along it till they were in the Duncairn Wood, within twa mile or so o' auld Duncairn Castle. Here not far frae the road there was a rough bit o' a cliff some

hundred feet high, wi' sma' ledges on its face and sma' bushes growing here and there. Under this the Colonel dismounted, and motioned his men to do the same. When they had done so he said to them, speaking very quietly—

"Lads, I have information that the O'Hara and MacEagan are hiding in some old secret dungeons underneath the ruins of Duncairn Castle. There's a subterranean passage leads to them from the face o' this cliff. It's long and it's dark and it's low, and we must crawl along it without noise on our hunkers till we get to the dungeons. If all has gone well they won't have any firearms to use, but I cannot speak surely of this. Now, I want six of you to come with me up the passage armed only with pistols, the others to remain here and guard the entrance and our horses and swords. Who will volunteer to come?"

Well, Starkie's men may hae been as wicked and as cruel as men can be, but they were brave lads. Every man o' them volunteered.

"You cannot all come," said Colonel Adair. "Sergeant Thomson, you have picked well the men to start with us: now pick again the men to come with us to the end."

My father soon made his choice. Those selected took off their swords, looked to the priming o' their pistols, and then climbed after the Colonel to a wee ledge about half way up the face o' the cliff. There the Colonel pu'd frae behind a bit bush a thin skelf o' stane,

and behind it the men could see through the darkness a black hole about twa feet high and three wide. The Colonel crept through it, my father followed, and the other men came after ane by ane.

After the party had gone a hundred yards or so, the roof grew higher and the floor smoother; but still they a' had to travel on their hands and knees. It was, my father confessed, gey nervous wark creeping along for twa miles under the grund and in the dark, wi' the prospect o' grappling wi' the warlock O'Hara and the giant MacEagan when you got to the end. But nane o' the men faltered in the task.

At last they saw a light afore them, and a whisper passed doon the line to be mair carefu' than ever. They a' crept along as noiselessly as a cat stalking a bird, till they reached a door just enough ajar to let a ray o' light through. Then there was a pause, while they got their breath for the attack. At last Colonel Adair flung the door wide and sprang intil the room. As he did so he cried in a loud voice, "Surrender, in the King's name!"

My father jumped in after him. When he got intil the room the O'Hara had seized a pair o' pistols, and had one levelled at the Colonel's head. He pu'd the trigger. There was nae flash. He glanced at it hastily and flung it to the ground. He glanced at the other and seemed for a second dumbfounded. Then he flung it down and caught a sword

frae the waa' and rushed on the Colonel.

Colonel Adair fired. He told my father he didna want to kill him, and so, as you might speer, he missed him a'thegither. My father, to save the Colonel, now fired. He hit the O'Hara on the thigh, and he fell at ance to the ground. My father and the Colonel sprang on him.

All this had occupied only twa seconds. Eagan MacEagan had stood throughout it paralysed wi' surprise. The faa' o' the O'Hara brought him to his senses, and he seized a pike and dashed at Colonel Adair and my father, wi' whom the O'Hara was struggling wi' the strength o' a giant in spite o' the wound in his leg and his sma' size. By this time the other troopers had got intil the room, and they got between MacEagan and the three men fighting on the floor. They caught the pike, and levelled pistols at MacEagan's head. As they did this, a wee, thin, piercing voice caa'd oot—

"Dinna hurt my father! Dinna hurt my father! The Colonel promised he wadna suffer."

My father says the O'Hara heard Michael MacEagan's shrill voice above the din o' the fechtin', and immediately ceased to struggle. He lay still for a moment, and then he said in a low tone, "Help me up, gentlemen: I surrender!"

Eagan MacEagan had heard his son's voice too, and the words a'thegither dumbfounded him. He too ceased to struggle.

He stood quiet and silent, gazing from ane to anither in a dazed way, as if trying to understand what had happened.

A guard was placed on him. Colonel Adair and my father lifted the O'Hara into a chair. Apparently the shot had broken his leg. One o' the troopers that had been orderly to a surgeon during the rebellion bandaged the wound as well as he could. Meanwhile my father turned ower the table and took the feet off it, so as to mak' it into a sort o' cradle on which to push the wounded O'Hara doon the lang souterrain.

As they were finishing their preparations for leaving the dungeon, my father heard wee Michael MacEagan whispering to Eagan in Erse, "It was to save oursel's, father, that I done it." Eagan looked at him in a dazed way. My father never was certain whether he understood the words or no.

After much trouble the O'Hara and Eagan were got through the souterrain. The other troopers left behind were getting very anxious, for the arresting party had been awa' twa or three hours. As my father had fired the shot that broke the O'Hara's leg, he insisted that the O'Hara should hae his horse. The Colonel approved, and directed my father to tak' the bridle, while he himsel' rode by his side. Eagan MacEagan, as he was by the arrangement wi' Michael to be pardoned, wasna bound, but walked a few paces behind

his maister, while the troopers rode in files on each side. Michael walked by himsel' be-hint, naebody speaking to him or caring for his company.

It was a cauld clear morn, my father said, when the wee company left the auld Duncairn Road and debouched on this mountain-path along the cliffs, about a mile south frae here. The tide was out, and the sun was just rising ower the far awa' hills o' Scotland. Up till then the O'Hara hadna ance spoken. When the fresh air o' the sea blew on his pale face he wakened up a wee and looked out ance or twice in a wistfu' sort o' way ower the ocean. Then he drooped his head on his breast again and seemed to muse. Suddenly a bit doon there he lifted his head and turned to Colonel Adair.

"It's a sair thing, Colonel," he said, "that the last o' the O'Haras should die on the scaffold like a felon."

"It is a sair thing, O'Hara," answered Colonel Adair, in a very soft and kindly voice.

The O'Hara was silent again for a minute.

"And it's a sairer thing," he then said, "that he should be betrayed to death by ane o' his ain household."

"It is a very sair thing," answered Colonel Adair.

The O'Hara was again silent.

"O'Hara," said Colonel Adair after a wee, "dinna think it's wi' ony glee I'm doing this wark, but it is my duty."

"I didna blame you, Colonel," answered the O'Hara. "I tried to do my duty too."

A minute or twa after they reached this cliff, just about whar we are sitting. As they did so, the O'Hara suddenly kicked his horse fiercely wi' the heel o' his unwounded leg. It bounded forward, pu'ing the reins frae my father's hands, and nearly knocking Colonel Adair out o' his saddle. Before ony ane kenned what he was about, the O'Hara jumped the horse ower this dike and headed straight for the cliff. Colonel Adair caa'd on him to stop, but he answered only wi' a wave o' his hand as the horse wi' him on its back bounded ower the edge o' the precipice.

All the company ran up as near the edge as they daured in fine excitement. As they glowered ower it a wild squeel o' terror was heard. Everyane turned towards whar it came frae, and there they saw Eagan MacEagan wi' wee Michael in his arms disappearing ower the edge, shouting as he went, "Ye misshapen cur, come after the maister ye hae betrayed!"

When Colonel Adair had recovered from his amazement at this awfu' ending o' the business, he caa'd on his men to follow him doon to the shore to recover the bodies before the tide came in. Though they went doon the hill at a brave pace, it took them a good wee while to reach the bottom o' the cliff. When they got there they started looking into ane anither's faces in a startled way. The bodies o' wee Michael and the horse were there dead enough, but nae

trace could they find o' those o' the O'Hara and Eagan! As they searched right and left wi'out result, the men whispered in an awesome way amang themsel's. The cliff is five hundred feet high. Nae human being could jump ower it and live wi'out the aid o' heaven or hell. Had the O'Hara some such aid after a'? The men, ay and Colonel Adair himsel', were as pale as corpses as they thought o' a' this, and my father thanked God he had put the silver buttons in his pistols, or maybe nane o' the yeomen wad e'er hae left that auld secret dungeon alive that morn.

When my father had gathered his wits thegither again, he thought o' an explanation which was afterwards put about as the true ane by the authorities. The shore along the cliff here was then, as now, a great place for kelp-gatherers; and then, as now, they came doon to it whenever the tide was out, though it was the very skreigh o' day; and then, as now, a' the kelp-gatherers were Glens folk. That morn my father noted not ane was to be seen when the troopers reached the shore. Well, how was that? Was it no that they had seen the men coming ower the cliff, and finding out wha they were, had, to save

the bodies frae indignity, ta'en them awa' to ane o' the mony caves kent o' only by themsel's and their friends the smugglers?

However that may be, the bodies were never found, and the Glens folk wad never admit that the last O'Hara was dead. They always said that he was saved by the intervention o' the Virgin, and was living wi' his faithfu' Eagan in a cave high up the face o' the cliff, whar he wad bide till the Catholics were ance mair oppressed, when he wad ance mair come to their aid. Ay, and the Protestants, though they pretended they had nae doubt but the bodies had been stolen awa' and buried secretly, were in truth no sae sure o' that after a'. Lang, lang after the leap, travellers by night ower the auld Duncairn Road wad tell tales o' seeing the O'Hara or his ghaist, wi' his big flaming eyes and his big red-brown beard, hovering about among the dark places in Duncairn Wood, and for mony years ony ane wha had done wrang to a Glens man wad grue when such tales were told. And to this day auld Protestant women along the shore still talk o' the warlock O'Hara, and frighten their bairns wi' the terror o' his name.

ANDREW JAMES.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AS I KNEW HIM.

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

CHAPTER I.—FOURTH PARTY DAYS.

THE first time I noticed Lord Randolph Churchill in the House of Commons was on a May day in 1875. Sir Charles Dilke, pursuing what threatened to be an annual crusade against unreformed corporations, made merry at the expense of Woodstock, then represented by one who was known in the parliamentary arena simply as a cadet of the ducal house of Marlborough. From the third bench behind that on which Ministers ought to have been sitting—whence, unmindful of the portent whose fulfilment had vital interest for some of them and for the Conservative party, they were absent—rose a well-groomed young man with protuberant eyes, pale face, and a ponderous moustache, with which as he spoke he nervously toyed. Members asking each other "Who's this?" learned that it was the member for Woodstock rising to defend the corporation of the borough that sent him to Parliament.

Though assisted by notes, on which the speech was fully written out, the young member was so nervous, his voice so badly pitched, his delivery so faulty, that there was difficulty in following his argument. But here and there flashed forth a scathing sentence that

made it worth while to attempt to catch the rest. When he sat down Lord Randolph had made his mark, had established himself as an interesting personality, in an assembly in which within ten years he was predominant.

Three years later he justified the promise made in this casual speech. It was in March 1878 he appeared in the rôle, subsequently familiar, of candid friend of a Conservative Ministry. Mr Selater-Booth, President of the Local Government Board, brought in a County Government Bill, whose main object was to transfer the government of counties to boards elected partly by the county magistrates, partly by the Board of Guardians. The rejection of the Bill was moved by Mr Rylands, a fussy Radical who, through successive sessions, was, like Martha, troubled about many things. To the astonishment of the House Lord Randolph Churchill rose from the Ministerial side to second the amendment. The personal conjunction was piquant enough to attract attention. Lord Randolph's speech held it in close grip.

"I do not," said the member for Woodcock, as Jacob Bright in his solitary unpremeditated flash of humour called him,

"want to say anything disagreeable; but I have ransacked the whole arsenal of denunciatory phrases and have not found any that adequately express my estimation — or rather lack of estimation — of the measure." Failing full success in that direction, he characterised the Bill as "Brummagem make, stuffed with all the little dodges of a President of the Local Government Board when he comes to attempt to legislate upon a great question."

This brought him to the President of the Local Government Board, seated massive, apparently impassive, on the Treasury Bench, over which Randolph threateningly towered.

"Remarkable," he murmured, contemplating the back of Selater-Booth's head, "how often we find mediocrity dowered with a double-barrelled name."

"I have no objection," he continued, "to the President of the Local Government Board dealing with such questions as the salaries of Inspectors of Nuisances. But I do entertain the strongest possible objection to his coming down here, with all the appearance of a great lawgiver, to repair, according to his small ideas and in his little way, breaches in the British Constitution."

In these later years frank criticism by private Members of their pastors and masters, on either Front Bench, is so common as to attract little attention. In 1878 it was not altogether unknown below the

gangway on the Liberal side. It was quite new with Conservatives. As Randolph spoke the Ministerialists sat silent in pained amazement; whilst the Liberals, gleefully watching Selater-Booth, bolt upright on the Treasury Bench, with head slightly thrown back, one leg crossed over the other, hands clasped across his portly figure, an unwonted flush on his stolid countenance, laughed and cheered.

The sheaf of notes held in Lord Randolph's right hand testified to careful preparation. At this time, and for some years later, he was in the habit of writing out his speeches, learning them by heart and reciting them. Amid the excitement of his attack on Selater-Booth his notes got inextricably mixed up. He attempted to sort them by arranging them between the open fingers of either hand, — a device that had comical result. Waving his hands about in the heat of oratory, the action suggested that he was playing with what schoolboys call clappers. Happily the laughter and cheering from the delighted Opposition was so persistent that he had time and opportunity to find successive clues, and triumphantly proceeded to the close of a speech that established his position as an original, daring debater.

Having joined a turbulent Radical in opposing the measure of a Conservative Government, Lord Randolph proceeded to make things more unpleasant for right hon. friends on the Treasury Bench. He de-

nounced the Bill as "this most Radical and Democratic measure, this crowning desertion of Tory principles, this supreme violation of political honesty." There was further echo of Disraeli attacking Peel in the peroration. "I have," he said, "raised the last wail of the expiring Tory Party. They have undergone a good deal. They have swallowed an immense amount of nastiness. They have had their banner dragged along many a muddy path. It has been slapped in many a filthy puddle till it is so altered that nobody can recognise it."

After this outburst the young member for Woodstock, to the relief of Ministers,—more especially of the hapless President of the Local Government Board,—practically retired from the scene. It is true that the following month he, with characteristic audacity, stirred the deep pools of the Irish Education question. But his attendance was rare, and thereafter his silence complete. It seemed as if he had finally relapsed into the state of indifference to political ambition and Parliamentary allurements that marked his earlier manhood.

It is a coincidence notable in view of subsequent events that on the threshold of their careers Arthur Balfour and Randolph Churchill were alike indifferent, even inimicable, to a Parliamentary career. By further coincidence, it was accidental vacancy in a family pocket-borough that led both to Westminster and a place in history. In the autumn of

1873 Mr Balfour took counsel with his uncle as to what he should do with his young life. It happened that a vacancy was pending in the representation of the family borough. "Why not sit for Hertford?" Lord Salisbury suggested. After some hesitation the future Prime Minister accepted the invitation. Lord Randolph was almost driven by his father into the Parliamentary seat of Woodstock. Hertford and Woodstock have gone the way of all small boroughs lying in the pathway of a Juggernaut Reform Bill. The names of their representatives elected to the Parliament of 1874-80 will live for ever.

It was accident that brought Lord Randolph finally out of his shell. By fresh coincidence the same episode was the occasion of Mr Balfour's emerging from the condition of Philosophic Doubt with which hitherto he regarded the assumed privilege and pleasure of membership of the House of Commons. In the haze that gathers round events even so recent as a quarter of a century ago, it is generally understood that Lord Randolph devised the Bradlaugh difficulty—that thin edge of the wedge inserted with fatal result in the framework of the great Liberal majority in the earliest stage of its existence. That is an error. It was Sir Henry Wolff who first raised objection to the Member for Northampton taking the oath. He was discouraged, his action discounted, by Sir Stafford Northcote. Sir John Gorst, not yet knighted, rallied to his side;

some of the country gentlemen, scenting sport, began to cheer the grave and reverend champion of Christianity. It was on the 3rd May 1880 that Bradlaugh raised the controversy by presenting himself at the table claiming the right to affirm instead of taking the oath. It was not till the 24th of May that Randolph Churchill appeared on the scene.

With characteristic acumen and industry he had spent the interval in studying Bradlaugh's published writings. He brought down with him a copy of one pamphlet entitled "The Impeachment of the House of Brunswick." Having read a passage, he flung the book on the floor and stamped upon it. This reminiscence of Burke and his dagger, in analogous fashion used to punctuate a passage in impassioned speech, momentarily took away the breath of the crowded audience. When it was recovered, Ministerialists loudly laughed. In the end, as we know, it proved no laughing matter for them. As Mr John Morley testifies, the controversy thus begun "went on as long as the Parliament, clouded the radiance of the party triumph, threw the new Government at once into a minority, and dimmed the ascendancy of the great Minister."

Incidentally the Fourth Party was created. Various explanations of the origin of the historic name are current. Some find it in the fact that it was composed of four persons, "which," as Euclid emphatically remarks, "is absurd." In his 'Life' of his father, Mr

Winston Churchill suggests its origin in an interjected conversation in debate. A Member affirming that there were two great parties in the State, Mr Parnell called out "Three." Lord Randolph, going one better, cried "Four." That incident may have contributed to the vogue of the phrase. It actually had its origin in a passage in a speech by Mr Frank Hugh O'Donnell, who, alluding to a condition of things at the time prominent in the French Legislature, named the Irish Nationalists "*Le Tiers Parti*." The suggestion of a Fourth Party thereupon becomes obvious.

Absence of premeditation in connection with an epoch-making combination was attested by the circumstance that when Sir Henry Wolff and Mr John Gorst, seated on the Front Bench below the gangway, opened the Bradlaugh business, Lord Randolph had settled himself on the third bench above the gangway, corresponding with the place occupied by him during his first Parliament. Warming to the work, he found it desirable to be in close communication with his new allies, and he accordingly changed his quarters. His supremacy was speedily asserted. Paul Drummond Wolff might have planted the sapling; Apollos Randolph Churchill watered it so effectually that its proportions spread till they overtopped the trees of the forest. Within a fortnight of his appearance below the gangway Lord Randolph was the acknowledged leader of the Fourth Party.

According to long-established tradition, broken only in the case of Parnell who cherished inflexible scorn of all precedents of a Saxon Parliament, leaders of sectional parties, however minute, must needs hold a corner seat from which to address the House. At a time when Lord Randolph assumed leadership of the Fourth Party, seated all in a row on the front bench below the gangway, the corner seat was held by Beresford Hope, an old esteemed Member whose Batavian grace Disraeli in a historic passage recognised. For the greater part of the session of 1880 he remained in near neighbourhood with the lively group. Approaching a dazed condition, he remembered the fact that though as a matter of practice the bench flanking the table to the left of the Speaker is reserved for ex-Ministers, Privy Councillors have equal right to share its accommodation. One afternoon to the surprise, when they realised the situation to the delight, of the House, Beresford Hope passed his accustomed seat, and crossing the gangway took up his quarters on the Front Opposition Bench.

"They made it too hot for me," he whispered in the sympathetic ear of Sir Richard Cross, whom Lord Randolph, scornful of spotless respectability, was accustomed to snub. The Leader of the Fourth Party personally succeeded to the vacant seat, jumping upon it and boisterously waving his hat when, five years later, his work in Opposition was done,

his triumph complete in the downfall of a Ministry which in 1880 came back from the polls apparently impregnable.

During the more or less tumultuous five sessions that limited the life of the Parliament elected in 1880, Lord Randolph Churchill increased in esteem of Parliament and the country day by day. Having once put his hand to the plough, he, to the surprise of old friends, showed no sign of turning back. On the contrary, he stuck to his post with a constancy that left no opportunity neglected. He had the advantage, attractive in the House of Commons, of being the impartial critic alike of Ministers and ex-Ministers. On the whole, he paid more deference to Mr Gladstone than to his nominal leader, Sir Stafford Northcote.

Once, to the huge delight of the House, Sir Stafford turned and rent his tormentor. Interposing in a controversy between the two front Benches, Lord Randolph moved an amendment which, if carried, would have extricated Ministers from a difficulty. "The action of the noble lord," said Sir Stafford, "reminds me of the practice of the confederate of the thimble-rigger on the racecourse. 'A bonnet' he is called, I believe; his business being, whilst concealing personal knowledge of the operator and complicity with his game, to assist it by egging on the public to take a hand."

No one enjoyed this double-edged stroke more than Lord Randolph. Possibly his delight

was increased by the fact that Sir Stafford of all men had managed, without being called to order by the Speaker, to liken Mr Gladstone to a thimble-rigger. Sir Stafford's combativeness was exhausted by this flash of barbed wit. Once, early in the session of 1883, he wrote a private letter remonstrating with the Leader of the Fourth Party upon the appearance of what he regarded as an inspired paragraph in the morning papers, announcing that in a certain contingency they would act against the Front Opposition Bench. The reply he received did not encourage further correspondence on that line.

Lord Randolph had no personal animosity towards Sir Stafford—one of the sweetest-natured, highest-principled men who ever attempted to breast the masterful tide of political life. He honestly believed that his leadership of the party in the Commons was fatal to the interests and prospects of the Conservative party. He was, accordingly, almost brutally implacable in his pursuit, finally succeeding, against the heart's desire of Lord Salisbury, in driving him out of the Commons. When the end of the Gladstone Government was in sight, someone asked Sir Stafford Northcote, "What place will you give Randolph when your Government is formed?" "Ask, rather," replied the veteran statesman, "what place will he give me?" The words were spoken in bitter jest. As the proverb affirms, many a true word is spoken in jest.

Another occupant of the Front Opposition Bench whom Randolph couldn't abear was Sir Richard Cross. His native mediocrity, made more prominent by a certain pomposity of manner familiar in chairmen of Quarter Sessions, rankled in his bosom. With W. H. Smith he was somewhat impatient. But that gentleman's modest manner, concealing sterling merit, disarmed animosity.

There was an amusing scene in the House in the session of 1882 illustrating this little prejudice. An amendment to a bill before the House was moved without notice, and carried. Mr Gladstone, in charge of the bill, moved a consequential amendment. Naturally, it was not on the printed paper, and Lord Randolph, discussing it, was at a loss to recall the precise phraseology. Sir Richard Cross, above all things a man of business, made a note of the amendment as it was read out from the chair. With shrewd idea of propitiating the terrible young man below the gangway, he, with engaging smile, handed him his note. The consequences were akin to what followed in the case of a man who, fleeing from a grisly bear, remembered he had a bun in his pocket, and stopped to present the refreshment to his pursuer. Poor Sir Richard was snapped up, body and boots. "A pretty pass we've come to in the House of Commons," said Lord Randolph, with dainty repugnance holding the sheet of paper between finger and thumb, "when we have to consider amendments

passed about from hand to hand on dirty bits of paper."

The smile faded from Sir Richard's countenance. He, G.C.B., ex-Home Secretary, trusted lieutenant of Benjamin Disraeli, had condescendingly gone out of his way to pay personal attention to a young and unofficial Member, and had been rewarded by public accusation of harbouring a dirty piece of paper.

Lord Randolph and his merry men were always ready for a lark at the expense of portentous personages on the Front Opposition Bench. One night, the business on the paper approaching conclusion, Sir Stafford and his colleagues seized the opportunity of going off to bed. "Come along," said Randolph to Drummond Wolff, and crossing the gangway, followed by two-thirds of his party, he seated himself in the place of the Leader of the Opposition. Thence he raised debate *apropos de bottes*, which the three kept going for an hour, to the increasing anger of Ministers necessarily kept in their places, and the amusement of a small body of Members on both sides who had agreeably dined.

Lord Randolph's often successfully concealed admiration for Mr Gladstone was based upon intellectual sympathy. If gratitude played any part in politics, which it notoriously does not, his esteem would have been supported on personal grounds. Having once devoted himself to political life, Lord Randolph was irresistible, his goal assured. It was Mr Gladstone who gave him a

good send-off at the start, sparing no pains to keep him going. With the generous instinct of a noble nature, he, at the outset recognising the capacity and genius of his ruthless assailant, missed no opportunity of paying tribute to it. He habitually conveyed what to an unofficial Member is the compliment, rare for a Prime Minister, of following him in debate.

Towards the close of the long campaign terminating in Ministerial disaster, mainly consequent on Lord Randolph's action, he instinctively, doubtless unconsciously, addressed his argument not to the Leader of the Opposition but to the young man toying with his moustache on the corner seat below the gangway. Lord Randolph was not slow to perceive the advantage thus secured for him. It would have been fatal to his aspirations and plans to have been severely ignored. When by accident approach to that calmity was indicated, the Fourth Party proceeded to "draw Gladstone," as they put it.

Committee, wherein a Member may speak as often as human patience will endure, was their favourite field for this sport. Lord Randolph would lead off, drawing that child of nature, Mr Gladstone, into lengthy reply. When the Premier resumed his seat, Drummond Wolff rose, and with profuse declarations of deference asked for information on another point. Up gat the Premier, brimming with energy and another speech. In this the subtle

mind of John Gorst discovered a flaw, which he did not doubt arose from misapprehension of what his hon. friend the Member for Christchurch had said. On this he laboured for a quarter of an hour or more, Mr Gladstone intently listening, whilst his colleagues on the Treasury Bench, conscious of the snare, tossed about in despair. The temptation to instruct three guileless young men, evidently searchers after

truth, certainly most deferential in their recognition of age and experience, was too much for the Premier, who eagerly sprang to his feet with a third speech. Thus did Lord Randolph's strategy, excelling the poet's bedstead, contrive a treble debt to pay. It wasted the time of the House; it undermined the authority of the Premier; and it kept the Fourth Party well to the front.

CHAPTER II.—ZENITH AND CATASTROPHE.

With the formation of Lord Salisbury's second Government, consequent on the rout of the Home Rulers at the poll in 1886, Lord Randolph reached his zenith. Mr Chamberlain, friend and ally in spite of what happened consequent upon the Aston Park riots, was so moved that he made rare incursion into the Latin tongue. Writing on the 18th of June, when the composition of the new Government was practically complete, he exclaimed: "What a triumph! You have won all along the line. *Moriturus te saluto.*" The Marquis of Salisbury, installed as Prime Minister, was the nominal, of course the ultimate, dispenser of Ministerial prizes. Lord Randolph was the absolute dispenser of patronage.

Having selected his own position, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, he did not forget comrades in the fight that resulted in splendid vic-

tory. He wrote to Lord Salisbury saying Drummond Wolff ought to be made a Privy Councillor and John Gorst appointed Under Secretary to the India Office. Whether in this last suggestion he was influenced by consideration of the fact that his ancient animosity, Sir Richard Cross, — who, he insisted, should leave the House of Commons solaced with a peerage, — was to be head of the India Office, is not known. Certainly quick-witted, sharp-tongued John Gorst was exactly the man to buzz unpleasantly about the ears of arch-mediocrity. His famous speech upon what is known as "the Manipur incident," his chief being during its delivery seated in the Peers' Gallery, of itself fulfilled any possible expectation of fun cherished by the prophetic soul of Lord Randolph.

Lord Salisbury looked after his nephew, making him Secretary for Scotland, thus completing provision of the Fourth

Party. That was natural and expected. Where astonishment deepened to consternation was on the pitchforking into the Home Office of Mr Henry Mathews, a gentleman not only untrained in administrative affairs, but new to Parliamentary life. Lord Randolph highly esteemed his capacity, proved in the professional conduct of his case when he carried into a court of law his charges against Mr Chamberlain in respect of the Aston Park Riots. If Mr Mathews were not made Home Secretary Lord Salisbury must be prepared to get along without Lord Randolph.

The new Parliament met on the 5th of August 1886, and was prorogued on the 25th of September. The period was short. It sufficed to reveal a new phase of a many-sided character. At no period of his Parliamentary career did Lord Randolph display such high qualities as shone upon an astonished House during his term of leadership. His uncurbed temper, his imperious manner, abruptly changing to one of boyish recklessness, seemed fatal to success in the dignified office to which at the age of thirty-seven he was called. The poacher had been made head-gamekeeper. Nowhere was the experiment watched with more nervous trepidation than on the Treasury Bench. That Lord Randolph himself felt the difficulty and delicacy of the situation was shown by his nervous manner when following Mr Gladstone in debate on the Address. He speedily recovered full command of

himself, and remained master of the situation. As Mr Winston Churchill truly says, "Lord Randolph knew the House in all its moods. He humoured it, offended it, and soothed it again with practised deliberation. Yet he always appeared to be its servant." The general verdict on his conduct was expressed in a much-prized autograph letter addressed to him by Queen Victoria on the eve of the prorogation. "Lord Randolph"—she wrote in the third person form of address with which Majesty approaches meaner mortals—"has shown much skill and judgment in his leadership during this exceptional session of Parliament."

This fresh start in a career he jocularly said would lead to the Premiership and Westminster Abbey, closed in a blaze of triumph. He was as popular as he was powerful. Every one, save perhaps disappointed claimants for office and Ministerial colleagues whom he contemptuously called "the old gang," rejoiced in his prosperity. The shock was the greater when, exactly three months to a day after receiving the Queen's gracious letter of congratulation, there appeared in 'The Times' an announcement that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had resigned office. The occasion of the Cabinet quarrel rose out of circumstances now familiar. Lord Randolph, pledged to economy, had framed a Budget made impossible by the demands of the Army and Navy. Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the

Admiralty, yielded to the extent of modifying his demand by £700,000. Mr W. H. Smith, with a tenacity as unexpected as it was admirable in one of his mild and modest manner, was implacable. He declined to reduce his estimate by a penny. Lord Salisbury, eloquent with apology, stood by the heads of the spending departments. Lord Randolph resigned.

There is no doubt he did not count upon his withdrawal from the Ministry becoming effective. Regarding the persons seated round the Council table he felt he was indispensable. There was, he thought, none among them who could stand up against Gladstone, either as Leader of the House or as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Unfortunately for him, for the Conservative Party, and for the country, his gaze did not extend beyond the walls of the dingy house in Downing Street. He "forgot Goschen."

In his biography of his father Mr Winston Churchill throws doubt on the existence of this forgetfulness. As I gave currency to a phrase since become historic, this may be a convenient place for stating my authority. It was Lord Randolph himself. "A little less than a week after I had written to Lord Salisbury resigning the Chancellorship," he said, in words of which I made a note at the time, "I was walking up St James's Street when I met ——" (mentioning the name of a lady well known in political and social circles). "She was driving, and stopped the carriage to speak to me. She asked

how things were going on. I said I thought they were doing nicely. Hartington had refused to join them, and whom else could they get? 'Have you thought of Mr Goschen?' she asked in voice and manner that indicated she knew more than the innocent inquiry indicated. It all flashed on me in a moment. I saw the game was lost. As I confessed to her, I had forgotten Goschen."

Shortly after this conversation I met the lady, happily still with us, and mentioned Lord Randolph's statement. She confirmed it with the curiously graphic remark: "Driving up St James's Street, I never pass a certain lamp-post without thinking of Randolph—of the sudden change that came over his face when I mentioned Mr Goschen, and the abrupt salute with which he passed on." He had played his game, laid his last treasured card on the table, and it was trumped.

When Parliament met for the session of 1887, under the leadership of Mr W. H. Smith, there was reiterated rumour of reconciliation and return. Gradually it ebbed away, and Lord Randolph lapsed into the position of a private Member. His personal influence was, however, scarcely less powerful than when he was in office. His every movement in and out of the House was watched with keen interest. His lightest word was reported. At an early stage of the new situation there were indications of a coalition between himself and Mr Chamberlain. For a while they dreamed the old dream of a

Central Party free from the vices and weakness inherent to political partnership, a brotherhood where none were for a Party but all were for the State. Like earlier projects, since and before the time of Macaulay, it came to nothing. Presently hasty words spoken on both sides brought about a coolness in the relations of two men attracted to each other by certain similarity of character.

Then came rupture. Lord Randolph held a safe seat in Paddington, but he had no sympathy with villadom, and yearned for a great constituency that would appreciate his democratic Toryism and strengthen his position as its apostle. Opportunity hailed him from Birmingham. John Bright was dead, and Central Birmingham, where by the irony of circumstance arising out of the Home Rule Bill the once ultra-Radical had been supported by the Tories, was looking about for a successor. Lord Randolph, whose personal popularity in the Midland metropolis was barely exceeded by Mr Chamberlain's, eagerly accepted overtures inviting him to stand. On the 2nd April 1889 a deputation representing the Tories of the constituency arrived at the House of Commons with formal invitation. Lord Randolph's course seemed so clear, his mind was so joyously made up, that pending the striking of five o'clock, the hour at which he was to receive the deputation, he instructed his friend, Louis Jennings, to draft an address to his Paddington constituents, severing his connec-

tion with the borough, and another to the electors of Central Birmingham accepting their invitation to contest the seat.

As at an earlier crisis he forgot Goschen, so now he left Mr Chamberlain out of his calculation. The blending of the Liberal Unionist element with the main body of the Ministerial forces was still so far from being complete, that there existed an understanding whereby certain seats should be reserved for Liberal Unionists. Mr Chamberlain claimed Central Birmingham as one. Even whilst the deputation were approaching Westminster, assured of the success of their mission, whilst Louis Jennings was penning the two election addresses, whilst Lord Randolph was preparing to receive the emissaries, Mr Chamberlain was at work. He saw Sir Michael Hicks-Beach as representative of the Government, and warned him that Lord Randolph's candidature would mean disruption of the Unionist alliance. He dragged the unwilling figure of Lord Hartington to his side. In despair Sir Michael saw Lord Randolph and explained to him the peril of the situation. With that loyalty to his former colleagues which, on several critical occasions since he quitted the Ministry, gave an air of irresolution to his actions, he left the matter in the hands of his old friend. The old friend loved Lord Randolph as a father loves a favourite son. But he loved his party more, and Lord Randolph was sacrificed.

This was, I think, the hardest of the many knocks that

were battering out the still young life. He felt it even more acutely than the sudden halt in his Ministerial career at its most brilliant hour. I happened to be in the Lobby when he came out of the Whip's room, where doom was spoken. He was so altered in personal appearance that for a moment I did not know him. Instead of the familiar swinging pace, with head slightly bent, but with swiftly glancing eyes, he walked with slow, weary tread, a look on his pallid face as if tears had been coursing down it. No one who knew him only in the fierce struggle of public life would have imagined him capable of such profound emotion. It was a blow from which he never recovered, though there was temporary re-birth of the ambition to represent something other than the *bourgeois* of Paddington, when, little more than a year before his death, he announced his intention of standing for bustling Bradford.

Eleven months later another incident befell which again wounded him to the heart. When Lord Salisbury's Government announced their intention of appointing a Royal Commission to inquire into 'The Times' allegation against Parnell, Lord Randolph, generously mindful of the peril into which his old colleagues were blundering, drew up a reasoned protest addressed to Mr W. H. Smith. Amongst State papers it is distinguished by keen insight, clear argument, and remarkable prescience. Ministers took no heed of counsel coming from

this quarter, and affairs went on to the appointed end. When in March 1890 the report of the Commission came before the House of Commons, Lord Randolph, in conjunction with his *fidus Achates* Louis Jennings, drafted an amendment in which censure was strictly confined to the procedure of 'The Times' in the matter, ignoring the action of the Government. Mr Jennings was in his place, prepared to move this amendment, expecting in accordance with custom that on resumption of the debate the Speaker would call upon him.

But Lord Randolph, in his wilful way, had changed his mind, and in his imperious manner disregarded the claims of others, even though one might be his most intimate and faithful friend. To the astonishment of every one, not least Louis Jennings sitting on the bench behind him, he rose and delivered a speech in which he made an uncompromising attack upon the Government. When he sat down the benches began to empty. Interest in the situation was exhausted. Promise of Louis Jennings' amendment had crowded the House because it was understood, correctly as we know, that it was actually Lord Randolph's, and that he would support it by speech. On the contrary, he not only displaced the priority of the amendment, but delivered a speech wholly contrary to its spirit, being a bitter indictment of the Government.

Wounded in the house of a friend, Louis Jennings straight-

way severed his connection with one to whom for some years his services had been chiefly devoted. Lord Randolph, even as he sat down, perceiving how matters stood, tore off scraps from his copy of the Orders on which he pencilled pathetic little messages, and had them passed on to Jennings, seated midway on the bench behind him. They met with no response, not even that of an angry look. "Jennings has taken the needle," Lord Randolph said, coming up to me in the Lobby shortly after his speech. It was a quaint phrase I never heard before or since. It lingers in memory over the waste of years.

The episode had a personal bearing which brings into strong light one of the marked features of a strange character. Lord Randolph was a delightful person as long as he was pleased with his company or his surroundings. But he could not stand anything in the way of difference from his expressed opinion. Slightly to vary the characteristics of the little girl of fable, when he was pleased he was very very nice, when he was crossed he was 'orrid. In the course of time he quarrelled with all his intimate co-workers, with the exception of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Ernest Beckett, now Lord Grimthorpe, his brother-in-law Lord Curzon, and Sir Henry Wolff. John Gorst and Henry Mathew were amongst other former friends and companions dear whom he ruthlessly cut.

My personal acquaintance with him, ripening into warm friendship, began early in his

public career. It certainly was not nourished by monotonous adulation. In 'Punch,' in the "Cross Bench" articles in 'The Observer,' and elsewhere, I wrote of his Parliamentary phantasies with freedom untrammelled by private relationship. He seemed to enjoy rather than resent the criticism. During the session of 1886 there appeared in 'The Daily News' a leading article commenting rather sharply on a speech made by him the night before in the House. I was not the writer of the article, but chanced at the time to be editor of the paper. Visiting the Lobby of the House of Commons, I was accustomed to stand by the chair of the chief doorkeeper, and Lord Randolph passing in or out invariably stopped for a friendly chat. On the evening of the appearance of this article he looked me straight in the face as he passed and walked on without a word.

Naturally I said nothing then, or later, and for four years we were strangers. At the beginning of the session of 1890 Louis Jennings several times approached me with intimation that Lord Randolph wanted to make up the quarrel. In the end I said that he had deliberately out me as I stood in my usual place in the Lobby, that I should be there every day after Questions, and if he came and spoke to me conversation would proceed as nearly as possible in continuance of what we were saying the last time we spoke. On the next evening Lord Randolph came up

with outstretched hand and beaming face. There was no apology or explanation, only the old friendship was renewed, not to be broken again save by the hand of death.

In the old familiar way he asked me to dine with him at the Junior Carlton on the following Sunday to meet some friends,—an invitation I was delighted to accept. Among the guests was Louis Jennings, greatly pleased at the result of his friendly offices. The date of the dinner was Sunday, 31st March. On the following Tuesday happened the event recorded in connection with the Parnell Commission. Passing through the Lobby, having announced his intention of not moving the amendment, Jennings said to me, in tones whose bitterness testified to his hurt, "It's an odd thing. Randolph has just as many friends to-day as he had a week ago. He has regained you and he has lost me."

The rupture was final. Lord Randolph made several attempts to recapture his old friend. They were sternly, stubbornly ignored. Three years later, Jennings, one of the truest-hearted men that ever breathed, died, not having in the meanwhile broken the pained silence that brooded over his blighted friendship.

In 1890, the Salisbury Government being in a parlous state, there seemed prospect of Lord Randolph's being called to its assistance. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, probably not altogether easy in mind recollecting the part played by him in the

matter of Mr Chamberlain's repulse of Lord Randolph in his candidature for Birmingham, personally urged Lord Salisbury to recall the strayed reveller. But the Premier, small blame to him, had had enough of the company in the Cabinet of his intractable young friend. Perish the Government rather than resuscitate Lord Randolph. Accepting what he regarded as the close of his political career, Lord Randolph set out for South Africa in search of gold and big game. The former he found; the latter, in the person of a lion, nearly found him. He came back early in 1892 improved in health, his interest in politics quickened by the circumstance that the Unionist Party was now in Opposition. At Mr Balfour's request he seated himself among his old colleagues on the Front Opposition Bench.

Thence he rose to take part in debate on the second reading of Mr Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. The appearance of the House testified to the deathless interest he commanded. Every bench was filled, a crowd of members, unable to find seats, thronging the Bar. The stars in their courses fought against Sisera. It was arranged that Lord Randolph should resume the debate immediately after Questions. Had that been possible all might have been well. But someone raised a question of privilege, discussed for a full hour, through which Lord Randolph sat fuming. He had at the proper moment taken some drug designed to

"buck up" his frail body through the hour he intended to speak. When the hour had sped the tonic effects of his medicine were exhausted. It was a decrepit man with bowed figure and occasionally inarticulate voice that at length stood at the table,—a painful spectacle, from contemplation] of which members gradually withdrew. The Chamber, which once filled at the signal "Churchill is up," was almost empty when he sat down. Yet Mr Bryce, who sat attentive on the Treasury Bench opposite, and heard every word of the speech painfully read from MS., told me it was a cogent argument, admirably phrased, illumined by happy illustration, in these respects falling nothing short of earlier successes.

Lord Randolph was an habitual diner-out, even more enjoying opportunities of giving dinners. At the end of the session of 1880, when the Fourth Party had succeeded in making themselves an organised power in the House, they, gravely mimicking the prevalent custom of Ministers, dined together at Greenwich. They invited a single guest—Mr Labouchere. Lord Randolph was rather a trial to hostesses, none being quite sure in what mood her festival might find him. It came to pass in time that he acquired the habit of Royalty, commanding that the list of guests should be submitted to him before he replied to an invitation. The first time I met him at table, precursor of many delightful foregather-

ings, was at a farewell dinner Colonel Fred Burnaby gave on the eve of my departure on a journey round the world. Burnaby told me that, showing Lord Randolph the list of guests, he asked him whom he would have as companions. He named Frank Burnand, then editor of 'Punch,' and one of his colleagues. And a very jolly night we spent.

In the height of the Fourth Party campaign I was several times privileged to form one of a quartette driving in a four-wheeler from the House to dine at Connaught Place. On such occasions Lord Randolph, Drummond Wolff, and John Gorst were like boys just let out of school, not only speaking disrespectfully of their pastors and masters, but ruthlessly chaffing each other. I never met Mr Balfour at these symposia. Lord Randolph frequently gave little Sunday-night dinners at the Turf Club, where one occasionally had the felicity of meeting those renowned Irish wits, Dr Nedley and Father Healy.

The dinner-party alluded to on an earlier page, the last time Lord Randolph and Louis Jennings sat at the same table, was memorable in other ways. The invitation was "to meet H.R.H. the Prince of Wales," now King Edward VII. The fact leaking out that among the company was Dick Power, the popular Whip of the Irish Nationalist Party, complaint was sounded in Unionist circles that Randolph was plotting to bring H.R.H. and the official Home Rulers together. What the host chiefly had at heart

was to draw round his royal guest a cheery company, an effort in which he was successful. Of other persons present I remember Sir William Harcourt, seated on the host's right; Lord Morris on the Prince's left; on other chairs, Frank Lockwood, Louis Jennings, and George Lewis, not at that time knighted.

The last time I dined with Lord Randolph was on what proved to be his final appearance in the character of *Amphitryon*. Contemplating a journey round the world, he bade to his mother's home in Grosvenor Square a score of old friends, whose names testify to the wideness of his range of personal sympathy. On his left hand sat Mr Arthur Balfour, in old Fourth Party days a private under his command, now his successor in the leadership of the House of Commons; on his right was Mr Henry Chaplin, from whom in the early eighties his vagaries had compelled grave reproof. Round the table sat Mr David Plunket, now Lord Rathmore; Mr Rochefort Maguire, Mr Labouchere, Mr Edward Dicey, Mr George Lewis, Sir Henry Calcraft of the Board of Trade; Sir Edward Hamilton, sometime Mr Gladstone's private secretary; Sir Edward Lawson, now Lord Burnham; Sir Michael Hicks - Beach, Sir Algernon Borthwick (Lord Glenesk), Mr John Morley, Mr Henry Arthur Jones, the dramatist, and Sir Francis Knollys, secretary to the Prince of Wales.

Lord Randolph told me he had asked three others, whose presence would have further

diversified this notable gathering. They were Sir William Harcourt, detained at home by a dinner engagement; Mr Asquith, on Home Secretary's duty at White Lodge in anticipation of the birth of an heir to the Duke of York; and Henry Irving, engaged on theatrical duties.

The host was not in talkative mood, but kept a watchful eye on the comfort of his guests. One noticed how nervously his hand beat on the table as he gazed around. After dinner he talked with eager interest of his coming journey. Two prospects that chiefly attracted him were the shooting of big game in India, and the opportunity of visiting Burmah—"Burmah which I annexed," he proudly said. As on his visit to South Africa he sent letters to a London paper, he had now accepted a commission from a Paris journal to write descriptions of his tour, intending to fill them chiefly with narratives of his shooting expeditions. But he did not reach India: and Burmah never looked on the face of the statesman who, in his brief tenure of the India Office, added the glow of its rubies to the splendour of the English crown.

This dinner took place at 50 Grosvenor Square on the 23rd June 1894. At Christmas time—once more a memorable epoch in his life—Lord Randolph was hurried home and carried a mere wreck into his mother's house, where he died early in the morning of the 24th January 1895. He was in his forty-sixth year, the very prime of life as others count it.

A DAY'S SPORT WITH THE TURKIS OF
CHINESE TURKESTAN.

OF unimportant yet vividly remembered scenes in an everyday life the sport enjoyed on the day about to be described will always remain a cherished memory; though why a series of uneventful episodes should have so clearly imprinted themselves on the brain I am unable to say. During the course of a somewhat lengthy journey across Central Asia I found myself with one European companion and a small caravan on the southern edge of the great central basin of Chinese Turkestan. Dotted along the lower slopes of the Kuenlun Mountains are a series of little oases. Varying only in their degree of fertility, these strips of cultivation are all inhabited by Turks, who lead a harmless and placid existence, for which their natural characteristics render them eminently suited. It was at Niya, which, though a mere village, is marked on European maps, that the events about to be related took place. Our caravan had reached Niya on its way towards Lopnor, and, as was almost invariably the case, had been received in the most hospitable manner by the local Beg, or headman. A comfortable serai had been already prepared for our arrival, so it was unnecessary to camp. It had been our intention to follow local custom and to make a pilgrimage from Niya to a well-known tomb, that of Imam Jafar Sadik, but

we were unable to do so. The shrine is situated four days' march to the north, and is reached by following the Niya river down its course towards the desert. It was here that Dr Stein made some of his most valuable finds four years previously. Among them, the ancient tablets inscribed with Kharoshti characters take the chief place, and are fully described by him in his interesting book, 'The Sand-Buried Ruins of Khotan.' Being unable to devote ourselves, much to our regret, to a visit to the shrine, we decided instead to accept the offer made by the Beg to hawk and hunt boar with him on the following day. The name Niya covers the surrounding district as well as the village, and in the country adjacent to the river to the north the Beg has as fine a domain to pursue the sport he loves as any one could desire. On either side of the river there is thick jungle, with open well-watered patches, which, besides affording excellent pasturage, are the haunt of hare, wild-boar, and quantities of geese and duck. Beyond the strips of vegetation bordering the stream lie the sands of the desert, the change from one to the other being as abrupt as though a boundary-fence was there. One advantage this abrupt change has, lies in the fact that in beating for game it is only necessary to follow the river, and sooner or later

the quarry will be unearthed. After the evening meal we discussed the question of the morrow's hunt with the Beg, who, we soon discovered, was as fond of sport as ourselves. His sentiments might have been summed up in the well-known lines, attributed by Whyte-Melville to the owner of "the good grey mare":—

"I have lived my life—I am nearly done,—

I have played the game all round ;
But I freely admit that the best of my
fun

I owe it to horse and hound."

Could the Beg have enjoyed the privilege of reading his own thoughts so delightfully expressed, he would have been the first to appreciate the truth in these lines. Having listened for some time to the accounts the Beg gave of his hawks, we inquired whether there was any other form of sport to be had. To our delight he replied that there were pig, which we could shoot, but which he hunted with dogs and spears. We could hardly credit our hearing at the latter words, but a string of questions from both of us soon showed that we had made no mistake, and that there was every chance of our tasting once more the finest sport that the world holds. After another hour's discussion of details, of spears, dogs, beaters, ponies, &c., all was satisfactorily arranged. The Beg possessed only two spears, but promised that another should be locally made and ready by the morning. The dogs he ordered there and then to be caught and shut up for the night, and the neces-

sary arrangements for beaters and ponies appeared to require no preliminary preparation. After bidding us good-night, the Beg departed, leaving behind him the most pleasant anticipation for the morrow we had enjoyed since quitting India.

Waking at dawn the following morning we found our host to be, indeed, a man of his word. In the village street were assembled ponies, men, and dogs, and a more mixed or quainter group it is difficult to imagine. The animals which the Beg was kind enough to provide were very useful beasts, though small. My own was a young four-year-old 13.1 hands high, but good-looking, and as game as could be. The Beg and his men were also on useful animals, both hard and wiry, though good looks were not their strong point. Of his followers no description could hope to give a true idea. A local meet of the hounds in the West of Ireland would, perhaps, produce some few types representing what we saw—that is, as nearly as anything European could. But that the Beg's men knew their job, and were eager to do it, we very soon discovered. Of the hounds it is useless to attempt to give even an idea. There were only four of them, but once seen they could never be forgotten. Had it been necessary to classify the whole pack, on the quite impossible supposition that they were to figure at a local dog show, they could only have found a corner upon one set of

benches, and that the one devoted to the heterogeneous mixture known as the variety class. No sooner did one discover some resemblance to a terrier's head in one of them, than it became equally evident that the rest of his body was that of a bob-tailed sheep-dog. Another old lady was a perfect Borzois so far as her head and frame could be classified, but, unfortunately, nature in a thoughtless moment had given her the legs of a spaniel. Of the other two no description need be attempted. Both were evidently reluctant to exchange the comforts of loafing in the village for the dangers of routing out a boar. In order to get them to the scene of action they had to be dragged out at the end of a long rope by one of the mounted followers, and all the way the latter did his best to hang them whenever a stray bush happened to get between him and the dogs.

While I had been looking over the *personnel*, my companion had busied himself in finding what to us were the most important things—viz., the spears.

Turning to speak to him, I found him lost in doubtful admiration of the weightiest and longest specimen we had ever seen. Some two inches in diameter, there was about ten feet length of shaft. At the end, and tacked on by two very local-looking nails, was eighteen inches of old iron sharpened at the point. The shaft was both new and rough. Balance it had none. On a 13-hand pony it was no easy

matter to keep any of the spear off the ground, but who could look a gift horse in the mouth? The Beg had promised to do his best, and had done so for our benefit, so we gladly accepted the will for the deed, warning ourselves, however, to be careful when the time came to use the spear.

Quitting the village, one hour's smart jog through the dusty outskirts, where one well-to-do farm after another was passed, brought our party into wilder country. We were now back on the banks of the river, which are here flat, but covered with low scrub, in which jheels are dotted about, a paradise for the countless flocks of duck, geese, and teal which dwell there. As he took his favourite hawk from his own attendant, a hint from the Beg gave us to understand that business was about to commence. One of the curiosities of local ways was the manner in which these men appeared able to keep their hawks on wrist while galloping over very rough ground. Spreading ourselves to look for the necessary duck, it was not long before we came upon a flock in a low-lying bit of wet ground.

The Beg at once cantered forward, and when still a few hundred yards distant from the now rising duck he threw his hawk, and away she sped. Going like the proverbial arrow, she made straight for the flock, but wheeling abruptly, just short of them, swung suddenly round to fly back and re-perch grace-

fully on the outstretched arm of the Beg.

Here was a bad beginning, but the next effort was more successful. Crossing an open bit of ground, a few duck suddenly rose from a concealed pond some distance to our right. Without a moment's hesitation the Beg again galloped forward, loosing his hawk with one throw, and on this occasion with great success. The duck were not three hundred yards' distance, had hardly even risen, when, like a flash, the hawk was upon them. This time there was no hesitation, and almost quicker than the eye could follow she struck, and down went hawk and duck, locked together, into the scrub.

Cantering up, we offered our congratulations in dumb show to the now smiling Beg, and requested his permission to take a photograph, which was readily given.

For the next few hours we amused ourselves with various flights, both successful and unsuccessful. Sometimes the hawks appeared unwilling to strike though able, and at other times of course luck was against them. Occasionally a hawk not only would not attempt to chase, but declined to return. It then would perch on the nearest tree, and much blandishment was required on the part of its master to regain possession of the handsome creature. By mid-day the duck were mostly gone, so it was decided to give up the hawking and to try for a boar.

To reach the best ground

required a ride of another ten miles in the direction of the desert, but still through the scrub, which gradually thickened and grew higher as we drew near the favourite ground.

It was not long before the tracks of fresh pig were discovered, and though at first we attempted to initiate a methodical effort at beating, very soon each man was hunting on his own account. Through the scrub ran some clear brooks, where the ground sometimes opened out, and alongside which the pig evidently wallowed. In vain we followed what appeared to be fresh tracks. These usually led either into impenetrable jungle or were lost among the other marks which here ran in all directions.

After an hour of this disappointing work we were all relieved to hear that a boar had been harboured by one of the native beaters in a large shallow jheel. The jheel was so thickly covered with tall reeds, fifteen to sixteen feet high, that only with the greatest difficulty could the trackers penetrate.

Sitting on the edge of the scrub, we were watching their slow advance, when suddenly a rustle, followed by a quick parting of the reeds ahead of them, told us the boar was there. In another minute loud shouts and holloas—and the Turki can holloa—proclaimed that he had broke on the far side of the jheel. For a moment we prepared to face the muddy water in the endeavour to follow in his

track, but the Beg, with one yell, turned his pony, and digging both heels in, galloped wildly up the jheel side. Breaking from the fairly open scrub into a narrow cattle track, he quickened his pace, evidently riding to cut off the boar at the head of the jheel. Nothing loath, as soon as we understood the situation, we followed in his wake. The path was barely wide enough for a calf, and as full of holes and as poached as a jungle track usually is. On either side the scrub at times nearly met overhead, and the track occasionally wound almost at right angles to avoid some particularly dense piece of growth. Forgetful of such trifles, and only intent upon retaining possession of our unwieldy spears, we still followed our leader, whom we could see at intervals disappearing at full gallop round one corner after another. Ten minutes of this work brought us nearly to the top end of the jheel, where the track forked. One branch ran on, the other turned short, crossing the shallow end through the now thinning reeds. Following the latter path, I succeeded in forcing a way through, just in time to see the Beg clear the scrub and swing away, left-handed, in the direction he evidently imagined the boar had taken. Hesitating for a moment, I was wondering whether the beast had yet emerged, when a crash on my right put all doubt at rest. Not twenty yards away a great grey boar trotted slowly up the side of

the sandy hillock, pursued by one dog, and at the same moment became aware of my presence. There was no time to think, not even to remember the caution we had vowed to observe when called upon to make use of the ill-balanced old spears. Down went mine, and shaking up my little pony I made for the boar. Whether the unusual sight of a white man or the shouts of the natives caused the brute to change his mind, I do not know; suffice it to say that he checked his charge in mid-career, and swung off up the sandhill just as my pony, jinking violently, ingloriously turned his tail upon the boar. "Well for him," I can hear the experienced pig-sticker remark, "that the boar had two minds," and perhaps it was, but the sight of as fine a specimen of the old grey pig as the heart could desire had fairly set our blood boiling. Throwing caution to the winds, and forgetful alike of doubtful spears, infernal ground, even, I am sorry to say, of the old dog whom we mercilessly over-rode, away went my companion and myself in full pursuit, followed at some little distance by the Beg, who had now come up, and two of the best mounted of his men.

For a quarter of an hour we enjoyed the feeling of bliss which only those can realise who have been hard at the heels of either boar or fox at their best pace for that time, but gradually we began to lose ground. The line our quarry took led us deeper and deeper

into the jungle, and in spite of the efforts of our gallant little ponies, it was evident that utter grief must soon follow the attempt to continue. The scrub was up to the ponies' necks, there was no possibility of seeing the boar, and we had long ago distanced the Beg and his men. Sadly we allowed our streaming animals to slow down, and though we pushed on into a thick patch where another of the dogs appeared to be busy, we had evidently lost our boar. Returning somewhat disconsolate at the disappointment, we made for a reed hut, or *satma* as they are called, to eat the cold meat we had brought with us. Having soon disposed of this, the whole party moved off once more for a second draw. The jheel having provided such sport in the morning, the Beg suggested trying there again. Stripping off their long boots the men waded in, and in a short time another boar was reported roused. After beating the reeds, as far as the men dared to wade in, but with no result, the Beg ordered them to be fired. This was no easy matter, nor could the men get the fire to spread, although the reeds were set alight in three or four places. While this was going on we sat on the edge of the water, thoroughly enjoying the picture before us.

The jheel was situated under rising sand-hills, which ran along the side of it. Upon the hillocks the Beg had placed what might be called his "whips," in order to view the boar should he break that side. Not content with their elevated

positions, both these men were to be seen at intervals standing upright on their ponies' backs. A strange sight it was to see them, balanced at full height on their ungainly saddles. In one hand each man held his bridle, with the other each shaded his eyes as he peered on all sides over the surrounding country. In the immediate foreground, heavy coils of grey smoke hung over the yellow reed tops, while the roaring fire made blotches of flaming red against the muddy water below. Waist deep in this, wild figures pushed back and forwards in all directions, urged by the Beg, who was shouting instructions from the bank.

The whole scene combined a wonderful mixture of life and colour to which no photograph could attempt to do justice. Nothing but the brush of an artist could have caught the spirit of such a picture, and unfortunately the occasions are rare when the combination of painter and such a scene are both ready to hand. In spite of all efforts made to cause the boar to break, he declined to do so, unless indeed, as we began to think, he had slipped away earlier in the afternoon, avoiding the keen eyes of both lookout men. As the day was drawing on, and we were some fifteen miles from home, a move was now made in the direction of Niya. Though we had all been in the saddle since dawn, our host seemed to consider there was yet time for more hawking, and on the way home he treated us to several flights. Whether it was that the hawks were weary or were disin-

clined to fly so late in the day, I cannot pretend to say, knowing little of the sport of hawking. Whatever the reason may have been, the only result of the Beg's efforts was one failure after another, until at last, angered at the apparent disinclination of his favourite hawk, he began to throw it indiscriminately at crows, larks, or anything that flew by. After one final failure at some duck who had settled in an open pool on the river, the Beg desisted. The hawk had missed the duck and had settled on the far bank of the stream, from whence it was with difficulty retrieved. We were then some five miles from Niya, and expected to be allowed to jog home in well-contented peace, but were soon undeceived.

Rejoining us where we had waited for him while he made his last unsuccessful flight, the Beg set his pony going towards home at a good pace, and we followed suit. Not content with this, he drove his animal ahead with one of his men, evidently wishing us to take part in an extempore race.

Now the blood of few Englishmen can withstand such a challenge, even though they have been ten hours on the back of the same pony, and that a little beast such as those we rode. Away flew the Beg and his men, and after him went we *ventre à terre*.

The track to Niya was a sandy strip of soft going, and down this, as we drew near the outskirts of the village, the weary natives were making their homeward way. They did not seem to consider there

was anything unusual in the method we chose of returning, and I was beginning to wonder how we could be expected to avoid upsetting half the respectable townsfolk in Niya, when our abrupt arrival at a bend of the river put a stop to our headlong course.

Slowly we forded the shallow stream, and, as if touched by a spell, the whole company became suddenly solemn Asiatics once more. We had left Niya, as had been said, at dawn; we returned at dusk. It was the last day of the feast of Ramazan, and not a morsel of food had the Beg or any of his followers touched for many hours.

All honour to them that they could show themselves such whole-hearted children under such a strain. Mindful of the feast, and anxious that our host should be able to reach his home as soon as possible, for the moon would shortly rise, we tried in vain to dissuade him from accompanying us home. True to the courteous instinct which seems to have its origin in the East, the Beg insisted upon seeing us to the gate of our serai. There, in receipt of our grateful thanks, he left us, but I can see his tall upright figure now. Built in a larger mould than is usual among his compatriots, he was a man of silent, reserved character. Possessing in addition a tireless frame, a keen love of the open, and a very warm heart, our friend was as good a specimen of one of nature's gentlemen as could be found.

CLARENCE DALRYMPLE BRUCE.

MRS SELLAR'S RECOLLECTIONS.

THE late Master of Balliol, as Mrs Sellar reminds us at the very outset of this fascinating volume,¹ once expressed a wish that "aged persons would write down some recollections of people whom they have known"; and a similar desire must have passed through many much more commonplace minds than Mr Jowett's. The attempts made to gratify it in recent years have been numerous—perhaps more numerous than successful. The aged persons have been too indolent, or too distrustful of their powers. They have summoned an amanuensis to their aid, and the corruption of the amanuensis has too often proved the generation of what, in the slang of the plastic arts, is termed a "ghost." The result has been to rob every page of freshness and individuality. The sparkle evaporates from the narrative; the anecdotes seem to lose their flavour; and the total effect is one of unrelieved dreariness and boredom. Tea infused with thrice-boiled water is exhilaration itself compared with reminiscences concocted in this fashion. A very glaring instance occurs to us in which the recollections of an eminent lawyer, which by rights should have formed one of the most interesting books of the kind, were attenuated by the misplaced

exertions of a maladroit "devil" into a string of ill-told "yarns," many of them pointless, and some not new. The man who had lived the life was conspicuous by his absence from its record. The case we allude to was particularly distressing, and the average of merit has to some extent been adjusted by works in which the writer has had the good sense to be his own Boswell. But we can recall not more than two or three instances in which the true spirit of autobiography has been so felicitously caught, and its true method so triumphantly vindicated, as in these recollections. Not Lord Roberts, nor Mrs Oliphant, nor Mr Campbell Fraser, can be said to have anything to teach Mrs Sellar in this department.

To endeavour to surprise the secret of her success is presently to become aware that it baffles and eludes pursuit at every turn. No system of hard and fast "rules and cautells" can be deduced from her example. She has a noble disregard for sequence in time, and passes lightly and with little warning from one decade to another, and back again. Superficially regarded, her tale may seem incoherent, and there is none of that orderly marshalling of

¹ Recollections and Impressions. By E. M. Sellar. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1907.

facts which the scientific historian "desiderates" (as the scientific historian himself would probably be guilty of saying). Yet no one who reads the book with intelligence and sympathy can fail to recognise the presence of a golden thread which runs through it, binding its various parts into a far more harmonious and significant whole than any merely logical or chronological scheme could do. That thread is, of course, the author's own individuality. In every page and in every paragraph there speaks to us, as with the living voice, the woman of "vivid and striking impressions and feelings," — the woman herself, large of heart, and "so awfully quick at the uptake," as her brother's tutor discovered "Miss" to be long ago. The great charm of the work lies in its native simplicity, its unaffected spontaneity. A touch of conscious art would have detracted seriously from its value as a mere literary performance. And it is for this very reason that, although it abounds in first-rate stories, told with incomparable spirit and humour, no true conception can possibly be given of its capital and engaging quality by means of extracts. The texture of the fabric is too closely and too delicately wrought to suffer such rough handling. In the following remarks we shall quote but sparingly, and if they seem desultory, shall not apologise.

It is superfluous to inquire who the central figure is in Mrs

Sellar's 'Recollections and Impressions.' To say that William Young Sellar, her husband for eight-and-thirty years, was a famous scholar and professor would be grievously to understate the case. To know his 'Roman Poets of the Republic,' his 'Virgil,' and his posthumous 'Horace and the Elegiac Poets,' is to be familiar with three of the most admirable works of criticism which have appeared in this country during the last fifty years. We scarcely know where else to look for the same combination of ripe scholarship, sound judgment, and exquisite taste. As Matthew Arnold justly said in a letter to Shairp, "Sellar has tried to look at his poets as they are, and not through the coloured and distorted glasses of some extraordinary British crotchet." He had no axe of his own to grind; his criticism is of "the centre." It is precisely this union of learning, urbanity, and fastidiousness which formed the great contribution to the national and academic life of Scotland of Scots like Mr Sellar and Sir Alexander Grant, and Englishmen like Lushington and Jebb. The *præfervidum ingenium* could go far, and the universities were provided with excellent raw material. *Unum porro necessarium*, and that one thing needful had to be imported from a region in which civilisation was of more ancient standing, and in which town-councillors were then kept in their proper places. It was the professorial work of such men as we have named—and fortunately the race is by no means extinct—which more than any

other cause preserved the Arts faculties from falling into discredit and decay. The urgent need for some such influence as theirs, as well as its efficacy when applied, can best be gauged by what doctors call the "reaction." For the undisciplined and unlettered Scot views its traces with an ingenuous mixture of suspicion and fury. He is unable to conceive of learning except as a means of self-assertion. He knows no middle course between boisterous familiarity and gross rudeness; he distrusts any one who treats him with civility; and he finds an appropriate outlet for his spleen, and a convenient field for the employment of his peculiar controversial methods, in the correspondence columns of the daily press.

William Young Sellar was the son of very remarkable parents, to whom he was born in 1825. He became dux of the Edinburgh Academy in 1839, following in the footsteps of "Archie" Tait and John Mackintosh, the "earnest student." His school career appears to have been of the kind proverbially supposed to make Jack a dull boy. Fortunately, in his case there was no serious breakdown, though his health in after-life was none the better for the unremitting application which his father had enforced. His prize compositions at school are not greatly distinguished above the usual run of such pieces, but we cannot resist the temptation to quote from a poem written in honour of Queen Victoria's accession when he must have been little more than twelve years old:—

"Jam tibi præterit novies his annuus
orbis,
Terna tribus lustris addita messis
erat.

Sed tibi sit vatis Cumææ vita Sibyllæ,
Et videas Pylii sæcula multa senis.
Sic senio fessam functamque laboribus
ævi

Te maneat superi vita beata patris."

These verses do credit to the boy and to his masters, "Punch" Williams and the elder Carmichael. It is curious now to reflect how accurately, in the second last line, the young versifier has foreshadowed the manner of the great Queen's departure.

At Glasgow College Mr Sellar swept the board, and thence proceeded to Balliol—first on Mr Snell's foundation, and afterwards as a scholar of the college. A first in "Greats" and an Oriel fellowship brought his Oxford career to a suitable termination. His time there had coincided with the latter part of the Oxford Movement, but it is scarcely a surprise to find that it played no part in his intellectual or moral life. The interests of Mr Sellar and his companions lay in a different direction. They would have called themselves—and in point of fact did call themselves—Liberals in politics: it was the tune of the time among clever young men: but their academic attachment to certain vague Liberal theories found no corresponding adherence in practice to the "great Liberal party." Their temperament was essentially alien alike from the ferocity of a Rogers, the fantastic pedantry of a Freeman, and the sour puritanism of a Goldwin Smith. The complexion of their political views

was, like Matthew Arnold's, fundamentally conservative; and the progress of time brought in its train no appetite for revolutionary change. Mr Sellar had distrusted Mr Gladstone long before the date of the great betrayal; and that momentous event, in his case as in many others, did but complete a process which had for long been in more or less unconscious operation.

It was during a winter spent at Glasgow, in charge of Professor Ramsay's Humanity class, that Mr Sellar became engaged to Miss Dennistoun. They were married in 1852; and 1853 transported them to St Andrews, where Mr Sellar's tenure of the chair of Greek was destined to detain them for ten happy years. Mr Lang, in the charming sketch of his uncle's life prefixed to the 'Horace,' has dwelt with affectionate enthusiasm on the inspiring character of Mr Sellar's teaching; and the testimony of all his pupils on this point is unanimous. He must often have found it uphill work under the existing conditions. There was no entrance examination at the Scottish universities until long afterwards, and boys came up to college from the ordinary secondary schools ignorant of the very rudiments of the language which they were about to study in its higher walks. But the distastefulness of the task of lecturing to youths wholly unqualified to profit by what they heard was amply compensated by the visible growth in learn-

ing and letters of more competent and gifted students. Then at St Andrews there was golf (it was Mr Sellar who was informed by the caddie that "it takes a heid to play gowff"), while both there and in Edinburgh he sought and found relaxation from the labours of the classroom and the study in mixing with thoroughly congenial people. We are not sure that the best passages in Mrs Sellar's book are not those in which she depicts, in a few masterly strokes, the little community of St Andrews as it existed some forty or fifty years since. The familiar figures of whom we have heard so much seem to come to life again as we read. Above them all towers the brilliant and matchless Ferrier, a man of many gifts and many moods; the life and soul of the company in the small hours of the morning, and plunged in the book of Job at breakfast-time in order to find adequate expression for his feelings. Our only quarrel, if we have one, with Mrs Sellar is that she has not favoured us with more specimens of Mrs Ferrier's wit. So celebrated was she for this quality, that undoubtedly many venerable repartees were *mothered* on her for the parentage of which she was in no wise responsible; and we are sure that Mrs Sellar, if any one, could have given us an authentic canon. Her best Mrs Ferrier story is the advice given to herself not to trust to the *kain* fowls (which formed part of the Professor's emoluments) if she was giving

a dinner-party, for that the tenants of the college lands would probably attempt to evade the prestation by offering a cart-load of manure in lieu of the hens. Our only contribution to the anthology (and we by no means go bail for its authenticity) is her retort to a vain old maid who was boasting of the number of men she had had at her feet. "Chiropodists, I suppose," was the reply, with the indescribable nasal twang which used to lend additional zest to her most pungent remarks. In Mrs Sellar's pages we seem to gaze upon a society with simpler tastes and simpler pleasures, but with much more real merriment, than the society of our own day. We realise with a pang that the St Andrews of Ferrier and Shairp and Tulloch has departed never to return—the St Andrews which boasted but one cab and one professional cook, Bell Toddy by name. Formed by nature for an ideal university town, St Andrews has had the misfortune to outlive her opportunities. The number of worshipping pilgrims to the "Mecca of golf" has grown out of all comfort and all reason. The university tends more and more, we suspect, to keep itself to itself. The new generation of residents care less and less for anything beyond golf and bridge. Both are delightful in their way. No man was fonder of whist than Mr Sellar, who knew his cards before he learned to read at the age of four. But one of the notes of his constitution, as of that of his friends and

contemporaries, was a capacity for enjoying everything enjoyable. Thus the interfusion of general and academic society, which was the great feature of St Andrews in the old days, and which lingered on down to within the last twenty years, has disappeared, and its renewal seems as probable an event as the arrival of the Greek kalends.

His translation in 1863 to the Latin chair in Edinburgh, where he continued to teach until his death in 1890, restored Mr Sellar to some old friends, and brought him within reach of many new ones. He found Mr Lancaster building up a large junior practice at the Bar, and laying the foundations of a career which only his untimely death could have cut short. Presently Mr Harvey and Sir Alexander Grant rejoined his most intimate circle, the one having been appointed Rector of the Academy, and the other Principal of the University in succession to Sir David Brewster. All four remained firm and fast friends until the little coterie was gradually broken up by death. Of many others who helped to compose his circle, some of them happily still with us, Mrs Sellar presents vivid and telling portraits in miniature. All her reminiscences are kindly. If there were any persons who jarred, their names are not mentioned, and a minute study of the silences of the book would afford the only clue to their identity. It would be difficult to praise too highly the taste

and reticence which mark her handling alike of the living and of the dead. Written confessedly, in the first instance, for her grandchildren, the work is naturally full of the family and all its doings at Ardtornish, at Harehead, at Tullymet, at Kenbank, in Buckingham Terrace. But no tendency is shown to invest trivial matters with a fictitious importance, nor is the line ever overstepped which divides what may be told from what should not. With Mrs Sellar's example before us, we shrink from attempting an estimate of her husband on the more intimate side of his character and life. A more than ordinarily skilful and sympathetic pen would be required to do justice to that chivalrous and noble spirit. What it is possible to say on this topic has been said by Mr Lang in the memoir already referred to, and said with even more than the author's customary portion of delicacy, feeling, and tact.

An enumeration of the persons who flit across the glass of Mrs Sellar's magic-lantern would occupy more space than we can afford to devote to it. They embrace people of all degrees and sorts of intellectual distinction, and range from Dr John Macleod, the "high priest of Morvern," to Dean Stanley, and from Thomas De Quincey to the late Mr James Stewart, the well-known cab-hirer on the Dean Bridge. About one and all Mrs Sellar has something interesting—something fresh and observed at first-hand—to record. Of Stanley we venture to interpolate an

anecdote, which, so far as we are aware, has never appeared in print, and which we had on the best authority. At a dinner-party given in his honour (we rather think by Dean Ramsay) on one of his visits to Edinburgh, the Dean was expressing his admiration for the works of Burns in the most glowing and emphatic terms. A member of the company, then a distinguished advocate and afterwards a distinguished judge, ventured to inquire whether the Dean had not found the dialect a formidable hindrance to his thorough appreciation of the national bard. Not at all, was the enthusiastic and diminutive Dean's response; he had had no difficulty in understanding every word the poet wrote, and was quite ready to be put to the test. Thereupon our informant begged the illustrious guest for a rendering in ordinary English of the following lines from the "Address to the Deil":—

"An' dawtit twal-pint hawkie's gaen
As yeld's the bill."

The Dean was, of course, hopelessly nonplussed, and ninety per cent of Burns's countrymen would find themselves in a similar plight if subjected to the same ordeal. The Burns Clubs might do worse than make preparations against the 25th of January next for solving the problem—glossaries and Dr Jamieson barred.

We are disposed to think that, in reviewing the ranks of her husband's friends (and he had, as she truly remarks, a genius for friendship), Mrs Sellar's touch is never so sure

as when she treats of those with whom Oxford primarily forged the connecting link. His Oxford friendships meant more to him than all the rest. Among our somewhat kaleidoscopic recollections of the tercentenary of the University of Edinburgh in 1884—the first and, on the whole, the most successful of such celebrations in Scotland—one group remains firmly implanted in our memory. The scene was the Industrial Museum, where a crowded reception was in process of being held, and the group consisted of four Balliol men—Sir Robert Morier, Sir Alexander Grant, Mr Sellar, and Mr Jowett. They were talking to one another with an animation and enjoyment which it was invigorating to behold; and it would be hard to say which was the most impressive,—the commanding figure and majestic proportions of the ambassador, the noble head of the Principal, or the fine humanity which beamed from Mr Sellar's kindly eyes and irradiated his countenance. Of all the old Oxford friends, more is said in this book about Mr Jowett than about any other. Mrs Sellar is indeed too wise to repeat the thrice-told stories which cluster round his name, many of which were formerly told of his predecessor, Dr Jenkyns. But what she has to relate of him is highly characteristic, and will be delightful reading to all who, if they cannot echo the words of Sir Alexander Grant's famous eulogy, must ever cherish for its subject the warmest regard. Mrs Sellar

mentions the Master's sermon in the parish church of Elie. In those days the Grants were in the habit of spending the summer months at that agreeable watering-place, and the Master would pay a few days' visit to them at "Ebenezer Villa" every year. It was on one of these occasions that the present writer heard him compendiously and accurately describe the Revised Version of the New Testament, which had just appeared, as "a monument of pedantry." The text of the sermon which Mrs Sellar recalls was, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word." There, by an application of the principles of the "higher criticism," the familiar verse was abruptly broken off, and the congregation was regaled with nothing more nor less than a discourse on "the art of conversation." It was not precisely a "gospel sermon," and even a "cauldrie morality" was not conspicuous among its leading features, for in truth it was an essay on manners. But the Master must have had a fancy for it, for within a comparatively short space of time we heard him repeat it, once in Balliol Chapel, and once in Westminster Abbey on a Sunday evening. Perhaps it fascinated him as unfolding a counsel of perfection. Any sort of conversation, even talk about the weather or the crops, said the preacher, is better than none. A freshmen's breakfast at the Master's lodge afforded convincing proof of the soundness of this maxim. Unhappily, it demonstrated with equal em-

phasis the truth of the adage, that preaching is one thing and practice another.

Quite the best of the too few letters which Mrs Sellar reproduces is that written by Mr Jowett to Mr Sellar on his engagement, where the Master's *welt-anschauung* is frankly and unambiguously disclosed. We cannot pretend to cap it, but our readers may be interested in perusing a letter written by the same hand to a young man in a like predicament forty years later:—

"... I was very glad to hear of your engagement. It was kind of you to write and tell me about it. I remember an old bachelor Fellow of Balliol addressing a young man under similar circumstances. 'Sir,' he said, 'you will never again be so happy as you are now.' And so I say to you. And in thankfulness for so great and good a blessing, I know that you will make many resolutions about the life which you will lead and the good which you will do for others. And you will have one who will listen to you with sympathetic ears. These are the blessed moments of life, and we should make the most and the best of them."

In bidding a most reluctant farewell to Mrs Sellar, of whose treasures we do not pretend to have given anything like an exhaustive inventory, there is one reflection in particular which forces itself upon the mind. How inestimable is the boon of being brought up in a home the atmosphere of which is, so to speak, impregnated with literature! Not, to be sure, a home in which the children are trained to be prodigies (for

it is better to be a barbarian than a prig), but a home in which literature soaks into the system, and becomes unconsciously absorbed in the inmost being. No code can be prescribed for creating the necessary atmosphere; for the moment that a code is thought of, the moment that a whisper is heard of "the hundred best books," all hope of producing it vanishes for ever. Is it foolish to speculate how sensibly the sum of human happiness might be increased if something of this gracious and benignant influence could be diffused through every household in the land? There is no good reason why it should not be found in the cottage as well as in the palace, except, perhaps, in the eyes of the visionary Socialist, who thinks that no man can be virtuous or happy unless he has an income of at least £10,000 a-year. And if there are fewer such homes among the well-to-do than there used to be, may it not be because the good old custom of reading aloud in the family circle has been allowed to fall into desuetude? It was practised regularly by Mr Sellar, who in one of his later letters speaks with a characteristically humorous touch of "reading 'Obermann' once more to a languid and disgusted family." But nothing, it seems to us, can take its place, and its doom, we fear, has been irrevocably sealed by the spread of "education" and the "teaching of English literature" in schools.

THE YEOMANRY.

WHEN the Yeomanry first came into being it was recruited, as its name suggests, from that class of superior agriculturist known as the yeoman farmer. In his palmier days the yeoman farmer was a man who possessed a horse and a knowledge of horses, and an instinct which allowed him, in the intervals of his labours, to indulge in those field-sports which are held to be responsible for the cavalry spirit in this country. This material was organised into troops by the local squires and superior landowners, and furnished a military system to some extent allied to the ancient feudal conditions which are understood to be the framework upon which Mr Haldane hopes to base his new Territorial Army.

The conditions of service were lax in the extreme, not through any fault of the material, but mainly by reason of the indifference—it might also be said contempt—with which the professional soldier viewed the auxiliary. Thus it fell out that the yeoman farmers congregated for their annual training with the object of having a real good holiday more or less at the public expense. The officers, who viewed the conditions of service in a like spirit, were content to join an organisation which gave them the opportunity of wearing a magnificent uniform at dress functions and dispensing a

yearly hospitality at various centres in the county. In ordinary circumstances an organisation which had fallen into this manner of carrying out its obligations to the State was destined to decay. But two other conditions asserted themselves to hasten the rapid deterioration of the Yeomanry. In the first place, depression in agriculture, and the magnetic effect of the cities upon the country populations, curtailed the recruiting possibilities of the force; and secondly, towards the end of last century the general awakening of this country to the stern realities of modern war forbade the laxity of training in which the service indulged. As it dawned more generally upon the professional mind that the days of the roistering soldier of fortune were at an end, that war was a science which could only be applied with chances of success by steady perseverance and hard work, the regular officer began, reluctantly enough, to appreciate the fact that, in view of the paucity in establishment of the first line, there was more in the auxiliary system than they had hitherto allowed themselves to believe. The South African War, while it demonstrated the many weaknesses of the auxiliary system, also proved the great sterling qualities of those civilian soldiers who at that period were only crying out for the regular to

train them, so that they might best apply their patriotism and intelligence to the service of the country. In this manner the South African War was a great blessing, for it did much to break down the deplorable gulf between the two branches of the national forces, for which a century of mutual distrust and misconception of national duty had been responsible.

With regard to the Yeomanry, Mr Brodrick, be it said to his credit, evolved a scheme of organisation which every regular officer, who has made it his business to study the existing Yeomanry, will readily allow has given the country a force that it would now be fatal to destroy. But it must be clearly understood that though Yeomanry in name, the existing force, both in the matter of officers and men, bears little similitude to the original units which were recruited under the same designation.

The Yeomanry, under the name of the Imperial Yeomanry, was reorganised in 1901. At the present moment it consists of 56 corps, of a total strength of over 26,000 men. The cost of this force is about £21 per head. £5 is granted as a horse allowance, and 5s. 6d. per day is paid to each man when attending the annual training, which has been extended to a period of eighteen days. It is important to consider these figures. But not in the spirit of the War Office actuary, or the General Staff expert, who, estimating all auxiliaries as of more or less negligible fighting

value, simply fits them into a paper organisation for Budget purposes, and takes no heed of the national and economic interest which it is possible for the State to gain from expenditure under this head.

It is the contention of the writer that the class of man now enlisting in the Yeomanry is totally different to that which originally gave the force its name. The tenant-farmer and the agriculturist of to-day is not the same man he was fifty years ago. This is proved from a very interesting War Office return issued to Parliament in February. Here it will be found that of the 23,498 officers and men of the Imperial Yeomanry who attended training last year, 10,273 brought their own or relatives' horses into camp, while 11,361 were mounted regimentally by horses hired under the £5 allowance. But any one, who has had personal knowledge of the mounting of a Yeomanry corps, knows that of the ten thousand odd horses in the first category it is probable that 50 per cent were hired by the individual yeoman and classed as his own property. This is sufficient to prove the change in the material. There may be many at first sight who will deplore this change. On the face of it, it is unsatisfactory to find such depression in the agricultural districts. But in the study of this question we are only indirectly concerned with the economic changes brought about by the broader issues of national development. From

the point of view of military service this change has an advantage. In the old days the yeomen were scattered over the countryside and came together for drill, discipline, and instruction in a most spasmodic manner. Nor was the material in the circumstances good. Although with sufficient discipline and constant supervision it might have been excellent, yet the circumstances of locality and occupation were against it. Under the reorganised scheme the majority of the units are centred in some town, where it is possible not only to bring the men more frequently together but to keep them in constant touch with their non-commissioned officers and officers. Also the material which is attracted into the service is far more intelligent, and consequently far more tractable to intermittent discipline, than the old hale and hearty country sportsman, who looked upon soldiering much in the light of a summer bean-feast.

The consideration which, in the opinion of the writer, is paramount to all others, is the fact that by Mr Brodrick's Yeomanry scheme recruiting has been transferred from a more or less moribund class to the centres of energy and intelligence. By this means every three years the country is training in the use and custom of horses nearly 20,000 men who, if it were not for the Yeomanry, would never have had any thought or consideration for a horse. In this age, when mechanical means of

rapid transport cover the whole gamut of modern existence, it is no mean consideration that the opportunity should exist for the training of a portion of the manhood of the nation in horsemanship. With sympathetic and first-class instructors you may make a passable infantry soldier in six months. 'The Spectator' last year, with its experimental company, showed that much could be done in the matter of tuition and discipline; our good allies the Japanese, furnished with the best machinery, towards the end of the war placed less than six months' infantry recruits in the fighting-line; but it is open to very considerable doubt whether, even with the best instructors, you can teach a man both to ride and be a soldier in a similar period. Our experiences in South Africa hardly lead the writer to hope that we can.

"They are all the time holding on their hats," was the sarcastic verdict of the German Instructor to the Orange Free State Forces, when he was asked for an estimate of the fighting value of our rapidly-fashioned Mounted Infantry.

The writer cannot say whether these considerations have come before Mr Haldane and his military advisers. No reference to them is to be found in the War Minister's recent statement to the House of Commons or in any of his subsequent speeches. Therefore as these, the most important functions of the Yeomanry, appear to have escaped notice,

the writer would impress upon Mr Haldane that at a period when every inducement to use the horse as a means either of pleasure or locomotion is being destroyed by the facilities of mechanical transport, it would seem the duty of the State to encourage any system of auxiliary service which will keep alive the national interest in the saddle-horse. These considerations are the more important, as it is almost universally agreed by military experts that good and useful as bicycle, motor-car, and steam-lorry are in the several functions they have been able to usurp, yet when it comes to the concrete duties of reconnaissance in the face of an enemy, of rapid concentration in a rough country, and in surmounting all the unforeseen obstacles of warfare, the horse still must remain the only safe means for man's rapid locomotion. It may be that in a few years the problem of aerial navigation will be solved, but until the solution is nearer than it is at present no promoter of army schemes has a right to give it serious consideration.

The authorities who apportion the financial expenditure of this country having set it forth that there is no room to increase the numbers of the regular cavalry, it behoves Mr Haldane and his advisers to very carefully consider their treatment of the only possible substitute and reserve which their predecessors in office so wisely placed upon a satisfactory footing. It is the chief complaint of the Yeomanry offi-

cer that their service runs the danger in War Office legislation of being dealt with by staff-officers who have no knowledge of their internal economy beyond the reports which come up at the end of each year for actuarial scrutiny,—that their fortunes are shaped in that general atmosphere of disbelief in the value of auxiliary forces which is the legacy of a heresy of fatal persistency. The authorities who deal with this branch of the service appear to have closed their eyes to the fact that 50 per cent of the Yeomanry in Great Britain at the present moment is recruited from a class of educated men who are not only able to assimilate rapidly the rudiments of military drill and musketry precision, but can also acquire with extraordinary aptitude a very high level of military intelligence. This is particularly the case in those regiments which are stationed in London, and class regiments such as the Scottish Horse, Lovat's Scouts, and North and South of Ireland Yeomanry. It should be remembered that these men have in their ranks almost identical material with that which furnished the Imperial Light Horse and other irregular regiments that distinguished themselves during the South African War in a manner that not only commanded the respect of the regular officers who came into contact with them, but also elicited the admiration of the senior officers who commanded them. So much so that we find that Sir Ian Hamilton

records in his most excellent story of his experiences in the late war in Manchuria that the tenacity displayed by the 1st Imperial Light Horse on the 6th of January at Wagon Hill compares favourably with any exhibition of military dash and endurance which came under his notice when our allies were driving home their hard-fought bargain with Russia. This is a statement of very high significance, for it dissipates at once the chronic heresy of the professional soldier that it is impossible to fashion the auxiliary into first-line troops under the stereotyped two years, which would seem to be the professional's criterion. The writer would not force the argument that even selected units from the Yeomanry could be placed immediately into the first line, but he would state definitely—and he believes that every regular cavalry officer who has become associated with the Yeomanry will endorse this view—that, as far as the material in the ranks is concerned, it can be made as good as, and in the majority of cases far superior to, the similar material in the line in one-tenth of the time that it takes to fashion a cavalry soldier from the classes which are now enlisted. This may not be complimentary to the first line, but it is nevertheless true, and it is partly because the professional soldier realises that the intelligent middle-classes can reach his standard of efficiency with so little effort that the spirit of affected disbelief in the amateur has been consistently preserved. The

writer realises that the chief weakness of the Yeomanry lies in the officer ranks. This, however, is a fault which could easily be remedied, and which certainly does not call for a complete discouragement of the whole service.

Having gone so far into this subject the writer would now deal with the treatment of the Imperial Yeomanry, which has been foreshadowed by the War Minister in his proposals for the Territorial Army. While sympathising with Mr Haldane in endeavouring to steer his ship between the Treasury-snags which beset his course, we feel that he and his advisers have not the smallest grip of the economic conditions of the Yeomanry when they come to the conclusion that it would be possible to reduce mounted and dismounted men of the Territorial Army to one level of payment during their period of annual training. It was quite natural that those military experts, who knew no more of the Yeomanry than the information supplied in the official reports upon which they frame their estimates, should have seized upon the rate of pay under which the present force is enlisted. Their impression was, as is amply demonstrated by Mr Haldane's speech, that this rate of pay was an innovation resulting from an evil precedent set during the South African war. This, of course, as every one connected with the Yeomanry knows, is an erroneous assumption. All that happened in 1901 was a readjustment of the scale of pay under different

conditions. The impression doubtless remains in the official mind that this pay of 5s. 6d. per day passes into the yeomen's pockets. The writer would point out that in all the Yeomanry units of which he has knowledge practically the whole of this money is spent, one way or another, in furthering the general efficiency of the unit.

In the first place, the yeoman has to feed himself out of his 5s. 6d.; in the second, he has to pay for the upkeep of his equipment, and often to supply some portion of it, so that when finally his pay-sheet is balanced he leaves camp with possibly a few shillings in his pocket. It is proposed, however, that he should be fed at the public expense, and that his pay during training should be reduced to the level of the regular service. If this proposal be carried out the Yeomanry will disappear. It will disappear for the following reasons. In the first place, the yeoman, though he would be prepared to go on active service at the same rate of pay and in the same conditions as his comrades in the regular army, yet during his peace-training he will require some little recognition of his educational and social conditions. The writer knows from experience that you can, in a military sense, command the most exhaustive work from volunteers of this class; but if you unnecessarily add to a strenuous training all the discomforts of shoddy and parsimonious Government treatment, you place embargo upon voluntary service, about which

the educated man will think twice before he is prepared to undertake it. This argument may be difficult for the professional, who still perseveres in the view that the man in the ranks is a mere cipher, to understand; but as long as you have voluntary service, and you rely upon the military spirit of the individual volunteer to undertake the obligations which Tom, Dick, and Harry shirk, you must treat him in such a way that his voluntary services are not both a financial and a social burden. The second reason for which the scheme will fail is, that you will not find a sufficient number of commanding officers and squadron leaders who will have the funds at their command to ensure the efficiency of their units. It is not a matter of principle but a matter of common-sense that the volunteer, who has to be a proficient horseman as well as an expert rifleman, must incur greater expenses to maintain his efficiency than the volunteer who trains on foot. It is absurd on the face of it to expect that any standard of efficiency can be attained by a body of men who are only associated with horses for a fortnight out of the twelvemonth. It is therefore essential that the yeomen be kept in a certain amount of training throughout the year, desultory perhaps, but more or less continuous. The writer has pointed out earlier in this article that of the 26,000 men who belong to this service, not more than 25 per cent are drawn from the class who

possess horses of their own. The remainder, therefore, are put to very considerable expense in maintaining their efficiency. Putting generalities away and coming down to hard and tested facts, the writer knows that in his own squadron this between-times training costs each individual yeoman approximately £6 a-year. This figure is irrespective of all expenses connected with his camp and subscriptions to regimental institutions. Such, however, is the *esprit de corps* and military spirit of the class from which the material is drawn, that the men readily accept this liability. A majority of them sacrifice their annual holiday in order to qualify in their military obligations, and look to the pay which they are thus able to draw in two places to meet the extra demand upon their pockets for continuous training throughout the year. Reduce their pay to the proposed level of 1s. per day, and you at once make the continuous training impossible, for there are few squadron leaders who can afford to squander £600 per year to further Government parsimony. Place the men on army rations, curtail them of the refreshment of which they partake in their own homes, and you will make the annual camp a distasteful drudgery instead of an instructive holiday. By holiday we do not mean the ordinary conception of the term, but a change from the rigid rules of a business career which is willingly and contentedly undertaken as a national obligation.

Finally, the writer would impress upon Mr Haldane and his advisers that, before they definitely upset the stability of a force which is universally recognised as being one of the bright spots on Mr Brodrick's conception of the Home Defence requirements of this country, he and his advisers should make a searching inquiry among the many distinguished ex-regular officers who are now in command and associated with the Imperial Yeomanry, and act upon their opinions, before he executes the financial curtailment that he has in view,—always provided that his Army Scheme has been put before the public with a *bonâ-fide* intention of creating a Territorial Army which is intended to meet both the requirements of our strategical interests and the considerations of voluntary service. If this be the intention, then the scheme must be modified to place it within the possibility of acceptance by those who are prepared ungrudgingly to give their time and manhood. But if he be not sincere, and the scheme has but been fashioned with the intention that it shall fail, then the sooner all catchphrase organisations are abolished, and the army for Home Defence balloted for, the better; for the British Ministry that is single-minded enough to state definitely that the auxiliary army's organisation is hopelessly inadequate to the nation's needs will not find that the manhood of the nation will altogether fail them.

SQUADRON LEADER.

LEAVES FROM AN OLD COUNTRY CRICKETER'S DIARY.—I.

I WONDER whether I am risking censure in high quarters when I say that, as I look back upon cricket tours extending to pretty well all parts of the United Kingdom, it still remains a matter of doubt in my mind whether the Scotsman or the Irishman is of all people that I have ever encountered the more entirely satisfied—with himself and his own performances.

"Are ye ane o' the boolers, young man?" inquired a gentleman in the West of Scotland.

"Well, yes, sometimes."

"Weel, then, I'd like you to know that ye'll hae the pre-eminence o' booling the day against the three verra best batsmen in Scotland."

Impressed at once, I inquired with all due humility what might be the names of the celebrities.

"Weel, there's me, and there's Evans, and there's Dunlaup."

In the sequel "Me" had to be contented with about ten runs in two knocks, Evans narrowly escaped bagging a brace, but "Dunlaup" hit our slow bowler twice in the same over out of the field, and once through the windows of the National School. Native parsimony had ordained that the area of "laid" ground in a large enclosure should be very limited, so much so indeed that a boundary hit only counted three,—but that was a big hit

indeed which landed the ball out of the field.

We did not win our two days' match, and had even to scrape a bit in the fourth innings in order to make the inevitable draw look as respectable as possible. Our virtue was so far rewarded that we ought to have appeared on paper as having a shade the better of the deal. But a local scorer—we had not brought one of our own—was quite equal to the occasion. Our two unconquered batsmen, after a slow beginning, having fairly collared the bowling, had felt at liberty to hit away merrily in the last quarter of an hour. A good deal of the interest in the game had evaporated, and the hitters were not seriously disturbed by the fact that "telegraphing" seemed to have become a dead art. But they were inclined to wax argumentative when, on inspecting the score-sheet, they discovered in long rows of singletons the imagined value of almost as many boundary hits. It appeared that the scorer proper, so soon as he felt practically convinced that there was no chance of the home side winning, had evacuated his position in favour of a deputy, who, to judge from the colour of his nose, was a better judge of whisky than of cricket, and had just arrived at the suspicious stage of inebriation.

"Just hawering!" he pronounced the objection. "Ye'll

hae as mony rins as ye rinned or walkit, and nae mair."

"There's some merit in a three boundary after all," remarked the more philosophical of the two injured innocents. "If the boundary had been four, old chap, we shouldn't have scored at all."

A three boundary, in my opinion, is a wholly iniquitous institution, equally unfair to the bowler, who finds himself interrupted in the course of an experiment, and to the fast scoring batsman, condemned to watch a "Job" playing back to the last five balls of an over. He may be written down a silly goat who runs a single when it is obviously to the advantage of his side that he should keep the bowling, but the bowler who sees a "sitting rabbit" elude his clutches by virtue of a lucky snick is indeed a person to be condoled with.

That confidence in self which is inspired by much "whuskey" is not only highly gratifying to the possessor, but furthermore seems to have the effect of causing him to view the performances of his fellow-men through highly rose-coloured spectacles.

To myself, sitting in a remote corner of the Grange ground to rest after a long spell of comparatively ineffectual bowling, and wondering why on certain days so many balls that beat the batsman should be fated to beat the wicket and the wicket-keeper into the bargain, there rolled up a tall and fine-looking gentleman, white-waistcoated, white-hatted,

equally well-whiskered and well-whiskied. "The ivy clings to the oak," said my old Latin exercise-book, but in this case the oak was rather by way of clinging to the ivy. For my tall friend was obviously retaining his equilibrium by resting a hand heavily on the shoulder of a much shorter and leaner man, almost as smartly dressed, but a good three degrees more sober than himself.

"I'd hae ye to know, young man," said the tall party, "that I'll be proud to shake hands wi' ye. My frien' here and myself hae been admiring your great powers of endurance. Hech, man! But some of the balls ye bowlit were doonricht owful."

Jumping up in a hurry to perform the required ceremony, I received as the reward of my temerity a grip whereof I felt the effect for the rest of the afternoon.

"And if ye'll not be knowing what manner of man it is that has done ye the haunour of addressing you," put in the smaller man, "I'll tell you the noo. My frien' here is just the biggest airchitect in Edinbro."

"And what for no, Sandy?"

That, too, was a Scotsman who, in the captain's absence, welcoming our side at Aldershot in the early nineties, inquired with much earnestness whether I had brought a strong side. As all things in cricket go by comparison, I felt justified in saying that, on the whole, I was pretty well satisfied:

"I am so glad!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "for I don't mind telling you that we have got a tremendously hot side this year, and it so happens that we have got our very best lot playing to-day. Yes," he said, consulting his list, "there are—let me see—one, two, three, four, five, six—no, let me think—seven, yes, seven men playing who have made centuries for the Division this year, and of course B—— has made half a dozen at least. Pretty good for one side, isn't it?"

As it happened, the gods were on our side that day, and a spiteful little lady—was it Nemesis or Fortuna?—so contrived that we won the toss and helped ourselves pretty freely to runs till late in the afternoon. Then an August sun, beginning to think about setting behind the trees, considerably handicapped a tired side called upon to encounter two really good fast bowlers, with their tails well up, in a bad light.

17—7—0 registered the telegraph board, when we drew the stumps by mutual consent ten minutes before the proper time. The soldiers failed to redeem a bad start, and for the third time in the week we won our match in a single innings on a hard and fast wicket by four o'clock in the afternoon of the second day.

I do not know the nationality of the young gentleman who, with all a schoolboy's bright candour, expressed to a great cricketer, the captain of a side that went down to Sandhurst,

his gratification that the cadets were at last to meet foemen worthy of their steel.

"You know," he exclaimed, "we have got a most wonderful side here this year. Quite the best we have ever had. We really have got eight bowlers and ten bats."

"That sounds like a very strong side indeed," was the courteous answer.

Yet I am afraid that there was a trace of equally courteous irony in the leave-taking. It was only a one day's match, played before the "declaration" rule had come into operation, and the boys had not won the toss.

"Well, good-bye," said the visiting captain, "and thank you very much for a most enjoyable day. We have seen the eight bowlers, and I only wish we could come again and see the ten bats."

It is not, perhaps, his own trumpet the Irishman blows so loudly as the trumpet of Irish cricket generally. They play the game indifferently rather than abnormally well in more than one part of the Emerald Island, but it is not long before the English visitor discovers that a patriotic belief in his fellow-countrymen's prowess is a *sine qua non* characteristic of the Irish cricketer.

"Did ye ever see Pat H—— bowl?"

"I don't think I have."

"Then ye've never seen the finest bowler of this or any other country in the wurl-d, my boy!"

Or again—

"Did they tell you how Dan

— hit your great Zingari bowler out of the ground three times in wan over?"

"I think I read something about it."

"Read!" in huge contempt. "You don't know what hitting raally manes till ye've seen Dan at wurrk!"

Doubtless acclimatisation and familiarity with the surroundings of an Irish cricket-ground have a tendency to encourage the Hibernian belief in native invincibility. A cock on his own dunghill has been known to crow somewhat loudly, and furthermore requires some shifting, even when, on neutral ground, the intruder happens to be the better bird of the two. The same holds good of an Irish side on Irish soil. Bewildering lights and shadows, mud-caked balls, sticky wickets, damp out-fielding, and many other things besides that are apt to put off the stranger from afar, are in the eyes of the home-born cricketer so many ordinary incidents or inseparable accidents of the game. If it is not in mortals to command success, the Irish cricketer seems to find solid comfort in the firm belief that he, if any other man in the world, has at any rate deserved it. He is to be commended also on the score of his ingenuity in providing excuses for failure.

"Sure and I niver played near the ball at all," exclaimed a player at Limerick, when in scrapping forward at a short one he had edged the ball and been brilliantly caught at short slip. But so soon as he ascer-

tained that our umpire, who hailed from the less charitable and more sceptical bank of the Tweed, was inclined to be obdurate, he turned round quite happily to short-slip.

"By dam, then," he exclaimed, "and it's myself that had forgotten that you were left-handed!"

That gentleman hailed from Cork who, on another occasion, anticipated the umpire's verdict. He had received what the bowler imagined to be a straight yorker on the end of his boot.

"How's that?" with one accord from bowler and wicket-keeper.

"Moighty painful, if it's me you're asking. You've killt the tow of me entoirely!" and dropping his bat he hopped about holding the injured member.

Our umpire on the occasion did not come from Scotland, and being a soft-hearted man took a lenient view of the transaction. The supposed cripple, a most cheery and amusing cricketer, not only compiled a respectable score, but ran short runs like a hare. He was caught in the country at last, and was well on his way to the pavilion when he found that he had forgotten to take the "sweater" which after the first ten minutes he had entrusted to the umpire's keeping. As I went to meet him with the required article I could not resist an inquiry as to the condition of the injured "tow."

"Sure I had forgotten it entoirely," and with that he put

on the most comical limp all the way back to the pavilion. Once again it was a pretty clear case of

“But Paddie from Cork
Desaved the old devil and slipped
through his claws.”

Let me here remark that the native umpiring in Ireland appealed to me on the whole as combining impartiality with a cheerful indifference to facts and criticism. I saw one and the same umpire in the course of a single innings give the same batsman in three times over when he was palpably out, and finally send him back to the pavilion lbw. when a four to leg should by all rights have gone to his credit. The batsman had been caught off the shoulder of his bat by the wicket-keeper standing back, had been run out a good two yards, and had stopped a straight full pitch with a leg which was invariably obstructing the bowler's view of the middle stump. As matters were getting serious, we changed the bowling, and put on our one and only Irishman to attack his compatriot. The first ball of the new over was a fast yorker on the middle stump. The usual leg was there all right, and the bowler had got as far as “How's” before grasping the fact that at the last appreciable fraction of a second the bat had intervened.

“Out!” said the umpire, as the ball travelled to the boundary, and every one except the batsman laughed. There followed an awkward pause.

“Am I to go, really?” presently inquired the batsman.

Under the circumstances it was a somewhat delicate question, and one that required a diplomatic answer.

“Do whatever you like. But don't you think that, taking one thing with another, you have been there about long enough?”

The batsman, after a momentary reflection, nodded, smiled, and walked back to the pavilion.

To a brawny Scotsman on the Drumpellier ground I am indebted for my knowledge of the correct pronounciation of the word “diaoul.” Having previously seen it in print only, I had imagined it to be a trisyllable. But my Scotsman gave it in two, or at the most two and a half, syllables, there being only a suspicion of the “a” in the sounding of the diphthong. I imagine that the expression is of Celtic origin, and that it constitutes an appeal or exhortation to his Satanic majesty. And indeed the occasion amply warranted strong language on the part of the gentleman who employed it. He was a batsman of what may be called the play-steadily-forward-with-the-bat-close-to-the-knee-when-in-doubt-or-difficulty order, and he possibly saved his life by bending forward and apparently thus playing at a wrong object, while the ball itself hummed by just over the top of his head. I cannot at this date remember why we thought it necessary to change the bowling; for an easily-won match, in which

four innings only totted up to three hundred runs, hardly seems to suggest that a change on the victors' part was required. Then, again, even if a change was advisable in that fourth innings, why put on "Ephraim" of all people? Where indeed it is essential to the happiness and well-being of a side that the enemy shall be smitten hip and thigh, "Ephraim's" undoubtedly is the proper agency to employ. For albeit the gentleman in question is one of the most amiable of living creatures, the feel of the cricket-ball in his right hand seems to work a complete transformation in his nature, and to convert the lamb—well, not into a lion exactly, but rather into a tearing, grunting, windmill-acted, throwing-head-and-body-after-the-ball sort of automaton. On a fast and true wicket, with a bright sun overhead, "Ephraim" may pass muster as a fast, slightly erratic, and—if the batsman is not well on the alert—distinctly dangerous bowler. But given the surroundings that he had that day—the overcast sky, black ball, still blacker cloud behind the arm, a miniature hurricane at his back,—I should myself elect to "retire hurt" even before I reached the wicket. If his foot had not slipped, and his cap, taking an unfair start of the ball, floated down the pitch, things might have gone better—not perhaps for the batsman, but for our stumper standing a good eight yards behind the wicket. As it was, "Diaoul!" exclaimed

the batsman; and the wicket-keeper, accepting on his foot that which he had intended to receive upon the pad, added on his own account to the proposition a pious corollary which also began with the letter D. Where iniquitously fast full pitches are flying about in an atrocious light, even short-slip standing fine is not an altogether uninterested spectator. And so, in the short interlude caused by our stumper's anxiety to show off the latest form of African war-dance, I had my little say in the matter.

"Have you gone clean off your head, 'Ephraim'?" I snapped out.

"No; it was only my cap."

The same bowler most unwillingly hurt his captain's feelings in the course of a Harlequin match that I once played with him on Chatham Lines. What a paradise for hard hitters was the R.E. ground in a really dry summer twenty years ago! A practically unlimited area, surface as hard and as slippery as glass, no silly boundary flags, no grass to speak of, the little there was worn brown or yellow—any colour you like, indeed, save green; just enough broken jam-pots and glass bottles to make the pursuing fieldsman go warily; here and there a decline, by way of encouraging him to fall on his nose; enough breeze even on the hottest day of the year to keep the ball rolling; groups of small boys, equally prompt to jump up and give a free passage to the ball and then to resume their seats and make

personal remarks about the fieldsman,—what could a man wish for more?

An exceptionally hard hitter had been thoroughly enjoying himself when "Ephraim" was deputed to bowl. The latter took the ball which was tossed to him, and, wearing that puzzled expression which he always adopts by way of putting his adversary off his guard, stepped out twelve paces and cleared the decks for action.

"Stop a minute!" roared the captain. "Don't you want your field altered? You can't want four men out, surely?"

As "Ephraim" was displacing a slow bowler, who had required several men out in the country and one sort of apology for slip, some alteration seemed highly advisable. So we were all hustled about into fresh places, and then, lo and behold! even though three slips and a so-called third man had been placed for him, one weird craving on "Ephraim's" part seemed to be yet unsatisfied. Rare event!—for "Ephraim" is essentially a modest man—he hazarded a suggestion.

"I think I should like a long-leg."

"A long-leg!" in a tone of high contempt. "What on earth do you want a long-leg for? You're not going to bowl to leg, are you? I'm going to stand here," and our captain planted himself in that sort of half-way house between silly mid-on and forward short-leg, which is only too often left vacant because

so few men have the nerve to occupy it.

Once again friend "Ephraim" started on the warpath. Whether he got out of stride or crossed his legs is a matter of no moment. In any case he stumbled badly, nearly fell on his nose, and sent down, holy Moses! what a ball! It pitched first close to his own toes, and then came along the pitch at a nice easy pace on a sort of duck-and-drake system, and—on the leg side. The batsman made no manner of mistake about hitting it. Lying well back to the stroke and smiting for all he was worth, he got it fair and square in the middle of the bat. One indignant glance at the bowler, and then our captain started in pursuit of the vanishing globe: a pursuit—dare I write the word?—dignified rather than hot-footed. For indeed the state of the ground called for wary going; and the prudent runner, who calculates that he has something not far short of a quarter of a mile to cover, husbands his strength with a view to a spurt at the finish. The finish was so far off from most of us, that we could not exactly see when the spurt began and when it ended. Two other men, as in duty bound, trotted off to back up the captain. "Ephraim" stood quite still, scratching his head and envying the fate of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram; and the rest of us sat down and laughed till our sides fairly ached. They ran nine for that hit, and we all took care to be on our

legs by the time that the captain turned. After an awful pause that lasted until he had slowly retraced his steps, "Ephraim" finished the over in solemn silence. At the end of it, however, he felt himself bound to offer some apology.

"I'm awfully sorry," he humbly remarked to the captain, who was still looking rather warm and breathless after his long excursion, "but I said I should like a long-leg."

"Pity that you didn't say at the same time that you intended to bowl a round-hand sneak."

"Ephraim's" face was a study.

Another first ball of much the same stamp was sent down to an almost equally hard hitter by an adventurous young gentleman in Hertfordshire. To a casual and impartial observer that which goes by the name of King's Langley Common would suggest itself as an admirable site for a hydro-pathic establishment, hospital, or sanatorium—nay, even for a croquet-ground or bowling-green, or in short for pretty well anything you like save only a bathing-place or a cricket-ground. Yet there some enthusiast, in despair, possibly, of finding a field on the flat, did at some time in the dark ages lay out a cricket-ground, and, with certain reservations, not a very bad cricket-ground either. True, the wickets are pitched on the top of a high hill so inconveniently near a steep declivity that deep

square-leg at one end, if he stands in his proper place, has to take a good deal of what is happening upon the higher level for granted, and counts himself fortunate if he gets an occasional view of cover-point on the sky-line. But the pitch is good. On such a ground, then, King's Langley were contending against a rival local team under a hot August sun, and things were not going very well for the home side,—for the terror of the neighbourhood, a really free and stylish batsman, was making considerable hay with the bowling. Whether owing to initial nervousness or impatience, Tom W—— was a bad starter, and only got firmly set once in a way throughout the course of the whole season. On the particular day in question no style of bowling seemed to come amiss to him; and the King's Langley captain, as plucky an old cricketer as ever donned flannels,—not particularly clean flannels, by the way,—was fairly at his wits' end.

"You don't bowl by any chance, Mr H——?" he exclaimed, addressing the wicket-keeper, a cheery-hearted young gentleman whose name as a matter of fact began with an E.

It is nothing more or less than throwing temptation at a man's head to ask him who has been alternately crouching behind the wicket, or hopping round it for four mortal hours by the clock on a boiling hot August day, whether he would like a change of occupation.

"Bowl? Of course I bowl," and the wicket-keeper's pads and gloves were off in half no time.

Ready enthusiasm is often contagious. It proved to be so then. The old captain's eye brightened up; weary fieldsmen of a sudden waxed more sprightly; only one dissentient voice was heard. Did it come from a disappointed bowler or the cynical ex-parson, who used to field point?

"You are quite sure, old chap, that you've got an action?"

"Half a dozen," was the prompt reply; "here, chuck me the ball,"—and taking advantage of the circumstance that the batsman had temporarily retired to what in that part of the world we used to call the "drinking-hovel," the wicket-keeper embarked upon a series of trial balls by way of discovering which particular action among the alleged half-dozen was best adapted to the wicket and the occasion.

"I knew," he confessed to me afterwards, "that it was only a case of one over when it really came to business, so I thought I might as well try whether I could make the beastly ball do anything beforehand."

Presently the captain, who, after watching the bewildering series of trial balls, had begun

to doubt whether he really had unearthed a treasure, suggested that perhaps Mr H— would like to place his own field. This the new bowler did after a fashion entirely his own, planting a sort of silly short-leg somewhere in front of the umpire, ordering the deputy wicket-keeper to stand well back, and putting everybody else on the off-side.

"Over the wicket, sir, or round?" inquired the bowler's umpire.

"Whichever you like,—over, no, I mean round."

I give the remainder of the story in the words, as nearly as I can remember them, of the best narrator of cricket yarns that I ever encountered:—

"He took a tremendously long run, and then sent down the slowest and worst long-hop to leg that I ever saw. 'Look out on the leg side,' he shouted. Short-leg and the umpire threw themselves flat on their backs in order to escape utter destruction; all the men on the off-side sat down, feeling that they had no further interest in the match; and Tom, after making one or two remarks to the wicket-keeper while he was waiting for the ball, spat on his hands and hit it right down to the bottom of the hill, where the tinker's dog ran away with it."

(To be continued.)

THE DAFT DAYS.—CONCLUSION.

A NOVEL.

BY NEIL MUNRO,

AUTHOR OF 'JOHN SPLENDID,' 'THE LOST PIBROCH,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

"YOU surely did not come in these daft-like garments all the way from Edinburgh?" asked her Auntie Bell, when the wig had been removed and Bud's youth was otherwise resumed.

"Not at all!" said Bud, sparkling with the success of her deception. "I came almost enough of a finished young lady to do you credit, but when I found there was nobody in the house except Kate, I felt I couldn't get a better chance to introduce you to The Macintosh if I waited for a year. I told you we'd been playing charades last winter at the school, and I got Jim to send me some make-up, the wig, and this real 'cute old lady's dress. They were all in my box to give you some fun sometime, and Kate helped me hook things, though she was mighty scared to think how angry you might be, Aunt Bell; and when I was ready for you she said she'd be sure to laugh fit to burst, and then you'd see it was only me dressed up, and Footles he barked, so he looked like giving the show away, so I sent them both out into the garden and sat in a stage-fright that almost shook my

ear-rings off. I tell you I felt mighty poorly sitting there wondering what on earth I was to say; but by-and-by I got to be so much The Macintosh I felt almost sure enough her to have the rheumatism, and knew I could fix up gags to keep the part going. I didn't expect Uncle Dan would be the first to come in, or I wouldn't have felt so brave about it, he's so sharp and suspicious—that's with being a lawyer, I s'pose, they're a' tarred wi' the ae stick Miss Macintosh says; and when he talked all that solemn Latin stuff and looked like running up a bill for law advice that would ruin me, I laughed inside enough to ache. Now *amn't* I just the very wickedest girl, Uncle Dan?"

"A little less Scotch and a more plausible story would have made the character perfect," said her uncle. "Where did you get them both? Miss Macintosh was surely not the only model?"

"Well, she's not so Scotch as I made out, except when she's very sentimental, but I felt she'd have to be as Scotch as the mountain and the flood to

fit these clothes; and she's never talked about marrying anybody herself, but she's making a match just now for a cousin of hers, and tells us all about it. I was partly her, but not enough to be unkind or mean, and partly her cousin, and a little bit of the Waverley Novels,—in fact, I was pure mosaic, like our dog. There wasn't enough real quaint about Miss Macintosh for ordinary to make a front scene monologue go, but she's fuller of hints than—than a dictionary, and once I started I felt I could play half a dozen Macintoshes all different, so's you'd actually think she was a surging crowd. You see there's the Jacobite Macintosh, and the 'aboaminable' English Macintosh, and the flirting Macintosh who raps Herr Laurent with her fan, and the fortune-telling Macintosh who reads palms and tea-cup leaves, and the dancing and deportment Macintosh who knows all the first families in Scotland."

Bud solemnly counted off the various Macintoshes on her finger-tips.

"We'll have every one of them when you come home next winter," said Miss Ailie. "I'd prefer it to the opera."

"I can't deny but it's diverting," said Miss Bell; "still, it's dreadfully like play-acting, and hardly the thing for a sober dwelling. Lassie, lassie, away this instant and change yourself!"

If prizes and Italian songs had really been the proof that Bud had taken on the polish, she would have disappointed

Uncle Dan, but this art of hers was enough to make full amends, it gave so much diversion. Character roused and held her interest; she had a lightning eye for oddities of speech and gesture. Most of a man's philosophy is in a favourite phrase, his individuality is betrayed in the way he carries his hat along the aisle on Sunday. Bud, each time that she came home from Edinburgh, collected phrases as others do postage-stamps, and knew how every hat in town was carried. Folk void of idiosyncrasy, having the natural self restrained by watchfulness and fear, were the only ones whose company she wearied of; all others she studied with delight, storing of each some simulacrum in her memory. Had she reproduced them in a way to make them look ridiculous she would have roused the Dyces' disapproval, but lacking any sense of superiority she made no impersonation look ignoble; the portraits in her gallery, like Raeburn's, borrowed a becoming curl or two and toned down crimson noses.

But her favourite character was The Macintosh in one of the countless phases that at last were all her own invention, and far removed from the original. Each time she came home, the dancing-mistress they had never really seen became a more familiar personage to the Dyces. "I declare," cried Bell, "I'm beginning to think of you always as a droll old body." "And how's the rheumatism?" Dan would ask;

it was "The Macintosh said this" or "The Macintosh said that" with Ailie; and even Kate would quote the dancing-mistress with such earnestness, that the town became familiar with the name and character without suspecting they were often merely parts assumed by young Miss Lennox.

Bud carried the joke one night to daring lengths by going as Miss Macintosh with Ailie to a dance, in a gown and pelerine of Grandma Buntain's that had made tremendous conquests eighty years before.

Our dances at the inn are not like city routs: Petronella, La Tempête, and the reel have still an honoured place in them; we think the joy of life is not meant wholly for the young and silly, and so the elderly attend them. We sip claret-cup and tea in the alcove or "adjacent," and gossip together if our dancing days are done, or sit below the flags and heather, humming "Mer-rily danced the quaker's wife," with an approving eye on our bonny daughters. Custom gives the Provost and his lady a place of honour in the alcove behind the music: here is a petty court where the civic spirit pays its devoirs, where the locketts are large and strong, and hair-chains much abound, and mouths before the mellowing midnight hour are apt to be a little mim.

Towards the alcove, Ailie—Dan discreetly moving elsewhere—boldly led The Macintosh, whose ballooning silk brocade

put even the haughtiest of the other dames in shadow. She swam across the floor as if her hoops and not her buckled shoon sustained her, as if she moved on air.

"Dod! here's a character!" said Dr Brash, pulling down his waistcoat. "Where have the Dyces gotten her?"

"The Ark is landed," said the Provost's lady. "What a peculiar creature!"

Ailie gravely gave the necessary introductions; and soon the notable Miss Macintosh of Kaims was the lion of the assembly. She flirted most outrageously with the older beaux, sharing roguish smiles and taps of the fan between them, and, compelling unaccustomed gallantries, set their wives all laughing. They drank wine with her in the old style; she met them glass for glass in water.

"And I'll gie ye a toast now," she said, when her turn came—"Scotland's Rights," raising her glass of water with a dramatic gesture.

"Dod! the auld body's got an arm on her," whispered Dr Brash to Colin Cleland, seeing revealed the pink plump flesh between the short sleeves and the top of the mittens.

They drank the sentiment—the excuse for the glass was good enough, though in these prosaic days a bit mysterious.

"What are they?" asked the Provost.

"What are what?" said The Macintosh.

"Scotland's Rights."

"I'll leave it to my friend Mr Dyce to tell ye," she said

quickly, for the lawyer had now joined the group. "It'll aiblins cost ye 6s. 8d., but for that I daresay he can gie ye them in the Laiten. But—but I hope we're a' friens here?" she exclaimed with a hurried glance round her company. "I hope we have nane o' thae aboaminable English amang us. I canna thole them! It has been a sair dooncome for Scotland since ever she drew in wi' them." For a space she dwelt on themes of rather antique patriotism that made her audience smile, for in truth in this burgh town we see no difference between Scotch and English: in our calculations there are only the lucky folk, born, bred, and dwelling within the sound of Will Oliver's bell, and the poor souls who have to live elsewhere, all equally unfortunate, whether they be English, Irish, or Scots.

"But here I'm keepin' you gentlemen frae your dancin'," she said, interrupting herself, and consternation fell on her company, for sets were being formed for a quadrille, and her innuendo was unmistakable. She looked from one to the other of them as if enjoying their discomfiture.

"I—I—I haven't danced, myself, for years," said the Provost, which was true; and Colin Cleland, sighing deeply in his prominent profile and hiding his feet, protested quadrilles were beyond him. The younger men quickly remembered other engagements and disappeared. "Will you do me the honour?" said Dr Brash—good man! a gentle

hero's heart was under that wrinkled waistcoat.

"Oh!" said The Macintosh, rising to his arm, "you'll be sure and no' to swing me aff my feet, for I'm but a frail and giddy creature."

"It would be but paying you back," said the Doctor, bowing. "Miss Macintosh has been swingin' us a' aff our feet since she entered the room."

She laughed behind her clouded glasses, tapped him lightly with her fan, and swam into the opening movement of the figure. The word's abused, yet I can but say she danced divinely, with such grace, lightness of foot, and rhythm of the body that folk stared at her in admiration and incredulity: her carriage, seen from behind, came perilously near betraying her, and possibly her partner might have soon discovered who he had, even if she had not made him a confession.

"Upon my word!" said he, in a pause between the figures,—"Upon my word! you dance magnificently, Miss Macintosh. I must apologise for such a stiff old partner as you've gotten."

"I micht weel dance," said she. "You ken I'm a dancin'-mistress?" Then she whispered hurriedly in her natural voice to him. "I feel real bold, Dr Brash, to be dancing with you here when I haven't come out yet, and I feel real mean to be deceiving you, who would dance with an old frump just because you're sorry for her, and I *can't* do it one minute longer. Don't you know me, really?"

"Good Lord!" said he in an undertone, aghast. "Miss Lennox!"

"Only for you," she whispered. "Please don't tell anybody else."

"You beat all," he told her. "I suppose I'm making myself ridiculous dancin' away here with—h'm!—auld langsyne, but faith I have the advantage now of the others, and you mustn't let on when the thing comes out that I did not know you from the outset. I have a crow to pick with Miss Ailie about this—the rogue! But, young woman, it's an actress you are!"

"Not yet, but it's an actress I mean to be," she said, poussetting with him.

"H'm!" said he, "there seems the natural gift for it, but once on a time I made up my mind it was to be poetry."

"I've got over poetry," she said. "I found I was only one of that kind of poets who always cut it up in fourteen-line lengths and begin with 'As when.' No, it's to be the stage, Dr Brash; I guess God's fixed it."

"Whiles He is—h'm—injudicious," said the Doctor. "But what about Aunt Bell?"

"There's no buts about it, though I admit I'm worried to think of Auntie Bell. She considers acting is almost as bad as lying, and talks about the theatre as Satan's abode. If it wasn't that she was from home to-night, I daren't have been here. I wish—I wish I didn't love her so—almost—for I feel I've got to vex her pretty bad."

"Indeed you have!" said Dr Brash. "And you've spoiled my dancing, for I've a great respect for that devoted little woman."

Back in the alcove The Macintosh found more to surround her than ever, though it was the penalty of her apparent age that they were readier to joke than dance with her. Captain Consequence, wanting a wife with money, if and when his mother should be taken from him, never lost a chance to see how a pompous manner and his medals would affect strange ladies. He was so marked in his attention, and created such amusement to the company, that, pitying him, and fearful of her own deception, she proposed to tell fortunes. The ladies brought her their emptied tea-cups; the men solemnly laid their palms before her; she divined, for all, their past and future in a practised way that astonished her uncle and aunt, who, afraid of some awkward sally, had kept aloof at first from her levee, but now were the most interested of her audience.

Over the leaves in Miss Minto's cup she frowned through her clouded glasses. "There's lots o' money," said she, "and a braw house, and a muckle garden wi' bees and trees in't, and a wheen boys speilin' the wa's—you may be aye assured o' bien circumstances, Miss Minto."

Miss Minto, warmly conscious of the lawyer at her back, could have wished for a fortune less prosaic.

"Look again; is there no'

a man to keep the laddies awa'?" suggested the Provost, pawky body!

"I declare there is!" cried The Macintosh, taking the hint. "See; there! he's under this tree, a' huddled up in an awfu' passion."

"I can't make out his head," said the Provost's lady.

"Some men hae nane," retorted the spae-wife; "but what's to hinder ye imaginin' it, like me?"

"Oh! if it's imagination," said the Provost's lady, "I can hear him swearin'. And now, what's my cup?"

"I see here," said The Macintosh, "a kind o' island far at sea, and a ship sailin' frae't this way, wi' flags to the mast-head, and a man on board."

"I hope he's well, then," said the Provost's lady, "for that's our James, and he's coming from Barbadoes: we had a letter just last week. Indeed you're a perfect wizard!" She had forgotten that her darling James's coming was the talk of the town for ten days back.

Colin Cleland, rubicund, good-natured, with his shyness gone, next proffered his palm to read. His hand lay like a plaice, inelegant and large, in hers, whose fresh young beauty might have roused suspicion in observers less carried away in the general illusion.

"Ah! sir," said she with a sigh, "ye hae had your trials!"

"Mony a ane, ma'am," said the jovial Colin. "I was ance a lawyer, for my sins."

"That's no' the kind o' trial

I mean," said The Macintosh. "Here's a wheen o' auld tribulations."

"Perhaps you're richt, ma'am," he admitted. "I hae a sorry lot o' them marked doon in auld diaries, but gude-be-thanked I canna mind them unless I look them up. They werena near sae mony as the rattlin' ploys I've had."

"Is there no' a wife for Mr Cleland?" said the Provost—pawky, pawky man!

"There was ance, I see, a girl, and she was the richt girl too," said The Macintosh.

"Yes, but I was the wrang man," said Colin Cleland, drawing his hand away, and nobody laughed, for all but The Macintosh knew that story and made it some excuse for foolish habits.

"I'm a bit of a warlock myself," said Dr Brash, beholding the spae-wife's vexation at a *faux-pas* she only guessed herself guilty of. "I'll read your loof, Miss Macintosh, if ye let me."

They all insisted she should submit herself to the Doctor's unusual art, and taking her hand in his he drew the mitten off and pretended to scan the lines.

"Travel—h'm—a serious illness—h'm—your life, in youth, was quite adventurous, Miss Macintosh."

"Oh! I'm no' that auld yet," she corrected him. "There's mony a chance at fifty. Never mind my past, Dr Brash, what about my future?"

He glanced up a moment and saw her aunt and uncle listening in amusement, un-

aware as yet that he knew the secret, then scanned her palm again.

"The future—h'm! let me see. A long line of life; heart line healthy—h'm—the best of your life's before you, though I cannot say it may be the happiest part of it. Perhaps my—h'm—my skill a little fails here. You have a strong will, Miss—Miss Macintosh, and I doubt in this world you'll aye have your own way. And—h'm—an odd destiny surely's before you—I see the line of Fame, won—h'm—in a multitude of characters; by

the Lord Hairry, ma'am, you're to be—you're to be an actress!"

The company laughed at such a prophecy for one so antiquated, and the Doctor's absurdity put an end to the spaeing of fortunes, but he had effected his purpose. He had found the words that expressed the hope, half-entertained, so far, of Ailie, and the fear of her brother Dan. They learned before they left that he had not spoken without his cue, yet it was a little saddened they went home at midnight with their ward in masquerade.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Fortunately Kate's marriage came to distract them for a while from the thought of Bud's future. The essential house had been found that was suitable for a captain, yet not too dearly rented,—a piece of luck in a community where dwellings are rarely vacant, and every tenant over eighty years of age has the uneasy consciousness that half a dozen pairs betrothed have already decided upon a different colour of paint for his windows, and have become resigned, with a not unpleasing melancholy, to the thought that in the course of nature his time cannot be long.

The captain—that once roving eagle-heart, subdued by love for the maid of Colonsay—so persistently discouraged any yachting trips which took the *Wave* for more than a night or two from her moorings,

that Lady Anne and her husband, knowing the heart themselves, recommended immediate marriage; and Miss Bell, in consequence, was scouring the countryside for Kate's successor in the kitchen, but hopeless of coming on one who could cook good kail, have a cheery face, and be a strict communicant. "I can get fine cooks that are wanting in the grace of God, and pious girls who couldn't be trusted to bake a Christian scone," she said; "it's a choice between two evils."

"Of two evils choose the third, then," said Dan to his sister, flushed and exhilarated by a search that, for elderly maiden ladies, makes up for an older hunt. "The sport's agreeing with you."

It was a great distress to Bud that the wedding should take place in the house and

not in church, as seemed most fitting. She felt a private ceremony deprived her of a spectacle, with Miss Amelia Duff playing the wedding march on the harmonium, and the audience filing up the aisle in their Sunday clothes, the carriage of their hats revealing character.

"Why, you're simply going to make it look like a plain tea!" she protested. "If it was my marriage, Kate, I'd have it as solemn and grand as Harvest Sunday. A body doesn't get married to a man in brass buttons every other day, and it's a chance for style."

"We never have our weddings in the church," said Kate. "Sometimes the gentry do, but it's not considered nice; it's kind of Roman Catholic. Forbye, in a church, where would you get the fun?"

If Bud hadn't realised that fun was the main thing at Scottish weddings, she got hints of it in Kate's preparation. Croodles and hysterics took possession of the bride: she was sure she would never get through the ceremony with her life, or she would certainly do something silly that would make the whole world laugh at her and dreadfully vex the captain. Even her wedding-dress, whose prospect had filled her dreams with gladness, but deepened her depression when it came from the manteau-makers: she wept sad stains on the front width, and the orange-blossom they rehearsed with might have been a wreath of the bitter rue.

Bud wanted her to try the dress on, but the bride was aghast at such an unlucky proposition; so she tried it on herself, with sweet results, if one did not look at the gathers in the back. They practised the ceremony the night before, Kate's sister from Colonsay (who was to be her bridesmaid) playing the part of a tall, brass-buttoned bridegroom.

"Oh, Kate!" cried Bud pitifully, "you stand there like's you were a soda-water bottle and the cork lost. My goodness! brisk up a bit. If it's hard on you, just remember it isn't much of a joke for Charles. Don't you know the eyes of the public are on you?"

"That's just it," said poor Kate. "I wouldn't be frightened a bit if it wasn't for that, for I'm so brave. What do you do with your hands?"

"You just keep hold of them. Mercy! don't let them hang like that; they're yours; up till now he's got nothing to do with them. Now for the tears—where's your handkerchief? That one's yards too big, and there isn't an edge of lace to peek through, but it'll do this time. It'll all be right on the night. Now the minister's speaking, and you're looking down at the carpet and you're timid and fluttered and nervous and thinking what an epoch this is in your sinful life, and how you won't be Kate MacNeill any more but Mrs Charles Maclean, and the Lord knows if you will be happy with him——"

The bride blubbered and

threw her apron over her head as usual; Bud was in despair.

"Well, you are a silly!" she exclaimed. "All you want is a gentle tear or two trickling down the side of your nose, enough to make your eyes blink but not enough to soak your veil or leave streaks. And there you gush like a waterspout, and damp your face so much the bridegroom'll catch his death of cold when he kisses you! Stop it, Kate MacNeill,—it isn't anybody's funeral: why, weddings aren't so very fatal; lots of folk get over them—leastways in America."

"I can't help it!" protested the weeping maid. "I never could be melancholy in moderation, and the way you speak you make me think it's running a dreadful risk to marry anybody."

"Well," said Bud, "you needn't think of things so harrowing, I suppose. Just squeeze your eyes together and bite your lip, and perhaps it'll start a tear: if it don't, it'll look like as if you were bravely struggling with emotion. And then there's the proud glad smile as you back out on Charles's arm—give her your arm, Minnie,—the trial's over, you know, and you've got on a lovely new plain ring, and all the other girls are envious, and Charles Maclean and you are one till death do you part. Oh, Kate, Kate! don't grin; that's not a smile, it's a—it's a railroad track. Look——"

Bud assumed a smile that spoke of gladness and humility, confidence and a maiden's

fears,—a smile that appealed and charmed.

"I couldn't smile like that to save my life," said Kate in a despair. "I wish you had learned me that instead of the height of Popacatthe kettle. Do you think he'll be angry if I don't do them things properly?"

"Who? Charles! Why, Charles'll be so mortally scared himself he wouldn't notice if you made faces at him, or were a different girl altogether. He'll have a dull dead booming in his ears, and wonder whether it's wedding-day or apple-custard: all of them I've seen married looked like that. It's not for Charles you should weep and smile; it's for the front of the house, you know,—it's for the people looking on."

"Toots!" said Kate, relieved. "If it's only for them, I needn't bother. I thought that maybe it was something truly refined that he would be expecting. It's not—it's not the front of a house I'm marrying. Tell me this and tell me no more—is there anything special I should do to please my Charles?"

"I don't think I'd worry," said Bud on reflection. "I daresay it's better not to think of anything dramatic. If I were you I'd just keep calm as grass, and pray the Lord to give me a good contented mind and hurry up the clergyman."

But yet was the maiden full of a consciousness of imperfection, since she had seen that day the bride's cake on view in the baker's window,—an edifice of art so splendid that

she felt she could never be worthy of it. "How do you think I'll look?" she asked. And Bud assured her she would look magnificently lovely.

"Oh, I wish I did," she sighed. "But I'm feared I'll not look so lovely as I think I do."

"No girl ever did," said Bud. "That's impossible, but when Charles comes to and sits up he'll think you're It: he'll think you perfect."

"Indeed I'm far from that," said Kate. "I have just my health and napery and a liking for the chap, and I wish I wasn't near so red."

Bud was able to instruct her in the right deportment for a bride, but had no experience in the management of husbands: for that Kate had to take some hints from her mistress, who was under the delusion that her brother Dan was the standard of his sex.

"They're curious creatures," Bell confided. "You must have patience, ay, and humour them. They'll trot at your heels like pussy for a cheese-pudding, but they'll not be driven. If I had a man I would never thwart him. If he was out of temper or unreasonable I would tell him he was looking ill, and that would make him feared and humble. When a man thinks he's ill, his trust must be in the Lord and in his woman-kind. That's where we have the upper hand of them! First and last, the thing's to be agreeable. You'll find he'll never put anything in its proper place, and that's a heartbreak, but it's not so

bad as if he broke the dishes and blackened your eyes, the way they do in the newspapers. There's one thing that's the secret of a happy home—to live in the fear of God and within your income, faith! you can't live very well without it."

"Oh, mem! it's a desperate thing a wedding," said the maid. "I never, in all my life, had so much to think about before."

There were stricken lads in these days! The more imminent became her utter loss, the more desirable Kate became. But sentiment in country towns is an accommodating thing: all the old suitors—the whistlers in the close and purveyors of conversation lozenges—found consolation in the fun at the wedding, and danced their griefs away on the flags of the Dycees' kitchen.

A noble wedding! All the cookery skill of Kate and her mistress was expended on it, and discretion, for the sake of the incredulous, forbids enumeration of the roasted hens. Chanticleers in the town crowed roudly and ruefully for months thereafter. The bridegroom might have stepped over the wall to the wedding chamber, or walked to it in a hundred paces up the lane: he rode instead in a carriage that made a stately and circuitous approach round John Turner's Corner, and wished the distance had been twenty times as long. "It's not that I'm feared," said he, "or that I've rued the gyurl, but—but it's kind of sudden!"—a curious estimate

of a courtship that had started in the burial-ground of Colonsay so many years before!

A noble wedding!—its revelry kept the town awake till morning. From the open windows the night was filled with dancing tunes, and songs, and laughter; boys cried “Fab, fab!” in the street, and a fairy lady—really a lady all grown up, alas!—stood at a window and showered pence among them.

Long before the wedding-party ended, Bud went up to bed, but she lay for hours awake in the camceil room hearing the revelry of the kitchen. She had said good-bye to the blissful pair whose wedding was the consequence of her own daft pranks as letter-writer: she would miss the maid of Colonsay. The knowledge that ’tis an uncertain world, a place of change and partings, comes to us all sooner or later in one flash of apprehension and of grief: for the

first time Bud felt the irrevocable nature of the past, and that her happy world under this roof was, someway, crumbling, and the tears came to her eyes.

A hurried footstep sounded on the stairs, a rap came to her door, and the bride came in, unbid, in the darkness, whispering Lennox’s name.

Her only answer was a sob from the girl in bed.

“Miss Lennox!” said the bride distressed; “what ails you? I’ve come up to say good-bye: it wasn’t a right good-bye at all with yon folk looking. Oh, Lennox, Lennox! *ghaol mo chridhe!* my heart is sore to be leaving you, for the two of us were so merry! Now I have a man, and a good man too; it was you that gave me him, but I have lost my loving friend.” She threw herself on the bed, regardless of her finery, and the Celtic fount of her swelled over in sobs and tears.

CHAPTER XXXII.

It took two maids to fill Kate’s place in the Dyces’ household—one for the plain boiling of potatoes and the other for her pious atmosphere, as the lawyer argued; and a period of discomfort attended on what Bell called their breaking-in. No more kitchen nights for Lennox, now that she was a finished young lady and her friend was gone: she must sit in the parlour strumming canzonets on Grandma Buntain’s Broadwood, taming her

heart of fire. It was as a voice from heaven’s lift there came one day a letter from London in which Mrs Molyneux invited her and one of her aunts for an Easter holiday.

“Indeed and I’ll be glad to be quit for a week or two of both of you,” said Bell to her niece and Ailie. “Spring-cleaning, with a couple of stupid huzzies in the kitchen—not but what they’re nice and willing lasses—is like to be the

sooner ended if we're left to it ourselves."

A radiant visage and lips in firm control betrayed how Lennox felt. She had never been in London—its cry went pealing through her heart. Ailie said nothing, but marvelled how blythly and blindly her sister always set foot on the facile descent that led to her inevitable doom of deprivation and regret.

"The Grand Tour!" said Uncle Dan; "it's the fitting termination to your daft days, Lennox. Up by at the Castle there's a chariot with imperials that conveyed the Earl on his, the hammercloth most lamentably faded: I often wonder if his lordship takes a sly seat in it at times when no one's looking, and climbs the Alps or clatters through Italian towns again when Jones the coachman is away at his tea. It's a thing I might do myself if I had made the Tour and still had the shandrydan."

"Won't you really need me?" Aunt Ailie asked her sister, and half hoped, half feared spring-cleaning should postpone the holiday; but Bell maintained it should be now or never, more particularly as Lennox's dress was new.

Oh, London, London! siren town! how it bewitched the girl! Its cab-horse bells were fairy; its evening, as they entered, hung with a myriad magic moons and stars. The far-stretching streets with their flaming jewel windows, the

temples in the upper dusk, and the solemn squares crowding round country trees; the throngs of people, the odours of fruit-shops, the passion of flowers, the mornings silvery grey, and the multitudinous monuments rimed by years, thunder of hoofs in ways without end, and the silence of mighty parks,—Bud lay awake in the nights to think of them.

Jim Molyneux had the siren by the throat: he loved her, and shook a living out of her hands. At first she had seemed to him too old, too calm, too slow and stately as compared with his own Chicago, nor did she seem to have a place for any stranger: now he had found she could be bullied,—that a loud voice, a bold front, and the aid of a good tailor could compel her to disgorge respect and gold. He had become the manager of a suburban theatre, where oranges were eaten in the stalls, and the play was as often as not "The Father's Curse"; but once a day he walked past Thespian temples in the city, and, groaning at their mismanagement, planned an early future for himself with classic fronts of marble, and duchesses advertising him each night by standing in rows on the pavement awaiting their carriages. Far along Grove Lane, where he dwelt in a pea-green house with nine French-bean rows and some clumps of bulbs behind, one could distinguish his coming by the smartness of his walk and the gleam of the sunshine on his hat. He had

one more secret of success—teetotalism. "Scotch and soda," he would say, "that's what ails the boys, and makes 'em sleepier than Hank McCabe's old tom-cat. Good boys, dear boys, they've always got the long-lost brother grip, but they're mighty prone to dope assuagements for the all-gone feeling in the middle of the day. When they've got cobwebs in their little brilliant-ined belfries, I'm full of the songs of spring and merry old England's on the lee. See? I don't even need to grab; all I've got to do is to look deserving, and the stuff comes crowding in: it always does to a man who looks like ready-money, and don't lunch on cocktails and cloves."

"Jim, boyette," his wife would say, "I guess you'd better put ice or something on your bump of self-esteem;" but she proudly wore the jewels that were the rewards of his confidence and industry.

Bud and Ailie, when they thought of home in these days, thought of it as a picture only, or as a chapter in a book covered in mouldy leather, with *f's* for *s's*. In their prayers alone were Dan and Bell real personages; and the far-off little town was no longer a woodcut, but an actual place blown through by the scented airs of forest and sea. Bell wrote them of rains and hails and misty weather; Grove Lane gardens breathed of daffodils, and the city gleamed under a constant sun. They came back to the pea-green house each day from rare

adventuring, looking, in the words of Molyneux, as if they were fresh come off the farm, and the best seats in half a dozen theatres were at their disposal. "Too much of the playhouse altogether!" Bell wrote once, remonstrating. "Have you heard that man in the City Temple yet?"

In Molyneux's own theatre there was a break in the long succession of melodrama and musical comedy. He privately rejoiced that, for two ladies of such taste as Ailie and her niece, he could display a piece of the real legitimate—"King John,"—though Camberwell was not very likely to make a week of Shakespeare very profitable to his treasury. Ailie and Bud were to go on Tuesday; and Bud sat up at night to read an acting copy of "King John" till every character took flesh in her imagination, and the little iron balcony behind the pea-green house became the battle-mented walls of Angiers, to whose postern came trumpeters of France.

They sat in the drawing-room, astonished at her speeches—

"You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother."

Or—

"I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!"

"Bravo, Bud!" would Molyneux cry, delighted. "Why, if I was an actor-manager, I'd pay you any salary you had the front to name. Ain't she just great, Millicent? I tell you, Miss Ailie, she puts the blinkers on Maude Adams, and sends Ellen 'way back in the standing-room only. Girly, all you've got to learn is how to move. You mustn't stand two minutes in the same place on the stage, but cross 'most every cue."

"I don't know," said Bud dubiously. "Why should folk have fidgets on a stage? They don't always have them in real life. I'd want to stand like a mountain—you know, Auntie Ailie, the old hills at home!—and look so—so—so awful, the audience would shriek if I moved, the same as if I was going to fall on them."

"Is that how you feel?" asked Jim Molyneux, curiously surveying her.

"Yes; that's how I feel," said Bud, "when I've got the zip of poetry in me. I feel I'm all made up of burning words and eyes."

"Child, you are very young!" said Mrs Molyneux.

"Yes," said Bud; "I suppose that's it. By-and-by I'll maybe get to be like other people."

Jim Molyneux struck the table with his open hand. "By George!" he cried, "I wouldn't hurry being like other people; that's what every gol-darned idiot in England's trying, and you're right on the spot just now as you stand. That's straight talk,

nothing but! I allow I favour a bit of leg movement on the stage—generally it's about the only life there is on it; but a woman who can play with her head don't need to wear out much shoe-leather. Girly——" he stopped a second, then burst out with the question: "How'd you like a little part in this 'King John'?"

A flame went over the countenance of the girl, and then she grew exceedingly pale. "Oh!" she exclaimed—"Oh! Jim Molyneux, don't be so cruel."

"I mean it," he said, "and I could fix it, for they've got an Arthur in the caste who's ill and bound to break down in a day or two if she had an understudy—and if I—— Think you could play a boy's part? There isn't much to learn in Arthur, but that little speech of yours in front of Angiers makes me think you could make the part loom out enough to catch the eye of the cognoscenti. You'd let her, wouldn't you, Miss Ailie? It'd be great fun. She'd learn the lines in an hour or two, and a couple of nights of looking on would put her up to all the business. Now don't kick, Miss Ailie; say, Miss Ailie, have this little treat with us!"

Ailie's heart was leaping. Here was the crisis,—she knew it,—what was she to do? She had long anticipated some such hour—had often wrestled with the problem whether, when it came, the world should have her Bud without a struggle for the claims of Bell and the simple cloistered life of the

Scottish home. While yet the crisis was in prospect only she could come to no conclusion; her own wild hungers as a girl, recalled one night in the light of kitchen candles, had never ceased to plead for freedom—for freedom and the space that herself had years ago surrendered: now it was the voice of the little elder sister, and the bell of Wanton Wully, ringing at evening humble people home.

"Just this once!" pleaded Mr Molyneux, understanding her scruples: Bud's face mutely pleaded.

Yes, "just this once!"—it was all very well, but Ailie knew the dangers of beginnings. It would not even be, in this case, a beginning; the beginning was years ago—before the mimicry on the first New Year's Day morning, before the night of the dozen candles, or the creation of *The Macintosh*: the child had been carried onward like a feather in a stream.

"I really don't mind much, myself," said Ailie at last; "but I fancy her Aunt Bell would scarcely like it."

"Not if she knew I was going to do it," said Lennox quickly; "but when the thing was over she'd be as pleased as Punch—at least she'd laugh the way she did when we told her I was dressed as Grandma Buntain at the ball."

The sound of Will Oliver's curfew died low in Ailie's mind,

the countenance of Bell grew dim: she heard, instead, the clear young voice of Bud among the scenery and sat with an enraptured audience. "If you are all so anxious for it, then——" she said, and the deed was done!

She did not rue it when the night of Bud's performance came, and her niece as the hapless young Bretagne welcomed the Dauphin before the city gates: she gloried in the natural poignancy that marked the painful scene with Hubert come to torture, but she almost rued it when Molyneux, having escorted them in an inexplicable silence home, broke out at last in fervent praise of his discovery as soon as the girl had left them for her bed.

"I've kept clutch of myself with considerable difficulty," he said, "for I didn't want to spoil girly's sleep or swell her head, but I want to tell you, Millicent, and you, Miss Ailie, that I'VE FOUND MY STAR! Why, say! she's out of sight! She was the only actor in all that company to-night who didn't know she was in Camberwell: she was right in the middle of medieval France from start to finish, and when she was picked up dead at the end of the fourth act she was so stone-cold and stiff with thinking it she scared the company. I suspect, Miss Ailie, that you're going to lose that girl!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It was a wet night in November. With a chuckle of horse's hoofs on shining streets, Dan Dyce, with Bell and Ailie, drove from Molyneux's fine new home to the temple of his former dreams—the proud Imperial. They sat in silence in the darkness of the cab, and in silence drifted into the entrance hall of the theatre to mingle with the pompous world incongruously,—with loud vain-glorious men, who bore to the eye of Bell some spirit of abandonment and mockery, with women lovely by the gift of God, or with dead-white faces, wax-red lips, and stealthy sidelong eyes. One there was who, passing before them, released a great fur cloak from her shoulders with a sudden movement, and, as it slowly slipped down her marble back, threatened an utter nakedness that made Bell gasp and clutch at her sister's arm.

"Look!" said Ailie eagerly—before them was a portrait of a woman in the dress of Desdemona. The face had some suggestion that at times it might be childlike and serene, but had been caught in a moment of alarm and fire, and the full black eyes held in their orbs some frightful apprehension, the slightly parted lips expressed a soul's mute cry.

"What is it? Who is it?" asked Bell, pausing before the picture with a stound of fear.

"It is Bud," said Ailie, feel-

ing proud and sorrowful—for why she could not tell. "There is the name: 'Winifred Wallace.'"

Bell wrung her hands in the shelter of her mantle and stood bewildered, searching for the well-known lineaments.

"Let us go up," said Dan softly, with no heed for the jostling people, for ever self-possessed, sorrowful to guess at his sister's mind.

"Yes, yes, let us go up out of this crowd," said Ailie, but the little woman hung before the portrait fascinated. Round her washed the waves of rustling garments like a surf on the shore at home; scents wafted; English voices, almost foreign in their accent, fell upon her ear all unnoticed since she faced the sudden revelation of what her brother's child, her darling, had become. Seekers of pleasure, killers of wholesome cares, froth of the idle world eddied around her chattering, laughing, glancing curious or contemptuous at her grey sweet face, her homely form, her simple Sabbath garments: all her heart cried out in supplication for the child that had too soon become a woman and wandered from the sanctuary of home.

"We are blocking the way here, Bell. Let us go up," again said Ailie, gently taking her arm.

"Yes," said her brother. "It's not a time for contemplation of the tombs—it's not the kirkyard, Bell. You see

there are many that are anxious to get in."

"Oh, Lennox, Lennox!" she exclaimed, indifferent to the strangers round about her, "my brother's child! I wish—oh, I wish ye were at home! God grant ye grace and wisdom: 'Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble. When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid: yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.'"

They went up to the box that Molyneux had kept for them, to find his wife there nursing an enormous bouquet of flowers, all white as the driven snow. "A gorgeous house!" she told them. "Everybody that's anybody, and in the front push. Half a hundred critics, two real Count Vons, a lot of benzine brougham people who never miss a first night—there are their wives, poor dears! shining same as they were Tiffany's windows. My! ain't our Bud going to have a happy night!"

They sat and looked for a while in silence at the scene before them, so pleasing to the mind that sought in crowds, in light and warmth and gaiety, its happiest associations; so wanting in the great eternal calm and harmony that are out of doors in country places. Serpent eyes in facets of gems on women's bosoms; heads made monstrous yet someway beautiful and tempting by the barber's art; shoulders bare and bleached, devoid of lustre; others blush-

ing as if Eve's sudden apprehension had survived the generations. Sleek shaven faces, linen breastplates, opera-glasses, flowers, fans, a murmur of voices, and the flame over all of the enormous electrolier.

It was the first time Bell had seen a theatre. Her first thought was one of blame and pity. "'He looked on the city and wept!'" said she. "Oh, Ailie, that it were over and we were home!"

"All to see Miss Winifred Wallace!" said Mrs Molyneux. "Think of that, Miss Dyce,—your darling niece, and she'll be so proud and happy!"

Bell sighed. "At least she had got her own way, and I am a foolish old country-woman who had different plans."

Dan said nothing. Ailie waited too, silent, in a feverish expectation; and from the fiddles rose a sudden melody. It seemed the only wise and sober thing in all that humming hive of gaudy insects passing, passing, passing. It gave a voice to human longings for a nobler, better world; and in it, too, were memory and tears. To the people in the box it seemed to tell Bud's story—opening in calm sweet passages, closing in the roll of trumpet and the throb of drum. And then the lights went down, and the curtain rose upon the street in Venice.

The early scenes were dumb and vacant, wanting Bud's presence: there was no play for them till she came slowly into the council chamber where

sat the senators, timidity and courage struggling in her port and visage.

"No, no; it is not Bud," Bell whispered. "It is not our lassie, this one is too tall and—and too deliberate. I fear she has not dared it at the last, or that she has been found unsuitable."

Ailie leaned forward, quivering, feeding her eyes. "It's no one else," said she. "Dear Bud, *our* Bud! Those two years' training may have made her someways different, but she has not changed her smile. Oh! I am so proud, and sure of her! Hus-s-sh!"

"I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and educa-
tion;

My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord
of duty:

I am hitherto your daughter: but
here's my husband."

Desdemona's first speech broke the stillness that had fallen on the house: her face was pale, they saw the rapid heaving of her bosom, they heard a moment's tremor in her voice matured and wonderful, sweet as a silver bell. To the box where she knew her friends were sitting she let her eyes for a second wander as she spoke the opening lines that had so much of double meaning—not Desdemona, but the loving and wilful child asking forgiveness, yet tenacious of her purpose.

To Ailie came relief and happiness and pride: Dan held a watching brief for his elder sister's prejudices and his own philosophy. Bell sat in tears

which Shakespeare did not influence. When next she saw the stage with unblurred eyes Desdemona was leaving with the Moor.

"My dears," said Mrs Molyneux, "as Desdemona she's the Only One! and Jim was right. It's worth a thousand times more trouble than he took with her. He said all along she'd dazzle them, and I guess her fortune's made, and it's going to be the making of this house too. I feel so proud and happy I'd kiss you right here, Mr Dyce, if it wouldn't mess up my bouquet."

"A black man!" said Bell regretfully. "I know it is only paint, of course, but—but I never met him; I do not even know his name."

It seemed as if the play had nothing in it but the words and acts of Desdemona. At each appearance she became more confident, charged the part with deeper feeling, found new meaning in the time-worn words. Even Bell began to lose her private judgment, forget that it was nothing but a sinful play, and feel some pity for Othello; but, as the knavish coils closed round her Desdemona, the strain became unbearable.

"Oh! I cannot stand it any longer," she exclaimed, when the voice of Lennox quavered in the song before her last good-night, and saying so, pushed back her seat into the shadows of the box, covering her ears with her fingers. She saw no more; she heard no more till the audience rose to its feet with thunders of ap-

plause that swelled and sunk and swelled again as if it would never end. Then she dared to look, and saw a trembling Desdemona all alone before a curtain bowing.

"What is the matter? What is the matter? Why are they crying that way on her?" she asked, dumb-founded.

"Why, don't you see they're mad!" said Mrs Molyneux.

"Oh, dear! and I thought she was doing splendidly."

"Glad mad, I mean. She has carried them off their feet, and I'll bet Jim Molyneux is standing on his hands behind

that drop and waving his legs in the air. Guess I needn't waste this bouquet on a girl that looks like the morning hour in Covent Garden."

Molyneux burst into the box in a gust of wild excitement. "Come round, come round at once—she wants to see you," he exclaimed, and led them deviously behind the scenes to her dressing-room.

She stood at the door, softly crying; she looked at them—the grave old uncle; Ailie who could understand, the little Auntie Bell,—it was into the arms of Bell she threw herself!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"The talk of the whole of London! The beauteous Lady Anne herself's not in it with her!" said Will Oliver, scratching behind his ears. "Man, is it no' just desperate? But I'll warrant ye there's money in it, for it's yonder folk are willing to pay well for their diversion."

"Are you sure," said P. & A., "it's not another woman altogether? It gives the name of Wallace in the paper."

The bellman, sitting on a soap-box, slapped his thigh and said, "I'm telling you; I had it long ago from Kate McNeill that her name on the stage was going to be Wallace—Winifred Wallace, and there it is in print. Tra—tragedienny, tragediennys are the head ones in the trade: I've seen them in the shows—tr-r-r-emendous women!"

The Provost, who had just stepped into P. & A.'s for his Sunday sweeties, smiled tolerantly and passed his taddy-box. "Bud Dyce," said he, "is never likely to be round this way in a caravan to do the deid-drap three times every night for front-seats sixpence. I doubt we have seen the last of her unless we have the money and the clothes for London theatres."

"It's really her, then?" said the grocer.

"You can take Wull's word for that," said the Provost, "and I have just been talking to her uncle. Her history's in the morning paper, and I'm the civic head of a town renowned for genius."

Wanton Wully went out to drift along the street in the light of the bright shop-windows before which bairns

played "chaps me," making choice of treasures for their gaudiness alone, like most of us, who should know better. He met George Jordon. "Geordie," said he, "you'll have heard the latest? You should be in London: yon's the place for oddity," and George, with misty comprehension, turned about for the road to London town. Out of the inn came Colin Cleland, hurried, in his hand the business-looking packet of tattered documents that were always his excuse for being there.

"Winifred Wallace—Great Tragedienny! It's a droll thing life, according to the way you look at it. Stirring times in London, Mr Cleland! Changed her name to Wallace, having come of decent worthy people. *We* know, but we'll not let on."

"Not a word!" said Colin Cleland comically. "Perhaps she may get better and the thing blow by. Are you under the impression that celebrity's a thing to be ashamed of? I tell you she's a credit to us all."

"Lord bless me! do you say so?" asked Wull Oliver. "If I was a tragedienny I would be ashamed to show my face in the place again. We all expected something better from the wee one—she was such a caution! It was myself, as you might say, invented her: I gave her a start at devilment by letting her ring the New Year bell. After that she always called me Mr Wanton, and kindly inquired at me about my legs. She was always quite the leddy."

Miss Minto's shop was busy: a boy was in with a very red face demanding the remnants that by rights should have gone home with his mother's jacket, and the Misses Duff were buying chiffon.

"This is startling news about young Lennox Dyce," remarked Miss Minto. "It's caused what you might call a stir. There's not a weekly paper to be had for love or money."

"She was always most peculiar," said Miss Jean.

"Bizarre," cooed Miss Amelia, —it was her latest adjective.

"I was sure there was something special about in her since the very first day I saw her," said the mantua-maker. "Yon eye, Miss Duff! And what a sweet and confident expression! I am so glad she has pleased them up in London; you never can depend on them. I am thinking of a novel blouse to mark in what I think will be a pleasing way the great occasion—the Winifred Wallace Waist I'm calling it: you remember the clever Mr Molyneux."

"I doubt we never understood her," said Miss Jean. "But we make a feature now of elocution."

"Not that we wish to turn out great tragediennies," said Miss Amelia. "There's happiness in humbler vocations."

"I daresay there is," confessed Miss Minto. "I never thought of the stage myself; my gift was always dress-making, and you wouldn't believe the satisfaction that's in seeing a dress of mine on a woman who can do it justice."

We have all our own bit art, and that's a wonderful consolation. But I'm *very* glad at that girl's progress, for the sake of Mr Dyce — and, of course, his sisters. Miss Ailie is transported, in the seventh heaven, and even her sister seems quite pleased. 'You'll have a high head to-day,' I said to her when she was passing from the coach this afternoon."

"And what did she say to that?" inquired Miss Jean, with curiosity.

"You know Miss Dyce! She gave a smile and said, 'But a humble heart—it's the Dyces' motto.'"

The doctor put his paper down, having read the great news over several times with a singular satisfaction that surprised his sisters, who were beat to see much glory in a state of life that meant your name on every wall and the picture of your drawing-room every other week in 'Homely

Notes.' Drawing on his boots, he took a turn the length of the lawyer's house.

"Faith! London has the luck of it," he said on entering. "I wish I was there myself to see this wonderful Desdemona. I hope you liked your jaunt, Miss Bell?"

"It wasn't bad," said Bell, putting out the cards. "But, mercy on me! what a silly way they have of baking bread—all crust outside, though I grant it's sweet enough when you break into it."

"H'm!" said Dr Brash, "I've seen Scotch folk a bit like that. She has rung the bell, I see; her name is made."

"It is, they tell me," answered Bell, "but I hope it will never change her nature."

"She had aye a genius," said Mr Dyce, cutting the pack for partners.

"She had something better," said Miss Ailie, "she had love;" and on the town broke forth the evening bell.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

A WAVE OF SENTIMENT — THE ADMIRATION OF THE CRIMINAL — THE TRIUMPH OF THE BUSYBODY — THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER — THE GOVERNMENT AND IRELAND.

A MIGHTY wave of sentimentalism is sweeping over the world. You may detect it in small things as in large. With no excuse, the superfluous tear is bidden to flow down the common cheek. The misfortunes of others, instead of administering a comfort as of old, inspire an absurd and disproportionate pity. The idle and degenerate appear to our legislators the only children of light. It has been determined that thrift and industry require no encouragement. The public sympathy is reserved for the rebel of an inferior race, who seeks by agitation to undermine the government and to fill his belly without working. The admiration of private citizens is devoted to the criminal, who is revealed to the eyes of foolish persons as the noblest regenerator of mankind.

It is not the skill and courage of the criminal which our sentimentalists admire. A superiority in any walk of life is distasteful to them. The adroitness wherewith Jack Sheppard eluded his jailors savours too much of aristocracy to win their approval. Why should one thief, they ask, take advantage of another? The proper unit of measurement is the fool. He belongs to the majority, and the achievements of all men should be reduced to the level of his comprehension

and judged by his performance. So that, while they worship the criminal, our sentimentalists must choose an idol after their own kind. They want a man who can talk and find excuses, who boasts that he has been unfortunate in the warfare of life, and who, in the moment of committing an infamous and cowardly crime, can vaunt a grievance and chatter of ill-usage.

Obviously the man Rayner, the last favourite of sentimentality, was framed by nature and training for the part. If we regard his crime with the cold eye of justice, we cannot find a single hint of excuse. It was not of that kind called "passionnel" by the French. It was begun in greed, and carried out in the disappointment which comes of foiled avarice. The man was not merely a murderer: he was a blackmailer also. So clearly premeditated was his act of violence, that there was found in his pocket a document, which proved both his intention and its unreason. But he did two things which appealed to the sympathetic fancy of the crowd: he tried, ineffectually, to kill himself, and he brought a charge against the honour of his victim. Accordingly there was, or seemed to be, a sound excuse for clamour. No sooner was Rayner con-

demned to death by the most distinguished of our judges than everybody who could hold a pen thought it his business to write to the papers. The culprit was young: he was unfortunate: he had shot himself. The victim was old: his life had not been spotless: he deserved to die. To the popular mind, which eliminates crime and punishment, the balance appeared to descend in favour of the prisoner. It was declared, as if in extenuation, that he was not merely a murderer but a parricide. The fact that Rayner's "private life," as it is called, was not better than Whiteley's, made no difference. "A Constant Reader" from Tooting was in solid agreement with "A Mother of Six" from Muswell Hill. Poets with a love of lyric prose eloquently supported prose writers with a love of advertisement, and it was evident that the public opinion of England favoured a lighter sentence than death. The Home Secretary, who worships public opinion with a simple and a constant faith, respited the prisoner, and the gentlemen and ladies of leisure, who are wont to intervene in that which does not concern them, were no doubt enchanted with the result.

Never was there a more reckless confusion of arguments. This one protested that capital punishment was an outrage upon mankind. Then he should have done his best to change the law. That one based his plea for mercy on the shot which destroyed the murderer's own eye. He

might have remembered the bullets which were securely lodged in the unhappy victim. The authority of the judge weighed less than a feather against the whim of those who would not face the gallows themselves in the cold light of dawn with comfort or courage. Accordingly the blackmailer was respited, in the name of morality, and those who had procured this miscarriage of justice were not content with his escape. With tears in their eyes they pictured their idol as suffering for a great cause. Not merely was he guiltless: he was a stern avenger of the wrongs of others; he was a St George, fresh from the slaying of a noxious dragon; his place was not the prison cell, but the niche of the hero. Indeed, when the sentence of death was changed to penal servitude for life, it was generally thought that an injustice was still done to the hapless youth; and the noble-hearted democracy will not be satisfied until he win a free pardon and be given a place in the Liberal Cabinet. Is not the Home Office nicely suited to his talent?

The foolish agitation to which Mr Gladstone yielded does not mean that the mob has a greater love of justice or of mercy than heretofore. Rather it implies the triumph of the busybody. It proves also a callousness of disposition which the wise moralist will deplore. It suggests that it is not pity but advertisement which touches the public heart. The suffer-

ings of William Whiteley were indifferent to the inhabitants of the suburbs who had profited by his enterprise. But when these same persons thought that the penalty would be exacted from the murderer, death instantly affrighted them. And so they rushed forth in haste to sign the petitions, and every man, woman, and child of them believed that he (or she) had alone snatched the condemned man from the hangman's rope. It is not a matter of very great importance whether Rayner is hanged or not. The harm that is done by the indiscriminate cant of his friends is not easily calculated. On the one hand, it brings the law into contempt; on the other, it is a direct incentive to crime. The sentence of death cannot but lose its deterrent effect if armed blackmailers know that they can appeal successfully to the sentimental public. Nor can we imagine any murder atrocious enough to deserve the extreme penalty when Rayner escapes with a term of imprisonment.

But though the scaffold is out of fashion, we may at least boast a superiority of expedition over other countries. If we weep over our criminals when they are condemned, we do not yet permit their trials to become a national scandal. So vulgar a circus as has lately engrossed New York would be impossible in England. The miserable Rayner knew his doom within a few hours of the opening of the court. The trial of Thaw has already dragged its weary length over several months, and is about to

begin all over again. If the mob and the newspapers preserve their interest in it, there seems no reason why it should not become a permanent entertainment, playing to big houses year after year. The dignity of justice has no place in this strange performance. The fact that a man is on trial for his life is forgotten in the excitement of the drama. The newspapers show their sense of their own and their country's gaiety by presenting their readers with comic sketches of the court, and by turning to a foolish ridicule a process which should be serious enough for those most intimately concerned. Presently the interest of the mob will fade. Thaw will appear no longer in the character of Don Quixote or Sir Galahad. And it will be better for America, as for England, when it is generally understood that the courts of law are not the playground of the idle or imbecile, but are grave seats of justice, with whose decisions the people has no right to interfere. The peoples' toy is the ballot-box, and with that it should be content.

Among the resolutions with which the present Government is rapidly paving the floor of the nether world is a resolution to improve the lot of the agricultural labourer. Back to the land! is a cry which all men will hear gladly who care for the happiness of their country. But it is a cry which is not easily rendered effectual. You cannot send men back to the land merely by wishing and speaking. Heroic measures must be taken to per-

suade the strayed labourer to return. And when he has returned, something must be done to increase his income and to relieve the tedium of his life. Are these measures possible? Can the movement of the last half-century be arrested or reversed? The most sanguine statesman can hardly hold up his head high in hope. Above all, he will walk carefully and in all humility, knowing well that a panacea has not been, and will never be, found for an intolerable evil.

The publication of a new edition of Mr T. E. Kebbel's wise little book on 'The Agricultural Labourer' (London: Swan Sonnenschein) is a signal proof of a revived interest in the question. Mr Kebbel is not one who favours extreme views, and we know no work which gives so much information on this complicated subject and in so small a space. At the same time, he does not underrate the difficulties of the problem; and if he does not give us a complete solution, that is because it is idle to attempt to solve it by direct means. The old pride and skill of the country-side are gone. "The rising generation of the peasantry" — it is Mr Kebbel who speaks — "takes no interest in agricultural work. In many villages the men who can cut a hedge, drain a field, or thatch a rick may be counted on the fingers of one hand, and they are old men." This is a sad truth, which no one who has a knowledge of the country will confute. Nor is the lack of skill

accounted for by a low rate of wages. A highly skilled labourer will earn more money in the country now than ever he did. But he is rarely found, and when the old men of to-day are dead we shall look in vain for their successors.

What are the causes of this pitiable decline? The first and most obvious, both directly and indirectly, is education. The habit of keeping boys at school until the age of fourteen is a fatal bar to aptitude. The farmers agree unanimously in declaring that unless children begin to learn the details of farm work and the management of animals before they are fourteen, they never learn them at all. When once they have been guilty of this prime neglect, the best lectures which the County Councils can devise are delivered in vain. When the practice of youth is neglected, the theory of later years is expounded in vain. And it is not merely the loss of knowledge, but the loss of time, which the farmers deplore. Where boy labour is in special demand, says Mr Kebbel, "the farmers resent a strict enforcement of school attendance. They think that the age for exemption in the country should be earlier than in towns," and most unprejudiced observers will agree with them. Not merely does a too long sojourn at school prevent the children from learning the work of a farm; it also teaches them a medley of lessons which still further incapacitate them for their proper work. In other words,

they receive precisely that kind of education which unsettles them. A smattering of history and geography, of wood-carving and French, persuades them that they are too fine for manual toil. It does not make them fine enough for a more difficult employ. The result is a foolish dissatisfaction with the wholesome life and plain fare of the country. They sigh for the loud excitements and the speedy fortunes of the town. They read in their journal that it is easy to get rich quick, and they hasten to make the experiment, which commonly ends in misery and the workhouse. Meanwhile agriculture declines. A changing habit of life has made the country a desert, which the town-bred man calls peace. And every year the cities are packed with a larger, hungrier crowd.

It is true that England is in a state of transition. Town and country, manufacture and agriculture, are still in conflict. At the present time a high wage and the distractions of life in a large city exercise a far more brilliant attraction than the quietude of the hedgerow and the handling of the plough. Moreover, the old amusements of the country are dead. The ancient games, which once beguiled the labourers' leisure, are played no longer upon the village green. The fairs, whose gaiety and merriment were familiar to every market town, have fallen into oblivion. And as dulness has settled upon the country like a pall, the city is cunningly devised for the enter-

tainment of the people. A few pence will purchase a seat in the gallery, from which the mechanic may witness the shining of the brightest stars in the firmament of the music hall. On Saturday afternoons the same mechanic may assist at a football match and add his share to the raucous shouting of noisy thousands. Such delights as these, which appear to make life tolerable, are unknown to the remoter country, and they help, we suppose, to account for the general exodus.

Education and the hankering after cheap amusements are the proximate causes of what is called the rural exodus. The ultimate causes, already overlooked, lie deep down in the structure of English society. The life of the country was based of old upon feudalism. The great landowner was in a sense the father of his people. Recognising his responsibility, he ensured the happiness and prosperity of the villages which owed him allegiance. There was no tyranny on the one hand; there was no servitude on the other. There was merely a well-organised community, whose foundations were loyalty and reciprocal interest. Now, feudalism, the institution, long outlived feudalism, the name. Traces of its survival may still be observed in certain counties. But in general it is dead or dying, and with its death dies also the contentment of the peasantry. Its death was due first to the inevitable breaking-up of many large estates, and secondly, to the folly of Parliament, which ordered the landlords to per-

form duties which they had never shirked. Between free will and compulsion there is the same difference as between success and failure. The obligation of the law makes an end of generosity, and if the relations of landlord and tenant are strained, it is because the landlords have been, and are being, roughly bidden to do what formerly was their pleasure.

Another remote, if efficient, cause is the importation of foreign corn. With the repeal of the Corn Laws the true business of the rural population ceased. To grow the people's food is an enterprise of weight and dignity. To get the best you can out of market-gardens is but a makeshift. When the ruin of the peasant seemed certain, the apostles of Free Trade were quick to offer him consolation. Cobden suggested a rabbit in the pot as a cure for bad wages and lack of employment. The ideal was less handsome than Henry IV.'s *poule au pot*. Mr Gladstone recommended the manufacture of jam as an enterprise worthy the farmer's ambition, and the suggestion proved Mr Gladstone's misunderstanding of a class which once carried a greater weight than any other class in England. To-day our legislators can devise no better methods of improving the position of farmer and labourer than the setting of the farmer against his landlord, and the persuading of the labourer that the land should belong to him and to him alone.

To deal with the ultimate

causes of our agricultural depression is beyond the power and contrary to the desire of our Radical statesmen. They would not, if they could, restore happiness to the rural districts by attempting to revive the ancient system of feudalism. They would not, if they could, encourage the cultivation of corn, so long as it can be imported free of tax and at a cheap rate from Russia and America. But forced to attempt a partial remedy, they are fertile in expedients. Their pretended cures are many and various. To the farmer they offer the system of dual control, which has been the ruin of Ireland, and the removal of which, if it were ever admitted in England, would be far more costly than the costliest war. To the labourer they would make the doubtful gift of small holdings. Of dual control we have no great fear. Not even the folly of the present Government will dare to impose it upon this country. Put forth as a boon, it has been unceremoniously rejected, and it will not even attain the single purpose of its supporters, which was to create a reserve of votes for the next election. The matter of small holdings is not outside the range of practical politics, and to those who wish to study it we cordially commend the few pages in which Mr Kebbel has set forth its advantages and disadvantages.

That facilities should be given for the acquisition of small holdings to those who desire them will be generally conceded. But small holdings

are not a panacea. In the first place, they are not universally acceptable; in the second place, they cannot cure all the evils to which our English peasantry is heir. As Mr Kebbel says, "the labourers themselves seem divided in opinion as to the comparative advantages of tenancy and ownership. In Westmorland they prefer the latter, in Lincolnshire the former," and so on, with inexplicable variations. The objections to ownership are obvious. Ownership exacts capital, both to keep the farm buildings in order and to tide the modest farmer over times of stress. In the eyes of many, a landlord appears to guarantee security. He has money enough to carry out repairs, and generosity enough not to demand the uttermost farthing of rent in bad seasons. To the owner of a small holding a single disaster or one bad year means ruin. The tenant, however humble be his plot, is seldom in danger of starvation. Such is the problem of small holdings, which each labourer will solve according to his courage and his temperament. The experiment may wisely be made under favourable conditions. Pedantry alone can insist upon the ownership of land as generally profitable or expedient.

Our legislators are apt to forget that what is sauce for the goose is seldom sauce for the gander. They have heard that France thrives upon *la petite culture*, and they conclude that England will thrive upon the same system. Noth-

ing could be further from the truth. It is significant, also, that, at the very moment when we are applauding the advantages of small holdings, M. Laveleye is holding up our older plan to the admiration of the world. "It is," says he, "the glory of England to have remained free from the consequences usually attending the large property system. Great Britain possesses a class of landowners and tenants alive to the requirements of agriculture; and her gigantic commerce has provided employment for the small freeholders, whose farms have been swallowed up." The truth is, that it is impossible to frame a law which is applicable to all cases. Given the right man and the right place, the small holding prospers exceedingly. Given the wrong man and the accidents of weather, the small farmer slips back only too easily into the day-labourer.

Here is a sketch, drawn by Lord Wantage and copied by Mr Kebbel, which shows how admirably the system works under the most favourable circumstances: "He is a man who came from the north of England"—thus Lord Wantage—"where he seems to have saved money as an agricultural labourer. He has got seventeen acres, and is able to pay a good rent and redeem his land gradually at the same time. He has built his own house at a cost of £75, a cow-house and a shed besides, and has fenced in his little property, which now bears four acres of good barley and four

of oats; there being grass enough for a dairy and a stock of poultry, which bring him in £1 a-week. He will sell his corn for £50 or £60, and in his spare time he works on the road for 12s. a-week." It is for such men as these that small holdings should be reserved, and they will come by what they want without the help of any Government. It may be doubted, indeed, whether legislation is of the smallest service in solving this problem. Benefits conferred by force are commonly resented, and the most that can be said is that the labourer who deserves to be master of a farm is rarely thwarted in his design by an unkind fate.

The Government, however, is confronted with a still greater difficulty than that of restoring prosperity to the ruined countryside. It has been rash enough, in contradiction of its pledges, to lay a careless hand upon the Irish question. The views of the Prime Minister are well known. It is his desire to see the effective management of Irish affairs in the hands of a representative Irish authority. We all remember his boast, that "if he were an Irish Nationalist he would take it in any way that he could get it." We all remember how he babbled of the "larger policy," and then retracted his promise in an access of sudden fear. And now he has reiterated the professions made at Stirling, and with Mr Birrell's help he means to give "the instalment of representative con-

trol" which two years ago he recommended the Nationalists to accept. Thus it is that Mr E. B. Iwan-Müller's book, 'Ireland: To-day and To-morrow' (London: Chapman & Hall), makes a timely appearance. Written after a prolonged journey in Ireland by one who has studied Irish affairs for many years, it presents a vivid and intelligible picture of Ireland as it is to-day. Mr Iwan-Müller is a keen observer and a fearless critic. He holds strong views, and he expresses them with all the strength of a vigorous mind and a lively style. He believes in Devolution as little as he believes in Home Rule. He sees through the shifts and intrigues of a false patriotism. And he has set forth the Imperial view of Irish policy—the view which will certainly prevail—with an energy and a humour which need no praise from us.

As we read Mr Iwan-Müller's pages, we realise the hopelessness of Irish Nationalism. The essence of Nationalism, as understood by the Irish members, is a grievance. To satisfy "the aspirations of this people struggling to be free" is a plain impossibility. For centuries they have clamoured, and from time to time indiscreet statesmen have listened to their clamour. They have been given this or that boon, and it has made not the slightest difference to them. Not for a single day has the voice of protest been silenced. It is not "freedom" which they want, but the hunt for what they are kind enough

to call freedom. In other words, it is the pleasure of the chase which engrosses them. To-day they know no hardship. They can point to no injustice. But their agitation is as brisk as, or brisker than, ever. They love their art for art's sake, and they are not likely to cease from the eloquent proclamation of their grievances so long as there are such things as platforms and public meetings.

Mr Iwan-Müller acutely points out that no one in Ireland knows what he wants. Every one angrily demands a Parliament, but if he ask him what he will do with it when he has got it, he has not a word to say. Mr Iwan-Müller put the question to a distinguished and "patriotic" prelate, and this was his reply: "There are certain national aspirations which cannot be put into words." That is the pith and marrow of the Irish question. The aspiration, which cannot be put into words! For this Irishmen are content to intrigue and intimidate. For this the moonlighter is sent abroad to do his dark work. For this the United Irish League exercises its tyranny, and we cannot but ask: Is it worth it? However, whether it is worth it or not, the agitation will be carried on, and on account of its worthlessness it will meet with nothing better than a momentary success. The Irish legislation of the last few years has been remedial. Mr Wyndham's Act was made

necessary by Gladstone's folly. It sprang not from the legitimate needs of Ireland but from the bids for popularity made by reckless Ministers. Ireland herself needs nothing and would demand nothing, had not agitation become a trade. "For nearly forty years," says Mr Iwan-Müller, "we have dosed Ireland with medicine and stimulated her with tonics." And now the patient wants nothing else than a rest-cure, and the sooner we prescribe it the better for us and for her.

Three plans, as Mr Iwan-Müller points out, are before the country: Separation, Home Rule, and Devolution. Separation is obviously impossible. No sane country could establish an enemy in so strong a strategic position as Ireland would hold towards England, were she "free and independent." As for Devolution, that defeats itself. As Mr Iwan-Müller wisely points out, its success would be measured only by its failure. Its sole purpose is to lead up to the larger policy, and it would not fulfil this purpose until it was proved hopelessly impracticable. There is left Home Rule, and Home Rule, by the common assent, is no rule at all. In other words, nothing remains to be done save to counter agitation by an assumed interest. Ireland's foe is not England, but an extortionate and ill-educated priesthood, and until the Irish people is strong enough to deal with its foe, it will suffer for its weakness.

THE POLITICAL TESTAMENT OF A GREAT EMPIRE-BUILDER.

LORD CROMER's retirement, which closes all too soon one of the most distinguished and honourable careers in the annals of British history, lends an almost pathetic interest to the last of those annual records which for years past have told, with the directness and sobriety that mark the highest statesmanship, the story of what he has achieved for Egypt and for the British Empire. His "Report on the condition of Egypt and the Sudan for the year 1906" was laid only a few days ago before Parliament; and though it was known that his health had been failing for some time past, and especially this winter had given cause for no little anxiety, few probably of those who then perused its ample pages suspected that they had before them, as it were, the political testament of the greatest empire-builder of our day. In the light of the announcement made so soon afterwards by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, there can be little doubt that Lord Cromer, when he drew up his report, was already aware that he might at any moment be compelled to lay down a burden which advancing age was rendering too heavy even for his broad shoulders. Weighty as his words have always been, they have never been inspired by a deeper sense of responsibility than in the pages in which,

for the last time in his official capacity, he has set forth "the facts as regards the present situation in Egypt," and commended their consideration not only to his fellow-countrymen, but to "the mass of the Egyptian population," to whom, as he justly claims, he has been "too true a friend either to flatter or to deceive them." He has presided for nearly a quarter of a century over the destinies of Egypt. He found her in a slough of despond; she was on the verge of bankruptcy; chaos prevailed in every branch of the administration; justice was a byword; agriculture and commerce were hopelessly crippled in a land of plenty; her army was a rabble, and a formidable insurrection was sweeping like a prairie-fire over the Sudan, and threatened to carry the forces of fanatical destruction down the whole valley of the Nile; the Continental Powers watched our difficulties with jealous glee, ready at any moment to turn them to their own account; worst of all, British policy appeared to have no other settled purpose than to cast off, at all costs, responsibilities which our absent-minded rulers had half unconsciously drifted into, but were afraid to face. Lord Cromer has not only transformed the face of Egypt, and restored peace and order to the uttermost confines of the equatorial Sudan; he has not

only won international recognition for our position in Egypt by the supreme excellence of the work which he has done there; but, above all, it is he who, by his indomitable courage and perseverance, has imposed upon successive British Governments a policy which guarantees the stability and permanency of his work.

A letter addressed by Lord Cromer to the British Chamber of Commerce, which forms one of the enclosures in his last report, may seem at first sight a comparatively insignificant document; yet in that unobtrusive form is conveyed a definite and categorical declaration of British policy of transcendent importance—the most definite and categorical declaration which any British Government have allowed to be placed on record with regard to the duration of the British occupation, since our troops took possession of the Nile Valley in 1882. In connection with certain objections entertained in British commercial circles to the far-reaching scheme which he has propounded for securing a modification of the *régime* of the Capitulations that regulate jurisdiction over foreign subjects resident in Egypt, Lord Cromer observes:—

“Some hesitation is expressed to support any such changes as those which I have proposed until such time as the relations between the British and Egyptian Governments are defined in such a manner as to guarantee the continuance of British supremacy in Egypt. I am now authorised by His Majesty’s Govern-

ment to state that they recognise that the maintenance and development of such reforms as have hitherto been effected in Egypt depend upon the British occupation. This consideration will apply with equal strength to any changes effected in the *régime* of the Capitulations. His Majesty’s Government therefore wish it to be understood that there is no reason for allowing the prospect of any modification in that *régime* to be prejudiced by the existence of any doubt as to the continuance of the British occupation of the country.”

It may seem strange that any such declaration should still be needed at this hour. As far as the Egyptian people are concerned, what other title-deeds do we require than the prosperity and good government which we have conferred upon them in a measure hitherto undreamt of in their history? From the international point of view, all vestige of uncertainty has been removed by Article I. of the Anglo-French Agreement of April 8, 1904: “The Government of the French Republic, for their part, declare that they will not obstruct the action of Great Britain in that country [Egypt] by asking that a limit of time be fixed for the British occupation, or in any other manner.” No other Power, without committing itself to a public demonstration of unfriendliness towards Great Britain, could deny us what France had granted. Russia, as the ally of the latter, was the first to follow suit, and Austria-Hungary, Germany, and Italy assented in turn. But Egypt is “the land of paradox,” and out of the very magnitude of our achievements some of the

most irreconcilable enemies of British influence have drawn fresh hopes and evolved fresh plans of campaign—all the more insidious in that they are disguised under specious appearances well calculated to appeal to the sentiments and prejudices of a certain section of British politicians. Only one danger to-day threatens the stability of Lord Cromer's life-work—viz., the growth of a spurious nationalism in Egypt which, under the plea of rightful emancipation from a tutelage that it claims to have outgrown, seeks to shake off the wholesome restraints imposed by British control upon religious fanaticism and predatory despotism. It is a new and amended edition of an old story, for which pretty much the same materials are to be found in every Eastern, and especially in every Mohammedan, country that has been brought under the sway of Western civilisation. The plot has thickened more quickly in Egypt than elsewhere, partly because of the extraordinary rapidity with which prosperity has followed upon the establishment of law and order, and partly because of the large measure of influence which certain adverse factors still retain there.

For a better understanding of the grave warning on this subject which Lord Cromer has embodied in his farewell message, it is necessary to glance back for a few years to the first symptoms of the present trouble. Not only has Turkey remained technically

the Suzerain of Egypt, but the Sultan is the spiritual head of the religion to which the great majority of the people of Egypt belong; and the Khedive's authority, though shorn of its former despotic attributes, is still a substantial reality. To the present Khedive, it must be regretfully admitted, as well as to the Sultan, the British occupation of Egypt has, for different reasons, always been a stone of offence, though it guarantees to the latter the punctual payment of a financial tribute which is one of the few solid assets of the Turkish treasury, and to the former the safety of his throne and the integrity of his dominions. To both, the removal of the old antagonism between France and England, and, with it, of the possibility of European complications, was therefore a bitter disappointment. Both had fondly imagined that France would sooner or later pull the Egyptian chestnut out of the fire for them, or at any rate that the constant menace of an international conflict would ultimately induce Great Britain to relax her hold upon Egypt out of sheer weariness of spirit. Last September the writer of this article had the privilege of giving to the readers of 'Maga' an outline of Sultan Abdul Hamid's Pan-Islamic policy, and of its bearings upon the situation in Egypt. Nowhere has it been more active than in Egypt, though hitherto it has spelt there nothing but failure. For after having encouraged Arabi's re-

bellion in 1881-82, in order to create an opportunity for Turkish intervention, Abdul Hamid's nerve failed him to intervene when Europe was ready to sanction his intervention. He missed another chance, even after our troops had landed in Egypt, by withholding until it was too late the military co-operation for which we ourselves foolishly sued at Constantinople, even after Tel-el-Kebir had been fought. He rejected time and again the diplomatic overtures which we made to him for a friendly agreement, on the basis even of evacuation at a given date, and preferred to speculate on the hostility first of one and then of another of our Continental rivals; and when the failure of those speculations compelled him to fall back upon the promise of Egyptian discontent, it lured him last year into the crowning blunder of Akaba. Abdul Hamid has certainly only himself to blame for the fiasco of his Egyptian policy; but that naturally does not diminish his bitterness, nor is it likely to turn a man of his dogged temperament from his purpose.

The Khedive's inveterate hostility to the British occupation is more difficult to account for, though from some points of view it is no doubt thoroughly human. No one likes to be kept all his life in leading-strings, least of all a young Oriental ruler who has in his veins the blood of so many despotic and masterful forebears. His father, the Khedive Tewfik, was of a

different temper. He had, moreover, passed through such a fiery ordeal during the twelvemonth which preceded British intervention, and he had suffered so cruelly for the sins of his own father, the Khedive Ismail, that to the end he never forgot that he owed his throne, and perhaps even his life, to the protection of British red-coats. Abbas II. takes after the predecessor whose name he bears—a name of evil memory in the annals of Egypt. From the military school in which he was brought up at Vienna he passed, owing to his father's premature death, straight to the Palace of Abdeen as an inexperienced, half-educated youth, who had brought with him from Austria a certain social veneer and a profound belief in the privileges of royalty, but no adequate sense of the seriousness of his responsibilities, and no knowledge either of his own people or of the British. So anxious was Lord Cromer to let the yoke sit lightly on such young shoulders, that the boy—he was not yet eighteen—was perhaps left almost too much to his own devices during the first few months of his reign. A court, and especially an Eastern court, is never void of flatterers who know how to play upon their master's weaknesses. At the time of the present Khedive's accession, Egypt had already been for almost a whole decade under British tutelage. Many of the worst abuses of the old *régime* were already merely memories of the receding past, half-for-

gotten by those who had groaned under them, but not by any means forgotten by those who had been wont to batten on them. To the large and still influential class to whom British reforms meant chiefly the curtailment of their privileges and power, and of their opportunities for speculation and oppression, the Khedive Tewfik had persistently turned a deaf ear. Not so the young Khedive, who listened greedily to the suggestion that it was his appointed task to emancipate the destinies of Egypt and the glory of the Khedivate from foreign oppression. He had only to assert his lawful authority, and the fetters which his father had so weakly endured would fall off almost of themselves, amidst the enthusiasm of his people and the sympathy of the civilised world. To tell the truth, Abbas II. probably needed but little encouragement in that direction. Intelligent as he is, he was too ignorant and inexperienced really to grasp the situation with which he had to deal; and had he even been more competent to grasp it, his arbitrary temperament, impatient of all restraint upon his personal caprice, would probably have overborne his judgment. Incidents—at first of no very grave importance—began to occur which compelled Lord Cromer to point out, firmly but discreetly, the limits within which the Khedivial authority could be properly exercised. But friendly admonitions were of no avail: Abbas

resented them, but heeded them not. Within little more than a twelvemonth of his accession he threw off the mask. On January 15, 1893, he dismissed, by his own *fiat*, the Ministry of Mustafa Pasha Fehmy, whose only offence was that it sought to work harmoniously with the British officials, and appointed in their stead Fakhri Pasha and others, whose chief claim to office was their profession of anti-British sentiments. The new Ministry, it is true, only survived Lord Cromer's emphatic protest for about twenty-four hours; but Mustafa Fehmy was not reinstated. Wishing to "save" the young Khedive's "face," Lord Cromer agreed to a compromise, under which Riaz Pasha was charged with the formation of another Ministry. Abbas once more mistook leniency for weakness, and the Palace continued to be more than ever the centre of a widespread agitation against British authority.

It is to that period that the "Nationalist" movement dates back, of which so much has again been heard during the last year or two. It borrowed its name from the movement which had culminated in Arabi's revolt against the Khedivate, but it had little else in common with it. For the new Nationalist movement was engineered by the very classes against which the old Nationalist movement had been—at least in its first stages—directed; and most of Arabi's former followers, especially the best of them,—men, for instance, like the late Mufti Sheikh Mu-

hammered Abdu,—were then, and have been ever since, staunch supporters of British control, which has, they contend, achieved the very objects they themselves had at heart by checking the arbitrary power of the Khedivate and the oppression and corruption of the Pashas, and by introducing new standards of justice and honesty into the administration. There still prevailed, however, at that time a deplorable uncertainty as to the real intentions of Great Britain and the permanency of the British occupation. Even our warmest friends betrayed their fear of being ultimately left in the lurch. "When Great Britain withdraws her hand," they said, "who is to protect us against the wrath to come?" Our enemies, on the other hand, basked in the sunshine of Khedivial favour. The native press, subsidised *ad hoc*, inflamed the anti-foreign prejudices and religious passions of the people by daily vituperation and persistent misrepresentation. Intoxicated by the adulation of servile Ministers and interested courtiers, emboldened by assurances of august approval from Constantinople, and by the noisy applause of French Chauvinists whose one idea at that time was to *embêter les Anglais*, Abbas once more overreached himself. The beginning of 1894 witnessed an even graver incident than that with which the preceding year had opened. The Khedive, accompanied by Maher Pasha, who had been recently preferred to the Ministry

of War, started for the frontier to inspect the Egyptian army at Wady Halfa. In the presence of their troops he publicly affronted the British officers who had created his army. Kitchener, who had recently become Sirdar, was fortunately the very last man to take such an affront "lying down." Had he done so, there would have been an end to all discipline in the Egyptian army, and instead of the reconquest of the Soudan, the frontier of the Khedive's dominions would have remained, at best, where it was then, barely 500 miles south of Cairo, with the Dervish sentries still visible on the horizon, beyond which lay boundless savagery. It was neither the first nor the last crisis of Abbas' reign, but it was the gravest one, unless the future should have yet graver ones in store—graver at least for His Highness. Lord Cromer kept a stiff upper lip, and the British Government were constrained to give him their full support. Even Abbas' Ministers felt that he had gone too far, and the responsible representatives of foreign Powers, on whose sympathy he had perhaps reckoned, took refuge in a stony silence. Abbas had to make reparation as public as the affront had been. He made it with a bad grace. "Am I," he remarked querulously,—“am I, the chief of the army, merely to salute like a trained monkey when I inspect my troops? Am I, who have received a military education, to be debarred from exercising my right to criticise them?"

But whilst he vented his irritation in private conversation, he retracted in public the censure which he had passed on the British officers and acquiesced in Maher Pasha's dismissal from the Ministry of War. Henceforth he kept his hands off the army. Indeed, after the "frontier incident" the Nationalist movement of that period began slowly but steadily to ebb. The Riaz Ministry, whom he never forgave for having failed him at the critical moment, fell a few months later, and was succeeded by a Nubar Ministry. Though Nubar was himself far too masterful a personality not to feel occasionally under the restraints of British control, he was also too shrewd not to appreciate its value; and the veteran statesman who had stood up to Ismail was not disposed to humour the caprices of a youthful and wayward ruler. The embers of the old agitation flickered up from time to time, and at the beginning of 1895 they seemed once more on the point of bursting out into flame. The Palace was busy intriguing against Nubar; the anti-British propaganda waxed fierce; serious assaults were committed upon Europeans, and especially upon officers of the British army of occupation. Once more Lord Cromer had to intervene with peremptory firmness. On February 22, 1895, a Khedivial decree was issued creating a special tribunal to deal with attacks upon British officers, and to emphasise its signifi-

cance the Khedive undertook to hold in person a review of the British garrison in Cairo. Before the end of 1895 Nubar, who was growing old and infirm, resigned, and made room for Mustafa Pasha Fehmi, whose dismissal from office had marked the beginning of Abbas' revolt, just as his reinstatement formally marked its close. For the next ten years the Khedive appeared, outwardly at least, to acquiesce in the existing order of things. The reconquest of the Sudan flattered his pride. He paid frequent visits to England, and seemed to appreciate the courtesy and deference with which he was invariably received. His personal charm of manner when and where he wishes to ingratiate himself, and his affectation of perfect frankness, induced in many quarters the belief that the unpleasant incidents of former years had been little more than youthful indiscretions, and that having sown his political wild-oats, he was beginning to learn wisdom. He refrained from further overt acts of obstruction, and but rarely interfered with the administrative machinery of the great public departments. Only in the distribution of official titles and decorations, and in the administration of the *Wakoof*, the pious foundations or trusts which fulfil such important functions under the Mohammedan law of property, was the influence of the Palace still practically paramount. The corruption and caprice which prevailed there, unrestrained

from British control, furnished, however, a sufficiently eloquent object-lesson as to the results which would follow the projection of the same arbitrary influence into other departments of the State. As a great landlord, Abbas applied himself with no mean intelligence and business-like capacity, coupled, however, with characteristic harshness, to the administration of his large private estates; and the friendship which he sedulously cultivated of some of the great capitalists interested in the economic development of Egypt, ministered doubtless not a little to the accumulation of the considerable fortune with which he is now credited.

Only his tactics, however, and not his purpose, were changed. Abbas never ceased to resent the tutelage which he was compelled to endure, though he still failed to display any of the higher qualities which might have justified his emancipation from that tutelage. The Anglo-French Agreement of 1904, and its acceptance by the other Powers, destroyed whatever expectations he had still entertained of European intervention in his favour. Equally illusory were his hopes of exploiting the influential connections which he had formed in England in order to undermine Lord Cromer's position. But he had never cut off the underground wire which connected him with Yildiz Kiosk, though his vanity had been frequently made to writhe under the taunts of Abdul Hamid. Not

so many years ago, during one of his periodical visits to Constantinople, the Sultan had treated him more like a State prisoner than an honoured guest. He had relegated him to the lower table at a Palace banquet, and the only greeting vouchsafed to him by the Imperial lips was the contemptuous inquiry, "How does my Vali of Egypt?" In his chagrin Abbas had been fain to appeal piteously to the good offices of the British Embassy. But a common hatred, like adversity, makes strange bedfellows, and Abdul Hamid's Pan-Islamic policy being mainly aimed against Great Britain, it could hardly fail to appeal to the Khedive. The latest adventure upon which Pan-Islamism was embarking on the borders of the Sinaitic peninsula happened also to synchronise with an event in England which seemed to open up fresh possibilities for the revival of "Nationalism" in Egypt. The Unionist Government, which had been tottering for some time to its fall, had finally run its course, and made room for a Radical Government, several of whose members, and the majority of whose supporters, were believed to be ready to take any "Nationalist" movement in any part of the world at its face-value, if only as a rebuke to the nefarious "Imperialism" of their predecessors. If the new British Radicalism was prepared to bless "Nationalism" in Ireland, in the Transvaal, in India, why not also in Egypt?

It was unquestionably the return of the Radical party to power in this country in the summer of 1892 which had first encouraged the young Khedive and his familiars to revolt against British control; and it will have been noted that they only gave up the struggle as hopeless for the time being after the Radicals had been defeated at the elections of 1895, and a strong Unionist Government had again come into office. So once more—in 1905-6—with the collapse of the Unionists, the swing of the pendulum in Great Britain caused the Egyptian pendulum to be swung in supposed sympathy with the triumphal advent of British Radicalism.

To run Pan-Islamism and Nationalism in double harness, with one eye on Constantinople and the other on the Radical benches of the British House of Commons, was an ingenious scheme, but it was too clever by half. As Lord Cromer remarks in his Report, Pan-Islamism in Egypt "means more or less complete subserviency to the Sultan,"—a subserviency which would run directly counter to the development of national life in Egypt during the last century, and to the traditional policy of the present dynasty, whose aim it had ever been since the days of Mehemet Ali to loosen the ties binding it to Turkey. But there are a second and a third aspect of Pan-Islamism upon which Lord Cromer rightly lays even

greater stress in the following luminous passage:—

"In the second place, Pan-Islamism almost necessarily connotes a recrudescence of racial and religious animosity. Many of its adherents are, I do not doubt, inspired by genuine religious fervour. Others again, whether from indifference verging on agnosticism, or from political and opportunist motives, or—as I trust may sometimes be the case—from having really assimilated modern ideas on the subject of religious toleration, would be willing, were such a course possible, to separate the political from the religious, and even possibly from the racial issues. If such are their wishes and intentions, I entertain very little doubt that they will find them impossible of execution. Unless they can convince the Moslem masses of their militant Islamism, they will fail to arrest their attention or to attract their sympathy. Appeals, either overt or covert, to racial and religious passions are thus a necessity of their existence in order to ensure the furtherance of their political programme.

"In the third place, Pan-Islamism almost necessarily connotes an attempt to regenerate Islam on Islamic lines—in other words, to revivify and stereotype in the twentieth century the principles laid down, more than a thousand years ago, for the guidance of a primitive society. Those principles involve a recognition of slavery, laws regulating the relations of the sexes which clash with modern ideas, and, which is perhaps more important than all, that crystallisation of the civil, criminal, and canonical law into one immutable whole, which has so largely contributed to arrest the progress of those countries whose populations have embraced the Moslem faith."

The first-fruits of Pan-Islamism were seen in Egypt last spring during the Sinaitic boundary incident, when the Sultan's attempt to encroach upon territory confided by his

own Firman to Egyptian administration nearly provoked a rupture between Great Britain and Turkey. "The policy of the British Government," Lord Cromer states, "was dictated by a true regard for the interests of Egypt, and for those of Europe generally. The fact was fully recognised by his Highness the Khedive, who was consulted at the very commencement, as well as at all subsequent stages of the proceedings, and who, as was to be anticipated, expressed his entire approval of a course of action manifestly in harmony with Egyptian interests. Nevertheless, the policy pursued by the British Government was represented as a wanton attack on the position held by the head of the Moslem religion and the Suzerain of Egypt. Every effort was made to incite racial and religious animosity." And by whom were these efforts made? Mainly by the political agitators, the native journalists, and the preachers at the mosques, who drew their daily inspiration quite as much from the Palace as from the residence of the Turkish High Commissioner. The Khedive could not openly repudiate the policy pursued by his own Government as well as by the British Government in defence of Egyptian interests, but just as little could he bring himself to condemn the agitation which was fostered by the Sultan's representative and by zealous, if indiscreet, interpreters of his own secret ambitions. To what lengths that agitation

was carried Lord Cromer tells us in words of which the gravity will, we trust, be duly appreciated by all his fellow-countrymen:—

"We were within a very measurable distance of such an outburst [*i.e.*, an outburst of Mohammedan fanaticism] in Egypt last spring. I see it constantly stated that the 'unrest' to which allusion was made in the House of Commons last summer was imaginary. I am wholly unable to concur in this view. The temperament of the lower classes of the Egyptian population, and notably of the urban population, is eminently mercurial. They were suddenly lashed into a fury by the inflammatory and mendacious writings in the Pan-Islamic press, and they subsided into comparative tranquillity with almost equal suddenness when the British garrison was increased, and when the writers in the vernacular press, under pressure exerted on them by the more intelligent of their own countrymen, moderated their tone. But that for some little while a situation of real danger existed I have not the smallest doubt. Very numerous reports reached me of threats uttered against Christians and Europeans. The vague rumours which, in the East, are the usual precursors of disturbance, had been current to a remarkable degree. The European inhabitants were alarmed, and began to flock into the towns. Neither was their alarm at all unreasonable. In my Report for 1905 I described in detail the events which occurred in Alexandria towards the close of 1905. A chance quarrel between two Greeks led to a somewhat serious riot, which at once assumed an anti-Christian form. I have no hesitation in saying that if, as was by no means improbable, some adventitious incident of this sort had occurred during the height of the excitement caused by the Turco-Egyptian frontier incident, the consequences might, and probably would, have been serious. I wish to add that the idea, which I occasionally see advanced, that this 'unrest' was in any degree due to the policy pur-

sued by the British and Egyptian Governments in connection with the internal affairs of Egypt is devoid of the smallest real foundation. It was not partly, but wholly, due to the fact that, under Pan-Islamic influence, a large portion of the population had been led to believe that a wanton attack was being made on the head of the Moslem religion."

The net result of the Pan-Islamic campaign was not only an increase of the British garrison, at a cost of £45,000 per annum to the Egyptian taxpayer, and the self-made humiliation of the Sultan and his aiders and abettors in Egypt by the final surrender of the Porte under the pressure of a naval demonstration. It threatened also to alienate sympathies which it was most important for Egyptian Nationalism to retain. A pro-Turkish programme was not calculated to appeal to British Radicals, for whom the Sultan is "the unspeakable Turk" or "the great assassin," and the cloven hoof of Pan-Islamism had peeped out too conspicuously under the scanty cloak of Nationalism. With the swiftness of a "lightning change" at the Alhambra, Pan-Islamism was cast off for the nonce in favour of pure Nationalism. Now what does Nationalism in Egypt really mean? It is certainly not indigenous to the soil. "Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs from Arabia and Baghdad, Circassians, and finally Ottoman Turks, have successively ruled over Egypt; but we have to go back to the doubtful and obscure precedent of Pharaonic times to find an epoch when, possibly, Egypt was ruled by

Egyptians." Let that pass, however, as a mere theoretical argument. Assuming that there can be and is such a thing as Egyptian Nationalism, what are its aims? Here again we must quote Lord Cromer:—

"I am not aware that the Egyptian National party has ever formulated its programme in any very precise terms, but, so far as I am able to judge, they advocate the creation in Egypt of an institution similar to the British House of Commons. I have not noticed whether it is proposed to vest all power in a single Chamber, or whether it is suggested that a second Chamber, which would take the place of the French Senate or the British House of Lords, is contemplated. Neither am I quite clear as to whether it is proposed that the Egyptian Parliament should legislate, without distinction, for all the inhabitants of Egypt or only for local subjects. The former of these two methods would require the consent of all the Powers, which would certainly not be obtained. Leaving aside these doubtful but very important points, I conceive I shall be right in holding that what is proposed is, first, the creation of a Ministry responsible to the Chamber, and dependent for its existence on the maintenance of a majority; and, secondly, complete control over the finances of the country, such as that exercised by the elected Chambers in the United Kingdom and in other European countries.

"The adoption of the first of these proposals would, unless I am much mistaken, produce a state of things which may without exaggeration be termed chaotic. Intrigue of all sorts would be rife. The system of bribery and corruption which was at one time so prevalent in the country, and which is even now only dying a lingering death, would receive a fresh impulse. It is more than probable that, under the specious title of free institutions, the worst evils of personal government would reappear.

"The adoption of the second proposal—that of handing over complete financial control to the Chamber—

would almost inevitably lead to national bankruptcy.

"It requires, indeed, some mental effort to discuss these proposals seriously. Can any sane man believe that a country which has for centuries past been exposed to the worst forms of misgovernment at the hands of its rulers, from Pharaohs to Pashas, and in which, but ten years ago, only 9·5 per cent of the men and ·3 per cent of the women could read and write, is capable of suddenly springing into a position which will enable it to exercise full rights of autonomy with advantage to itself and to others interested in its welfare? The idea is absurd. The programme of the National party is quite incapable of realisation at present, and it may well be doubted whether, in the form in which it is now conceived, it can ever be realised. In any case, I must wholly decline to take any part in furthering proposals the adoption of which would, in my opinion, constitute a flagrant injustice, not only to the very large foreign interests involved, but also to those ten or twelve millions of Egyptians to the advancement of whose moral and material welfare I have devoted the best years of my life."

Before these words were published the Nationalists themselves pointed their moral. They drew up a series of demands, which included the immediate creation of a full-blown Egyptian Parliament, with complete power of the purse; and, as a proof presumably of their ability to administer the finances and control the economic development of the country, they proposed, amongst other things, the establishment of Chambers of Commerce to regulate—"as in Western countries"—the price of the necessities of life! The sweeping resolutions, which were rushed helter-skelter through the Egyptian

General Assembly as a solemn endorsement of the nation's claim to self-government, were, it is alleged, framed and adopted under the strongest and most direct pressure from the Palace, and, as if to confirm that allegation, the Khedive almost simultaneously went out of his way to give his blessing to the Nationalist programme in a form as unusual as it was public. In an interview with a French journalist, which has been ostentatiously reproduced in all the Nationalist papers, His Highness did not hesitate to espouse, with the greatest warmth, what he was pleased to call "the national claims,"

—*les revendications nationales*,—whilst repudiating on behalf of those who pressed them all racial or religious animosity. Just as a brilliant French writer once gratified his Anglo-phobia by writing a book about India, called 'L'Inde sans les Anglais,' in which, from beginning to end, the word England or English never occurred, so the Khedive dilated upon the moral and material progress of Egypt without a single word of reference to the Power under whose guidance and protection that progress has been achieved, or to the great Englishman whose genius has inspired it. As if to emphasise his meaning, His Highness, we are told, in bidding good-bye to the Frenchman, hesitated for a moment, and then added, with a rather sad smile, "Tell the French to come to Egypt in large numbers. We do not forget what they have been to us, and we are very fond of them

all the same." The italics are those of the correspondent of the *Temps*. What can those farewell words mean but that His Highness dates back his affection for the French to the days when they were our adversaries, and that in memory of the past he is willing even now to forgive them for having become our friends?

Behind the forces of Pan-Islamism and of Nationalism we must therefore still be prepared, in the future as in the past, to find arrayed against us in Egypt such influences as, without venturing an open rupture, Sultan and Khedive can still bring to bear upon the elements of discontent, which the very efficiency of British reforms has itself bred and will continue to breed. We shall have to bear with them, even as Lord Cromer has borne with them. The combination of unceasing vigilance and imperturbable self-restraint which he has displayed in dealing with them has neither invited nor attracted public attention, but it is well that this particular feature of his administration should not pass unnoticed lest we should minimise the difficulties which still confront his successor. Lord Cromer himself is at pains to warn us that we must not look for their solution by forcible methods, which, except under the pressure of far greater urgency than can at present be pleaded, would almost certainly involve us in other and far more dangerous complications. The only remedy which a not inexcusable impatience has from

time to time suggested would be the assumption of a British protectorate over Egypt. For sufficient reasons Lord Cromer declares that, in his opinion, there are insuperable objections to that course, and to his judgment the keenest British Imperialist may safely defer. If only this country to itself be true, it cannot fail to wear down in the future, as it has done in the past, the forces of reaction and obstruction under whatever name they masquerade. In Egypt itself there are other and healthier forces also at work, and to those British Radicals who are not mere willing dupes of rhetorical shibboleths we would commend in conclusion one more passage from Lord Cromer's report:—

"Besides those who have assumed the title of Nationalist, there exists a small but increasing number of Egyptians of whom comparatively little is heard, but who deserve that title quite as much as their competitors of a different school of thought and action. I allude to the party which, for the sake of brevity, I may call the followers of the late Mufti, Sheikh Mohamed Abdou. I have in previous Reports frequently alluded to the opinions held by this section of Egyptian society—opinions which are very analogous to those advocated by the late Seyyid Ahmed, who founded the Aligarh College in India. Their fundamental idea is to reform various Moslem institutions without shaking the main pillars on which the faith of Islam rests. They are truly Nationalist in the sense of wishing to advance the interests of their countrymen and co-religionists, but they are not tainted with Pan-Islamism. Their programme, if I understand it rightly, involves not opposition to, but co-operation with, Europeans in the introduction of Western civilisation into the country. The main hope of

Egyptian Nationalism, in the only true and practicable sense of the word, lies, in my opinion, with those who belong to this party. In the past they have not, for reasons on which I need not dwell, but for which the British advisers of the Egyptian Government are in no way responsible, received all the encouragement they deserve. Recently, however, one of their most distinguished members (Saad Zagloul Pasha) was appointed Minister of Education. The main reason for his appointment was not, as was sometimes supposed, any dissatisfaction with the manner in which the work of the Department of Public Instruction had been conducted; still less did it indicate an intention of making any radical changes in the educational policy heretofore pursued. It was mainly due to a desire to associate an able man and enlightened Egyptian of this particular section of society with the work of Egyptian reform. The experiment, for such it is, will be watched with interest. Should it succeed, as I hope and believe will be the case, some encouragement will be afforded to move further in the same direction. Should it fail, the necessary consequence will be to throw the continuance of the work of reform to a greater extent than formerly into European, and notably into British, hands. In any case, there can be no retrogression. The work of introducing Western civilisation into Egypt is proceeding in every Department of the State on lines which have been carefully considered, and which admit of development, but not of reversal or of radical change."

That is the only policy which can and must enlist the support of all parties in this country, and of all that is best in Egypt. To that policy Sir Edward Grey once more pledged

his Majesty's Government in the admirable speech in which, with deep and genuine feeling, he announced Lord Cromer's retirement. To carry out that policy in Lord Cromer's stead Sir Eldon Gorst now goes out to Egypt. In the Secretary of State's own words: "Sir Eldon Gorst has special knowledge of Egypt; there is no one who has possessed to a greater degree Lord Cromer's confidence, or has been more closely associated with him personally in his work, and I am confident that this choice is the one best calculated to maintain and continue it." Let Sir Eldon but prove himself worthy of that splendid trust, and he will acquire a title to the gratitude of the British and Egyptian peoples second only to that which the great creator of modern Egypt has so amply established. Only history, as Mr Balfour observed, can give a final estimate of the magnitude of Lord Cromer's achievements in Egypt. But we need not wait for the verdict of history to take to heart the lesson which his life-work should teach us—the life-work of

"One who never turned his back, but
marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were
worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to
fight better,

Sleep to wake."

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THE GREEN CURVE.

BY "OLE LUK-OIE."

"Je créai six commissaires pour faire la description des bouches inutiles, et après bailler ce rôle à un chevalier de Saint-Jean de Malte, accompagné de 25 ou 30 soldats, pour les mettre dehors. . . .

"Ce sont les lois de la guerre; il faut être cruel bien souvent pour venir à bout de son ennemi; Dieu doit être bien miséricordieux en notre droit, qui faisons tant de maux."
—MONTLUC, 'Siege of Sienna.'

I.

"YES, you certainly make a point there—but I'm afraid it cannot be done. I quite see, of course, that under certain circumstances it might be advisable, purely from a military point of view; but there are also other considerations—weighty considerations, I may say,—and it cannot be done; at least, not at present." As he said these words the Minister put on his well-known smile—that smile which had disarmed so many.

"But if not possible at present, do you not think we ought to be prepared to take this step shortly—at a moment's notice?" replied the other.

"Yes; in so far as measures

can be taken that will not cause excitement. You see—I'll be frank with you"—here the set smile again showed the teeth of the speaker under his carefully waxed black moustache—"we cannot do it on account of the result that such action may have on the Public,—we cannot afford to do it. The Public is ignorant of any such necessity, and would not understand. They are, of course, still quite confident, I hope not unreasonably, and look upon the rosy side of affairs——"

"Yes; remember the Parisians and their cry of 'A Berlin!' Remember——" interrupted the other.

But the mandarin suavely held up his hand and continued sonorously: "And look upon the rosy side of things, as I say. Such an extreme—not to say drastic—step would certainly inflict great hardships on non-combatants, and would excite apprehension. It would be bound to have an adverse effect on the Government. Believe me, we have considered the matter from all sides. Of course, I quite understand and, I hope, appreciate the line you are taking up: all the military advisers have—perhaps quite naturally—urged similar forcible methods; but are not your fears somewhat groundless?"

At that moment there was a discreet tap at the door. A secretary entered and looked with a deferential air of inquiry at the Minister, who, seeing that he brought some papers, broke off his argument. The other bowed, and with a grunt of dissent strode to the window. As he stood reading with his back to the light his face was in shadow, but his attitude and manner of reading betokened a character the antithesis of that of the Minister, who was now immersed in the papers just brought in.

The business, which chiefly consisted in signing the papers handed to him, with now and then a word of explanation, did not take long. After a final "Yes, sir, quite," the secretary noiselessly vanished, and the Minister sat back, gently tapping his fingers together over his ample waistcoat. While endeavouring to recall the exact portion of his

peroration reached before the interruption, he gazed benignly round the well-appointed room, which was large and had a long table in the centre. The number of despatch-boxes and the lavish display of official stationery upon the table showed it to be a Government office.

As the Minister sat on, tapping his finger-tips together, his cuffs made a rattling which at last attracted the attention of his more highly-strung companion, who looked up with a frown. Seeing that the secretary had gone, he returned to the charge.

"I think you should read this. You have not seen it: it has only just reached me. It's his last letter to me, in which he again specifically discusses this very point. As you will see, he demonstrates once more that if things go at all against us, the place is bound to be besieged, and that either the useless civil population should be sent away now at once, or a very much larger food-supply stored there than has heretofore been arranged for or contemplated. He favours the former course, as making matters simpler and easier for the defence. But see for yourself what he says,—the portion of his letter on this subject begins here. As you know, he is no alarmist, and his opinion, supporting as it does so many others, must surely carry great weight."

The Minister took the papers but did not read. "I don't think it will do much good, General, my wading through all

this,"—he flipped through the pages. "I know it all: I have seen former reports, and I don't suppose there's anything new. It represents the ultra-military point of view, which has been already considered. We have decided, if possible, to quietly increase the stock of food so as to provide for the whole population. Of course, if opportunity offers, we might—er—persuade a few old people to go; but we must wait till the Public realises the necessity for the move before doing anything on a large scale. Perhaps people will then go readily and not have to be forced. Compulsion is always so undesirable in these matters. Then, possibly, we might leave the matter to the discretion of the future Military Governor of the place: we should not like to commit him to any course beforehand, or to tie his hands!"

"But, quite apart from the great disadvantage of saddling that poor officer with such a difficult question at a time when he will have so much else to do, I do not think you understand that it will increase the hardships ten thousand-fold if the wretched people have to be turned out once the town is invested. It will then practically mean the death from starvation of them all, and be an atrocity. Now it is possible and involves comparatively little hardship. Why not tell the Public the truth and act? Lead them, don't follow. Of course, they will acquiesce, once they realise the position."

"Oh come, come," smiled the

Minister, "isn't that a little strong? War is a brutal matter, but surely you don't imply that even were the place besieged the enemy would not allow the harmless civil population a safe-conduct through their lines? Why, they would all be non-combatants. You make our enemies out to be savages of the worst type. We live in different times from the siege of Jerusalem, you know! As to your last suggestion—why, it is not within the sphere of practical politics. Impossible—absolutely."

"I don't think you realise what War is. Starvation is one of the weapons of a besieger—as history has proved, one of the most powerful. If the opposing general conducting the siege should assist the defenders by allowing them to send out their women and children after the siege has commenced, he would be a traitor to his country and should be shot! From what I know of our enemy's notions of war and of the character of the man who will probably undertake any siege, I do not think this likely. Have you read his last work, '*Væ Victis*; or, *The Ethics of War*'?"

"No, I have not. I have no——"

"You should. I will send you a copy. It has just been translated. It treats of starvation as a weapon, and deals with the problem of '*Les Bouches Inutiles*.'"

"Thank you very much, but of course many men write things which they could not carry out in practice. I am

afraid I should not be convinced by his theorising. Besides, if he is the ogre that you imagine, the commandant of the fortress will make his arrangements accordingly!"

"Yes—when it will be too late!" The speaker lost his patience. "So it is really the 'Public' that you rely on to judge when such a thing is necessary? The mob are the paid leaders and expert advisers of the nation? I can't help telling you that the Government are shirking their duty, but are not evading their responsibility, by trying to shelve the questions for some luckless general to settle when it is too late. I trust you may not have the blood of many harmless non-combatants, or of the whole garrison, on your hands, or be responsible for eventual defeat." He spoke bitterly.

"Tut-tut, my *dear General*," the Minister shrugged his shoulders in a deprecating way, "it's absurd—quite impossible to talk like this. I

am so much obliged—I'm sure we all are—for the trouble you have taken, but I do not think any useful purpose can be served by our continuing this discussion or attempting to reopen the matter. Your views have my fullest sympathy, I assure you: I will bear in mind what you have said. It shall not be lost sight of. Meanwhile let us hope for the best!" He smiled again, and his third chin nestled into his wide collar with an air of finality.

The hint was plain. With a curt farewell the other went out, sore at heart.

The Minister turned his chair round to his table, and absently repeated the shibboleth—"We must hope for the best." But the catchword did not seem to convey comfort, for the smile had left his lips. It was some time before the busy scratching of his pen showed that he had once again got back into his stride, and was making his point in a masterly minute.

II.

It was some weeks later: the storm had burst, and the war had gone badly. Winter had fastened upon the coast fortress; blizzard alternated with calm black frost; but far more paralysing than the grip of winter was the gradual constriction of the enemy's line of investment, for by land and sea the town was cut off from the world.

Upon a certain wild afternoon the office of the Military Governor and Fortress Commander looked gloomy and deserted,—silent but for the roaring of the fitful gusts in the chimney, and the distant booming of artillery which could be heard at intervals. Suddenly these dull, muffled sounds changed to a shrill discord of wind whistling through

the windows, as the door was thrown open and two men entered. Before it could be closed a shower of papers fluttered from the table, and the powdery snow, which had been driven through the broken panes, scurried across the floor in wisps, turning to a dirty grey as it picked up the dust.

"That's the place," said the sergeant, as he pointed out a vacant space on the walls amidst the maps and proclamations with which they were covered, "made for it."

The private, whose mouth seemed full, only nodded and drew a hammer from his belt. Uncoiling a large roll they had brought with them, which was apparently a patchwork of smaller pieces pasted together so as to form one sheet, they set to work. The sergeant whistled while he held it straight against the wall; the other, daintily drawing tacks one by one from his mouth, nailed it up. After the last nail had been driven, and after a final stepping-back to judge of the general effect, the remaining tacks were carefully ejected into a scrap of paper. No one could have accused these two of not being whole-hearted in their work, for they took as much trouble over the exact position and alignment of this ugly diagram as a youth over his first white tie.

"Doesn't look so bad after all; but I'll just thicken up the green a bit, as I have it on me," said the senior, taking a chalk-pencil from behind his

ear. "Yes, that does it. The Colonel said it was to be plain and prominently placed. It is plain, it is prominent, and—it is neat. We've made a job of it." He sucked his pencil and cocked his head on one side critically.

The well-worn platitude that the main points—the great issues of affairs—are often lost sight of by those immersed in working out the details was well illustrated at this moment. These two men were intelligent, and fully understood the meaning of the parti-coloured chart they had helped to prepare, and yet they were far more concerned with its exact position and appearance than they were with its meaning. Nevertheless, the message it conveyed was not altogether without importance to them personally.

The private solemnly screwed up the paper containing the tacks, put it in his pocket, and stuck the hammer in his belt. He looked all round the room. "S'pose the Governor will be moving office again to-morrow. It's about time, as he's been here four days now!"

"Yes; it beats me how quick they find out where it is, after all the spies we've nobbled, and the flag kept flying at the wrong place too. Of course they know who keeps the show going and who is the whole defence—in a manner of speaking. Why, it would be worth anything to them to drop a shell on The Butcher. Not but what he hasn't had some narrow squeaks already. If

it wasn't for this everlasting shifting it would be worth while tidying up this place a bit—something crool, I call it." He glanced round and snorted, his draughtsman's eye offended at the state of the room. After picking up and weighting the scattered papers, they stumped heavily from the room, chased out by the jeering cat-calls of the wind. They stumped, inasmuch as they made a great noise on the hard parquet floor; but it was more the shuffle of weak-kneed men who could not control their too heavy feet than the tramp of vigorous limbs. Perhaps it was due to the dull light of the leaden-hued sky, rendered gloomier by the dusty window, but both men certainly looked very ill. Their faces were haggard and grey, and their uniform sagged about their bodies.

The room itself, which had so excited the disgust of the sergeant, presented a combination of opulence and squalor that was bizarre to a degree. Large and high, its furnishing was mostly rough and its condition altogether neglected. The parquet floor was dull, except in a track to the door. The ceiling was hand-painted; even in the dim light of this winter's afternoon could be seen the inevitable cupids wal-

lowing among garlands of roses and ribbons upon a background of clouds. The remnants of Rose-du-Barri-coloured satin, which fluttered from the edges of the panels, showed what had been the wall covering—torn down to allow of the maps being nailed on the flat. Between the panels rococo metal sconces projected, and from the centre of the ceiling hung a florid electrolier in the same style. Most of the incandescent lamps were missing, and the blackened condition of those left told a tale of long use, while the candlesticks dotted about showed that no electric current was now available—search-lights devour so much!

Again the grey scurry on the floor: an elderly man came in. As he stamped round the room, taking off his gloves and shaking the snow from him, his eye was arrested by the new diagram. Unhooking his fur coat, he walked up and began studying it carefully. In spite of the self-congratulations of its draughtsman, it was at first sight a confusing chart, and as the Governor frowned at it, the dour expression of his square face became accentuated almost to grotesqueness.

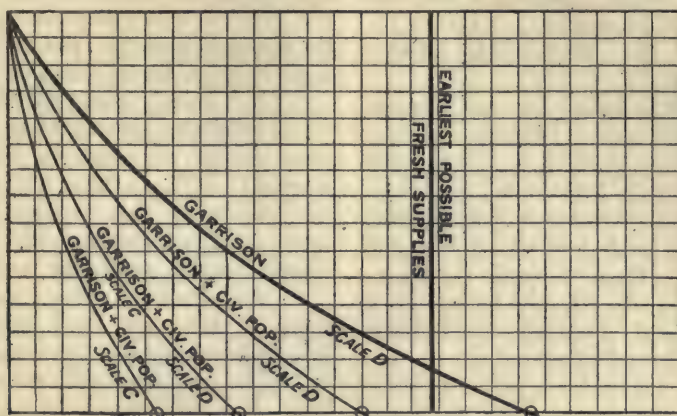
The heading, printed in bold type across the top of the paper, was—

FOOD CHART.

The sheet was ruled in horizontal and vertical lines, which formed a checkered pattern. The ends of the horizontal lines were figured

as a scale of FOOD, those of the vertical as a scale of TIME. From the left-hand top corner started four thick lines of different colours, which ran

downwards towards the right in sloping curves. These curves intersected the bottom of the "zero" line of the food-scale at four different points, each marked with a circle.



Beginning with the steepest, each curve was labelled as follows:—

Red Curve.	GARRISON.	} Scale C.
	CIV. POP.	
Blue Curve.	GARRISON.	Scale C.
	CIV. POP.	Scale D.
Purple Curve.	GARRISON.	} Scale D.
	CIV. POP.	
Green Curve.	GARRISON.	Scale D.

Below was this explanatory note:—

Scale C.=Minimum Scale of Rations for fighting or working.

Scale D.=Minimum Scale of Rations for bare existence.

CIV. POP.=Civil Population (excluding those useful in defence, who are shown as "Garrison").

The Governor gazed steadily at the diagram for some minutes, tracing with his finger the different curves of the food-supply down to the point where the last ration would be eaten. He pulled a paper out of his pocket and, after a few pencilled calculations, commenced counting along the

days in the time-scale, when his Chief-of-Staff, a slightly younger man, entered and saluted.

"Ah, there you are! I see you have been able to get this done at last. I am glad, because I got some news to-day which I think will make the point all the clearer—so clear that even the Council must grasp it at once. I now know the date before which we cannot possibly get any food ships through the blockade. Of course, they may not come till long after—if at all,—but they cannot come before then. Just look at this, and chalk up and mark the diagram at the date." He turned to take off his fur coat and hang it over a chair.

The other took the paper, worked out a rapid sum, and marked a certain date in the horizontal time-scale of the diagram. He looked round for a coloured chalk, but seeing none seized a quill pen from

the table and, dipping the plume into the red ink, drew a line up through the date—the wet feather leaving a brilliant smear of scarlet. “Label it,” said the Governor, looking round.

With pain, for he was no draughtsman, the other printed against this line, “EARLIEST POSSIBLE FRESH SUPPLIES.”

The Governor joined him. They both looked at the diagram, then at each other.

“Well, sir, that settles it definitely,” said the staff-officer, and he whistled softly.

It did, indeed. The value of the chart was now increased tenfold, for it gave the absolute as well as the relative results of following the different curves. According to the Red Curve, the food would run out many weeks before the earliest possibility of relief; according to the Blue, the end would be closer to, but still before, the fateful day; while, following the Purple, it would be only a few days short. The Green was the only curve that intersected the “zero” line to the right of the scarlet smear. As the earliest date for this was not fixed, but problematical, it was obvious that the green curve was the only one that could be followed with safety, and, even then, not more than a few days’ margin would be obtained. It was but too clear that only by refusing to feed the useless members of the population, or, in other words, by turning them out to freeze and starve, could the beleaguered town have a fair chance of holding out.

“I’d like a certain friend of ours to be here now and see this,” continued the last speaker. It was unnecessary for him to utter any name or to specify him of the triple chin in order to be understood.

“Yes,” quietly said the other, “I should like him to read his own death sentence in those curves!” There was no hint of jesting in this reply: the tone and expression of the speaker were grimness itself.

“Look here! I want some more explanation, as I prefer, if possible, to carry the Council with me, and they will want a lot. You see there has been no collusion, and the chart has not been faked to back up my views. The men who made it did not know of this last message; but the result has borne out in a marvellous way what I have said all along.”

“Very good, sir; I will fetch the Director of Supplies, who got the actual calculations made out.”

In a few moments he returned with that officer.

“Will you please explain how these figures have been arrived at,” said the Governor.

“The actual amounts of supplies, scales of rations, &c., I obtained from my returns, sir. The figures for the population I got from the Provost-Marshal. For the statistics, calculations, and forecasts I worked in conjunction with a committee of leading business men and some of the actuaries of the insurance companies. I got these gentlemen collected specially from the earthwork and other gangs. The prin-

cipal actuary of the Peace and Plenty Assurance Company presided over the calculations. A lot of it was quite beyond me."

"I see. Now, what exactly do you include under 'Civil Population'? what we discussed the other day?"

"Yes."

"In fact — the useless mouths?"

"Precisely. Would you like to see the figures, sir? Here they are."

The elder man put out his hand, but hesitated, and did not take the proffered bundle. Instead, he muttered half to himself—

"No, no; it is better I shouldn't. It must be decided on principle—on the diagram. I don't want to know the numbers—it might affect my decision. God knows it is hard enough to do my duty without knowing all the results in detail. No,"—he finished out aloud,—*"I won't look at them! About the diagram, I don't see why the coloured lines should be curved. It seems that the decline for a uniform consumption should be a slanting line. Do you gradually decrease the ration scale?"*

"No, sir, though the result is much the same. The curvature is caused by the decreasing daily consumption, owing to the increased proportion of deaths and——"

"Of course, yes; I had forgotten that for the moment. Did the civil experts collaborate cordially?"

"Very, especially the math-

ematicians. It was their own work they were coming back to—what they were bred up to do,—and they enjoyed it after their long spell of navy labour. They called it a 'pretty problem.' One poor fellow went quite off his head in his professional zeal, and lost all sense of proportion. He simply revelled in the curves! He said that the thing was capable of a 'neat solution,' for if we applied a suitably arranged sliding ration-scale to the casualty curve we should never eat our last ration!"

"What on earth did he mean?"

"I don't know, sir; but I took down what he said, as a matter of interest. He said—he said—here it is—that if we did this, the zero line of food would tend to become 'asymptotic' to the curves and——"

"What?"

"Asymptotic to the curves, and that if a fire at the dépôt should cause a sudden drop in the food-supply, we could almost turn this drop into a 'cusp' by making a sortie next day to bring up the casualties! He was also much grieved because, as we cannot put back the clock, we can never get a 'node' in the——"

"That's enough — that's enough. What did you do with him?"

"Sent him back to pick-and-shovel work at once; thought him quite mad; but the other actuaries now state that, mathematically, he was correct, though it was of no practical value! The commercial men

did not see the force of losing combatants simply to produce a 'cusp,' and said it was not business."

"Well, well, many more will go like that before we've done, I expect. Anything more I should know about the working out before the Council meets?"

"Yes, I forgot to mention that certain events are expressly excluded from this prognostication—earthquakes, large assaults, or fire in supply depôts; also, we have estimated every edible in the food total."

"Thanks. It's all only too clear," said the Governor.

Then turning to his chief of staff, he added: "Please have draft orders got out in detail for carrying on according to the green curve, from the day after to-morrow. I have decided finally, and shall force it through the Council of Defence now, by the aid of that diagram. Let me see the orders after the Council meeting. We meet in an hour, and until then I want to be undisturbed. Tell the A.D.C. I do not wish to see any one upon any subject not vital."

"Very good, sir."

The wind whistled, and the Governor was alone.

III.

He pushed one of the gilt chairs covered with stained brocade up to the stove and sat heavily down. The winter's day had drawn to its close, and in the fitful light of the candles, towards which his face was turned, the deep-set eyes, square chin, and bristly moustache gave an impression of the man's nature. His face was almost brutal in its severity, though it was not on account of his appearance that he had been dubbed *The Butcher*. From the dark and frayed strip of silk on his breast, it was evident that he was much decorated: could the colours of the ribbons have been distinguished, it would also have been clear that he had seen much service.

Dogged to obstinacy, he was not cursed with too much imagination, and he pursued to

the bitter end what he thought to be the path of duty, regardless of side-issues. Formed of tougher material than the majority of his fellow-countrymen, he played the bloody game of war with a stern logic, untouched by the opportunism and hysterical humanitarianism that was helping to sap the vitality of his country. He was, therefore, popularly but quite erroneously, supposed to be careless of human life. Being matter-of-fact, he realised that success in war is as important to-day as ever it was, for defeat means economical if not physical death to the conquered. He could appreciate the meaning of that expression "*saigner à blanc*"; moreover, he knew how eminently ripe for such an operation was his own nation—grown rich and soft through years of peace

and money-making. Expecting no misplaced mercy from his enemy, he never accorded it himself. To this trait and to the fact that, with a true sense of proportion, he had not hesitated upon one occasion to sacrifice a large number of his own men in order to gain more than a compensating advantage elsewhere, he owed his nickname. Given at first in execration by the hasty and ignorant, it had grown to be a name, if not of affection, at least of confidence. To the soldiers under him it was almost a term of endearment.

Painfully taking off his stiffened gaiters and boots, he placed his aching feet upon the guard-rail of the stove and took a tobacco-pouch from his pocket. As he withdrew the pouch, a dog's-eared photograph fell out. For a minute he gazed sadly at it before picking it up. It was the portrait of a lady and a child, and as The Butcher gazed, his nickname seemed a libel.

Sombre indeed were his thoughts, for never perhaps since the Middle Ages, when life was cheap, had unhappy soldier to face such a problem. It had haunted him ever since he had been driven into this coast town with his field army and had taken command of the fortress. Finding the whole population in the place without adequate food, he had foreseen what must happen. Now it had come to the point. The diagram had made matters so mathematically clear that the facts had to be faced. His own mind had long since been

made up; but now the Council of Defence must see the inevitable course. It needed no highly coloured imagination to realise what the green curve meant to those evicted in such weather, and The Butcher was certainly under no delusions. It meant death from exposure and starvation to hundreds of his own race—men, women, and little ones. This was different from losing soldiers in action, or even shooting down the populace in a food riot. Not responsible for it, he as much as possible kept his thoughts from the man who had placed him in this position. His course of action determined on, he tried not to dwell on the horrors of the inevitable; but, when alone, his mind reverted to the subject. He sat on, wearied, wrestling with his dreadful thoughts, his rough features lit up in the semi-gloom by the glow from his pipe. Do what he would, he could not blot out from his sight the starving crowd, wandering blindly in the snow between the hostile armies; and the group on the photograph kept intruding itself on the scene! As to the chance of the besiegers receiving the refugees or giving them passage, it never entered his head. He knew War, and he knew his enemy.

Suddenly, a more dreadful possibility, suggested to him by some one more imaginative, recurred to him with insistence. Even when at length his eyes closed, his pipe went out, and his head drooped forward, it continued to occupy his dreams.

He was in one of the advanced works of the girdle of forts—where he had spent the previous night,—standing alone in the snow. Close in front was a searchlight, whose beam slowly swept to and fro across the landscape. Not far off, to one side and well clear of the beam, was its observer. Though no snow was falling, the bitter wind now and then whirled up little clouds of it from the ground, which, as they eddied through the ray of light, flashed out like dazzling swarms of fire-flies danoing past. He was close enough to hear the “phit-phit” which ended the wild career of those flakes which chanced to encounter the metal projector, heated by the electric arc spluttering within. Between the gusts the air cleared, and he caught a glimpse over the undulating country towards the enemy’s lines, a long distance off. From this stretch of country all vegetation had been cleared, but its billowy nature still provided shelter unsearched by the light, where masses might collect unseen. Close in front he saw the inner wire-entanglement standing out black and cruel against the snow, and farther out the repetition of this pitiless web of barbed wire—a continuous grey band.

The enemy seemed to him to be inactive. A strange quiet reigned over their lines, and between the howling gusts the silence was only broken by the hiss of the carbons, the distant bark of an oil-engine, and the noise of sleeping men as they

snored and muttered. Just behind the parapet lay the line of figures wrapped in blankets and skins. They were, except the look-outs, indeed asleep in spite of the continual rustling and coughing. Now and again there were snatches of incoherent babble, and even of laughter, but no notice was taken by their companions or by the few officers and non-commissioned officers pacing up and down close to him. After each gust gigantic shadows danced over the country as the collected snow was rubbed off the lenses by a gloved hand; occasionally the light was altogether cut off for a period. He stood watching. Everything seemed going well.

A bell rang under the light emplacement, and the recumbent telephone operator swore deeply as he got up with his blankets clinging to him, and placed the cold instrument to his tingling ear. It was a message from some one at the next fort, who imagined that he saw something. The ray from their light could be seen fixed steadily towards the North-West. An officer came to the instrument, and a brief conversation ensued over the wire. A gong sounded, and with a clicking noise the needle of a dial close to the telephone jerked to a certain bearing. The search-light above quietly swung to the desired direction, while the officer joined the observer.

The Butcher followed. There, right away among the ghostly sand-dunes, now that the con-

verging rays of light were focussed on the spot, something could be distinguished in the concentrated rays. Something moving—a dark body—a mass against the snow. He could only come to one conclusion—it was the enemy advancing to an assault—madness on their part unless they succeeded in effecting a surprise. The officer looked long, then placing a whistle between his lips, blew. This signal was taken up and repeated on all sides till the air was full of shrill sound. The observers continued to watch. The whole place became alive, though there was no shouting, no real noise; but despite the efforts to preserve silence, the click of opening magazine out-offs and the metallic rattle of cartridge-clips were unmistakable.

The Butcher tried to estimate the direction and rate of advance, and after a short pause, evidently for the same purpose, the observing officer whistled again twice. The light was turned off, and the ray from the other fort also disappeared. For a few minutes the quiet bustle continued as guns were unhooded and trained, and piles of ammunition uncovered. The hot-water bags, which had been nestling against the water-jackets of the machine-guns, were thrown aside. Two or three baby search-lights were now got ready, each in its own little emplacement. They could throw a dispersed beam for a comparatively short range over a wide area—just what was required for the coming

slaughter. The long-range concentrated beam had served to pick up the quarry far away; but when it came to the “kill” the whole front would be flooded with the glare from those baby lights, the special rôle of which it was to dazzle the sheep and light up the shambles. The electric circuits to the mines among the entanglements were again tested, the connections made to the firing-keys by which these volcanoes would be made to erupt.

Here and there a man took off his glove and sucked his trigger-finger to get the numbness out, for the cold metal seared as if already hot. The great light deceptively shone forth again once or twice, and glared everywhere but in the right direction, for there was no need to impress overmuch on the enemy, now marching to his doom across the snow, that they had been seen.

Silently in the dark and the stabbing cold The Butcher waited: he was pleased,—not that he gloated over the coming slaughter, but his soldier’s instinct could not but be soothed by the impending success and by the way things had been done. His ideas had been carried out to the letter, and not a soul had asked either advice or orders. All had known their duty, all had done it. There had been no hesitation, no useless gun-fire at uncertain ranges: once discovered, the enemy had been as far as possible lured on to certain destruction. When their silent masses should reach the

flat beyond the outer obstacle, the defences dark and noiseless in front of them, their hopes would rise high; but when, checked by the entanglement and struggling in the maze of barbed wire, a flood of light from those earthworks suddenly blinded and threw them into a blaze of glare——! To pursue the matter farther was too much even for *him*—and what good? These things had to be.

Whilst allowing his thoughts to run ahead, he had stood calm, but elsewhere the tension had now become extreme. Only one finger trembling over-hard against a trigger and the whole plan would be given away—the victims warned. It was a moment when a man—well-meaning but of untrained nerve—might spoil the greatest *coup*.

It was strange, indeed, but no such hail of shrapnel was falling on these works as might have been expected with an assault so close. Nor was there the usual amount of firing from the enemy's lines: what there was seemed to be directed elsewhere. The hum of rifle-bullets even was absent. The enemy must indeed be mad! To assault from such a distance, and to neglect to assist this assault in forcing by their gun-fire the defenders to keep under cover! Of course it was to help towards a surprise; but he wondered.

There was now a general rustling among the men. Though seeing nothing, all had an undefinable feeling that the moment was close,

very close. He himself was infected by the contagion—his pulse quickened. Suddenly his heart almost stopped as the true reason for the absence of the enemy's fire struck him dizzy. Those silently advancing masses were not the enemy. Great God! He knew now! They were the Useless Mouths that had been thrust out. The picture of the wanderers in the snow again came before him. He could see them, and among them he could distinguish——!

He tried to shout—to warn the waiting garrison not to open fire—that it was not the enemy; but horror had frozen his voice, which rattled in his throat. He tore open his collar, shouted again, but not a soul heard or even looked up. He tried to run forward to touch them—to shake them; he could not move—his feet were frozen so hard to the ground that the effort was agony. While he struggled he heard the snick of the breech-blocks. Grip tightened on rifle and machine-gun handles were clutched.

As he made one more frantic effort to shout, a rocket shot up in the distance, leaving behind it a parabolic green trail in the sky. There was one loud report and a flash——!

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He awoke.

That he had knocked over a candle in his struggles or that his feet were scorching, he did not notice, for he was in a cold sweat, dazed and trembling.

The dread dream still held

him. As he gazed vaguely round, in the gloom he saw the diagram, and the hateful green curve—that curve which marked out so clearly where duty lay—caught his eye and brought him back to the facts. Getting up, he looked at his watch, then stamped up and down in his stockinged feet oblivious of snow, dust, or nails. A great struggle was going on within him—a struggle between conscience and sentiment. Every time he faced the chart and saw that curve, the cause of duty received an impulse. Every time he turned away the dream again possessed him, and a feeling of humanity prevailed. He tried to reason. He tried to persuade himself that his fears were groundless, that no such horror could occur, for all would be warned when the wretched souls were turned out. But he knew too well that on a dark night anything may happen; so he anew tried to persuade himself that to be shot, even by their own kith and kin, was after all a more speedy, a more merciful end, than to be frozen. His efforts were all in vain.

He walked to the door, opened it, stopped in hesitation, and then came back to his chair, leaving the door ajar. Once again the shrilling of the wind and the fluttering of the papers on the wall filled the air. There was a tearing sound and, alas for the sergeant's handiwork! one corner of the diagram tore off its nail and hung flapping to and fro. The green curve was hidden.

One influence on the side of duty was gone.

He looked up. Though not superstitious, he muttered—"So be it!"

His mind once again made up, his expression relaxed. He rang. The Chief-of-Staff entered, a paper in his hand, much surprised to find the Governor sitting with boots and gaiters off in that icy draught.

"I have changed my mind. Have you made out the orders I told you?"

"Yes, sir; here they are."

The Governor took the paper, and, to the astonishment of his junior, tore it in small pieces.

"I now want you to make out draft orders according to the purple curve over there, and let me see them."

"But, sir, you remember what that means?" said the staff-officer. "Surely——"

"Yes. I remember. I have made up my mind not to turn them out, and to take the chance. I know what you wish to say—that the food won't last. I have thought of that—I'll risk it. We must take risks sometimes. Now I'm due to meet the Council; but my task will be easier than I thought."

He started up and would have left the room bootless as he was, had not the Chief-of-Staff pointed out his condition.

"By the way, please have that diagram taken down: I shall not want it any longer. If you need to refer to it for orders, destroy it afterwards."

His bewildered subordinate stood speechless. He noticed, as his chief left the room, that the tough man appeared at last to be aging. He walked almost feebly.

IV.

The Dives Restaurant was well filled.

The bald-headed man, with the gold glasses and the pendulous lower lip, finished his peach with gusto, and beckoned to one of the polyglot waiters hovering about the special party in this hotel—one of the fashionable rendezvous of the capital. It was a man's dinner, but the private room in which the diners were seated opened out into the large restaurant, filled, in spite of bad times, by a crowd of men and women seated at small tables. The crowd was what is termed "Smart," inasmuch as all were clean, richly dressed, and of outwardly unimpeachable solvency; many, too, were distinguished, or, at least, sufficiently well known for their presence to be noted next day in the society column of the papers. The large room presented a brilliant and gay scene, and the style of the whole hotel expressed that note of luxury demanded by the Sybarites of every capital from the resorts which aim at being the vogue. To the lucky mortals able to pay for its hospitality, the winds were indeed tempered, and all the senses were lulled by the atmosphere of protection and refined luxury. The carefully regulated temperature,

though now perhaps a trifle oppressive after the long meal, gave no hint of the winter outside, for no draught could penetrate the revolving doors and double windows. The eye, while pleased by the subtle colour scheme of the decorations and the bright dresses, was undazzled by any direct rays of crude light, for the electric lamps were placed behind a cornice, and the rooms were illumined only by diffused radiance, and by the soft glow of the table lamps in their pink silk shades. The steps of the busy waiters made no sound on the thick carpet; even the sensuous music of the string orchestra was modulated by the discreet distance at which the performers were situated. The babble in the restaurant rose in waves of sound which, however, were never so loud as to hinder the conversation in the private rooms.

A casual glance this winter night at the gay scene in the Dives or in any similar pleasure resorts of the capital would scarcely have given the impression that war had been raging for some months, or that it had been on the whole unsuccessful. "The Front" was far away, and though many people were mourning, and more were inclined to be pessimistic, the life of the capital

continued on the surface much as it had done during peace: people were born, were married, died, business was carried on as far as the general depression permitted. The froth of the population especially still insisted on having its excitements. But the real state of the public mind could have been gauged as much from the way that any trifling success was received as from the savage and ignorant criticism hurled at the army and its generals for every set-back.

The full-lipped man having carefully selected another peach, proceeded to peel it with that strict attention to business which had made him what he was. Conversation had flagged during this dinner, notwithstanding the flushed look on some of the faces. The one topic in the minds of all had been tacitly shunned, with the result that was to be expected from such continuous effort at repression. All round the same effect was noticeable. There was an additional reason for any lack of sparkle at this special party, for the intended guest of the evening—the Minister with the triple chin—had, at the last moment, been prevented by pressure of weighty affairs from attending. His absence was not entirely unexpected, and surmises as to its cause had been avoided until the moment of mental and physical relaxation which arrives with coffee and cigars.

“Of course it must be more bad news,” said one gloomily, as he swung his chair round.

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“We have got nothing else for some time. If it had been good the Government would have made the most of it, and would have published it this morning. I suppose it is unavoidable, but I wish we had more details. For instance, I don’t like the lack of news about The Butcher at all. The reports are much too vaguely rosy: when it comes to analysing the basis for the official optimism, we find precious little. I don’t like it a bit. If only our guest had come, we might have got some pronouncement from him: there’s a man for you!”

There was a chorus of assent and then a pause. The bald gentleman, who had just finished his second peach, deliberately dipped his plump fingers into the scented water of his finger-bowl, removed the gilded band of his cigar, cut it with the same care that he had bestowed on peach-peeling, and lovingly licked the end. When it was alight, he looked at the glowing point to make certain it was burning evenly, wiped his glasses, then spoke in a voice of husky satisfaction which proclaimed he had at last dined, and was for the time beyond the reach of fate.

“Yes—he is a man; but careful, prudent, far-seeing, and square, and therefore we should have got nothing from him unless there were definite good news. But anyway, I have great faith in The Butcher: he makes War with a capital W, and does not

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play at it. He won't surrender."

"Why, do you know anything?" was the question snapped out from two or three directions: the speaker was the sort of magnate that gets news early.

"No, I know no more than you do—no more than is public; but I use my brains and make deductions."

"It's an absolute shame that they do not give us more information," interrupted another angrily. "Here we are, paying for this infernal war, and treated like children, getting nothing but the veriest flapdoodle served out to us. I think censorship is all right in reason; but there are limits. Do they think we can't stand bad news?"

"No," went on the man opposite, "but officialdom likes keeping the public in ignorance, for then it obtains a sense of superiority. Of course the ostensible reason of this secrecy is that the enemy should not be helped by information, which is all right as far as it goes, but my idea is that they keep things secret long after the necessity has passed. It's quite sound keeping intentions dark, but the enemy know of past events as soon as we do. No, no," he continued mysteriously, "there's more in it than that. They're hiding something—want to screen somebody—or they're rigging a bit. Take this siege; why, we know nothing of what has really happened. Every one seems content to have confidence in The Butcher! They say he's

the right man in the right place, and use other catch phrases, but facts are what we want. The individual is not everything."

"There you are wrong," interposed the man with the glasses; "that's just what does count. It's the individual—the personality—that counts. I take an altogether personal view of the matter, and if any one else but The Butcher were in command, I should have sold. As it is, I am a Bull. Can I say more? He is the best man we have. As I've often said, our army is too luxurious—wants too much—our soldiers are too soft; but not The Butcher. We need hardy men, and I think he is about the only one. Give me hardy soldiers, I say." With that he shivered slightly, and an attentive waiter at once went up and closed one of the doors.

"He is certainly the strongest man we have," added another. "If they had followed his advice all along we should have done much better, but he has been hampered as usual by the statesmen—I mean politicians. Of course I don't *know*, but I believe many of his recommendations haven't been accepted. Anyhow, it's no good moping over possibilities. There may be no bad news. Why anticipate?"

"Quite, why anticipate?" echoed his neighbour—a fair specimen of the gilded youth of the nation, who had hitherto been chiefly noticeable for his bored look. This tired young man wore his hair long: it was dark, glossy hair, brushed

straight from his sloping forehead. The receding chin and two prominent teeth seen in profile suggested a rodent; the oily hair well plastered down further suggested a rodent which had eaten its way through a keg of butter. "Why anticipate? I say," he repeated, well pleased with his contribution. "Eh, what?" and replaced an exaggerated cigarette-holder between his lips.

After this there was a pause, perhaps quite naturally, in the conversation, and the whole party listened to the wild music of the reputed Tziganes, who were again playing. It was a lament, the sad refrain being taken up in the bass. As the last low wailing notes of the violoncello died away through the rooms the hush became general. The vibrations of the strings had awakened too many memories for conversation—faces had grown sad.

The long silence following the music was harshly broken by a distant baying noise from the street, which grew louder as it was repeated at rapid intervals. The current of reverie was interrupted, and there was a universal movement to give orders to the waiters, for this sound—the cry of news-vendors selling special war editions—had become familiar to all. It was impossible to distinguish what was being shouted in hoarse tones, and the papers were awaited with impatience: all pretence at indifference was cast aside.

Returning with the others, one waiter rushed into the private room with three or

four papers, which were torn from his grasp. The man with the glasses, being near the door, got the first copy. He read the scare heading—all there was—out loud, in a horror-struck wheeze—

"UNSUCCESSFUL SORTIE. GOVERNOR WOUNDED. STARVED FORTRESS SURRENDERS!!" Quite softly he wheezed again to himself—"Fortress surrenders!" Then, dropping his cigar, he sank into his chair and added, "And I have been buying! BUYING!"

The rooms were now filled with exclamations, shouts, and even oaths; many were cursing The Butcher, few were taking his part. The band struck up the opening bars of the latest exotic dance, but was shouted into silence, and the dejected revellers began to disperse.

The man with the glasses sat on, fingering his glass of *crème de menthe*. Again he panted, "If it had been any other I should not have backed him. Ah!—damn him, damn him! Traitor! I wonder where he failed?"

Tremulously raising his glass, he drained the warming cordial. As it flowed, a film of the sticky liqueur clung to the curve of the glass, and, catching the light, gleamed momentarily emerald.

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That night The Butcher lay dying in the enemy's hands—his last moments embittered by the idea that he had betrayed his country.

That night also—in the capital—a certain politician lay sleepless. Perhaps he, too, may have thought—?

THE OLD AND THE NEW IN JAPAN.

BY THE EARL OF RONALDSHAY.

THE old and the new in Japan jostle one another crudely and incongruously in every corner of the country. Religion, the great conservative force in every land, swears undying allegiance to old Japan, and in many a tomb and stately monument rears imperishable altars to a majestic past; while modern industrial enterprise, at all times and in all places superbly indifferent to sentiment, erects hideous if necessary chimneys in painful proximity to temple and tomb. The ninety-nine visitors out of every hundred who travel to Japan to enjoy new scenes and to admire the ingenuity of Japanese art are consequently brought face to face from time to time with material manifestations of the temper of new Japan; and, conversely, the traveller who may be bent upon unravelling political skeins or fishing in commercial and industrial waters cannot fail every now and then to fall under the spell of her past.

So it happened that, with thoughts fixed unromantically upon mundane matters, I chanced upon the great Buddha of Kamakura. Who does not know of the Buddha of Kamakura? Here indeed is a glimpse of the East that is dreamed about. All thoughts of factories, mills, and workshops, the toys and vanities of

men, vanish like chaff before the wind, and some things in the complex character of a people which before appeared inexplicable become, to some extent at any rate, intelligible. As Kipling sang—

“And whoso will, from pride released,
Contemning neither creed nor priest,
May feel the soul of all the East
About him at Kamakura.”

You pass through an ornamental gateway and on along an avenue of stately trees, then suddenly halt involuntarily as the first view of the great image bursts upon your gaze, and you realise instinctively that there stands before you in all its beauty of form and symmetry of outline the very apotheosis of the artistic genius of Japan. The great bronze image stands in the open, in grounds of exquisite charm—a charm which it is impossible to ignore. Twice I came when the blossom was on the cherry-tree and the camellia was in flower, when the fresh green feathery leaf of the maple showed bright against the sombre-hued outline of cypress and fir. Men and women in bright *kimonos* passed up the steps, halting at the top to bow and breathe a hurried prayer, and all round elf-like children made quaint and incomprehensible progression upon high and hopelessly inconvenient-looking clogs of

wood. And because of the beauty of the scene, or for some other reason, perhaps, which did not admit of analysis, I came again, not once nor twice but many times, when clouds scudded angrily across a lowering sky, and again when the heat of a summer midday filled the wooded glens and hollows with billows of soft blue haze, and each time the beauty of the scene appeared to me to grow. Yet amid all the charm of changing scene the idea that rushes irresistibly uppermost in the mind is that of absolute immutability. In the infinite peace which seems to find materialisation in the expression of divine calm on the face of the Buddha is a mute and inexorable challenge to change and time. The setting varies with the season, but the great image remains the same, untouched by the passing of time, heedless of summer and winter, spring-time and autumn, unconscious of the men that come and the generations that are gone, wholly absorbed in sublime meditation and that perfect peace which only comes with the final annihilation of passion and desire. All else falls into insignificance before that expression of unearthly calm—of complete and immense repose.

Perhaps nothing bears stronger testimony to the prosaic, phlegmatic character of the sturdy adventurers of the seventeenth century than their callous indifference to the charm and beauty of what they regarded, doubtless, merely as

a heathenish idol. "The image," wrote Captain John Saris in his diary of 12th September 1613, "is much revered by travellers as they passe there,"—a form of weakness, however, which, he was careful to show, was little affected either by himself or his followers, for he adds, "Some of our people went into the body of it and hooped and holloed, which made an exceeding great noyse. We found many characters and marks made upon it by passengers, whom some of my followers imitated, and made theirs in like manner." The ravages perpetrated by the travelling vandals of the present day have indeed called forth a pathetic appeal from the Prior of the Order charged with the custody of the image, which greets one at the entrance to the grounds: "Stranger, whosoever thou art, and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou enterest this sanctuary remember thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the temple of Buddha and the gate of the eternal, and should therefore be entered with reverence."

But the great Buddha was to submit to a crowning insult. A fierce and hungry collector came along, a man of a world where nothing is revered except gold, and he proposed—at a price—to transfer the great image from its temple grounds to a private museum of his own. Verily, it is satisfactory to reflect upon the fact that St Paul's Cathedral still stands east of the Atlantic!

A few minutes' journey by train whisks one from this place of hallowed calm to a scene of bustling activity in the naval dockyards of Yokosuka. Nowhere, perhaps, is the effect of the recent war upon Japan more patent than in her great naval yards; nowhere does the strength and magnitude of her ambitions find more cogent demonstration. The possessors of an island empire, the statesmen of Japan have not been slow to recognise the value of a strong navy and a powerful and numerous mercantile marine. Under a system of shipbuilding and ship-running bounties, her merchant shipping has made huge strides; and the advocates of State aid, in return under certain circumstances for State control, may point confidently to the successful transportation of troops in time of war in justification of their policy. During the late war a single company, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, were able to place at the disposal of the Government 250,000 tons of shipping, with which they successfully carried to and from the seat of war upwards of a million and a quarter men, 124,000 horses, and close upon two million tons of stores. Under the same paternal encouragement, the displacement of the steamers of her mercantile marine aggregated by April last 951,000 tons—an increase in less than three years of 335 ships, with a displacement of 203,783 tons.

But striking as are these figures, and loud as is the tale of the destructive competition

of Japanese bottoms in Chinese waters, the tale of the great naval arsenals and dockyards is even more significant. A visit to Kuré is indeed little less than a revelation. Armed with an official permit which read, "Kuré arsenal and dockyards, except the armour works," I approached the main entrance in the wall surrounding the entire works, and gained immediate admittance from the sentinel on guard. The first glance tells you that you are in the presence of a spirit of imperious energy and indomitable will. The man of "blood and iron" would have smiled approval here. You are brought abruptly face to face with one of the startling contrasts of the East. Outside the wall fragile houses, old-world courtesies, laughing children, sleepy temples, leisurely priests, and smiling women—all the recognised ingredients of quaint, fantastic, orthodox Japan. Inside the clash and clang of iron upon steel, the roar of machinery and the hiss of steam, all the bewildering equipment for the forging of engines designed for the destruction of human life, vast piles of ugly scaffolding, toiling masses, and a ten hours' day! Eleven years ago the naval yards at Kuré came into existence, the off-spring of the war with China; to-day they provide employment for 30,000 men, and are capable of building battleships the equals of any now afloat. They are complete and self-sufficing in every detail. They turn out everything connected with the construction of battle-

ships, from a rivet to a 12-inch gun.

Prior to the late war, nothing bigger than a third-class cruiser of 3000 or 4000 tons had been attempted; but the war gave great impetus to Japanese naval construction, and in January 1905 the keel of the first large cruiser, the *Tsukuba*, was laid down. To-day I saw her all but completed in her dock at Kuré, a powerful first-class cruiser of 13,750 tons. A little way off lay her sister ship, the *Ikoma*, though not quite so far advanced. But Japanese ambition has not stopped here. Two vast battleships, the *Satsuma* and the *Aki*, are now under construction at Yokosuka and Kuré respectively. Not even the *Dreadnought*, the latest pet of the British navy, will boast superiority to these monster engines of war. With a displacement of 19,000 tons, a speed of 19 knots, and an offensive armament of four 12-inch and twelve 10-inch guns, they will meet with but

few equals upon the sea. And while poor, impoverished, heavily burdened Japan is adding ships to her navy and regiments to her army, the plausible pundits who mismanage the affairs of rich, luxurious, affluent England preach pious platitudes from the Treasury front bench on the beauty of perpetual and universal peace, and, childishly happy in their belief in the immediate advent of the millennium, hasten to cut down the armaments requisite for imperial defence.¹

Not far from the newly constructed Japanese ships lay an erstwhile Russian battleship, the *Orel*, now the *Iwami*, no longer the grimy battered wreck that had escaped annihilation only by surrender, and had been escorted by Japanese cruisers from the fiery hell of Tsushima to Maizaru, but a trim and useful addition to the navy of Japan. The last act played by the *Orel* in the passionate drama of the

¹ The enormous increase of the Japanese fleet during the past two years has, perhaps, not been generally appreciated in England. The following is a list of the larger vessels actually under construction in Japanese yards at the present time :—

		Tons.
The <i>Aki</i> . . .	} first-class battleships . . .	19,060
The <i>Satsuma</i> . . .		
The <i>Kurama</i> . . .	} first-class armoured cruisers . . .	{ 14,600 13,750 13,750 13,000
The <i>Tsukuba</i> . . .		
The <i>Ikoma</i> . . .		
The <i>Ibuki</i> . . .		
The <i>Mogami</i> . . .		
The <i>Yodo</i> . . .	} small cruisers . . .	2,500
The <i>Tone</i> . . .		

In addition to the above, the *Kashima* (16,430 tons) and the *Katori* (15,980 tons) arrived recently from England, and the following captured Russian ships will shortly be ready for sea: 6 battleships, 4 cruisers, 2 coast-defence ships, 3 destroyers, and 2 gunboats. The aggregate increase in tonnage represented by the above vessels is 226,483 tons.

Sea of Japan has been painted in lurid colours by eye-witnesses of the scene—a scene which portrays in all its ghastly horror the hideous reality of modern war. A third of the crew lay dead or wounded, the cries of the mutilated and the dying rose shrill above the storm of shot and shell, until human nerves broke down beneath the terrible ordeal, and panic and demoralisation reigned supreme. Down into this frenzy of human suffering and despair came the callous order from the conning-tower, “Dispose of the wounded.” The order was ruthlessly obeyed. “The work was carried out principally by petty officers, and no mercy was shown. Men were picked up and cast into the sea like so much useless ballast. . . . The scenes that preceded the capture of the battleship were indescribable, the sea being dotted with wounded men struggling to keep afloat.”¹

Away in the country is the Japan of your imagination once more. The roar of new Japan is far—infinitely far—away. Emerald hills and bubbling streams, distant outlines melting away imperceptibly in soft blue haze; sturdy peasant women, knee-deep in mud and water, working desperately to get the rice-field planted in time to be coaxed to maturity by the burning summer sun; tiny temples and altars to Nature’s gods,—all are here just as they appear in the

fascinating and sympathetic writings of Lafcadio Hearne. The sojourner in the East scents a familiar atmosphere, and adapts himself instinctively to his environments. He shakes off the restraining thongs imposed by a conventional civilisation with something of relief, and travels once more after the manner of the immemorial East, with his staff in his hand and his loins girded.

Shod with the straw sandals of the country—purchased at the rate of two pairs a penny—I started one summer’s morning on a trip into old Japan. We pegged along, my Japanese henchman and I,—a worthy of the old school, with a name signifying in the English tongue “Little Mountain,”—and towards evening halted at a straggling village and put up in accordance with custom at the village inn. We had followed the course of a brawling river whose banks were lined with precipitous mountains clad warmly with dense forest and piled in tangled masses in all directions. At intervals along the road stood the inevitable *chaya* or tea-house, perched on some overhanging rock, seductively calling to the wayfarer to rest a while in the shade of its hospitable roof. In common with other frequenters of the road we accepted the welcome invitation, drank immoderately of the pale, astringent tea of the country,—for

¹ From a description of the naval battle of the Sea of Japan, published by the Eisho Shuppan Sha.

the summer sun beat pitilessly down on the valley bottoms,—and then tramped on again until the next *chaya* hove into view to mark another stage in the day's journey. Thus for many days.

The inn of Japan, unlike the serai of Western or Central Asia, is superficially clean, and supplies all the necessities and, in a modified form, some of the luxuries of life. Quilts, which the lodger spreads on the straw-matted floor, are provided for him to sleep on; food—edible if unsatisfying—is served him in tiny bowls, with chopsticks supplied; and a boiling-hot bath, common to all and sundry, welcomes him at the end of his day's march. The contrasts between the Far and Near East are, indeed, in many respects strongly marked. Here is a land that is kissed, not scourged, by the sun. Abundant water and a humid atmosphere have clothed the country in a mantle of tropical luxuriance and created in the Eastern seas a world of fragrant flowers and riotous vegetation, the very antithesis of the parched and sun-scorched deserts of Western Asia. In Japan the gentle and kindly nature of the people testifies to the peaceful influence of Buddhism; in Turkey, Persia, or Arabia the stern and haughty demeanour of the inhabitants bears witness to the fierce fanaticism inspired by the militant creed of Mohammed. The humble worshipper at the shrine of his ancestors, the æsthetic acolyte chanting with monotonous iteration

the meaningless *Namu Amida Butsu* of the Buddhist litany, have little in common with the perfervid apostle of Islam: the intricate and ingenious architecture of the one contrasts markedly with the grand and simple conceptions of the other.

Yet, despite such dissimilarity of creed and setting, there is among the peoples of Asia, from Samarkand to Colombo and from Tokio to Stambul, a certain affinity of thought, certain kindred characteristics, observing which the stranger from across the seas may say, "This is the East." The unabashed indecency of the bazaars of Western and Central Asia finds its counterpart in the frank disregard for convention displayed in the country districts of Japan, where life and social intercourse proceed innocently, if immodestly according to Western canons, upon the assumption that, though the serpent tempted, the woman did *not* eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge in the Garden of Eden. The woman gives suck to her child in the street, the village maid takes her bath in company with the village hodge, and these things present no cause for offence, because in the eyes of the people there is no offence in them. Again, if the traveller in Persia or Turkestan is brought into perpetual contact with an unyielding and irritating resistance to hurry, the wanderer in Far Eastern lands becomes early conscious of the fact that he is moving in a

world where thought and action are characterised chiefly by a profound and imperturbable deliberation. Finally, East and West Asia alike vie with one another in proclaiming the existence of that strange and mysterious law by which it appears to have been decreed that among the peoples of the West alone shall the sanctity of truth meet with respect or recognition.

Of this homogeneousness of atmosphere I have invariably been conscious when travelling in Eastern lands; and it was, perhaps, because a tolerably extended acquaintance with the men and manners of many Asian countries had taught me to accept it without question or reserve that certain symptoms of innovation struck forcibly upon my imagination as I travelled through the country districts of Japan. Schools presented a conspicuous feature in every corner of the country—not the schools dear to the bigoted literati of China or the intolerant mullahs of Islam, but modern, up-to-date, twentieth-century schools, where the knowledge and learning of the West is fast being imparted to the children of the East. I remember one day meeting a number of small boys returning from a village school in a district far removed from the influence of railways and big cities. On my approaching them they drew up to attention with military precision and bowed ceremoniously to me as I passed.

I was somewhat puzzled to find a reason for this spontaneous display, and subsequently learned that the cause was to be found in the cut of my clothes. I was dressed after the manner of the West, and was therefore an object of respect. You ask why? Because the Japanese are the most sensitive people in the world; because the day has already dawned when much that is artistic and characteristic of real Japan must be sacrificed at the altar of progress; because Europeanisation is the feticch of the day; and because European clothes are the hall-mark of polish and modernity in the gentlemen of new Japan.

Nor is it only the boys who attend the schools in this year of grace 1907; for the school-girl in magenta *hakama*, with satchel and books in hand, walking blithely to the nearest academy, is the rule rather than the exception of to-day—and a vastly significant one in an Eastern country. And if we turn to statistics regarding education, we find that they more than confirm the deductions of casual observation. Thus in 1899, 85·06 per cent of the boys and 59·04 per cent of the girls of school age were attending school—figures which had increased five years later to 96·59 and 89·88 respectively. During the school year 1903-4 (the latest for which I have figures) £4,500,000 were spent on public education; and 5,976,124, or 93·23 per cent of the

children, boys and girls combined, of school age were recorded as receiving elementary instruction.

There is another—a powerful, perhaps a sinister—influence eating slowly but surely into the old communal life of the people, the influence of modern industrial requirement. Already thousands of women and children are toiling wearily in factory and workshop, attending mechanically to the great steam-driven spindles and looms which are slowly but inexorably crushing the life out of the old family hand-machines on which were made the exquisite fabrics embodying the artistic soul of Japan. Unguarded and uncared for by a kindly legislation, their lot can scarcely be considered an enviable one. No factory acts grace the pages of the statute book of Japan. “We have our duty plain before us,” say the manufacturers, “to establish our commodities firmly upon the world’s markets. Let us get our hold of them before we are tied and handicapped by Government interference.” Such was the fervent prayer which I heard breathed by more than one manufacturer—a prayer which would appear to have every chance of being granted, since only so lately as August last the Japanese Government refused an invitation to send delegates to an international conference at Berne, held with a view to prohibiting night work by

women, on the grounds that the state of the industries of the country did not admit of such interference!

True, the women and children may smile over their work as the casual visitor passes to and fro among the whirring creels or the crashing looms; but then the Japanese smile is an enigmatical thing, and, as has been written, “the Japanese can smile in the teeth of death, and usually does.” One must know something of the possibilities of the Japanese smile if one is to appraise it at its true value. “At first it only charms, and it is only at a later day when one has observed the same smile under extraordinary circumstances—in moments of pain, shame, disappointment—that one becomes suspicious of it.”¹ Some day the workers of Japan will rise, and will demand for themselves the same rights and privileges already conceded to their fellow-workers in the West—but the day is not yet. Before that time comes Japan will have dispelled once for all the illusion that she is a trifle in toy lanterns and paper fans, and will have vindicated her claim to be regarded as one of the manufacturing nations of the world.

In the above brief pages I have endeavoured to put on paper some of the impressions which I have formed during four months of persistent travel

¹ Lafcadio Hearne.

and inquiry in the Mikado's empire. No one could emerge from such an experience without being deeply impressed with a sense of the growing ambitions of the people, or of the inflexible determination of those in high places to do everything in their power to assist them in bringing such ambitions to fruition. Forced in the teeth of their own determined and strenuous opposition to open their doors to the world and to enter into the comity of Western nations, they came to a momentous decision, and having decided, picked up the gauntlet which had been thrown down with a rapidity that astonished the world, and plunged headlong, and with an altogether unlooked-for success, into the arena of international rivalry and competition. That they regard their victories in battle merely as a means to an end, and not as an end in themselves, must be evident to any one who has had the opportunity of making even a superficial study of the people. Nothing is more galling to the vanity of the educated Japanese than to find themselves the object of erroneous beliefs upon this point. "On what grounds," asked Baron Shibusawa bitterly, "did I meet with so warm a reception at the hands of the prominent men of the world?" And he himself supplies the unpalatable reply: "The President of the United States praised Japan because of her military

prowess and fine arts. Are not Germany, France, and England praising Japan up to the skies on the same ground? If the warm reception I received abroad is based on the feeling that I came from a country known for its military exploits, I must confess that that reception is a death-blow to our hopes."¹

The end, indeed, which the Japanese keep steadfastly in view is a far higher one than mere proficiency in arms, and does not stop short of political, diplomatic, commercial, industrial, and colonial equality with the first Powers of the Western world. That they have learned all that the West can teach them in the conduct of modern war few will be found to deny, but that they are capable of rising to the same heights in the war of commerce has yet to be revealed. It may well be doubted whether, as a race, they have the same aptitude for bearing aloft the flag of trade as they have for wielding the sword of war. Just as in China the military profession was despised and looked down upon by the people,—with what dire results the battlefields of 1894 soon showed,—so in feudal Japan the merchant classes were rated among the lowest in the community. It is true that many of the best men in Japan are now entering or have already entered the commercial lists; but it is equally true that the country is sending forth vast numbers of small traders who reflect only

¹ 'Japan by the Japanese.'

too clearly the status of their kind in pre-restoration days, and whose procedure in neutral markets is fast pinning to their country's traders the title of the pedlars of the East.

Pedlary in itself may be an honourable trade, but pedlary fraught with petty fraud, and supported by devices which debauch the commercial morality of the West, brings little but obloquy upon the country's fair name and fame, and provides an only too eagerly grasped-at cause for the enemy to blaspheme. "The barrier of a low morality," to make use of the words of Baron Shibusawa once more, "is by far stronger than that of bad laws"; and I hold that he is the better friend of Japan who makes full and candid confession of such shortcomings

as are thrust within the radius of his view, than the plausible advocate who, by ignoring or denying all faults, encourages the nefarious in their ways, and disseminates false impressions which the cold and impartial evidence of fact is unable to sustain. When those who are responsible for the course and direction of Japanese progress succeed in inculcating in all classes of the community a due sense of the immense value of an unimpeachable honesty in every branch of commercial intercourse, they will have succeeded in removing a serious stumbling-stone from the path which the nation is striving to pursue, and will have placed their country immeasurably nearer the attainment of the goal which they keep steadfastly in view.

BLACK RAMSAY OF HANAU.

ON the night of January 29, 1635, all the officers of Hanau garrison, holding that town for the Queen of Sweden and the Protestant cause, were lamentably drunk. Our authority for the statement is "*Simplex Simplicissimus*," the hero of the most amazing romance of the Thirty Years' War, and incidentally, it would seem, the prototype or the suggester of our own "*Robinson Crusoe*." He was, he says, page to the governor (who was afterwards discovered to be his uncle), and he had every opportunity of observing. The officers had gathered to their general's house to celebrate the capture of some little fortified post a few miles off, and their doings are set down by the valet with all the valet's want of reticence. First they were solemn, then they were lively, then they were, though ladies were present, very quarrelsome. A mixture of Swedes, Hessians, Frenchmen, and Scots could hardly be otherwise when in their cups. And there were bickerings, and even buffetings, till at last Black Ramsay—Handsome Ramsay he was called too—had to rise in his place at the head of his own table and almost at the sword's point make them swallow their foolish quarrels. Him they at least feared. The banqueters dispersed; and then we have the valet discoursing of the hero.

"So when my lord had re-

stored order, away they went; and the master-drinkers (that is, they that could still walk) took with them the musicians and the ladies, and off they went to another house, where was a great room prepared for folly of another sort. But my lord, as one who either from anger or from over-fulness was queasy, threw himself on his pallet-bed. So there I thought I would let him lie and sleep it off, but had scarce reached the doorway when he tried to whistle to me, but that could he not. Then he would call, but nothing could he utter but '*Simple!*' Yet presently he stammered out, '*Th-th-thou rogue, br-br-br-ing me a basin; I m-m-must shoot a f-f-f-ox.*'"

Then the valet revels in the details. It is great pity, but it shows only that Handsome James Ramsay, favourite of Major Dugald Dalgetty's "*Lion of the North*," fine soldier and, as a rule, fine gentleman, was liable to the failing which beset his fellows. With the sole exception of Tilly, the cold ascetic who never tasted wine or touched woman in his life, and yet could give the word for the riot and rape of the sack of Magdeburg, every great general of the Thirty Years' War was a drunkard—sometimes even a cowardly drunkard! After ten days' feasting over the nuptials of the Swedish General Baner with a German princess, the General himself and two great German dukes who had been

present died of their excesses within a month. James Ramsay was after all neither coward nor confirmed drunkard: he was a man as valiant in the field and as wise at the council-board as any that ever upheld the honour of the Scottish name in the High Germany.

Who he was by birth and extraction no one seems yet to have discovered. His first biographer, Lord Hailes, is mightily put to it to prove that every Scot who took part in the worst war of the world's history was a gentleman; but he could find out nothing about James Ramsay. That he was no kinless man is plain enough: he was called Black Ramsay to distinguish him from half a dozen of "Vetters"—brothers, cousins, what not—all in the Swedish service. One indeed was a field-marshal, who in Ramsay's extremity of need, as we shall see, vowed to deliver him, but remained content with great swelling words. Furthermore, if there be any truth at all in "*Simplicissimus*," he brought with him to Germany a sister, who was married to a German officer of distinction; yet his wife certainly remained at home in Edinburgh. Perhaps she was better out of Hanau; but his last efforts in the hour of his direst need were directed to providing a livelihood for her.

Painstaking German pundits have discovered that he was born in 1589, and that he came to England in King James's train. If so, he was at the time of his great defence of Hanau a much older man than

most of his comrades or opponents in the war. Wrangel was the scourge of Germany at thirty; the great Torstenson went home, an old man, to die of gout at forty-four; and d'Enghien was hardly out of his teens when he cut the matchless Spanish infantry to pieces at Rocroi. But Ramsay appears suddenly on the field of his fame, like the rest of the mercenaries. Scottish Hepburns, Erskines, and Leslies, on the side of the Protestant hero; Irish Devereuxes and Butlers on that of the Emperor,—they all appear from nowhere, do deeds of valour, and presently are singled out for honours, titles, and even more or less phantom estates. So Ramsay comes to the front: beyond a brief mention of his prowess at the battle of Breitenfeld, we hear little of him till the Lion of the North, having taken Würzburg from its bishop, sits down in despair before its citadel of Marienburg,—perfect example of the engineering science of the fathers of Vauban and Cohorn. Between the picturesque fortress and the town flows the Main; and the bridge was broken down, all save a single plank: any who would cross in boats must be exposed to a plunging fire from a dozen terraces of artillery above. It was natural enough that the forlorn-hope ordered forward should pause at the plank; but hot Ramsay and Andrew Hamilton in command threw themselves into an open boat and crossed in spite of all. Ramsay was hit in the shoulder

by a crippling ball, which prevented his ever raising sword above his head again. Hamilton was uninjured in body, but grievously damaged in soul by reason of some fancied slight to himward,—possibly because Ramsay was wounded and he was not. But the effect on the rank and file of the valour of their betters was great indeed: they swarmed over their single plank like bees; swarmed up escarpments and over curtains, through covered ways and into embrasures, and took the Marienburg.

Gustavus was delighted with his Scots. Hamilton sulked in his tents; but Ramsay was rewarded with three "castles in Spain,"—that is to say, estates in Mecklenburg,—which it is needless to say he never got, but which, like a good Scot, he struggled to the bitter end of his life to get hold of for the benefit of that poor lady in Edinburgh town. What services he rendered during the next few months we know not; but when, after the death of Gustavus, the Imperial arms were again everywhere victorious, James Ramsay was chosen by the leaders of the Protestant States to defend the very umbilical centre of their confederacy,—the fortress of Hanau on the Main.

Protestantism in Germany had had two centres: Baden and Alsace on the south, Hesse with the half-hearted Saxon on the north. The battle of Nördlingen in September 1634 drove a wedge between north and south which, had it been

hammered home, would have ended the war. But between Baden and Hesse, Hanau remained as a link, and Hanau was so far a no-man's-land. It had indeed a count of its own, but he was worse than no count at all; and the population of his capital was quite peculiar. His father had married a daughter of William the Silent, long known by the loved surname of "Catharina Belgica"; and from this alliance, and from long residence at the spacious court of great Elizabeth of England, he had imbibed notions of liberty which made him open wide his gates to the persecuted Walloon craftsmen of the Netherlands. They flocked into Hanau as a hundred years later their congeners flocked into England,—fleeing before Spanish tyranny as those latter fled before that of France; and they made of the little city what those others made of Norwich and of Spitalfields. They built a new town for their new ruler. Old Lutheran Hanau had stood a mile from its river Main; New Hanau, French speaking and Calvinist, brought the city walls nearly down to the river banks. Hard-working and persevering, its folk presently became rich also. And, above all, they brought to their new fatherland the stubborn endurance and, at a pinch, the desperate courage of Haarlem and La Rochelle and Londonderry. But between them and the burgher-patriarchs of the old town there was no love lost. Both parties were ready enough—and proved

their readiness—to feed off rats and mice for the good cause, but they would much rather eat even of that poor food at separate tables.

The son of the large-minded old count was but a nidding. In the earlier days of the victories of the Emperor and his Tilly he had indeed, Protestant as he was, received and welcomed an Imperial garrison. But the triumphant progress of Gustavus through mid-Germany had swept him, with many greater potentates, into the flood. A Swedish colonel carried the double town by a *coup-de-main*, aided and abetted by the burghers, whose help took the appropriate and characteristic form of making the Imperial commandant very drunk. While he was engaged in shooting foxes during the small hours of a November morning, the Swedes broke in, and Count Philip Maurice accepted the situation as he would probably have accepted the rule of Sathanas himself, was made a Swedish colonel or the like, and entertained Gustav Adolf and his newly arrived queen at sumptuous *fêtes*, whereat her Majesty, with singularly bad taste, appeared with her favourite monkey dressed up as a Romish priest.

After the cat had jumped at Nördlingen, this deplorable potentate would assuredly have jumped with it if he had had the chance; but six days after the battle there rode into his capital James Ramsay with the "blue regiment" of Colonel Burgsdorf, two companies of

horse of the Hessian regiment of "Ido Simmons," and, best of all, one company (162 men) of his own Scots. With such masterful competitors, Hanau was plainly no place for Count Philip Maurice. After a few weeks of bickering with Ramsay, he gathered together his portable household stuff and fled, wandering in poor sort from one French provincial town to another, till his protectors had made it safe for him to return and to work their utter ruin.

The Count gone, an immediate siege was to be looked for. But none happened: for some reason the Imperialists never pressed their overwhelming advantage home. Ramsay had a respite of a year, during which, if the Germany around him had been anything but a groaning desert, he might have provisioned the little fortress. As it was, he could bring in but little, and his munitions of war were contemptible. For a mile and a half of ramparts he had but twelve 12-pounder guns. For garrison he had his few regulars, a burgher militia of four companies—"upholsterers," "clothiers," "bachelors," and "general citizens"—and seven hundred peasants, ill-armed enough, doubtless, but men desperate to avenge their wrongs and their shame; for how the emperor's troops "housed" in the Wetterau may be read in the pages of "Simplicissimus," and of soberer historians likewise.

This was few enough. Put it at 3000 men: by the end of the siege it was not more than

quarter of that number. But in removing his worthless presence, Philip Maurice had left behind him a valuable asset. Jakob Johann, his younger brother, sat fast in Hanau, and to Ramsay he proved an inestimable source of help. To the prestige of his name he added that of a chivalrous character, of a kind which in that dismal age we can only look for in the younger sons of the ruling houses. Their elder brothers were lamentable personages. But James John belonged to that better type, and he soon showed it. Only a few weeks after the departure of his elder brother there straggled into Hanau the remains of the garrison of Friedberg—a so-called Imperial Free City a few miles off. Its commandant had surrendered without a shot fired, after the cheerful fashion of that war, and for his sins he found his way to Hanau at five o'clock of a winter afternoon. James John and Ramsay sat in court-martial upon him, and at ten o'clock next morning he was shot to death in the market-place. But the young count's help lasted for a few months only. Ramsay's ideas of warfare were aggressive; and when he learned that Vitzthum, the Swedish commandant in Frankfort, had by the treachery of its burghers been driven out of the city into the transpontine suburb of Sachsenhausen, he despatched 500 men out of his garrison of 3000 to help, with James John at their head. By a dastardly trick of Lamboy, the Imperial general, Vitzthum's men were

made prisoners of war; and although James John and his Hanauers escaped, he never returned to his home. He died next year before Saverne-in-Alsace, fighting for the French he hated against the Germany he loved.

But before this sad end of things he had taken part in at least one valorous feat of arms. The story of the New Year's Eve of 1635 reads like a chapter of Stanley Weyman at his best. Ramsay had been offered and had accepted, apparently for any desperate service he might choose to send them on, the help of 500 loose French "riders" under one Colonel Bouillon, who lay in and about Frankfort. Of course only half the promised number appeared when summoned, but Ramsay added a few cavalry and some grudgingly-spared musketeers to ride behind the horsemen. Their objective was Alzenau, some seven miles away, where, they were told, five hundred Imperialist troops lay. But Alzenau, when they reached it, lay in darkness and deep snow: only the castle high above the little town showed lights in all its windows. Bouillon was so amazed that at first he thought of retiring, sure that no troops could be in the place; but a couple of scouts riding forward knocked up the dwellers in the first house they came to, and told an ingenious story. They came, they said, from Aschaffenburg, with despatches from the Imperial general there, Count Mansfeld; but their comrade

who carried the letters had in crossing the frozen river fallen in, horse and all, and must be rescued. Two unsuspecting peasants followed to help; but no sooner were they well out of earshot of the place than a pistol clapped to each man's ear produced all necessary information. There were, indeed, dragoons in the village itself, five or six strong regiments within a mile or two: the officers, without a picket or a sentinel posted, were drinking the New Year's health in the Schloss.

For one of them at least that was the last opportunity of honouring the toast, for now the slaughter began. Tumbling out of bed in their shirts, the dragoons were cut down as fast as they appeared, and then Swedes, Scots, and Frenchmen rode tumultuously to the castle. Bursting into the banqueting-hall, they "held up" all the assembly; only Count James John ran one unfortunate captain through the body in pure error, "believing him to be the commandant," Count Wartenberg, who managed to escape. The rest were courteously admitted to terms; and Bouillon rode back to Hanau with 800 horses, Wartenberg's coach and six, and, best of all, his despatches and his military chest.

In strong contrast to this feat of arms we have the story of Babenhausen, a small fortress which lay within the county of Hanau, but which Ramsay was powerless to protect; while Philip Maurice had thoughtfully carried off all its

artillery to the capital, leaving the burghers practically no fire-arms larger than "double-muskets." Against them the Imperial General Mansfeld brought two 120-pound mortars, four 24-pounders, and six 12-pounders. With these he succeeded in throwing into the town in five weeks 70 bombs, of which 17 exploded. The remainder provided the citizens with powder, of which they stood in such sore need that when Mansfeld raised the siege with a loss of 350 men, they had only four pounds left. The besieged had lost a mere handful in the fighting, but near a thousand by the plague which in those days followed close upon the investment of a town.

That was at the end of March 1635, and so far Ramsay, like Mr Gladstone's Gordon, was "surrounded but not hemmed in." But the sufferings of the town had begun: there was want of money to begin with, for the fearful depreciation of the coinage at the beginning of the war had had its natural economic result,—the bad money had driven out the good. Frankfort, where there was plenty, was unfriendly, and would not even exchange corn for such wares as Hanau could spare. And when Senator Cotterell (whose cousins are surely among us still) would ransom some of his fellow-burghers captured by the Imperialists, he could only offer "two barrels of herrings." Yet Ramsay went on sternly demanding money for the maintenance of his troops, and

somehow it was raised, though poor Elias de Lattre, the richest burgher of the new town, must rise one day from the council-board with the despairing exclamation, "Ôtez ma peau,"—skin me alive and have done with it. The senators sought aid from their co-religionists in Holland, and their High Mightinesses did not even deign to reply. Within the town the strictest economy in all things was already practised: prices had risen to five times their normal amount; and if "*Simplicissimus*" is to be believed, the poorer burghers were already glad to snap up the refuse from the tables of the rich. As usual, on the top of all this came the plague, which carried off some 500 of the inhabitants—and this befell the real siege began.

It began with harvest-time 1635, when Götz, one of Wallenstein's old lieutenants, appeared with no very large force, but sufficient to keep Ramsay in check, and proceeded to destroy the crops. All that he could he burned; and when rain prevented that, he set his cavalry horses to drag huge baulks of timber across the standing wheat. But he dared not move far from the Main, and Ramsay was able to harvest all the crops growing to the north of the town. After this feat Götz withdrew, but was presently succeeded by Lamboy, the betrayer of Vitzthum. He had only 3000 men, but those were now too many for Ramsay, who was compelled to look on while the besiegers built some thirty

blockhouses at intervals round the town—an ineffectual mode of attack, and the more so because of their weakness in guns. They had only twenty field-pieces "of small calibre," which means 4-pounders or thereabouts. Ramsay made their building operations as inconvenient as he could, but he was too cunning to risk the loss of many men out of his handful. And, presently, Lamboy received a siege-train from headquarters,—two 12-pounders and six mortars, but, unfortunately, no ammunition. That he had to make himself in the form of "beggar-sacks," which were simply baskets smeared with pitch and filled with iron and lead, powder and stones,—the powder being supposed to explode. The eight pieces of artillery effected in eight weeks 163 discharges. The first three baskets fell into the town early in the morning of Sunday, December 13, 1635. One buried itself in the earth, the second dropped into a well, and the third fell into a pigstye and choked the pigs. A few days after one fell upon the roof of the "French Church," and—rolled off.

But Lamboy's best ally was General Famine, and he knew it. Every attempt of the besiegers to obtain provisions from outside he punished with ghastly cruelty. On November 22, fourteen poor creatures, prowling out in search of food, were caught and branded with the mark of a gallows on their foreheads. A few days later twenty-one were hanged in full sight of the walls. Ram-

say was powerless to prevent these barbarities; and could he have answered by reprisals he would probably have hesitated to do so—for one soldier's life was worth that of many peasants. Instead he preferred, to quote Major Dugald Dalgetty, "to protract the capitulation by a counterfeited parley," and in this he was partially successful. Slack as operations in those days were, they became yet more dilatory when the soldier knew that his chiefs were parleying: and Ramsay was parleying in one form or another during the whole of his two years' rule of Hanau, gaining considerable advantage for the time, but being in the end, alas! hoist with his own petard. It is at this point that we encounter the legend, repeated by Lord Hailes, of Ramsay's plucking up the pavements of Hanau, ploughing the soil beneath, and reaping an abundant crop. Ramsay was not such a fool. The harvests that are reaped, even in that land of fairy tales, between October and April (for so long lasted the siege) are not heavy ones, and the commandant found parleying more profitable than ploughing up streets. The diary of a suffering burgher of the city boldly states the fact: Ramsay negotiated for "amusement."

Up to the end of January 1636 there was no desperate famine: the chief want was of powder, and this was chiefly the result of the ceaseless sallies of the garrison. For, emboldened by the blockhouse method of investment, Ramsay,

as he always did whenever he could, now assumed the offensive. The besieged took heart of grace at the inactivity of their foes, and issued forth in strength. Sometimes they went out for mere lust of war—and shot General Lamboy through the cheek. At other times their object was more practical: they rushed past the Emperor's blockhouses on the Main, and captured whole shiploads of creature comforts from Frankfort intended for the besiegers' behoof. The Imperialists could only reply by shouting horrid threats from their lines, mingled with allusions to the fate of Magdeburg and the like. The lines were only 200 yards from the wall, but poor Ramsay's feeble artillery could not avenge even such adjacent insults. And presently, with the new year, he had to draw in his horns: he could not now spare a single man—every sally might cost a life or two; and of powder he dared not lose an ounce. Potting at the Frankforters' pigeons flying overhead, which had often helped out the meagre bill-of-fare of the burghers' table, must now be sternly forbidden, lest a few grains should be wasted. All "pocket-ammunition" was withheld, except for the Scots, and theirs was doubled. Indeed, so many privileges were granted to the troops, as distinct from the non-combatant burghers and peasants, that to escape taxation respectable widows in dozens married themselves off at the shortest notice to

Ramsay's Scots, and the embarrassed commandant had to declare by proclamation that such weddings by no means freed the brides from the obligations and imposts which they had been pre-nuptially bound to discharge.

But now the real famine began, and what real famine meant in fertile Swabia and Alsace in those days we need not go to the picturesque "Simplicissimus" to learn. All contemporary narratives, English or German, are thrown into the background by that documentary evidence which generally clears, but here only blackens, the record. There is no need for fine writing. "On March 3, 1636, Valentine Engel, citizen and gravedigger of Ruffach, in Alsace, made oath before the honourable council of that place, and his deposition was signed and sealed by the honourable council, that last Sunday there came to him Agnes Ebstein, daughter of the late Hans Ebstein, and him the said gravedigger with these words earnestly besought, to wit, she had come from Colmar, where she had tarried for some days, to see if she could have some dead horseflesh from the knacker, and could not; and now by reason of cold and hunger she had come to him, the said Valentine, to ask him if he had any young unburied body at hand, to give it her, for she would eat it to satisfy her great hunger." Further, that "a boy and two women of the same neighbourhood came to ask if he had not a young

corpse that he could give them, for for a long time they said they had fed on flesh of men, knowing well that all such had died of hunger, and therefore they could eat them without disgust," whereupon the terrified sexton hastened to his cemetery of Saint Nicholas Chapel, "where he was wont to keep his corpses in a trench till he had enough for a funeral," and secured it against such body-snatchers.

And so on and so on: In the village of Rupperhofen (in that same tragic Wetterau), a mother and two children ate of the body of their father who had just died! It was not worth while to deny such acts: executions for murder for cannibal purposes were not uncommon: the wretched criminals never cared to deny their crime,—they might as well die one way as another. So at the siege of Breisach no one seemed to think it out of the way that twenty prisoners of war should be shut up in a vault without food and left to make what they could of each other—for their captors were doing very much the same. Things never were quite so bad as that in Hanau: burgher did not eat burgher; but burgher ate everything short of his fellowmen. Cats were considered as "game"; rats and mice were tolerated; and there are hints of even nastier things, but never of the cannibalism of the waste Wetterau. Disease followed close upon this unwholesome diet: typhus and scurvy were there present; and when the garrison made a sally the

peasant refugees would creep out behind the horses and tear up with their bare fingers all the grass and weeds they could find for food for their beasts and (at the last) for themselves. Yet Ramsay did not falter or fail: even in March, after twenty weeks of siege, when Lamboy sent him two fat pigs as a present, he would not be outdone, but returned a dozen good fat carp caught in the town ditch, with an inquiry which sounds strangely like that of the defender of Mafeking: he asked for newspapers "to be assured that Hanau was commonly reported to be besieged." In respect of effectiveness of attack and assuredness of defence, the South African village and the Hessian fortress are pretty much on the same level.

For all the time, in spite of gallows and torture, Ramsay's scouts had crept in and out, carrying more and more urgent messages to William the Steadfast at Cassel and his heroic wife. She was a daughter of Hanau, a sister of the wretched Philip Maurice, but also a granddaughter of William the Silent, and the grandfather was strong in her. It was owing to her exertions that when "Little Henry," one of Ramsay's messengers, slipped out of the town by the Frankfurt Gate on the night of June 12, 1635, he came suddenly, though twenty miles from Hanau, upon the united forces of William of Hesse and Alexander Leslie marching to relieve Hanau. The Swedish-Scottish commander had joined

the Steadfast Landgrave on the way, and their united force swept Lamboy's blockhouses clear of their defenders in a couple of days. The Hanauers, of course, came out to assist, and among them legend has distinguished a "strong woman," who was personally responsible for Lamboy's defeat and the capture of his chief fort. What she did with Lamboy is variously narrated: it is certain that Lamboy escaped damaged in reputation, if not in person.

And now Ramsay was free, and for Ramsay to be free meant misery for every foe within forty miles. For eighteen happy months he was the "Terror of the Middle Rhine." No countryman of his ever harried the English marches with more zest and zeal than he exhibited in the worrying of his non-Protestant or lukewarm neighbours. No tears need be shed over the deplorable George of Hesse-Darmstadt, "the most miserable figure of a miserable age" among German princes: the Elector-Bishop of Mainz was a foeman more worthy of steel, being, at all events, a Papist pure and simple. But the stories of Ramsay's forays throughout read like pages of James Grant or Charles Lever; and, what is more, they are true.

Here is Johann Dössler, obviously from his name a German by birth, and disgracing his nationality by commanding a regiment of Croats. Johann lay at Nierstein, of vinous fame, and the

good broad Rhine lay between him and the avenging James Ramsay. So far the Rhine had proved profitable to the Croat commander, who had enriched himself by the simple expedient of piracy on the river. From this pleasing occupation he was summoned just before Christmas 1636 by his Imperial commander. But Johann lingered lovingly over his spoils, sent on his Croats in advance, and, for his sins, remained behind to count his gold. Forty miles away Ramsay heard of this most unmilitary proceeding, and sent thirty troopers to bring Johann away. These reached the Rhine on Christmas Eve, crammed themselves into a single boat, and, under the guidance of a peasant who did not love Croats, found their way to Düssler's quarters, where he and his secretary yet lingered. By Christmas morning the Croat commander, very lightly clad, was laid by the heels in Hanau, and his store of 6000 thalers was added to the Yule-tide gaities.

Ramsay's greatest exploit, however, was undoubtedly the revictualling of Ehrenbreitstein. That fortress, then deemed impregnable, was garrisoned by Frenchmen, of course as allies of the Swedes, and they were at their last gasp. Their commander, as we are told by a particularly dry historian, had, in order to show that there was no distinction of rank in point of rations, "already eaten eighty rats." Ehrenbreitstein is on the Rhine; Hanau is on the Main,

which flows into the Rhine; and the fact that there were between the two a hundred miles of carefully guarded waterway, numberless hostile pickets, and, most dangerous of all, bridges, weighed little with Ramsay. When the Sieur de Pichon, a gallant Frenchman, successfully smuggled through the Imperialist lines, appeared with money (his own as it seems) sufficient to defray expenses, the relief was immediately undertaken.

But the boats must go under the bridge over the Main between Frankfort and its southern suburb of Sachsenhausen. Ramsay sent four hundred riders over the river to harry Sachsenhausen, and while they were driving cattle in the fearless old fashion, and the Frankforters were hurrying to rescue their bestial, the barges laden with "corn, rice, butter, lard, medicines, and cordials" sailed quietly under the bridge; two musqueteers, alleged monks and disguised as such, sat at the prow, and to all who questioned them replied that they were conveying the properties of the Elector of Mainz down from Aschaffenburg, having slipped past those devils of Scots at Hanau. This unblushing deceit actually succeeded. The three barges accomplished the journey of a hundred miles in nineteen hours, and brought their supplies up to Ehrenbreitstein under the very nose of John de Werth, the most dashing Imperialist general of the whole war.

The new victuals lasted but

eight weeks, and then Ehrenbreitstein appealed to Ramsay again, and not in vain. Unfortunately, this time he stooped to forgery, sending out his men with letters signed with the name of Metternich, Provost of Mainz Cathedral, as owner of the cargo. A single ship was employed, but it was to carry no less than 20,000 lb. of provisions, which were sent by land to be put on board below the dreaded bridge at Frankfort. The plan failed: the pickets on both banks of the Rhine were now alive to such tricks, and the adventurers were challenged at Mainz, pursued, their pilot killed by a chance shot, and they drifted helplessly into the bank, where they were captured, and their commander, it would seem, executed. Ehrenbreitstein surrendered three weeks later, and as the garrison marched out with all the honours of war six men fell dead in their tracks from hunger and exhaustion.

All this was merry enough; but, unfortunately, the removal of immediate danger brought back to Hanau its cowardly ruler, who was now tired of French watering-places, and, seeing the coast clear, nobly resolved to return and resume the reins of government. And Ramsay, grim and disgusted, had to welcome the poltroon back. He was now to reap the fruits of his own stern rule, for the Hanauers, wearied of military exactions, and forgetful of their deliverance, welcomed Philip Maurice back with acclamations. Ramsay's day was

over: he was quick to perceive it and to secure his retreat, at least from a money point of view. Of the labyrinth of lies which he now constructed or wandered into, little need be said. At least it may be argued in his favour that his first thought was for his wife Isabel in Edinburgh. Fifty thousand thalers he would have for her before he would budge an inch. But this was only a trifle: from admissions of his own we gather that his total fortune in Germany, reckoning all claims and "book debts," was not far short of three million florins—say half a million of our money,—but even at that, nothing in comparison with the monstrous wealth amassed by those who sucked the very lifeblood of Germany—the Königsmarks and the Wrangels.

By a change of front, which even those who have followed the tortuous politics of the Thirty Years' War can hardly understand, Philip Maurice now appears as an openly declared Imperialist: Hanau is an Imperial garrison; and the people who are to pay Ramsay his fifty thousand thalers are the Emperor's agents. The sum, they said, had been paid in at Amsterdam. Amsterdam is a far cry from Hanau; but Ramsay, though he never got the money, succeeded in laying such an embargo upon it that no one else could draw it out; and it was not till after the general peace that the Court of Vienna by a scurvy trick got it back.

Meanwhile my lord of Hanau-

Münzenberg — for there were actually two wee lairdies in the same little county—began to behave himself as little lairdies were wont to do. Ramsay, true to his salt, had always had prayers in church for the Queen of Sweden, —without whose aid, indeed, there would have been no county of Hanau-Münzenberg, or any other “berg,” left. The Count stopped all such profanities, and a few more pin-pricks of the same character on his part brought about the natural end of things. The man with the guns had the Count and his brother-in-law, a far better man, the Count of Solms-Laubach, arrested and confined to their houses. And so far so good: Ramsay was once more master in Hanau.

Now comes the most extraordinary episode of Ramsay's life, in which, strenuous as it was, the reader of our first paragraphs will have detected that there were moments of weakness—the shooting of foxes and the like. The cunning old soldier, master of tactics and no fool in diplomacy, allows himself to be outwitted by the merest tyros in deceit. Philip Maurice, of course, put himself in communication with his kindred lairdies outside: the lairdies, in the shape of Ludwig of Nassau-Dillenburg, formerly Ramsay's staunch ally, came to the rescue. Of course a traitor, one Major Winter, is found within the walls: and the meticulous and yet spiteful letters of the craven Count

to this villain are yet to hand. The conspiracy succeeded: in February 1638 a force of nine hundred men from Frankfort, aided by the traitors within the walls, accomplished in nine hours what Lamboy with his blockhouses and his beggar-baskets had failed to do in nine months—they captured Hanau. At least they captured the older upper town, the guns of which commanded the lower. And here again Ramsay's carelessness is unaccountable: he, on whose life the fate of his staunch garrison depended, stood in the open street, giving orders, within point-blank range of the guns of the upper town, and, of course, was hit. Equally, of course, his fall meant the surrender of the whole town.

What follows is not pleasant reading. Dillenburg's way of dealing with his old companion in arms was not chivalrous, but it shows the immense dread the man had inspired. While he remained a prisoner in Hanau his room must be daily searched for instruments of offensive warfare. And presently even Hanau was not safe enough: he must be moved—with a bullet lodged in his bowels—to Castle Dillenburg, and there his sufferings must have been heightened even to agony by the perpetual supervision to which he was subjected. There was much talk about him all over Germany; and his “cousin” William Ramsay, Count of Dalwaste, in the Swedish service, swore high oaths that he would fetch

him out from Dillenburg, and "leave no stone of that castle upon another": but with those words his great emprise ended. And meanwhile Ramsay was being tormented with the most absurd suggestions. The vaunted diplomacy of the Jesuits at Vienna never displayed itself in its true aspect of puerile folly more clearly than when it offered to the poor crippled man life, honours, and wealth, if he would "reveal the plans of the crown of Sweden." For what could the isolated commandant of Hanau know of the plans of the crown of Sweden? What he did know he stoutly refused to disclose, and his unfortunate private secretary was haled to Vienna, and there actually tortured to death, to make him reveal secrets he could not possess.

His master's end fell out otherwise. On January 17, 1639, eleven months after the betrayal of Hanau, Albert of Solms-Laubach before-mentioned, who had no great cause to love Ramsay, but who thereafter approved himself a gentleman, dined with the Dillenburg; and "poor blind Samson" was at table also. As usual, all went well till they had had their fill of wine; and then, as usual, they fell to quarrelling, Solms-Laubach demanding of Ramsay why he had used him so ill. A man with a bullet rankling in him cannot always be the pink of politeness; and this one answered by complaints of his own treatment. This brought Dillenburg him-

self into the quarrel, and he said what it is to be hoped he repented of till the last day of his life: he asked the prisoner if he had not enough to eat and drink. Ramsay answered "calmly enough," says the biographer, that there was more in life than eating and drinking. The Nassau count lost his temper altogether. "If he had been treated," said he, "as Ramsay had treated Solms, he would have torn him with his teeth and broken his neck." "Oh, as to breaking necks," says the captive, "were I a free man I would show the Count of Dillenburg, whether on foot or on horseback, that I am a cavalier, and not of that sort whose neck can be easily broken," and thereto he added opprobrious words. Fortunately they were all too far gone in liquor to argue further, and all three went to bed to sleep it off. Their actions next morning were characteristic. Ramsay sent his servant to tell Dillenburg he would never dine with him again; Dillenburg sent his men to put the cripple in chains; and Solms-Laubach set himself to move heaven and earth to get Ramsay released.

He might as well have run his head against a brick wall as against the unreasoning obstinacy, half cruel and half cowardly, of the Court of Vienna. To it Ramsay was a wild beast, a monster of cunning and ferocity. Long before the quarrel a decree had been issued forbidding "the release of Major-General Ramsay under any pretext whatever."

For months his gaolers, with the capricious kindliness we have seen above, kept back all knowledge of the sentence. When they at length told him of it, he seems to have given up all hope—turned his face to the wall and died. The Count of Dillenburg was heartily sorry for the part he had played. Solms-Laubach was unremitting in his attentions. The neighbouring nobles vied with each other in providing comforts for the dying man; but all was of no avail. His spirit was broken and he must die. He made his will like a good Christian, leaving all to his wife, whom he exhorted to wear mourning for six weeks only, and then, for the sake of his little son David, to marry again with some man of good old family as soon as could decently be done. Then follows a bequest for the maintenance of five poor students in theology, and then directions for the payment for 500 pairs of shoes which he had ordered for his soldiers in Hanau long before. All very simple and soldierly and Scottish.

Even as to the manner of his death he was slandered. The extreme pain caused him by the digestion of solid food had compelled him to reduce his diet to eggs and little more.

The Jesuits of Vienna seized upon this, and declared he had voluntarily starved himself to death; and modern Prussian historians, whose tendency it is to blacken all exploits outside the sphere of their beloved Brandenburg, have repeated this. The quarrel with Dillenburg was magnified into an attempt at escape, in which Ramsay, it was said, was killed. Lastly, it was said that he died mad, and that "Simplicissimus" repeats this shows that it was the current belief of the time. As a matter of fact, he passed quietly away in his bed on the afternoon of June 29, 1639, dying, as nearly all wounded men did die in those days, of blood-poisoning.

A Prince of Mercenaries! with many of their faults, indeed, but sharing with his fellow-countrymen their one cardinal virtue, and therein putting to shame the native Germans among whom he fought—he was absolutely true to the crown of Sweden and the Protestant cause. And his death of anguish within prison walls was surely no less glorious to his own country than would have been the traditional soldier's end amid the thunder of battle. May earth lie light upon him!

A. T. S. GOODRICK.

A SUBALTERN OF HORSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ON THE HEELS OF DE WET.'

BOOK I.—"THE BITTER END."

CHAPTER IV.—SOUTH STREET, MAYFAIR.

"I HAVE a hunch that I should do a heap better with a grape fruit."

Miss Woodruff put down her knife and fork, and seeing that her parents were likely to leave her the field in which to soliloquise, continued in that particular drawl which, when affected by women out West, suggests a temper quick to short circuit.

"I'm thinking that this London's a poor place. Here have we been domiciled in the best block in the town for a week, and can't get a grape fruit. Let's have some coffee, anyway!"

"Yes, miss."

In a moment the stout, dignified butler was at her side with the coffee-server of chastened silver. The fair American girl positively jumped. The stout Privet's movements were so prompt. In her country one would never look for agility in one so corpulent. And then his fat voice, in its humble suavity, sounded so uncanny to her untutored ear. Her initial experience of real English service had positively alarmed her. Even in seven days the novelty had not worn off, and the Woodruff household still stood in awe of the unfamiliar ma-

jesty of the surroundings in which it found itself.

It is possible that in all its eventful history Mayfair had never witnessed such incongruity as existed when Maximilian J. B. Woodruff and his family arrived to take over the lease of their house in South Street. It was a direct transplantation from Nob Hill, San Francisco, to Park Lane. This strange phenomenon came about in the following manner. At the beginning of his career Maximilian J. B. Woodruff compounded drugs in an extensive retail store in Cincinnati. Tiring of making money for another he migrated, while he was still slim and energetic, to San Francisco, and essayed a drug store of his own. Like most enterprise in the West in those days, the store, catering for a neurotic drug-loving people, prospered and became many stores. "Doctor" Woodruff therefore enticed a plump fresh girl from British Columbia to become an American citizen, and together, on increasing profits, they began to grow sleek and presently fat. Then it was that fortune fawned upon "Doc" Woodruff. It came in the form of a Dago of kinds, and it arrived just

before increasing girth had sapped the great chemist's remarkable energy. The Dago imparted some simple remedy to "Doc" Woodruff. The result is found in the Woodruff millions. First America, and then the whole world, found that they had constant and extensive use for Woodruff's patent medicine. Factories, even towns, sprang up in order that the output might keep pace with the demand. It grew beyond the powers of the now fast fattening Cincinnati druggist's assistant. Then financiers lent it their wits and energy, so that when Maximilian J. B. Woodruff turned the scale at 18 stone, he severed his connection with the great industry that had grown up round his name, and found that he, his Canadian wife and his two daughters, had the interest of 25,000,000 well invested dollars to live upon.

Now there are many grades in American citizens, and every year the complexity of these grades increases. Moreover, the self-esteemed caste privileges are very dearly treasured. Far more so than in many older countries. If there is one privilege concerning which the American citizen is jealous, it is his descent from that which is reputed blue in the blood of the mother country. If the claim be actual, the American of to-day will cherish it with every solicitude; if obscure, he will cultivate it in the forced atmosphere of his imagination, and emerge none the worse citizen from the

process. So it was with the Woodruffs. As Maximilian J. B. Woodruff had passed from the absorption of a competency to affluence, he had cast back for the trail of his forebears. A much-thumbed 'Peerage' had given him the line. A fortunate patronymic, increasing wealth, and constant usage had, as far as he and his family were concerned, turned a visionary theory into a wholesome belief. His complaisant and substantial helpmate from British Columbia accepted the successful druggist's conjectures, and, with the industry of her sex, distributed their digest with parrot-like persistency, with the result that the two stripling girls, who were to inherit the Woodruff millions, were nurtured on the hallucination that they were the representatives of an ill-used branch of an aristocratic British house. All this would have had no bearing upon the present story if "Doc" Woodruff had not woven into the intricacies of his fantasy a belief that he and his family would one day return to the enjoyment of the position and possessions out of which his forebears had been jockeyed. As wealth increased and British descent became fashionable in San Francisco and Los Angeles, the hallucinations, as is common with these peculiar delusions of a consistent imagination, became to the Woodruffs as solid realities. As a result the Druggist believed the story of his own creation, and not unnaturally his wife and family believed it with him. His eldest daughter,

the tall, pale, graceful girl of faded colouring, who had expressed dissatisfaction at the English breakfast fruit, developed as great a fanaticism as her father. Then it was that matters took a serious turn. Most San Franciscan fathers, when they can afford it, are given to indulgent treatment of their children. There was nothing in this world, short of a throne, with which Maximilian J. B. Woodruff could not indulge his daughters. Consequently he not only consented, but encouraged, his first-born in her quest for the tangible evidence of descent. A myrmidon from an "all world" Yankee firm attracted Miss Woodruff with a magazine advertisement. This youth, who certainly had originality to his credit, having probed the snobbish tendencies of the rich, undertook, in return for dollars, to "join up pedigrees," as he put it. A judiciously invested five pounds will accomplish much in this line in this country, and the agent of the "all world" firm put the College of Heralds on a Woodruff scent. The net result was the discovery that an ancient maiden dame of considerable means, with the patronymic of Woodruff, divided her solitary life between a property in Sussex and a freehold mansion in South Street, Mayfair. With that perversity which is noticeable in many maiden ladies of extreme age, she willed her money to charities and her property to distant cousins, who existed in quantity. The old lady then died, and a group

of institutions absorbed her revenues; while fourteen heirs at least found themselves co-partners in the Mayfair residence and the Sussex mansion. This unsatisfactory state of the succession presented a rare opportunity to the "all world" firm. The London agent cabled to San Francisco, and immediately abandoned his mean lodging in Bloomsbury for temporary apartments in the Savoy Hotel. Thus it was that the Cincinnati branch of the Woodruff family acquired, at twice its market value, the magnificent English property from which, so the authority stated, it had been deprived for generations. 'The San Francisco Chronicle' made a front page splash of the whole story, and requiring an illustration, slipped in an old block of the south wing of Buckingham Palace, with the sentry-boxes painted out. This adequately served to increase the respect in which San Franciscans held Maximilian J. B. Woodruff and his family.

Miss Woodruff languidly helped herself to coffee; and then, as Privit withdrew from the room with a tray, she murmured—

"These hired men give me shocks. No wonder Marjorie usually prefers to breakfast in bed. Pop, have you sampled the new hired man? He's a peach! It's a pity more like him don't come out West. He'd only have to show himself in California to tumble into twenty dollars a-week. It seems a bit off to find a dandy buck like

him all geyed up with white-wash on his hair, like a coloured man at a peep-show!"

"I guess you mean the new footman, Bud; he strikes me as a most deserving young man," said her father with that affectation of pomposity which he felt to be in keeping with his new surroundings. "Yes, a most exemplary young man. I agree with you, Bud, it is unexpected to find such class in hired hands."

"I'm tickled to death with it all, and so is Margi; she hasn't got the measure of the Park Lane dude yet. Say, Pop, we're nice and near the American Embassy here. Have you been rubbering around there yet?"

"I make so bold as to suggest that we shall not have much use for the American Ambassador. I was intimately associated with him in 1880, and since then we have had no occasion to cultivate a very close connection. Gee! he knows what I said and thought about him then. No, Bud; we've got to climb our own stick here in London."

The return of a servant to the room reduced the Woodruff family to the silent discussion of their breakfast.

John Privit had been taken over with the property. He was the contemporary of the youngest Miss Woodruff, of the Woodruffs of Mayfair,—the Rosalind Gwaine Woodruff who, at the age of sixteen, married a dashing subaltern in the service of the Honourable East India Company's

Bengal Army, and paid the penalty of her temerity by giving her life to the great cause of empire-building in the fearful massacre at Cawnpore. She had been several years the junior of Miss Woodruff, consequently the importance of the pompous Privit in the household can well be appreciated. There were certain laws in service etiquette which Privit had introduced into the conduct of the late Woodruff *ménage*. And he was determined that the Californian successor to his late mistress should conform to his dictum, insomuch as his want of knowledge of British households gave him the opportunity of impressing his will upon his new master with all the tact and suavity of imperious submission, which is the infallible weapon of the well-trained English servant.

One of Privit's inviolable customs was the divided control of the breakfast-room. Once the massive urns were boiling and the servers removed from side-dishes, Privit, like the true general of the trencher that he was, handed over the command to his understudy. Thus it was the new footman who cut short the genial chemist's reflections upon his Excellency the United States Ambassador and Plenipotentiary to the Court of St James's.

As the man of silk stocking and white-plastered hair took his place behind Mrs Woodruff's chair, there was a rustle of soft raiment in the hall and the youngest Miss Wood-

ruff tripped into the room. It would be difficult to imagine a more complete contrast than existed between the sisters. Delia Woodruff, the eldest,—“The Bud,” as San Franciscans had called her,—was the complete antinonym of her younger sister; and as Marjorie tripped over to her stout father and placed her hand on his shoulder, it was impossible to believe that she could be of the same parentage as the tall, languid, faded blonde, who was still trifling with an orange. Marjorie was perhaps three or four inches shorter than her sister. Her hair was dark and wavy; she had the violet eyes and bright diffused complexion which are more usually the birthright of a Galway maid, and an air of pleasing vivacity and maidenly independence which was altogether irresistible. She seemed to embody in her small person all those particular charms of carriage and manner without which feminine beauty, however classic, is insipid.

Marjorie Woodruff gave her parents and sister her morning greeting with all the aplomb of her energetic nature. Then her eyes wandered to the clean-shaven face of the man-servant standing behind her mother's chair. Her eyes rested on him a moment in the involuntary attraction that the eye finds in a new object,—rested a moment, and then dropped, as she sat down in her chair. It was but a fleeting glance. But a glance of discovery, for it had caught the

clean-shaven domestic off his guard. Marjorie saw in their new man's face that which should always be foreign in a good servant. She saw a momentary expression. An expression that was eloquent, and which any modest maid would appreciate in an equal, but which, in a menial, however regular his features and clean his limbs, is intolerable. But there was some excuse for the second footman: he was just experiencing the truth of Captain John Fox's parting words as he had bid him “good-speed” to the fulfilment of his wager—“You are bound to have big trouble with that newly-shaven upper lip of yours, Gasser!”

James Smith, *alias* Osborn Herries, the new footman, recovered himself immediately, and, to do him justice,—because it is very difficult to suddenly cultivate an impassive countenance,—it was long before he allowed himself to be thus again taken unawares. He busied himself with the younger Miss Woodruff's requirements, and surprised himself even in the ease with which he efficiently mastered the menial duties of his first essay in breakfast service. Even when the faded eyes of Miss Woodruff were fixed upon him and wandered over him in apparently mental calculation of his “points,” as if he were a purchasable article, he was able to turn upon her a good imitation of the inexpressive features of the truly humble servant, though his inclination at the moment, as the face of

the worthy Diggle came irresistibly up before him when he had first broached the project of domestic service, was to give vent to the merriment which the masquerade deserved.

"Er—how are you called, young man?" Mrs Woodruff had turned in her chair, and was addressing the new footman in her fat, musical voice.

"James, madam," came the answer.

"Then, James, I would like you to understand"—and here from the folds on her ample lap she produced a tiny toy terrier—"that it will be your section

to see after little Dewey here. Follow? You can take him for a run outside on the side-walk now."

"Thank heavens for this relief!" mused the quaintly-attired subaltern of Dragoon Guards, as he took the little shivering tyke clear of the front door. "If only some one from the regiment could see me now! Jimmy Callagher would pay forfeit in sheer ecstacy and delight if he could picture me in this fancy kit perambulating a toy terrier in the street for the good of its health!"

CHAPTER V.—BELOW THE SALT.

Osborn Herries,—or rather James,—the new footman, had been a member of the Woodruff household for three weeks. That *ménage*, under the despotic sway of John Privit, was surely shaking down into the groove it was destined to cut for itself in Mayfair. The Woodruffs, parents and daughters, had rapidly overcome their first qualms of stage fright, conjured up by the solid dignity of their new surroundings, and were beginning to experience that sense of disappointment underlying the discovery that all that was dignified and refined in English Society did not open its arms to new-comers to the plea of wealth alone. They found, as so many visitors to the great metropolis of British wealth had discovered before them, that you might have your box at the opera, dine at

the Savoy, Carlton, and Princes with untiring regularity, subscribe to and attend six charitable entertainments a-week, and still be a stranger to the distinguished persons whose names on the prospectus had loosened your purse-strings and attracted you to the function. There are no snobs like the would-be snobs, and the mere flashing of their wealth against that of other meteor descents upon Mayfair of like brilliancy was not the lode-star that had brought the Woodruff family to England. They had practised that in an atmosphere where the soil was more productive of the crop than London. It was the more subtle charm, in which popular fancy garbs the little world of elect revolving round the survival of an ancient monarchy, for which they were athirst. Imagina-

tion had deceived the Woodruffs into the belief that it had once been the right of their house to identify itself with the inmates of this sanctuary, and they now began to realise that their solid wealth was not the magic wand that instantly fulfilled the wielder's wish. John Privit pointed out to Miss Woodruff, with all the well-bred deference of his class, that the registers of Mayfair and the West End could show a wonderful tally of foreign origin, with much the same means of bolstering their aspirations as the Woodruffs, whose success had never advanced beyond the creation of a new stratum in society which the ignorant and indifferent mistook for the cream of England's aristocracy.

The Woodruffs laboured under several disadvantages, not the least of which was Maximilian J. B. Woodruff's ancient quarrel with the American Ambassador. American society in London is just a trifle more snobbish than it is in New York. Despite the text-rendering of *égalité* and *fraternité* embodied in the scare-head of the Constitution of the United States of America, the exclusive hauteur of its self-constituted aristocracy is without parallel, unless we specially produce a Hungarian magnate for the purpose of comparison. In the case of the Ambassador in London, the American society in London, being New Yorkish in tone, took its cue in the matter of class discrimination from the big residence in

Park Lane. Consequently the "Druggists from the West," as the Woodruffs had been facetiously christened in the American coterie, were not accepted by that small set of smart Americans who, in the shadow of the Ambassador and of the few heiress apostates in De Brett, enjoyed a precarious foothold on the fringe of London's real society.

In the initial stages of their English aspirations, Maximilian J. B. and The Bud worried themselves on account of this misfortune. Mrs Woodruff was far too simple-minded and unimaginative a creature to do more than echo her husband's views. As long as she was not required to over-exert herself she had no fault to find with her present life as wife of the successful millionaire and mother of two amiable and pretty daughters. If the truth were told, she was probably happier in the social solitude of her daily drives in Hyde Park than if she had constantly, as at Nob Hill and Los Angeles, to play the fatiguing part of the hostess in the public advertisement of her husband's millions.

Little Marjorie was, however, in every respect totally different to her parents and sister. She had little use for the sentiments which were the motive power of her home. Her first impulse on arriving in England had been to discover the country for herself. First, with the aid of Bristow, the coachman, she had purchased a perfect little Irish mare, which, after

she had once ridden in the Park, became the first joy of her life. And then there was so much to see and do in London. She, however, in contradiction to her sister, had speedily unearthed friends whom she had known at the college in the South, at which, on account of some whim of her own, she had been educated; and as these friends were domiciled in humble Chelsea, Marjorie had all the fun she desired in her discovery of London, without entrenching in the slightest degree upon the Mayfair schemes, which possessed little or no interest for her.

Herries had quite fallen into the ways of the house. In one way it was fortunate that fate had thrown him into a family which, above-stairs, had little knowledge of English servants. Even though the novelty of his strange surroundings had to some extent worn off, he did not find the situation as irksome as he had feared. During the first weeks of service he had always to be on watch against committing some *faux pas* which would irretrievably ruin the part he was playing. But, more readily than he could have imagined, he assimilated the functions necessary to his office, and as he rapidly became an expert man-servant he had time and ample opportunity to pursue the fascinating study of human temperament that unfolded round him.

He had realised from the outset that it would be impossible for him to impose himself upon his fellow-servants as

belonging to the same class as themselves. He remembered what de Percy Pritchard, of his own regiment, had told him. Pritchard had come through the ranks, and on first enlisting had pitched the yarn that he was the son of a country policeman. His comrades, who had detected his refined origin before he had even opened his mouth, laughed him to scorn, and at once christened him the "Copper Toff," a name which will stick to him even if he should rise to command a Division.

Herries, profiting by this experience imparted to him in his own mess-room, satisfied the curiosity of Privit and Mrs Critchins, the cook, by stating that he was the orphan son of a curate. That on his father's death he had, as a boy, tried several ways of earning a living. That he was doing fairly well in Canada, but had to come back on his mother's account, she, poor soul, having had a paralytic stroke. He could not have invented a better story. The new footman's refinement had been at once the subject of comment, even by the exquisite Stevens, Miss Woodruff's superior maid. But the hard-luck story, with the sentimental climax in a paralytic mother, immediately appealed to the ready sympathy of the servants' hall. There may be many faults below-stairs, but there is one quality which is more marked there than in the circles of the rich. There is more real and general sympathy and charity

for those of their associates overcome by trouble and destitution exercised by the lower classes than by the majority of the upper.

By real sympathy and charity is meant disinterested self-denial for the purpose of alleviating the afflictions of others. For instance, in the Woodruff's household was a harmless little kitchen-maid, who in her teens had given her honest if humble little heart to some empty-headed, swaggering soldier, who in due course had been drafted abroad. Ultimately the little maid, unable to conceal any longer from her mistress the condition to which her trust in her lover had brought her, was thrown upon the mercy of her parents. In the meanest poverty and distress the child was born, and after a time the saddened little mother placed it in a family and sought service again. She slaved away to earn the few shillings a-week that it was necessary to pay for the maintenance of her child. For her there was no holiday, no Sunday frocks, no rest. In her unutterable loneliness she confided her trouble to the maids of her class in the household. What was the result? The scorn and flouting of her self-righteous peers? No; such an attitude is the reservation of the well-to-do. The sympathetic, womanly hearts of the servants' hall melted towards the patient little soul who had been sacrificed on man's selfish thoughtlessness. And the sympathy took a con-

crete form,—a small subscription was started. Willingly did the fellow-servants forego some small luxury that this fund might be sufficient to enable their unfortunate sister to visit her baby, and to take the meagre summer holiday that was allowed, but the consequences of childish love forbade.

This instance of the characteristic finer feeling is given that the reader may not labour under a false impression of the class with which he or she may be superficially conversant in the character of master or mistress.

There was that in the character of the dashing Dragoon Guard officer, who, for a whim, chose temporarily to sink the position which was his by inheritance, which had always endeared him to his inferiors in the social scale. This charm of manner held good when he met them on an equality. His hard-luck story had paved the way, and he was surprised, as soon as the initial incongruities of the situation had become dulled, to find how extraordinarily interesting and pleasant were the paths of domestic servants in the mansions of the wealthy.

As was only to be expected, the new footman, though he was Mr Smith to his face,—the decorum on this point being very rigid,—became "Gentleman Jim" when the maids discussed him behind his back.

During the first week the entire servants' hall watched the new footman for any show

on his part of patronage and condescension. The nearest suspicion of patronage, traceable to his superior refinement, would have been so resented that his associates below-stairs would in all probability have made his life insufferable. The class is most sensitive to the suspicion of condescension in equals,—even so sensitive that it is difficult for one of gentle birth to avoid a distrust that is altogether undeserved. But as soon as it was sufficiently patent that Gentleman Jim had no intention, as Mrs Critchins, the cook, said, “of coming it over them with his superior education,” the servants’ hall opened its arms to its tall, handsome associate. It was impossible for Herries not to make a few blunders. But these trifles were soon mastered, and it was not long before Mrs Critchins, who looked upon the new footman with a kindly eye, noticed that Stevens, the lady’s-maid, found occasion to be downstairs a great deal more than had formerly been her wont, or was usual in upstairs servants.

Privit, too, had taken a great liking to his number two. John Privit was a very worthy type of his class. A west countryman by birth, he had entered upon domestic service young, and had spent his whole life in the Woodruff family. The late lamented Miss Woodruff’s father had been a man of wide experience and sympathies. At one period a close friend of the late W. E. Gladstone, he had attracted round him in

South Street a circle from the world of Art, Politics, and Letters that was considered intellectual in the ’seventies and ’eighties. Before this Mr Woodruff had travelled considerably, and on many of his peregrinations Privit had accompanied his master. Though his scholastic education had been slight, the young west countryman was possessed of no mean ability, and he profited greatly from the intelligent surroundings in which his lot was cast. As, however, he was for the most part dependent upon the reasoning of others in the views he upheld, he became dogmatic in all his arguments. The mildly Radical tendencies of the master became accentuated in the man, and at the respectable age of sixty-nine, when our acquaintance with him opens, the prospects of the Labour Party gave his socialistic tendencies and his dogmatism full licence below-stairs.

But if the new footman made a friend amongst his new associates, it was in the case of Evans, the second coachman or head groom. It so happened that Bristow, the coachman, an almost octogenarian retainer of the Woodruffs of South Street, became infirm almost as soon as the new Woodruff took him into his service. It thus fell out that Herries was thrown much into Evans’s society. Mrs Woodruff loved her carriage, and Herries gave up calculating how many hours a-week he was condemned to sit upright on the box beside Evans, as the stout British

Columbian and her fair languishing daughter were driven round London. During the long waits outside museums, picture-galleries, and theatres, the erstwhile smart cavalry officer and the funny scrap of a Cockney groom consorted and grew intimate. And presently Herries found himself quite drawn to the honest little man, who made no secret of his respectful admiration for his tall companion. Little by little Evans unbosomed himself to the new footman, who learned that Sally Brown, a kitchen-maid in South Street, was coquetting with the groom's affections.

"She's more reasonable now that I am doin' old Bristow's work," he said; but he was not optimistic about the future. "These Yanks," he continually remarked, "is so uncertain. They is good enough at the time, but they ain't reliable like, and then with all the trade goin' the way of these bloomin' 'leathernecks,'¹ a man don't know where 'e are!"

Herries would have liked to have told him, and the curly-headed, blue-eyed little slut of a kitchen-maid, that as far as one Evans was concerned, there would never be a lack of employment in his own trade,—that there was a string of hunters away in Sussex and a stable of polo ponies in Hampshire, which, before the year was out, would furnish sufficient employment for the pessimistic Evans. But the time was not yet ripe for the dis-

pensation of that patronage which is the prerogative of the rich. At the moment as James Smith, Herries was a footman on eighteen shillings a-week, and as such Evans was pleased to confide in him.

"The mistake I made," said Evans one night, as they waited in the queue of vehicles outside Covent Garden, and drowned sorrow in a jug of "Fanny Frail,"² "was ever cutting the bloomin' harmy. I'd 'a done better to 'ave stuck to it. But I couldn't stick so many bloomin' masters. But I was foolish, as I sees as 'ow most men as 'as good jobs 'as got 'em from a-follerin' their own horficers out of the service. But there was too many bloomin' lance-jacks for me. An' bein' in booze one night, I just dropped one of 'em with 'alf a brick. Took 'im slap in 'is bloomin' feather-bed!"

"Well?" queried his companion, who had never before been favoured with so much of the acting coachman's history, and was genuinely interested, as his suspicions with regard to Evans's breaking with the army crystallised.

"Well! I see'd 'is nibs a-gaspin' on the flags, so I sez to myself, drunk as I was, 'Enry Evans, your name is Mr Walker,' an' then an' there I did a guy, leavin' my bloomin' 'I'm afloat' an' all be'ind me. Chris Cherry was the cove a-flashin' 'is bloomin' wand at the main guard. 'E came out of my own mess, an' wasn't for makin' 'is nice clean

¹ Term of contempt for chauffeurs.

² Bitter ale—Cockney alliteration.

duds all grimy with scrappin' with a 'armless recruit as 'ad only proved 'e warn't a worm, by droppin' of a bloomin' sergeant, an' only actin' sergeant at that. He just shut the other eye, and old Ballincollig ain't seen nuthin' more of I. Wot ho! mare! stand still: why, you're as scared of a 'cop' as I used to be when I was fresh from the army with a Walker discharge!"

The new footman had been long enough in Evans's company to understand the quaint East End jargon into which the coachman invariably dropped as soon as he became heated in any recital which stimulated his peculiar vein of eloquence.

Of course such wit as Evans possessed was speedily exhausted. But Herries had not yet had enough of his company to completely dull the fund of the little groom's originality, though his lapses into barrack-room profanity often sickened the more sensitive ear of the masquerading officer. At such times Herries would cleverly turn the subject back to the fair but fickle Sally, and Evans, with that respectful taste which is not exclusively the possession of the rich and educated, would at once expurge the superfluous, if at times picturesque, profanity from his conversation. He made few efforts to discover the past of the new footman, with whom at first he had found it difficult to be familiar. Constantly, if the latter spoke to him suddenly, even after they had shared the box three weeks, it required a conscious

effort on the part of Evans to refrain from addressing his associate as "Sir."

But it was with the butler, John Privit, that James had most to do. Privit had educated himself well above the standard of the average domestic, and he revelled in a discussion, on an equality, with a mind which, though not as subtly trained, was better informed than his own. The past history of his subordinate interested him not a little, and having probed and found the thin socialist crust which enveloped Herries's mind, he jumped to the conclusion that the new footman was really an aspirant for Parliamentary election, and was acting his present rôle to qualify for election by that section of the Labour Party in which he himself was interested in organising—namely, the Guild of the Domestic Services.

So convinced was Privit that he had found the right line, that in a few days his dogmatic old mind had accepted his haphazard conjecture as proven fact. Inwardly he thanked his stars that it should have been his good fortune to have struck so intimately the young and active brain which was to guide the destinies of the fraternity of henchmen. His imagination carried him into a lucrative sinecure for his old age, and, determining to profit by the occasion, he at once set about introducing the new footman to all the Radical and semi-socialistic communities in which he was wont to spend

most of his leisure. Herries, seeing at once the delusion under which the old man laboured, was pleased to mildly cultivate it, for he saw therein the direction of the belowstairs current of opinion. This

current, as soon as it accepted the butler's bias, caused to cease, almost entirely, the probing cross-examination which had been the most trying feature of his first appearance in the servants' hall.

CHAPTER VI.—ATMOSPHERICS.

Miss Woodruff complained of the heat. She sat in the boudoir beside the window opened to its fullest extent, played with the latest work by Gertrude Atherton, and sipped iced water. It was a beautiful summer day, and as the fair San Franciscoan lay back in a luxuriously upholstered chair, she could enjoy the early summer fragrance from the Park, which even at this distance rolled along South Street, superior to London's universal aroma of tarred pavements. But Miss Woodruff was not in a mood to enjoy anything. She was not quite sure where the unevenness came in, but there was no doubt that the Woodruff migration to London had proved a misfit. She did not feel good, as she had told herself a dozen times a-day, during the past week. Her ample "Pop" told her that she was California-sick, and that it would come right as soon as they had "bust the English reserve and got to know people." But The Bud was not sure that it was *ennui* that troubled her. She had inherited much of her mother's intermittent lethargy. She could idle the intervals be-

tween sight-seeing in a foreign capital as well as she could play, on due notice, the rôle of spirited hostess.

Gertrude Atherton slid to the floor. This roused The Bud from a reverie. She stretched out a slim hand to the bell-push and returned to her thoughts. In due course there came a subdued knock at the door and the footman stood in the doorway.

"Did you ring, miss?"

"Yes, James. When did Miss Marjorie say she would be back?"

"She did not say, miss. The carriage is ordered for four o'clock: shall I let you know when it is ready?"

"Yes, — and, James —" Then followed an awkward pause. The Bud moved uncomfortably on her cushions, and catching sight of the footman's face in a mirror, felt the blood mount hotly in her veins. His clear-cut face was immobile enough, but the blue eyes were surely laughing at her. "Will you tell Stevens I want her."

"Yes, miss," and the door closed discreetly.

The Bud almost gave a sigh of relief. Then she jumped to her feet, and in doing so kicked

poor Gertrude Atherton still farther along the floor. The blood had mounted hotly to her face. What was it that upset her composure in the presence of this menial? Command herself as she would, she could not get away from the impression that this hired man was secretly laughing at her. His attitude annoyed her,—it made her ashamed of her inability to stifle her annoyance. She looked again in the glass and muttered, "To think that Bud Woodruff is upset by the nerve of a hired man! That would be pie to some of them in 'Frisco!"

Her maid entered. She was a common type of clean-looking English girl, remarkable for her wealth of brown hair and trim figure.

"Did you wish to see me, miss?"

"Yes, Stevens," answered The Bud, as she sank down again into the cane-chair. "Er—will you close the venetian! I have no use for the noise of Park Lane, and the noise of these motors is rather tough."

Stevens proceeded to do her young mistress's bidding, but she could not help smiling in her turn at the curious perversity of temperament that preferred, for the purpose of closing a window, a lady's-maid, who was downstairs, to a really elegantly proportioned footman, who was upstairs.

"Is that all, miss?"

"Yes, thank you, Stevens. But—say, Stevens, I shall not go out with Mrs Woodruff at four. Sit down, Stevens: now that you are up here, you might

look up these things in Baedeker. Yes, that was what I wanted. I shall be awfully tickled if we fix it ourselves."

Stevens picked up Baedeker's 'London,' which had fortunately intruded itself upon The Bud's vision when she was casting about for some excuse to keep her maid in the room. She had barely turned over a dozen pages when The Bud's languid voice apprised her that her mistress's dislike of solitude was responsible for the summons.

"Do you know who those folk are, Stevens, in the white mansion opposite?"

"No, miss; I am not sure which people you mean."

"You're always rubbering round; you must have seen them. Two elegant blondes who ride out in a dinky little car!"

"I have not noticed them, miss, but I will ask Smith; it is more in his line."

"James! what has a hired man got to do with the neighbours?"

"Well, you see, miss, he announces people, and that sort of thing. Footmen are supposed to know people. Besides, now I think of it, I believe Smith did mention the names of the people who have the white house opposite. But I am not—I am not sure that I mean the same house that you have in your mind."

The maid looked up under her lashes to see if anything was to be gathered from her young mistress's face. The Bud was gazing abstractedly over the green tops of the trees in the

Park. Presently she reopened the conversation.

"I don't care much for hired men about the house. We don't do much of that out West, where I come from, Stevens. There's usually trouble to burn if you have white men as hired helps. There must be absolutely nix for three men to do about this house. Where do they all sleep, Stevens?"

"The two footmen sleep out, miss; only Mr Privit sleeps here."

"I suppose they come to business about twelve o'clock. I never see James now in the mornings. Lazy habits, these British hired hands have!"

"I don't think they are so very late, miss; there is lots for them to do in a big house like this. Besides, since the coachman went sick, Smith takes Miss Marjorie out in the Park every morning."

The Bud turned her great faded eyes upon her maid and questioned her in unfeigned surprise.

"Takes my sister out in the Park! That's a merry thought. You are not being fresh, are you, Stevens?"

"I mean, miss, that now that Evans the groom is coachman, as Mr Bristow is sick, there was no one to go out in the Park in the morning with Miss Marjorie, so Evans told Mr Woodruff that Smith had been a groom before he was a footman, and so he has been going out with her."

"Horse-riding, you mean. That's quite another proposition."

Although Stevens was again busying herself with the leaves of Baedeker she had not missed the little atmospheric disturbance which her information had aroused. She was confirmed in the instinctive view she had taken when her young mistress, forgetting all about the required quest in Baedeker, dismissed her.

"All right, Stevens; I guess I'll get quit of these cold shivers and do something. And will you just send up James if the buggy hasn't yet come round."

The maid withdrew with the studied gravity of her class, but as she closed the door her face gave evidence of an emotion which was not entirely due to release from amused decorum. A considerable agitation was racing through Stevens's brain, and as she tripped gracefully downstairs she murmured to herself, "Will there be no end to this? Is a curly-headed servant, just because he can ape the gentleman in his manners, not only to turn the heads of all the maids downstairs, but to insinuate himself upstairs also? What kind of people are these Americans, I wonder, that their women-folk cannot find anything better to do, or any more pride, than to throw sheep's eyes at men-servants! It's a disgrace to the locality." In the excess of her jealous reflection Stevens tossed her head as she came face to face in the hall with the main cause of her agitation.

"You're wanted upstairs again, Mr Smith."

"Which upstairs, miss?" James asked smilingly, as he fell without effort into the correct bearing of his class towards the lady's-maid.

"Which would it be to such a fine gentleman as yourself, Mr Smith, but my lady's boudoir? Won't you pick a nose-gay first?" And with this vicious little retort the lady's-maid disappeared through the baize door.

The new footman leaned for a moment against the banister. "What have I done now?" he mused, overcome with mirth at the thought of what his brother officers would have said if they could have been present at this little passage of arms. If, however, Herries could have known what was passing through Miss Delia Woodruff's mind at the same moment, he would probably have been still further amused.

The Bud had thrown aside her lethargy, and was standing with her back to the fireplace: her pale face gave evidence of more expression than was usual, and her faded eyes seemed to reflect her agitation in the suspicion of a deeper flash behind them. "If that is not the limit," she said to herself. "Here's Margi in her same old tomboy way annexing the house servants for her own personal use. I have a hunch that if I set right down to it I can find an orchestra for that lovely buck to play in. Here he is!"

Herries entered, evincing all the dignity entailed by his long tan driving-coat. He stood at

a placid attention. "Did you wish to see me, miss?"

The Bud had drawn herself up to the full height of her slim length. She had intended that the interview should be conducted with much hauteur on her part. But—and herein lay the ignominy of it all—she felt herself quail before the clear blue eyes and open countenance of the man-servant. Something seemed to snap in her prearranged intentions: she averted her gaze to the window.

"Yes, James, I have gotten the idea that it will suit my complaint to take walking exercise in the mornings. Mr Woodruff has said that he does not think I should perambulate London without an escort. You will therefore, perhaps—that is, I should suggest, perhaps, you would be the best person to come out with me!"

It was unexpected, but Herries never moved a muscle. "Very good, miss; but it will interfere with Miss Marjorie's riding."

"How do you mean?"

"Owing to the ill-health of the coachman, I accompany Miss Marjorie when she rides in the Park."

"Tell Privit to hire another man to do the horse-riding. I have need of you in the mornings, and you may take it from me that I get my way in most things in this shanty."

"Very good, miss. Are you coming in the carriage?"

"No—you may go. Wait, easy there: I don't want you to perambulate all London

guyed up like that. Dress like a white man—follow?"

"I think that I understand your wishes, miss."

Was he still laughing at her? The Bud regained her composure with the suspicion that the studied good taste of the footman's English implied a mild censure upon her for her Western slang. She sat down moodily. "It's the limit to think that a hired man, and a Britisher at that, could fool me like this!"

To Herries this strange whim on the part of the undisputably directing influence in the house came somewhat as a disagreeable surprise. It was this morning ride in the Park that made his present life worth living. Moreover, when the obsequious footman allowed himself for a moment or two to think as Osborn Herries, he was not quite sure that he did not find something quite agreeable in the company of the neat little San Franciscan horsewoman, whom he helped in and out of the saddle and rode behind each day. She furnished such an absolute contrast to her sister. Whereas The Bud was meddlesome and loquacious in her attitude to her subordinates, Miss Marjorie was reserved and conciliatory. She seemed to possess that natural ease and freedom in her intercourse with those beneath her which is instinctive to good breeding; and none would have suspected, from her appearance in dress or her manner, that the small and pretty little horsewoman who, with the well-turned-out

groom behind her, was a constant figure in the Row, was a foreigner of very recent importation. Even if any one had heard her speak they might easily have been deceived; for Marjorie Woodruff had none of the trying accent, and few of the mannerisms of conversation, which were so pronounced and tiresome in her elder sister. Whereas the sister bored him, this keen little sportswoman interested the masquerading subaltern; and descending from his interview with The Bud, he suddenly realised that the pretty little Westerner with the Southern ways also found a passing interest in him. She was just returning from a swimming competition. Herries met her on the stairs.

"Beg pardon, miss; but Miss Woodruff has given orders that I am to discontinue riding out with you in the Park."

Marjorie stopped on the stairs and did what she had very rarely done before—looked the footman full in the eyes.

"Did my sister tell you that? Then, James, you must find me another man as reliable as yourself. I am very, very sorry."

She turned and was running up the stairs, leaving with the servant the vision of a very charming face, with its dark colouring ripened by the healthy glow induced by exercise. The dark hair that would never be adequately restrained had rebelled against the offices of a bathing-cap, and in its lawlessness suited the wild sweet beauty of the face. Yes, the new footman

would regret his return to his legitimate duties as an indoor servant. To that extent, at least, this one brief look into his mistress's eyes had been informing. For the first time that he could remember, Evans's witticisms that day grated on his ear as the carriage rolled the Woodruffs, husband and wife, to test, for a change, the beauties of Regent's Park.

Marjorie Woodruff would have gone straight to her own room, but that The Bud, hearing her light step on the stairs, called to her. She found her sister still standing against the fireplace in what Marjorie's experienced eye detected to be a militant attitude. Nor was she mistaken. The Bud was so upset by her own interpretation of the slight departure in household etiquette to which her sister had been a party, that she was bent on war.

"Say, Margi, it's pretty tough you annexing all the hired hands in the shanty."

"Who have I annexed, Bud?"

"Why, that great guy of a flunkey. There's nobody left to help me take my exercise."

"It has not occurred to me, Bud, that there's a famine in hired hands here. What's the mark? I want to go and make myself tidy."

Marjorie Woodruff had dropped into the ornamental cane. It was evident that she had no intention of supplying the opposition which would furnish her sister with the

relief she desired. Her expressed boredom in the theme, however, in its way, was almost as exasperating as a fighting front would have been. The Bud turned nasty.

"Don't come it that you are not wise to my mark. I've gotten on the trail all right, and it'll just be your trouble to quit your bum Southern ways right here. It's lovely billiards to find a sister of mine with her latch-string hanging out about two feet for an invite to every dandy hired man in the block. You'll understand, honey, that I'm next to your little game, an' as sure as my name's Bud Woodruff, it's bound to freeze up in Maximilian J. B. Woodruff's family circle!"

With this philippic, most of which was delivered from the doorway, The Bud, who really improved under animation until she verged upon the beautiful, withdrew.

Before the typhoon had burst, Marjorie had pillowed her head upon the cushions of the cane-chair. All through the tirade she never moved, though once the dark violet of her eyes had deepened and the grasp of her delicate hand tightened on the chair. Even when her sister had swept out of the room she had not moved. But presently her eyes began to swim. The welling tears, balancing for a moment on the dark, curling lashes, forced the dainty obstruction and dropped on to the cushions.

(To be continued.)

ODE TO ONE OF THE OLD INDIAN TROOPSHIPS NOW
LYING UP AS A COAL HULK.

How art thou fallen, fallen from thy place!
Old Ship, in whom BRITANNIA did endraft
Even those best and noblest of their race,
Her Thin Red THOMAS (forrard), and (abaft)
Knights of all shape and sort,
Grim eld and giddy wart,¹
(Myself included): when I see thee here,
Mastless, disfunnelled, black as Arthur's barge,
With pain I meditate thy proud career,
And think, how grave was thine imperial charge,
Thyself how very fine, and how exceeding large.

When thou didst start, what moving scenes were there!
How thronged the crowds to speed thee, outward-bound!
What noise—what noise of cheering shocked the air:
What stern command: what scurrings: what wild sound:
What language, too! And what
Emotion, was there not,
When, at the climax, that misguided band
Plunged with grim aptness into *Auld Lang Syne*;
And seasoned colonels, for the nonce unmanned,
Hemmed, and e'en rugged THOMAS of the Line
Dashed from his somethinged eyes the adjectival brine?

Such was thy going; but when fairly off,
Ah me, thy dalliance with the wanton gale!
Or whether thou didst wallow in the trough
(Heaving thy round white belly like a whale)
Or with ambitious screw
Winnowed the vain air—Ugh!
Enough! That corkscrew throb—that mounting poop—
Those qualms—those vivid qualms—are with me yet!
Lo, I smile wanly! I am void! I droop
Pensive the bulwarks o'er! A great regret
Fulfil me—little more, and I should be upset!

¹ A very young officer.

Quit we those epic foolings! Let us dream
Rather of those more chastened moods, when thou,
Under prest sail and a good head of steam,
In lucid waters mirrored, helm to prow,
And with a prosperous wind
Shoving along behind,
Responsibly didst urge thy passage—Lord!
That was more like! To see thee waddling by,
Pale landsmen bared the head! E'en those aboard
(Call thee what names they might) could scarce deny,
Thou Whited Sepulchre, a charm to fill the eye.

And if men cavilled at thy lack of haste,
Well, thou wert old, and when was age a crime?
And, for those breakdowns in th' uncharted waste,
Those awful newsless lapses, time on time
One would again be struck
By thy surpassing luck!
So much so, that at last there came about
'Mongst those with private interests (either way)
A certain strained expectancy, a doubt,
Painful but sporting,—one could never *say*!
Indeed, there *was* a tale; whereto I shape my lay.

There was a Regiment, a mammoth Corps,
Whose chivalry—and legion was their name—
Kept ward ubiquitous the wide seas o'er,
Sighing for vacancies that never came,—
Sighing for vacancies:
For ('twas a way of his)
Promotion long had languished on the roll,
Slow as an Orient river low in bed;
And, with much waiting, many a fiery soul
Grew *passé*, or, as they expressed it, fed
Up, so to speak, as men that saw no luck ahead.

Then came a day when thou didst bear a freight,
Ah heavens, the goodliest was ever seen!
For there were common Captains of long date,
And larger veterans (room for all, I ween)
Whereof, of that one 'Arm,'
(Gods keep them safe from harm!)

A full six score put forth. And the time past
Barren of news. And men's hearts sank like stones.

Days turned to weeks. And many said, "At last,
She's done it!" and in darkly boding tones
Made mourning for the lost, and breathed of DAVID JONES.

Then through that Royal Arm a great thrill ran;
And many a knight, with prescient zeal ablaze,
Crushed his bereavement down, and straight began
To scorn delights and live laborious days,

Hoping 'gainst hope, to pass

C., D., and E.¹ Alas!

There came a happy tidings, All was well!
Swiftly that chestnut o'er the seas did go!

'Twas said, when those glad news untimely fell,
That all that Regiment, from high to low,
Were stricken as one man, and reeled beneath the blow!

J. K.

At that time, subjects for examination for promotion.

KASHGARIA.

THERE are few places in the world so difficult to get at as Kashgaria. Though it lies in Chinese territory, the journey from Peking occupies no less than six months. From India caravans take two months, having to cross meanwhile the three highest mountain-ranges in the world by way of several passes measuring 18,000 feet above sea-level. Then from the tail-end of the Russian railway system in Central Asia one may reach Kashgar in three weeks, by several routes, all involving the transit of difficult and storm-swept passes. I came by the Indian road, and left by the Russian, experiencing thereby much travail of body, but no small degree of intellectual enlightenment.

Nomenclature in Central Asia is a difficult matter for the uninitiated. Having been there, I am perhaps able to throw some light on the subject, but only for people who are content with broad definitions and who have less regard for the exact truth than for the feelings of the chronicler. If we comprehend that Central Asia is a vague term for a well-defined region called Turkestan, we shall not be far wide of the mark; and if we know that there are three Turkestans — Chinese, Russian, and Afghan,—then we have arrived at as much understanding of the geog-

raphy as is necessary for plain folk.

Kashgar is the capital of the western portion of Chinese Turkestan, and when General Kuropatkin wrote a book called 'Kashgaria' he invented a name which has since received sanction from various authorities on Central Asia. The Tao-tai at Kashgar administers a large region, and it seems reasonable enough that the country which he controls should be so termed, even although the name has no place in history. But China has had dealings with Turkestan that date far back into the misty times before Christ. The annals of the former Han dynasty (B.C. 206-A.D. 23) make it clear that the Kashgaria of to-day was under Chinese protection in the second century B.C. Chang Ch'ien tells us of an ancient Kashgar that was a convenient and important emporium for goods in transit between the Roman Orient and the Far East. Other Chinese travellers of the fourth and seventh centuries record their experiences in the quaint and old-world manner appropriate to their times, and leave us with the knowledge that Buddhism passed from India into Afghanistan, from thence into Turkestan, and then straight east into China proper. How much of Chinese culture flowed west and influenced Greek and

Roman civilisation is one of the subjects about which scholars are vague; but they are decided in the opinion that Kashgaria was the connecting link between east and west, and that through it streamed backward and forward currents of thought which have deeply affected the trend of human evolution in Europe and Asia.

Archæological research so far has revealed nothing of pre-Buddhist times, but in later days there is evidence that Manichean doctrines and Nestorian Christianity penetrated far to the east. The tide of Islam flowed over Turkestan in the eighth century, and thereafter until to-day the country has been solid Mohamedan. How the followers of the Prophet fought amongst themselves, and with the Chinese, may be gleaned with comparative exactness from existing literature: it is one long record of fanaticism and bloodthirstiness, worthy of medieval times and Oriental passions. The Chinese generally came out on top, duly massacred their opponents, and then gradually decayed until rebellion drove them out once more. These ups and downs have no great interest for us until the famous YakooB Beg appeared upon the scene.

He selected a moment when the Chinese were in sore straits, and, putting into practice the experience gained in the wars of the Khanates against Russia, he crushed the

Celestial, over-rode all local rulers, and made himself master of the whole of Eastern Turkestan. The Bedaulat—Fortunate One—established himself so securely that Russia and India, about the year 1872, sent missions to negotiate for commercial privileges, thereby deeply offending the deposed Chinese. But after a splendid and meteoric career YakooB Beg fell on evil days. He played the part of Oriental despot so effectually that his subjects turned upon him, when the long-delayed army of retribution was sent from China. A series of defeats and a crumbling away of his power decided the Bedaulat to put his fate to the touch. He poured out two cups of tea—one poisoned, the other not. Then he went into another room and shortly afterwards ordered his servant to bring him one of the two cups. He drank the tea brought—and died. And ever since China has remained in peaceful and undisputed possession of Eastern Turkestan.

Kashgaria is said to cover an area of 350,000 square miles,—a statement that has little interest until considered in relation to the proportion which is cultivated by man. It is startling to realise that human endeavour has been capable of rendering fertile little more than a hundredth part, and that ninety-nine-hundredths of it is irredeemable desert. Indeed all Turkestan, excepting a few insignificant tracts, is governed by conditions that

are totally foreign to the whole of Europe, America, and to the greater part of Asia and Africa. Central Asia is essentially a region of oases,—a mighty desert of sand dotted with the merest pin-points of verdant green. Throughout Chinese Turkestan there is a rainfall that seldom exceeds two inches in the year. Whence, then, comes the water which alone makes cultivation possible, for there is no dew by night nor any humidity by day? A glance at the map explains the phenomenon. Kashgaria, on south, west, and north, is surrounded by towering mountain-ranges that are eternally capped with snow. In summer the relentless sun beats down upon glacier and snowfield, some of the pent-up water is released, and there flows down to the plains that modicum of the precious fluid which alone enables man to exist. Chinese Turkestan, then, is no more than a thin fringe of vegetation surrounding the limitless and waterless stretches of the Takla-Makan desert. Closely overshadowing the fringe are the mountains, floating, white and dim, high up in the air, ghosts in the moonlight, hardly to be distinguished from clouds in the broad light of day.

It is, indeed, a far and weary cry from the plains of India to those of Turkestan, but after many days there comes reward. We creep down mountain-sides, dive into long, narrow ravines, traverse gorges with precipitous sides, to find, suddenly, that we have at last actually

emerged upon open ground. Through the hazy atmosphere looms a dark line, which my cook, Kallick, explains is an *abadi*—an oasis,—the jewel of the desert. Here, after long abstinence from the comforts of life, we are able to revel in fresh fruit, golden honey, and yellow cream, and to eat our meals in a cool garden, under the shade of whispering leaves and to the music of bubbling water. Turkestan is, indeed, a country of contrasts, travelling therein consisting of periods of long-drawn-out agony and moments of deepest ecstasy.

Imagine six of the clock, and a lovely summer's evening, when the slanting rays of the sun have lost their power and growing things raise their heads, and man, woman, and child are awake and cheerful. Upon such an evening we left the oasis of Zanguia, intending to journey to the next one with the euphonious name of Pialma. We were advised to travel by night, because of the heat of the day, and if we must start before midnight, when the moon arose, it were well to have a guide, for fear of losing the way in the desert. I scoffed at the idea of the guide, but was overruled by Kallick, who flatly declined to budge without an escort. And Kallick proved to be wiser than his master. The distance to be traversed was a vague quantity, rendered more vague by the efforts of my followers to translate it into terms that appealed to my comprehension. But the fact is that nobody

knew how far it was. In Asia you start in the morning and you finish in the evening, and to desire any measurement more definite is sheer aggravation to Providence. By starting in the evening every living soul in the oasis knew we could not arrive before morning. Only I cherished the fond belief that by ten the march would be over, and that by eleven I should be asleep in a comfortable camp-bed with a good supper inside me.

The broad desert soon replaced the delightful gardens and fields of Zanguia. At seven it grew dusk, and at half-past darkness fell upon the land, and I realised that my gallant hired steed had already had enough work to last him for a week.

The descent of night upon the desert is not without charm. The haze which hangs over the horizon slowly closes in like a ring of fog. The pearly light in the sky gradually pales into colourless grey, and before one realises it the stars are twinkling in the firmament. Road there is none, for the sand is not amenable. The tracks of other travellers are obliterated by a breath of wind as effectually as the waves of the sea blot out the wake of a ship. And the flat expanse of desert, or the still more dreary gorse-betufted dunes, offer no landmark to guide the footsteps. It grew darker and darker, until the white sand itself was hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding blackness. No guide in the world could steer a course on such a night, and

it soon became evident that we were strayed from the true direction. Kallick was greatly exercised, and cursed our guide with a fervour he had better reserved for prayer. The unfortunate man wandered hither and thither in search of some indication of the line usually followed by travellers. Needless to say he found none, and we were reduced to the use of my compass, until the matches gave out. Then the tail of my old friend the Bear served us for a while, and we steered due east until bogged in a maze of dunes. These rose in front and behind like huge mountains, that melted under the horses' feet with magic suddenness as we stumbled across them. One side was a gradual slope of firm ground, the other a steep descent of loose sand in which our tired animals plunged and floundered. Half an hour of these ruthless hillocks and we halted, perceiving that further progress was useless. We must wait for the moon.

We dismounted and sat down in the sand, and I now realised why our guide carried a large melon with a tender care that added greatly to the difficulties of horsemanship. Kallick had also expressed anxiety about the melon, to my wonder, for they are as plentiful as peas wherever one goes in this country. I was thirsty, and a huge slice of the musky, water-logged fruit was like a draught of new life. Kallick and the guide sucked and wallowed over their share like a regiment of pigs. Then we all lay down on the cool sand,

while the horses grouped themselves as near as we would let them. A wriggle or two resulted in a perfect bed of ease that invited sleep—no mosquitoes, no noise, no glare; only the silence of the desert that holds no living creature, darkness illumined by the distant sparkle of stars, and the faintly aromatic breath of a gentle night-wind. I dug my hand into the sand beside me, and marvelled at its fine and silky texture as it escaped, like water, from my closed fist. On the top it was cool and dry, but a few inches down warm and seemingly moist. It smelt sweet and clean, fit to be the couch of a princess. . . . And then it was brilliant moonlight, and the nutmeg-grater that Kallick keeps in his throat proclaimed the need to be up and doing.

We trudged heavily over the dunes for half an hour, and then reached more level ground. Here the guide struck marks which he said had been made by horsemen during the day. We followed these faint indications for some distance, and then encountered a gaunt pole sticking upright in the sand—a sign to the traveller. The track regained, our pilot was able to follow it in the moonlight, and thereafter we had no trouble. For hours and hours we waded across the sea of sand, and at daylight sand still surrounded us in every direction. The sun rose higher and higher, and the heat increased. Little whirlwinds skimmed along before and on either hand, like wild animals startled

by the presence of man. The haze on the horizon grew ever upward, and finally closed in above. Gusts of wind caught up curtains of sand and flung them in our faces. The air grew hot and sultry, and we tasted the bitterness of the desert. And just as the coming storm was about to break, out of the dimness ahead there loomed a huge dark wall—the trees of an oasis! A moment more and we were in a shady avenue, our horses' feet tramping in the water of a runnel, our lungs swelling to the cool and pure air, and our eyes greeted on every hand by the lovely green of growing things.

To me it seemed like Paradise after a long and painful purgatory. The dreariness and loneliness of the desert, the utter absence of life, and the limitless extent of the sandy waste; the fatigue of urging an exhausted animal throughout the night and far into the hot and dusty day,—all had combined to fill the soul with melancholy and hopelessness. One felt like a convict condemned for life to serve in the galleys. Want of sleep and food had dulled the nerves; and it was when longing and expectation had given way to apathy that the sudden apparition of the oasis abruptly awakened the faculties.

A few days' march from the point where the Indian route debouches from the mountains lies the ancient and celebrated town of Khotan—the Yu-Tien of the Annals of 2000 years ago. Yu in Chinese signifies jade, for the production of

which Khotan has ever been famous, and with which its name has been connected in the literature of China from olden up to the present time. Students of Central Asian history tell us that Khotan was on the road between China and the river Oxus, the neighbourhood of which indicated the natural division between what might be regarded as the western and eastern portions of the then known world. The recent archaeological investigations of Dr Stein have enlightened scholars in regard to the social and religious conditions of Khotan in ancient times. To-day things are very different, for the jade mines have declined, and Khotan is no longer on the high road to China, but is a backwater of a community that is itself one of the most remote and inaccessible in the world.

Hitherto the oases we had passed were small and insignificant, and it was with delight that we approached the large and fertile district in which Khotan is the principal town. From absolute desert the track plunges into a narrow lane flanked with tall trees, whose branches meet overhead. Beyond is a low leafy avenue, and on either side fields covered with tall green crops. Willows and poplars in double lines follow the road, and between each double line is a canal of running water. Every now and then these canals cross the road, the smaller ones in a banked-up bed through which a horse walks, the bigger spanned by rustic bridges,

whose wooden planks resound dully to the tramp of the hooves. Here and there are clusters of buildings, presenting to the road straight mud walls in which open gateways permit passing glances of picturesque interiors. These are farm-houses, low dwellings built of mud and wooden beams, single-storeyed and windowless to the road, and quite devoid of architectural ambition. But the courtyards and pillared verandahs that are visible inside every gate make one long to investigate these tree-embowered and nestling abodes.

Many of the fields that skirt the way are on a higher level, so every now and then the ears are greeted by the thunder of a mimic waterfall. A small stream spouts through the hollow trunk of a tree and plunges noisily into a pool. Such places are the joy of village urchins, male and female, who in the clothes in which they were born disport boisterously from early morn to dewy eve. Where the bridges are there are loungers gossiping to the gentle stimulus of the murmuring water. Mothers with babes in cradles, and bigger ones sprawling naked in the clean soft loess, bring their knitting here, and under the shade of the trees coo lullabies, or scarify their neighbours, according to the exigency of the moment.

Every now and then one comes to a bazaar, completely shaded by an awning of matting. Rows of shops on either side have little verandahs supported by wooden pillars,

which extend upward through the roof to a height of twelve or fifteen feet. Upon these are cross-beams that support the matting, a tattered protection which here and there lets the light through and spangles the roadway with brilliant sunbeams. The bazaar is a dim and dusky place at first, and infinitely satisfying to eyes aching from the heat and dust of the desert. On market-days it is a crowded and busy place, but for six days of the week it is deserted, a cool and silent aisle along which village ancients and little children proceed sedately. The shopkeepers are elsewhere, their goods carried by strings of donkeys, and in due sequence they are visiting neighbouring bazaars, changing each quaint and peaceful shady street into a scene of moving colour and a babel of contending tongues.

Having arrived at Khotan itself, we inquired for the Indian Aksakal, a local cloth-merchant of Bajauri descent, who represents the British Empire for emoluments that amount to forty rupees per mensem. Passing through several streets, we came to one where a small crowd blocked the way. Here I was astonished to be addressed in English by a man wearing what looked like British uniform. This individual turned out to be Dr Abdul Aziz, once hospital assistant to the Agency at Kashgar, but now retired from the Indian service and practising medicine on his own account. Among the people who quickly surrounded us

was the Aksakal, who greeted me warmly, and said he had been expecting me for months. I made the acquaintance of many familiarly clad and mannered people, who salaamed in Indian fashion and spoke Hindustani. The Aksakal is the centre of a little colony of emigrants from over the Himalayas, all of whom seemed delighted to see me. While conversing with the doctor I cast my eyes to the side of the street, and there perceived a very stout woman sitting on the edge of the verandah fronting a shop. She it was who had attracted the crowd. She was a sufferer from dropsy, and had paid my new friend a large sum to relieve her of the hogshead or so of water that had collected in her body. The doctor, not liking to make a mess of his dispensary, had taken the good woman into the street and there operated upon her. She was now visibly lessening, to the marvel of the onlookers and the enhancement of the doctor's reputation.

The Aksakal now led us to the quarters that had been so long prepared. We passed out of the city and along some delightful wooded lanes, until we came to a high and uninteresting mud wall over which showed a forest of trees. Entering a gate, we passed through a courtyard of extreme ugliness, and then into another with verandahed buildings. Approaching by a low doorway, we found ourselves first in a room with raised dais, evidently a waiting-place

for servants. Through another door there was a large dim chamber latticed with wood, carved with the delicate tracery of Saracenic art. Thence through a passage we entered the garden beyond. Down a flagged walk, deeply scored with shadow, there peeped through the trees the roof of a small building, the summer-house where I was to live. Inside this dainty pavilion the floor and dais on either side were covered with the famous richly-coloured carpets of Khotan. Eight windows of lattice work let in a pleasant light from the shady garden outside, and the scent of flowers and the twittering of birds that drifted through kindled the desire to dwell here to the end of one's days.

The minions of the Aksakal now brought in the bundles they carried, and covered the table with plates, which they heaped up with sweetmeats of various kinds. A huge tray of fruit, comprising a melon, peaches, grapes, pears, nectarines, and four different kinds of plums, immediately attracted my attention, and for half an hour I behaved like a famished wolf. The Mussalmans and Hindoos from India arrived in great numbers to pay their respects to the Sahib from their own country, and I had to do the honours with tea and slices of the melon. The Mohamedans were graciously pleased to eat and drink in my company, but the Hindoos would not risk their eternal welfare to please me.

But they were all charmingly deferential, and made me feel quite like a rajah in his own durbar hall. They based their homage on the fact that they were subjects of the Sirkar, and gave me the impression that they were glad to see me out of pure patriotism.

In the afternoon we went for a ride round the town. The Doctor lent me his horse, the tallest in Khotan, a handsome chestnut mare from Badakshan, with arching neck, sweeping tail, and undecided forelegs. She was wont to carry the attenuated little Doctor without knowing it, but a heavy-handed, twelve-stone rider was not at all to her liking. The highly-fed brutes, caparisoned in silver and rainbow, ridden by my numerous escort, were also on their hind legs, so our progress through the city indicated its inspection by persons of high rank. As we passed through the streets everybody sitting down stood up, and everybody walking pressed to the side to let us pass, whilst low and respectful *salaam-alaikums* proceeded from many bowing figures. The narrow bazaars were full of people on foot and on horseback, and in the shops a countless variety of merchandise was displayed in the open verandahs. Bakers' shops and cook-houses seemed to predominate, the latter savoury to the nostrils and appetising to the eye. Saddlers were greatly in evidence, while fruit-sellers occupied every possible niche and corner. Not

a little of the charm of this quaint city is due to the coverings which shade every busy street. The pleasant half-light conceals nothing of interest, and perhaps hides much that would lose picturesqueness in the glare of broad day.

Bazaars all over the East are much alike in general aspect, and if one is to find variation it must be in the people. Turkestan in this respect is distinctly different from anything in India, probably because the people are solid Mohamedan instead of being divided into many religions and castes. India gives an impression of gravity and inscrutability, and of poverty, which is entirely lacking here. There are no naked coolies in the streets, the colour of the people is much lighter, everybody appears to be well-clad and well-fed, while the emotions are freely indicated on the faces around one. The numbers of women in the streets and in the shops add no little to the colour and life, and prompt the observation that here is an eminently human and natural scene.

Hardly had I settled myself down in Nar Bagh than there arrived an important messenger bearing the visiting-card of the Amban, or Governor of Khotan. His Excellency begged to know when it would be convenient for me to receive his visit. I replied that I considered it my duty first to pay my respects to the Amban, and that I would do myself the honour to call upon him the following day.

The Aksakal and my servants evidently regarded the forthcoming civilities with great satisfaction. Kallick said I must put on my best clothes; while Raheem, who was to interpret, rigged himself out in a style that put my own humble shooting-gear sadly in the shade. At twelve o'clock there was a big muster in the courtyard, and the Aksakal sent a man galloping to warn the Yamen that the visitor was coming. Our procession was headed by a Yuz-bashi, dedicated by the Chinese to my service while I stayed in Khotan. I followed this personage at a distance of six lengths, riding the doctor's mare, who, from her behaviour, must have had a whin-bush mixed with her tail. Half-a-length in rear the Aksakal attended me, riding a magnificent black mule that was almost hidden beneath silver plate and silken saddlecloths. Then came Raheem and a long tail of riders clad in highly-coloured robes. Evidently it was business to proceed slowly, and to impress the populace with the high spirit of our horses and the brilliancy of our equipment.

The doctor's mare did most of the short distance sideways, and frightened a great number of people, including her rider. The circus behind me squealed and kicked and reared to the entire satisfaction of the Aksakal, who said it was necessary for a Sahib to make a commotion when he rode abroad. Arrived at the Yamen, we all advanced to a big door, the

opening of which was the signal to dismount. Passing through the gateway, I found myself in a large courtyard lined with spearmen standing at attention. Several doors, one behind the other, now opened, and there appeared a vista of flagged courtyards, down which hurried with outstretched hands a beautifully dressed and beaming Chinaman.

He led me by the hand through the courtyards until we arrived at the holy of holies, —a small room upholstered in red, and hung with texts from the *Analects*. Here a small table was covered with sweets, fruits, cigarettes, &c. The tea ceremony came first. The Amban took a beautiful gold-enamelled cup from an attendant, held it in both hands, bowed over it like a *prima donna* with a bouquet, and then set it before me. Then he dropped six large lumps of sugar into it, stirred it, and beseeched me to drink. But, having been there before, I knew what to do, and I bowed over and sugared his own cup with a vigour that must have made him thirsty for a week. We now proceeded to conversation.

He had a Turki interpreter, and so had I. He spoke Chinese to his, and I spoke Hindustani to mine, so it is conceivable that by the time my British sentiments were reduced to Chinese their character may have altered somewhat. All my people had crowded into the room after me, and whatever space was left vacant his attendants filled.

But only he and I occupied chairs.

After the usual inquiries and answers regarding my journey, we proceeded to more general topics. He asked me why I had come to Turkestan, and I asked him his age. He inquired if I was married, and I inquired what his salary was. He said Khotan was a filthy place, and I said it was more like heaven than an earthly city. He said that the Chinese were dirt under the feet of Europeans, and I said it was only swine that trod upon pearls.

After that I took my leave, and he said he would return my visit the following day. He escorted me to the gate, the while a band played, to the uneasiness of the waiting horses, who were as impatient of discord as their masters. We shook hands with great impressiveness, and I then turned to mount. Just as I had one foot in the stirrup and a leg in the air, a cannon was fired. By grace I was able to remain in the saddle, but a second thunderous discharge, and then a third, drove the horses mad with excitement, and I felt that if the salute was going to be seventeen or nineteen guns I would be quite undone. Fortunately I was not ranked higher than three, and we filed out of the gate of the Yamen with an *éclat* highly gratifying to the Aksakal, but not at all to the peace of my nerves.

As already mentioned, it was evidently the thing to ride to visits at a decorous pace, but

the after-etiquette is quite different. No sooner was I clear of the Yamen than the Yuz-bashi clapt his heels to his horse and went off like a rocket. My old mare darted after him, and in a second the whole of our cavalcade was in full gallop round a corner, down a side street, and into the bazaar. The bazaar was crammed with people, but the Yuz-bashi tore through them, roaring "Khush! Khush!" and laying about him with his whip in a fashion I would have deemed entirely cheerful had I been certain that the mare would not suddenly crumple up beneath me. The only thing I definitely remember about that ride was the spryness with which grave white-bearded Mullahs and Hadjis took the wall as we swept by like a tornado. One old jack-in-the-box sprang right from under my horse's feet, and as we shaved past him my foot and stirrup, with a loud crack, split the end three feet of his floating robe.

Having exhausted the sights of Khotan, we prepared to bid adieu to Nar Bagh. I paid good-bye visits to various officials in the Yamen, and had much ado to prevent a farewell demonstration. My intention was to set forth in shirt-sleeves and a very ancient nether garment, and lacking certain accessories without which one could hardly appear in official company. Starting off in such unencumbered fashion, I hoped to ride through the afternoon, evening, and night, and so cover

about eighty miles by morning. The Aksakal and his following were not to be got rid of so easily; but as the shirt-sleeves would do for them, I did not mind. We set forth at two in the afternoon, and rode through the bazaar and out at the western gate.

It was a long and wearisome journey to Yarkand, prolific of vicissitude and mild adventure; but on the fifth day we rode into the city whose very name is redolent of the romantic pages of 'The Thousand and One Nights.' It was bazaar day, and every one of the 60,000 inhabitants were in the streets mingling with the thousands who had come in from outlying districts to trade or make holiday. The dim aisles of the bazaars were packed tight with people, and progress on horseback was almost impossible. It was curious to find how quiet it all was, despite the bargaining that went on and the beggars that proclaimed their need. The contrast between the gravity of long-bearded, long-robed, and sanctimonious Hadjis and Mullahs and the gaily clad women, veiled and unveiled, was entirely pleasing to one's æsthetic soul. A decent Mus-salman of mature years is the very epitome of respectability, worthy of being matched in this respect against any cottar of bonny Scotland.

Down the crowded bazaar comes some petty Chinese official, representative of the dominant race, — a figure as important here as is the white man in India. He is preceded

by horsemen, who clear the road, shouting "Khush!" to the well-clad and giving stick to the ragged. The mask-like face of the opium-smoking Celestial, his fine clothing and his powerful horse, are entirely foreign to the scene: he represents another part of the world, where there is more character and intelligence than in Turkestan. The Kalendar is a feature of the bazaar. He clears a corner for himself, and then declaims in a loud voice his allegiance to the Almighty: more oft he declares himself in league with Providence, and the people who ignore him are characterised as setting themselves against the Divine will. He makes a fair living—partly because of his pertinacity, and partly because people give him a trifle on the off-chance that it may stand to their credit in the

hereafter. Beggars have their own corners, from which they bawl appeals in the name of Khoda. They mostly suffer from deformity or disease, and are generally people one would not care to meet in a lonely place or after a St Andrew's dinner.

The bazaar differs little from that of Khotan. The shops are bigger, and there is more cheap Russian trash in the way of coloured boxes, looking-glasses, beads, and suchlike. But the *tout ensemble* is exactly the same, from the fruit-sellers to the matting that gives grateful shade. I visited silk-reeling establishments and carpet factories, drank tea in company with country farmers, and took my fill of the sounds and colours that make Yarkand one of the fascinating places of the fascinating East.

DAVID FRASER.

LEAVES FROM AN OLD COUNTRY CRICKETER'S DIARY.—II.

It is a capital offence, so at least I have been informed, to speak either to the man at the wheel aboard a ship or to a billiard-player on his stroke. Let me add that it is imprudent for a batsman to ply the bowler with conundrums just as the latter is on the point of delivering the ball. There are to be found in the ranks of a good many amateur sides one or more curiously constituted individuals who seem to imagine that a certain type of ball, often sent down by a left-handed bowler who comes with his arm, is intended to be played with a body instead of a bat. Possibly the flight of the ball deceives the batsman. Or, again, under the present lbw. rules, he holds himself entitled to defend his wicket with a larger in preference to a smaller surface. Such a man I met long years ago on the Clydesdale ground near Glasgow,—a thoroughly genial and whole-hearted cricketer, whose powers of assimilating cold beef and pickles at the luncheon table commanded my warmest admiration. He was almost as good a talker as he was eater, and entertained me after the meal with many a good yarn of cricket feats,—feats of course “*quorum pars magna fuit.*” Not without some trepidation, then, though certainly with wholesome respect, did I advance to the attack, when some two hours later he came

in at what used to be the crack batsman's place — *i.e.*, second wicket down. His deliberate method of procedure was in all respects consonant with his local reputation. For he measured the distance for his guard twice over; made a small cross on the ground with a bail, walked slowly to the back of the wicket, from which position he aimed over it with his bat held like a gun; walked back again to pat and dust the pitch, invoked the assistance of one umpire to roll up his shirt-sleeves and button his gloves; instructed the other umpire exactly where to stand; stared hard at the field collectively, and then at each man individually; and finally issued a precept to his colleague—

“Dinna rin ower fast, man Alick, till I'm weel at hame wi' it,”

I took credit to myself under the circumstances that my first two balls to him were quite respectable. With luck either might have hit the leg-stump. As it was, both missed the bat and were stopped by the right knee, necessitating two distinct and prolonged spells of rubbing. Then at the very instant that I was preparing to deliver the third ball, the batsman fairly put me off by suddenly abandoning his crouching attitude, standing bolt upright, and inquiring—

“Hae ye ony parteecular

grudge agin me, Maister Booler?"

A bowler compelled to laugh and thrown out of his stride at a critical moment cannot be held responsible for the vagaries of the ball. I am sorry to say that my third delivery pitched half-way and, rising rapidly, caught the batsman a resounding thwack on the shoulder. He took the incident in very good part, even to admitting his own share of the responsibility. But it was only when we forgathered later on in the day that he furnished an explanation.

"I'll no say that ye're no a verra decent and ceevil-spoken bawdy gin a man come to talk wi' ye. But eh, man! when ye rin up tae the weecket your face was just deevilish!"

To yet another batsman of the same order, whom I met on the Lyric Club ground, the very possession of a bat might be accounted a work of super-erogation. A single bat should at any rate have lasted that particular player for a whole lifetime. For on his own confession, the bat is to be regarded as an article of ornament only, and must at all hazards be shielded from contact with the ball. *Per contra*, he seemed to have cultivated, even to the highest degree of perfection, the art of hitting nearly every ball with one or another portion of his body, and he added to the score of his side eight runs inclusive of seven leg-byes off the only five balls that I sent down to him. When he arrived at my end on the conclusion of an

over in which he had scored a four off his thigh and a single off his knee-cap, I ventured an apology.

"I am really very sorry for knocking you about so much. The wicket seemed to play all right when we were in, but I suppose it has got out up."

"Oh no, I don't think so," he said, with all the cheerfulness in the world, "and please don't apologise. I always get my runs like that."

Much more severe, though not meant to be ill-natured, was a remark made by H. H. Stephenson, whom I met in a country cricket match at a period when I was young and vigorous, and perhaps inclined to sacrifice accuracy of pitch and direction to mere pace. The wicket was both fast and fiery, and the ball was flying about in all sorts of unexpected fashions.

"Have you ever had an inquest on the ground where you've been playing, my lad?" inquired Stephenson quite seriously, after sampling two overs.

"No."

"Well, then, as I've got a wife and family, I don't want to be the first subject. Take it easy, good lad, take it easy; the crowner can afford to wait."

I have never taken part in a "clowns' match," but on three occasions have played against men who gave an exhibition of monkey-tricks when they were supposed to be batting. In two cases the comedy was converted into something like a tragedy at the expense of the performers; but a dear old friend, whose name must ever

be honoured at Harrow, fairly kept the laugh on his own side. He was a man of many theories, and among other paradoxes advanced at a cricket lunch, maintained that the proper place to take guard against a fast bowler is somewhere just short of the middle of the pitch. An hour or so later he gave us a practical illustration, and, the wicket-keeping not being of a high order of merit, the honours of the day remained with the theorist. One particular stroke I shall never forget. I chucked a slow full pitch high over his head, and the wicket-keeper's hands were duly extended to catch it, when the batsman, who had all along displayed considerable agility, rushed at him, brandishing his bat. The wicket-keeper promptly fled, and the ball was smacked over long-stop's head to the boundary.

In Breconshire, where the cricket used not to be of a very high order of merit, I was not a little amused by the indifference with which the captain of the opposing side accepted the rapid dismissal of his first three partners. When the third wicket fell he had only himself had one ball, off which he had managed to scrape a single. Three wickets for something under ten runs is a poor show in a one-day match, when the other side have had first knock and put together upwards of a hundred and fifty. But as each wicket fell the captain merely nodded his head, and growled out mysterious hints of a judgment to come.

"Just you wait, my bonny

man, till Dick B—— comes. It's him as'll tease you."

"Why, what will he do?" I inquired, after hearing the same remark three times.

"He'll tease any bowler in England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales. There he is a-coming now, and you mark if he don't show you."

I could see that the great Dick's advent caused no small perturbation in the field, and it was evident that he might be numbered among the lucky professors of a craft who find honour in their own country. He was a well-built and active-looking fellow, with quite the most comically ugly face that I ever clapped eyes on. Pads and gloves he disdained the use of, and even seemed to regard the process of taking guard as an empty formality. He assumed in the first place a stooping attitude, but when I got half-way in my run he suddenly ran forward, flourishing his bat, and made a hideous grimace at me.

I was young in those days, and over-easily put off.

"Wide," called the umpire, and the other batsman chuckled audibly. The next ball, quite well pitched if it had ever been allowed to pitch at all, he volleyed out of the ground.

"Over," called the umpire, and the opposing captain remarked to me by way of consolation—

"Didn't I let on as old Dick'd tease you?"

For about six overs the great Dick played the cat and banjo with the bowling at both ends, entirely monopolising the bat-

ting, and scoring off nearly every ball. He was as quick on his pins as a cat, had an eye like a hawk, and hit like a horse kicking. With three wickets only down for somewhere about sixty runs, and Dick "teasing" the bowlers to his heart's content, the prospects of the other side looked quite rosy.

"Try one more over," said our captain; and once again the opposition captain, a familiar beast who seemed to take an unholy pleasure in that irritating process called rubbing it in, put a great clammy paw on my shoulder, and repeated for about the sixth time—

"I said as how he'd tease you."

"Well, I'm going to tease him now," and a moment later I felt that I could have bitten my tongue out. Either the batsman's foot slipped or the ball swerved in the air. Anyhow, hitting outside a really fast one which he had meant to convert into a full pitch, he just turned it on to the inside of his own knee. Alas! poor teaser! Probably the mischance cost his side the match. He struggled on manfully with the help of a runner for a few more minutes. But an essentially quick-footed hitter, chained to the crease, and with only one leg to stand upon, is somewhat in the same condition as a caged lion whose teeth have been drawn and claws out. The innings terminated for eighty runs, and I am glad to say that the captain just failed to carry out his bat.

Fortunately, on the other occasion it was not I who executed judgment on the monkey-trick player, though I am afraid that I made myself an accessory to the act by contributing to the ruffling of the other bowler's temper. Good old Sol W—— was hardly one of the best cricketers of his day, but certainly one of the pluckiest and most cheery-hearted. What was his day exactly? Throughout the whole period of our acquaintance, say ten or twelve years, whether in the cricket-field or elsewhere, he never looked a day older, but rather seemed to have been awarded by Providence the gift of perennial middle age. Clean-shaven, well groomed, tall and upright, benevolent of countenance, he was one of those men who look forty when they are thirty, thirty when they are forty, and go on to the end of the chapter shedding a stray decade or two. His dress on the cricket-field—grey shirt, grey flannels, the latter perfectly cut and always clean, white cap, which looked equally fresh from the wash on any day in the week—suggested the cricketing rector of a country parish, or the self-respecting butler who, even in the hours of relaxation, deems it part of his duty to set an example as well in dress as in deportment to the younger male servants of the establishment. I really caught myself addressing Sol as "Sir" on the first occasion that I met him in a village match, under the impression that he was the parson of the

parish, only to find him returning the compliment as in the capacity of waiter he offered me a dish of peas in the luncheon tent. Sol never forgot his place, in that respect resembling the really high-class professional cricketer of the present day. He was always civil and friendly, equally ready to smile at a joke and to look serious on proper occasion, knew how to play a losing game right up to the bitter end and with cheerfulness, was the first to acknowledge in the hour of victory that his side had had a bit the better of the luck. But withal, from the moment that he found a bat in his hand he was a cricketer essentially of the mountebank order, whose value on a side was to be assessed not so much by the runs which he either made or saved, as by those which he fairly jockeyed out of the opposing party. Hustling the field he had raised to the level of a high art, and had reduced the stealing of runs to an accurate science. Extraordinarily fast between the wickets for a man of his years—whatever those years were,—by reason of backings up, feints, and false starts, he ran at the very least full forty yards for every run registered on the scoring-sheet during his stay at the wicket. Unnecessary, perhaps, some of his many wiles and manœuvres, unnecessary even to the degree of being aggravating, but often only too effective. He certainly had the faculty of keeping the other side on tenterhooks, and the unwary fieldsman who took

old Sol too seriously was fain to tear his hair and give vent to words of ill-omen before he had seen the back of him. A wicket-keeper who had encountered Sol for the first time would have been something more than humanly wise if he had failed to be occasionally taken in by him.

Once only in the course of a lengthy cricket career have I seen a batsman lose his wicket by starting for a fresh run when the wicket-keeper was actually holding the ball in hand close to the bails behind him. The mistake under the circumstances was excusable. The gentleman was playing for the first time in his life in the Infantry Barracks at Windsor. There, a very gentle stroke past cover-point may produce two runs, but a hard cut rebounding off an opposing wall is by way of being gently returned to cover-point, or even a fieldsman a good deal nearer to the wicket-keeper. There are a good many walls about one way or another, to say nothing of a few mess-room windows, stables, &c., but no hit that does not go actually out of the square is accounted a boundary hit. The ill-fated stranger had gone in first, and his share in a long and prolific innings began and ended in seeing his partner make an exceptionally hard cut off the first ball of the match. As the ball travelled like lightning past point's left hand, the non-striker put his head down and ran like a bullock, with visions of a possible six

floating in his mind. The striker, who knew the ropes, had trotted quietly down to the bowler's end, and turned to see his eager partner already half-way up the pitch again, while the wicket-keeper to whom short-slip had tossed back the ball was leisurely flicking off a bail.

And the moral, as my friend the Duchess called it, of this rather lengthy interlude? Not thus, indeed, so far as I happen to know, was my old friend Sol ever caught napping. But time after time did I see him make a considerable fool of a strange wicket-keeper. For among his cleverest tricks was a way he had of turning and apparently getting well on his way for a third or fifth run, as if in total ignorance that the ball had been returned.

"How's that?" and even as he swept off the bails and appealed, the wicket-keeper would hear a quiet chuckle, and, lo and behold! there was old Sol doing a sort of running goose-step with his bat just inside the crease.

There came a memorable day when in a match between two very strong sides—all things in cricket, as I have said, go by comparison—Sol won the game for his side as indubitably as I myself lost it for mine. A good deal of the batting talent of no less than four second-class counties was represented in that one-day match. But cricket is a very uncertain game, and a carefully prepared wicket on a comparatively new ground played some very curious

tricks, with the result that matters went all criss-cross with the batsmen. We won the toss, and after finding ourselves all tumbled out for less than forty runs, narrowly escaped winning the match. Thanks, however, to the exertions of old Sol on the one side and myself on the other, we were beaten on the first innings by five runs. Then we went in again and made about three hundred, and got their five best wickets down for something under ten.

"Prendite præcipitem: post est occasio calva."

The reflection that one ought to have won is never satisfactory.

On our side, however, was playing almost as remarkable a character as Sol himself, but a far better cricketer,—a man, indeed, whom I to this day maintain to have been on a certain type of ground the most deadly bowler—deadly in all senses of the word—that I ever watched at short-slip. Sam J— was a pig-drover, or pig-jobber, by profession, and drove a flourishing trade on the borders of Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire. Quâ cricketer, I should write him down as probably belonging to the old five-bob-a-day-and-grub semi-professional. Possibly he called himself an amateur, and possibly again he was at least as *bond-fide* an amateur as some are to-day. I cannot remember that I ever saw him wearing what a reasonable being could call a white pair of flannels, even if he wore flannels at all, and I should

doubt whether he ever owned a pair of cricket-shoes in his life. But as a bowler—if he really was a bowler—he stood in a class by himself. For two reasons, I would have dearly loved to see him perform at Lord's. In the first place, I should like to have seen how batsmen of the Grace or Stoddart type would have played him; then again, I should have been curious to learn whether his delivery would have passed muster with a first-class umpire. By the mercy of Providence, I was never called upon to bat against his bowling, but when standing at short-slip I had my doubts about the fairness of his action. As an under-hand bowler Sam could not, indeed, be suspected of throwing, but whether he really bowled the ball, or jerked it, must remain under unsolved problems. What a pace the fellow got on! and what uncanny tricks the ball could play, when it had been once dismissed from that black right hand with a perceptible click, which might have come from legitimate finger action or again might have been the result of the contact of hand and hip! There was some sense, after all, in the wearing of dingy-coloured inexpressibles. Shooting, hopping, spinning, twisting, the ball travelled down the pitch like a thing possessed by an evil spirit in a tearing hurry to get home. Take a certain amateur lob-bowler who hails from Worcestershire, multiply pace, spin, and devil by four,

and you may get some glimmering of what Sam's bowling was like, as I saw it nearer thirty than twenty years ago. True, wickets were none too good in those days, and in our part of the world many were of the fast and fiery order. I never then had an opportunity of seeing what Sam could do on a bread-and-butter wicket, or even on a bad wicket, against a really first-class side. But I did see him roll out a touring professional team, most of them county players, at a local publican's benefit match, for somewhere about twenty runs on a wicket which, if not good, was not exceptionally bad.

"And there ain't a man jack on 'em as gotten down to t' other end, 'cept him as old Sam shot out fust ball, as ain't got his mark on him, so as he'll know him agin."

So commented our umpire.

However—one wicket to fall, two runs to tie, and three to win, Sam at the top of his form, Sol in at one end, and a veritable rabbit—the other side's fast bowler—at the other. What a good match it was, to be sure! and what an unmitigated donkey was I! Was I, though? Two really good fieldsmen were all ready to back up, and under the circumstances a single, which would have taken Sol to the other end, would in all probability have won the match for us. The first ball of Sam's new over was a beauty. Turning in just a shade too much, it glanced off the top of Sol's right pad,

missed the off-stump by half an inch, was handled, but not stopped cleanly by the wicket-keeper, and rolled on the ground four or five yards behind him.

"How's that?"

"Not out."

"Come along, lad!"

All these in an instant, and I thought that Sol, who, as he called, made a sort of bolt up the pitch, really meant going that time. I let fly accordingly. But the old soldier's bat was down again like a flash of lightning; it was touch and go between bat and ball. I hit the wicket fair and square, and there was a universal appeal.

"How's that?"

"Not out," said the umpire. And the ball?

The beastly thing went off at an obtuse angle, fairly beat short-leg, who had naturally started in the wrong direction, and travelled to the one and only boundary.

History, which so often repeats itself, did so on that occasion. The match being lost, I took the liberty of having another plug at old Sol's wicket the very next ball. Of course I missed the wicket, and of course I can swear to this day that Sol would have been out if I had hit it; equally of course short-leg, instead of attending to the game, was arguing with the umpire about the previous decision. How-

ever, it was not that four that mattered. Yet Sam, if he had not too many brains, had certain feelings on the subject of his bowling analysis. He was stone deaf as well as stupid, and, like other deaf men, sometimes imagined that he was only thinking when he was really talking quite loud.

"Leastways I'll stop his dancing," and with that—I had often wondered in my own mind whether he really had any control of the ball, or whether he simply plugged away for all he was worth and trusted to the ball to work out its own salvation or the other party's destruction.

Now, however, the doubt was resolved. For he sent down the most vicious of daisy-cutters, which, twisting in at the crucial moment, beat the bat entirely, and laid poor old Sol low with a small bone broken in the region of the ankle.

It was the end, not of the innings only, but of Sol's cricket career, and on the same day ended my acquaintanceship with the other party to the transaction. For all I know to the contrary, Sam J—— may still be jobbing pigs in the midland counties. But I have not the slightest desire to do a deal with himself, because I am sure that the man who got upsides down with old Sol would be certain to get the best of any bargain.

YUSUF.

HAD the ten tribes of Israel not been lost, it is possible that Yusuf would have been styled Jew instead of Pathan, for while his name was obviously only an orientalistised version of Joseph, his features were those of an elderly, disreputable, and very dirty Semite. In character, too, he showed certain traits that are said to distinguish those of Jewish blood, the most predominant of which was a miserly and insatiable avarice: with this he combined a stubborn will and a very touchy pride, while the whole was seasoned with a dash of cruelty and several dashes of cunning. He really was a most unpleasant old man, who throughout his fifty years of life had made the pursuit of personal gain second only to that of a very moderate amount of personal comfort, and to the preservation of a whole skin. For near nine-and-forty years he had never made a mistake, unless we count the moral error of making away with the younger brother who was to have shared with him the paternal heritage; but in his fiftieth year he committed an act of folly that amply atoned for the discretion for which the previous forty-nine had been so conspicuous.

Sagacious as Yusuf was, he failed to reflect that the begetting of an heir, though highly desirable in itself, was an act necessarily fraught with other complications; and

so, when at the age of fifty he looked round among the women of the land for one who would make him a wife, his only misgiving was as to the number of rupees he would have to disgorge in order to effect the match.

Unfortunately there is no proverb in the Pushtu language to warn the unwary that one mistake leads to another, and so it came about that Yusuf made his second and more serious error. This was nothing less than falling in love.

It was by the merest accident that he did so, for, of course, he had no business to see the face of his future bride till he was married to her, but one fine day he happened on Gul Bibi with her face unveiled—and that was the undoing of Yusuf. Love seized him as it sometimes does seize the Oriental who, as a rule, weds for expediency and quite regardless of that gentle emotion; love seized him fiercely—irretrievably; and so it was that elderly, ugly, unclean Yusuf felt a thrill of sudden passion when his eyes fell on Gul Bibi, and he knew, just as a civilised young Westerner sometimes knows, that that was the only woman in the world for him.

Afzal Khan, the father of Gul Bibi, made no objection to the match, for though Yusuf was not popular he was accounted well off according to trans-

frontier standards: the protestations of the lady were naturally regarded as beneath all notice. So it was that, a few weeks later, escorted by shouting men, and moving to the thunder of tom-toms and to the squeal of the *surnais* (native pipes), Yusuf brought his poor little bride home to his fortified house that stood on the outskirts of Sher Kila.

In the house of Afzal, her father, the life of Gul Bibi had been, if not eventful, at all events pleasant: there had been a sister and two brothers, and the constant stream of wayfarers whom Afzal, a man known for his hospitality, almost daily entertained, had provided news of that great outside world which Gul Bibi had no prospect of ever seeing with her own pretty black eyes. But those eyes had often sparkled at the tales brought by men who had fared from the Amir's city of Cabul, or had opened wide at the accounts she heard from those who had journeyed in Hindustan, and told of how the white women went unveiled to all the world, rode upon horses, and even played at games of ball with the Sahibs.

But now all these little diversions were things of memory, and of memory only. In Yusuf's house she was alone, save for her husband and for the decrepit old woman who did the menial work. Here were no travellers to feed, for these knew that there would be but a cold welcome for such

as they from the close-fisted Yusuf.

Her ugly, elderly husband was abhorrent to her, and she shrank from the caresses which she loathed; while even the gaze with which he followed her movements filled her with repulsion, and served to perpetually remind her of the bondage that she hated. Yusuf loved his wife with all his heart and soul, but it was with an Eastern love that was purely selfish, and took no thought for its object; and so Gul Bibi's life was simply a monotonous daily round of dull domestic duties. She washed the clothes, she cooked the food, and served her husband while he ate before she took her own share; she spun coarse linen, and she even ground the corn, her poor little brown arm aching painfully from the work which she had never been expected to do in her old home.

And so it went on day after day, week after week, month after month, and Gul Bibi would have utterly despaired of life but for the thought of the one thing that was able to bring a sparkle of hope into her rather tired dark eyes.

At last he arrived, a little crumpled brown baby that sprawled on the bed and gazed with unwinking eyes at the mud ceiling above him. With him there came happiness into the house of Yusuf, but it was not a single happiness that filled the hearts of Yusuf and Gul Bibi—the joy of parents who love one another, and see their love imaged in their child. Had that joy been present,

this tale would not have been written. But, alas! it was otherwise; and if Yusuf loved the child because he was his mother's son, Gul Bibi loved him because she regarded him as hers and hers alone, admitting no right of Yusuf's, and lavishing upon him a love of which some at least might, under happier conditions, have been devoted to her husband. But Yusuf she now hated worse than before, and in her bitter little heart was pleased when the baby wept at the sight of his father's face.

Upon the seventh day after his birth, the Mullah of Sher Kila was summoned to name the child, and for the great occasion Afzal and his household, clad in their bravest attire, came trooping over to celebrate the ceremony with feasting and merriment. Old Afzal himself, grey-bearded and hawk-featured, led the party, and was followed by his two sons, Mahommed Jan and Aslam, and by as many of his dependents as could be summoned to the feast. With these came his kinsman Sher Khan, a smart young trooper on leave from his regiment. He was a fine figure of a man was Sher Khan, tall and straight, clad in voluminous linen trousers, the snowy whiteness of which was set off by the scarlet gold-embroidered waistcoat that decked his upper man, and to his lithe springy gait a year or two of service had added a not unattractive touch of swagger.

The Mullah, a fierce-looking old man, who could have told

a tale of frontier warfare as seen from the other side, took the infant in his arms, and whispering in his ear the new-chosen name, added in a low murmur the Mahommedan profession of faith. "Rahmat Ullah! Rahmat Ullah! I bear witness that there is no God but God; I bear witness that Mahommed is his prophet." So Rahmat Ullah received his name—"Mercy of God,"—and Yusuf was exceeding glad, and forgot to count the cost of the feast which his hungry guests were devouring.

In those days Yusuf knew what happiness was. He adored his wife more and more, and he loved Rahmat Ullah almost as much as he loved himself, and that is saying a great deal. Had he been superstitious, he might have thought it was all too good to last; but that thought never struck him, and in his miserly, selfish, unwashed way he was as happy a man as could be found across the Khyber Pass.

There was something, too, which had brought a look of radiance into the eyes of Gul Bibi. Was this look due only to little Rahmat Ullah as he wound fat hands in her hair and smiled toothlessly at his mother? Was the look in her eyes only maternal? "And thou, joy of my heart, shalt be a soldier, holding in thy hands a rifle, and perhaps a lance; thou shalt ride a horse very tall and very swift, and all thine enemies shall fly when they see thee." Thus Gul Bibi would discourse to her son when they were alone, and had

Yusuf heard the talk he might just possibly have suspected in what way the wind had set. But he did not hear; and after all, if he had done so, he would probably have thought no evil, but would have patted his wife's shrinking cheek and caught up Rahmat Ullah in his arms.

No one except Gul Bibi and Sher Khan can say how they first began to fall in love with one another, and they alone knew how they managed to meet: there was one other who knew, and that was the old woman who did the menial work of the house. But one morning Yusuf awoke to find his house empty of all that he loved, and it is better to draw a veil over Yusuf's agony and over Yusuf's mad bestial fury when at length he forced from the old woman the confession of how she had acted as intermediary between Gul Bibi and the young soldier. But when night fell the only occupant of the house was the old woman, and she lay in a pool of blood, and heeded not at all the flies which buzzed over her and settled thick on her head and throat.

A week later a weary figure was plodding doggedly along the Grand Trunk Road which runs all across India from West to East. Yusuf was footsore and stiff; the stray locks of hair that showed beneath his grimy turban were rather greyer than they had been a few days ago, and the lines on his face were certainly deeper cut. But the weariness of his body was as nothing compared with that of

his heart. He was weighed down with a load of agonised grief—with an utter despair, that had aged him ten years in less than that number of days.

The only relief that he had from this overwhelming, unforgettable sorrow was when his thoughts turned to Sher Khan; then he would be seized with a frenzy of rage which made him grind his teeth and roll his eyes, while his hand felt for the knife concealed beneath his shirt, and his fingers knotted themselves on to the haft which was to redden with the blood of Sher Khan, and . . . but could he,—must he kill her too? Honour said Yes, the custom of a thousand years said Yes, the inbred traditions of his fathers clamoured for her death; but, could he?—could he? Each time that the question occurred to him he passed it over by forcing his thoughts back to Sher Khan, and by picturing the way in which he would exact retribution from the man who had robbed him. And then his face would soften as his mind returned to Rahmat Ullah—little brown Rahmat Ullah,—the son who was to hand on his name in the years to come: could she not even leave him little Rahmat Ullah? And again his eyes would harden as he thought of the double blow that Sher Khan had dealt him. It was perhaps characteristic of Yusuf, as distinguished from Pathans in general, and, indeed, from the majority of men who had suffered a similar calamity, that the loss of his hon-

our troubled him but little. It was not that which made him hunger for revenge, but the desire to be even with the man who had robbed him of his dearest possessions. It was this, and in an even greater degree the sense of immeasurable, perhaps irretrievable, loss that tortured him almost to madness, and spurred him mile after mile along the Grand Trunk Road, scarcely allowing him time to eat by the wayside, and forcing him to be content with a minimum of repose by night.

Writhing under the thought that every hour that passed meant an hour of happiness lost to himself and gained to Sher Khan, he held doggedly on his way, ignoring alike the salutations of other travellers and the jeers of the Punjaubi children who scoffed at the ungainly figure limping past, clad in sweat-stained, dust-grimed clothes. From Peshawar to Lahore he had scarcely spoken to a soul, and, indeed, had he been less morose, intercourse with the people of the country would have been difficult, for he spoke and understood nothing but his own guttural Pushtu.

It was a pinched, emaciated, leg-weary Yusuf that at length stumbled into the busy Anarkali Bazaar at Lahore, and the passers-by turned to stare after the curious figure with the set face and wild eyes. Mian Mir, five miles away, was his destination, for there he knew Sher Khan's regiment to be quartered, and there he burned to proceed at once. Native cau-

tion, however, prompted him to pass that night in Lahore, and to inquire how the land lay, and so it was that Yusuf, asking a fellow-countryman, learned that Fate had cheated him a second time. Sher Khan's regiment had left by rail two days earlier to join a small expedition that was to castigate a recalcitrant frontier tribe.

Yusuf's brain spun, and he collapsed in a dirty heap upon the pavement.

Two months later Yusuf was peering over a rock on a hillside, and looking eagerly at a regiment of cavalry which was halted just under him, at the end of the open valley dividing his ridge from the next.

The small expedition, after the manner of those excursions, had developed into something much larger than had originally been intended, so that the one brigade had grown to two and the two had developed into four: thus it was that Yusuf had spent many days dogging first one column and then another, till at last he had lighted on the one to which Sher Khan's regiment belonged.

But how was he to get at Sher Khan? He cared nothing for the Jihad which fanatic Mullahs were preaching as the duty of all Mussulmans. Green flags meant nothing to him; and the prospect of dying in a Ghazi rush, and thus earning Paradise and a dozen houris, had no attraction for the man who feared death, and who wanted only Gul

Bibi and her small brown boy.

To get these Sher Khan had to be found, and found at a disadvantage. Yusuf knew exactly how he wanted to find him—helpless on the ground, so that information might first be extorted from him by methods that suggest themselves to a furious and vengeful mind; and secondly, that he might then put Sher Khan to death with as much art as a man could bring to bear who was eager not to waste a moment more than necessary in at once regaining the two most loved objects in the world.

That was what Yusuf was hoping for while he watched the regiment standing motionless below him. While he looked, a party of tribesmen driven off the opposite ridge by a regiment of infantry, and forced by pursuing Ghurkhas to take the plunge they least desired, scurried down into the valley, and raced for the heights on which Yusuf was standing.

In a second the cavalry were on the move, and breaking into a gallop swept down with a yell upon the little mob of racing tribesmen: the lances dipped and swords flashed, and groups of hunched, huddled figures marked the track of the troopers as they thundered on, shouting and yelling in pursuit of another party that was essaying to cross the valley farther up.

Yusuf shivered as he watched, and reflected that it was only by the merest chance that he,

too, had not joined the band on the opposite hill. He stared under his hand at the figures on the ground: could it be? Yes, two or three of the horsemen were on the ground—and perhaps his chance had come.

He stood up and looked after the cavalry: should he risk the chance of their return and go down into the valley? He advanced a few steps, and then halting irresolutely, peered after the still receding regiment. He felt horribly afraid, and he wished at this moment with all his heart that he had more courage: no, he could not go,—he could not face the chances of the valley.

Then the face of Gul Bibi appeared before him, and with every other consideration driven from his mind, he turned and raced down the hillside.

Tripping and stumbling over the boulder-strewn ground, slipping on the loose stones and catching his feet in tussocks of grass, he tore down the steep slope and over the open valley: his breath came in great sobs and his chest laboured as if it must burst, but nothing could stop him now. On, on he sped, flying over the ground that bruised his feet: once he fell, but picking himself up, hurled himself forward towards the trooper who lay pinned beneath his ham-strung horse. And yet he could hardly believe his eyes when they told him it was Sher Khan!

Yusuf's breath whistled in his throat, and the blood surged to his head: mechanically he drew his knife, and

his hand shook so violently that it tinkled against its wooden sheath. His eyes were bloodshot and looked like those of a beast, but Sher Khan returned their glare unflinchingly as he groped for the hilt of his sword, and tried vainly to wrench it from under the horse.

"Where is Gul Bibi?" muttered Yusuf, in a husky whisper.

Sher Khan looked at him and smiled.

"Where are Gul Bibi and Rahmat Ullah, you dog?" The blade of Yusuf's knife twinkled in the sunlight as Yusuf dug its point half an inch into Sher Khan's shoulder.

Sher Khan set his teeth and smiled, and Yusuf turned the knife in the wound.

At the end of five minutes

Sher Khan was dripping with sweat, but he still maintained an obstinate silence, though once or twice a groan had escaped from his set lips as Yusuf's knife grated on the shoulder-bone. Maddened beyond self-control, his lips working over his yellow fangs, Yusuf raised his knife to finish the job—when for the third time Fate cheated him.

Intent on his work, he had not seen the little man who was creeping quietly upon him, and Yusuf doubling up cut his fingers on the bayonet that stuck out through his chest.

"Kismet," said Sher Khan.

"Give me a cigarette, brother," said the little man, smiling pleasantly as he wiped his bayonet on Yusuf's shirt.

ULMUS.

SHAM AND SUPER-SHAM.

ONE of the least pleasant characteristics of English literature during the last decade has been the temporary prosperity of the sham, or professionally "clever" person,—a prosperity which followed as a natural reaction from the high ideals of truth and beauty maintained during the reign of Tennyson and the pre-Raphaelites. There were faults, there were tendencies to priggishness, in their dominion. But the reaction was merely a process of deterioration owing to the lack of great men. Journalism degenerated into a farce; and so chaotic did literary judgments become, so utterly inconsequent, ignorant, and foolish, that clowns and buffoons were accepted as leaders in criticism and literature on the strength of causeries in the weekly and daily press, by the side of which the chatter of a village idiot would seem precise as Voltaire and dignified as Gibbon. This is no exaggeration. Our "most original critic" lives by deliberately aping the fixed ideas of a raving lunatic. Mr X has, for the last five years, subsisted on a solitary fatuous remark about whiskers. Mr Y, having inherited the romantic discovery of the "Infinity of Man," decides that the cosmos is a unity, and that, therefore, whatever you say, "it is all one." Having thus acquired

a free hand, he proceeds authoritatively to remark (with regard to shaving soap and the New Theology) that "what Burke was was was an atheist"! We will attribute one "was" to the printer: the rest we will concede to Mr Y, including, of course, his profound knowledge of Burke. But Mr Y and his pseudo-mystical "school" took themselves so seriously, and uplifted so pontifical a hand, that the class of foolish women which seems to have been created to believe in Sludge the Medium and every momentary "craze" began to form a reverent audience. A Mr George Shaw, discovering their readiness to accept him at his own valuation, industriously spread a rumour amongst them that he was the founder of something which he called the "Shavian philosophy." This was swallowed without investigation after a few muddle-headed afternoons at the Court Theatre, where the badness of Mr Shaw's plays as works of art was excused on the ground of another rumour—also spread by himself—that he had a serious mission, something with a general application to women, don't you know, and the poor, and all that sort of thing. So Mr Shaw, having discovered, as he thought, and as he somewhere states, that no woman ever begins to have more sense than a pet animal

till she is thirty, decided to go a step further. He decided to attack Shakespeare and the Elizabethans in such a jocular manner that those whom he had no hope of deceiving might accept it simply as a joke, while the foolish might really believe there was "a something" in what he said, and that perhaps, after all, our literary and dramatic Messiah was George Shaw. To do this the more effectively, he fostered the idea that there was a connection of some sort between his work and that of Ibsen, and then proceeded to exalt Ibsen, at the same time clinging like a leech to the back of Ibsen's neck. Wagner, too, was a useful card to play with the particular audience that he wished to impress with the comparative emptiness of Shakespeare; and he did not find it difficult to convince some people that Shakespeare was intellectually sterile and a mere musician, while Wagner, whom as a musician no one admires more than we do, was a great philosopher. Nietzsche, who ended as a hopeless madman, was a piquant name to fling at empty-headed cravers for sensation; and, finally, Mr George Shaw wagered—simply as a wager, you understand—that he would get his own name mentioned in the press every day for a whole year. And he succeeded. He has tried everything, from posing as an agitator at Hammersmith to being photographed as a living statue. And he has received his re-

ward. He built on sand, and his Bartholomew Fair booth is tottering. His temporary notoriety is already on the wane, and his reputation for being a "clever" man has not extended even to the generation immediately succeeding him. It is no longer "the thing" to admire Mr Shaw from a safe distance. If you wish to be of the elect, you must have passed beyond that: you must at least be recovering from your Shavitis. "There are moments," says Mr Shaw, of Shakespeare, "when one asks despairingly why our stage should ever have been cursed with this 'immortal' pilferer of other men's stories and ideas, with his monstrous rhetorical fustian, his unbearable platitudes, *his pretentious reduction of the subtlest problems of life to commonplaces against which a Polytechnic debating club would revolt.*" The cat is out of the "clever" man's bag, you perceive. For it is a terrible and undeniable fact that a Polytechnic debating club would *not* revolt against Mr Shaw's subtleties! It is hardly worth while—for the sake of any likely reader of 'Maga'—to do more than point out the fact that Mr Shaw is an ideal Polytechnic playwright. Polytechnic debating clubs are not concerned with the simple things that are so great, or the great things that are so simple—with Life, with Love, with Death. They are concerned to-day with Fabianism, tomorrow with a discussion of the relative greatness of

Dickens and Thackeray, and the day after with a return to the Bacon-Shakespeare "controversy," all of which things are subtle enough; but the subtlety of these, in the Shavian sense, is the last. Well, Mr Shaw—as we remarked—is an ideal Polytechnic hero, which, to say the least of it, is not smart of him; and he is even foolish enough to venture into Latin, like the biggest blunderer of them all. Mr Andrew Lang rapped him over the knuckles for his efforts in this direction the other day; and though we cannot blame Mr Shaw for having small Latin and less Greek, it is the mark of a "clever" person to avoid, if only by intuition, ground that is dangerous. But, as a matter of fact, whenever Mr Shaw attempts to gull readers on a higher level than that of the empty-headed eccentrics who pretend to a knowledge of philosophy and to an "advanced" state of culture on the strength of a few mad-house smatterings of Nietzsche, his cleverness collapses. Any scholarly critic—of the calibre of Mr Lang, for instance,—with a real knowledge of the broader fields of philosophy and literature, could smash a charlatan like Mr Shaw, in a very few pages, if it were worth the trouble,—smash him beyond all hope of repair. It is our desire in this article merely to hasten the process of his own self-induced dissolution; for we are tired of watching him hop over the graves of the illustrious dead

and skip like a blue-behinded ape upon the trees of Paradise. For this man is *not* in earnest. Flashes of hypocritical and perverted sentiment, every pair of which are mutually destructive,—these things have misled a few stupid but really earnest people into thinking him a stern moralist in disguise, or a philosopher of some hitherto unknown sort. It is not true. Decadence and perversion are writ large over everything that comes from his pen; and he has not even the redeeming quality of genius. He is too "clever" for that. He derives from decadence; and even his morality is a morbid and exaggerated reaction, partly imitated—as to its pose—from the worst side of Tolstoy. Mr Shaw's attitude towards women is a sign of decadence. His scoffing ten years ago, when certain critics detected danger-signals in the work of the author of 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' showed his utter lack of insight. "The Englishman is shocked," babbled Mr Shaw, "at the danger to the foundations of society when seriousness is publicly laughed at." Well, who was right? Certainly, whoever was right, Mr Shaw, simply as a critic, was wrong to the heart and to the heart's core,—wrong and rotten, through and through. So much for his responsibility and his insight when dealing with modern matters.

It is useless to take his wild charges against the Elizabethans as anything more than an amusing commentary on his

own shallow and conceited intellect. Marlowe he describes as a fool; and we have quoted above his chief accusation against Shakespeare, about which it must be remembered Mr George Shaw is quite serious, though the journalists have agreed to treat it as a joke. This is one of his methods of criticising that supreme master, whom the greatest intellects in our literature have acknowledged to be immeasurably above them. Mr Shaw quotes Orlando thus:—

“If ever you have look’d on better days,

If ever been where bells have knoll’d to church,

[*‘How perfectly the atmosphere of the rented pew is caught in this incredible line!’*]

If ever sat at any good man’s feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped——”

There he (pauses with this exquisite piece of criticism: “I really shall get sick if I quote any more. Was ever such canting, snivelling, hypocritical unctuousness exuded by an actor anxious to show that he was above his profession, and was a thoroughly respectable man in private life?”

What Mr Shaw’s personal quarrels with modern actors have to do with Shakespeare we are not aware. Nor—even supposing that every word of the above were true—has he yet uttered a word of criticism. For he would still have to show that Shakespeare did not intend Orlando to be unctuous. Certainly Shakespeare did not put the speech into the mouth

of Falstaff, for instance, or of the Bastard in “King John.” But really this is too elementary a matter to be discussed at this time of day. We may add, however, that Mr Shaw has all the offensive superiority of the Polytechnic debater in his remark about the second line. If he thinks that, because the “advanced” people no longer go to church, the mentioning of church-bells, or even the old sentiment,—take it, for the sake of argument, to be a thing utterly contemptible,—is for ever to be banned, or that a church-goer is not as legitimate a subject for art as a prostitute, then we must admit that Mr George Shaw’s innocence is almost lovable, especially when he tries to make the law retrospective. There are no bounds to the subject-matter of art, and it is too late in the day for even Mr Shaw to play the Philistine. We would not tolerate certain church-goers’ restrictions on—say—decadents as subject-matter. Neither will we tolerate a decadent’s restrictions on church-goers as subject-matter. But, of course, Mr Shaw has contradicted himself on this point, and we only drive it home to show his total incompetence as a critic. He says somewhere else that Hamlet’s remarks to Ophelia would make a cabman blush. Mr Shaw’s knowledge of history is too fearful and wonderful for us. We cannot aspire to it. No doubt he is judging from his own historical point of view,

and has private evidence to show that Queen Elizabeth, for instance, would have blushed at Hamlet's remarks. Whatever their effect on cabmen and Mr Shaw—and apparently it was not one of unctuousness this time,—it is just possible that the heart of an archangel might have burst to hear them as they came crackling from the white lips of that tortured soul.

However, by such criticisms as these Mr Shaw puts himself on the level of those critics who complain that the grave-digger's jests in Hamlet are not epigrammatic enough, when the whole point of the scene is in their gross earthy animal buffoonery, and the contrast it affords to the words of Hamlet which, as he watches the knave knocking a skull about the mazzard with a dirty shovel, sweep through the ages and search heaven and hell.

But we have left our little charlatan some way behind in these remarks. Setting aside not only the poets themselves, but also the splendid series of great critics who have glorified them, this is what Mr Shaw has to say of Marlowe, Ford, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton and Dekker: "They are a crew of insufferable bunglers and dullards. No ray of noble feeling, no touch of faith, beauty, not even common kindliness, is to be discovered in them."

Now, either that means something or it means nothing. It is not funny enough to be a joke. So, on the score

of beauty, we may remind ourselves of passages like Marlowe's marvellous lines on Helen:—

"Is this the face that launched a thousand ships?"

We may remember the divine pathos of the Duchess of Malfi's parting injunctions about her children. We may remember that magnificent requiem line of Webster:—

"Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle;
she died young."

And, finally, remembering Mr Shaw's fatuous attacks upon the spirit of Christianity, with his ludicrous epigram—"Never do unto others what you would that they should do unto you: their tastes may be different"—the final clause of which was (as any child might perceive) implied in the old sentence; remembering Mr Shaw's indecent disregard of the fact that millions still twine their most sacred memories, hopes, and loves around a faith which demanded, but could not expect, even common tenderness from paws so dull and brutish as his,—remembering all these things, let us turn to a really broad-minded critic, who sits as it were aloof from all creeds, but speaks with how different an utterance.

"There have been persons," says Hazlitt, "who, being sceptics as to the divine mission of Christ, have taken an unaccountable prejudice to his doctrines, and have been disposed to deny the merit of his character; but this was not the feeling of the great men in the age of Elizabeth (whatever might be their belief), one

of whom says of him, with a boldness equal to its piety :—

“ ‘ The best of men
That e’er wore earth about him, was a
sufferer ;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil
spirit ;
The first true gentleman that ever
breathed.’ ”

This was old honest Dekker, and the lines ought to embalm his memory to every one who has a sense either of religion, or philosophy, or humanity, or true genius.”

It is on the graves of such men that this ignorant jackan-

apes has been allowed so long to disport himself, this feeble imitator of such diseased eccentricities as Nietzsche. We are glad, however, to observe that the tide has turned for the decadents as a body, that paradox and perversity are rapidly running out of fashion, and that Mr Shaw is being found out with the rest of the morbid and mediocre crew. It is a pleasure to accelerate his absurd dissolution.

Z.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE — A SPOILED OCCASION — MR BIRRELL'S
SECOND FAILURE — THE NEEDS OF OXFORD — A FRENCH CRITIC ON
BEN JONSON.

THE Colonial Conference, lately brought to an ominous conclusion, is an event of which the world's history cannot show a parallel. The energy and foresight which established and have hitherto retained our colonies have been given to no other nation than our own. The representatives of countries still British in race and policy met in London, with the sincere design to strengthen the bonds of Empire. The occasion was unique, and we record with regret that our present Government was not equal to it.

Ever since Richard Cobden put the Radical conscience in his office-safe, and suspended indefinitely the Liberal party's right of private judgment, the Colonies have been looked at askance by our popular demagogues. The ideal of the larder has seemed loftier than the ideals of Empire. Such is the attitude of mind generally assumed by the party now in office. They dislike argument. They are uneasy in the presence of any save constituents, whose simplicity they hope still to beguile with their sophistries. They dimly recognised, in the presence of the Colonial Premiers, that the majority which might serve them in the House of Commons, if any one of them knew how

to draft an acceptable bill, was useless to them outside. And their arrogance rebelled against the mere threat of opposition. The difficulty of their position was increased by the fact that they had declared one and all a disbelief in the Colonial demand for Preference. This demand, they had assured the patient dupes who thronged their hustings, was the base invention of the Tory party. But the less foolish among them can not now evade the conclusion that they have missed the best opportunity ever offered a Radical Government. Had they listened with a patient respect to whatever the Premiers chose to say; had they discussed the question of Preference with an open-minded simplicity,—it would have gone forth that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his friends preserved a candid mind in trying circumstances, and were ready at the call of duty at least to listen to the arguments of another side. But the Radical Ministers are politicians, not statesmen. It is mandates, not principles, which they respect, and their eyes are fixed upon town halls, not upon the welfare of the country.

What they have lost, Stepney and Wimbledon will teach them dimly to surmise. The

country is getting tired of dogmatic falsehood, and after two years' bitter experience is content to believe that the last spark of the earth's wisdom does not illuminate the head—if head it may be called, to use his own elegant expression—of Mr Churchill. And the Ministers, by hearing quietly, and rejecting—if need be—sorrowfully, the proposals of the Colonies, would not merely have served the country—that were immaterial to them; they would have strengthened their position in the constituencies. But they are no more able to manage their own affairs than to manage the affairs of England. The chance came to them, and they rejected it with a vain assumption of rectitude, and when they have lost a few more bye-elections they will feel the bitterness of a belated repentance. Nothing, indeed, could have been more foolish (or more infamous) than the course they took. The Conference was put upon them, through no fault of their own, and they resolved to belittle its importance by every trick at their command. Not having the courage to face a public discussion, they decreed that the deliberations of the Colonial Premiers should be held in secret, and behind closed doors. Thus, at the outset, a gratuitous affront was put upon our visitors. Mr Deakin and his colleagues did not travel several thousands of miles, they did not delegate their authority to others, merely that they might hold

their tongue in London. They came here to plead the cause of their Colonies, not to be tricked into silence. They had no information to impart which would be useful to our rivals abroad. Their sole object was to seek what policy was best for themselves and the mother country. Publicity, therefore, would have been honourable, as it was necessary; yet publicity was denied by a Government, intent to preserve as long as possible the superstition that the Colonies approved its fiscal policy. The consequences of secrecy were natural and inevitable. Gossip took the place of knowledge. Broken echoes reached us of what was said, and no more. The assistants at the Conference, being human, talked to their friends; their friends chattered to others; and at each stage inaccuracy and exaggeration did their work. Thus we are left with an uneasy sense that the Conference was disturbed by acrimonious argument, that the Colonial Premiers went away disappointed. That such an impression was created is entirely the fault of the Government. Mr Deakin and the others came here as free men, holding free opinions. They had the right to say what they thought, even though it did not agree with the pious opinions of Mr Asquith; and if their method of saying it did not appear flattering to our dogmatic economists, that was their own fault. Politicians do not deserve the highest

consideration, who have bound themselves to Mr Cobden in the bonds of a worse than Chinese slavery.

It is an obvious truth that men hold more closely and more jealously to a mere dogma than to a carefully reasoned opinion. Mr Asquith and his friends will not argue about the merits and demerits of Free Trade. They accept Mr Cobden's theory as an article of belief. They will not admit that it may be good or bad, according to the circumstances of the case. They hold that it is not merely right, but sacred. Proudly declaring that they belong to the party of progress, they assert that for them the world stood still in 1846, so far as concerns the conduct of trade—the most delicate operation that is known to men. Their sheepish dogmatism would be grotesque if it were not like to ruin the country and to bring in jeopardy our Colonial Empire. To this obduracy was opposed the keen insight of the Colonial Premiers, who brought to London a clear and settled purpose. They had an offer to make, and they hoped for an offer in return. Even if their offer were rejected, they had a right to expect a serious discussion, and they were met by speeches which might have been appropriate to the Oxford Union. Mr Asquith, assuming the best manner of Balliol, declared, in a phrase which is already historic, that he had nothing to give them. "We have nothing to give you!" Even if he has nothing, it

would have been wiser had he adopted a tone of conciliation. Everything is the better for discussion. No formula has ever yet been devised that will arrange the differences of statesmen. No dogma has ever been discovered, comprehensive enough for universal application to the multiplex affairs of commerce. And when Mr Asquith countered the serried arguments of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr Deakin with the parrot-like repetition of pedant phrases, he offered them a superfluous insult. They visited England as men of business. They were received like children who had not mastered the rudiments of political or economic science.

"The food of the people shall not be taxed," say the Radical Ministers; "that is our mandate." It was not their mandate, and they are powerless to control the price of corn. Since, for the greed of Manchester, England ceased to feed her own children, bread is taxed by the cupidity of merchants and stockbrokers all the world over. Chicago, in a spasm of avarice, decrees that wheat shall go to a dollar and a half; the price of bread is increased by three times the suggested duty, and England does not starve. Nothing that is proposed by the Prime Ministers of our Colonies would have so ruinous an effect upon the market as the operations of the Pit, and still the Government clings to its creed. The policy of Preference is no new policy. It has been before the world for more than half-a-century in the pre-

oise shape it assumes to-day. Nowhere has the case for the Colonies been more clearly put than in Byles's 'Sophisms of Free Trade,' a masterpiece of close reasoning which, with a revived intelligence, has emerged from the forgetfulness into which the worship of Cobden had driven it. "The true policy," said Serjeant Byles in 1849, "would treat the Colonists as if they inhabited an English county, giving them full liberty to grow and manufacture what they pleased. It would differ from the system of the Free-traders, for in place of disadvantages it would give them, in common with all their fellow-subjects, an advantage in the Imperial markets, and take in return a reciprocal advantage in the Colonial markets. The first markets in the world, instead of being opened as now to all without distinction, would give a preference to British subjects. It requires little foresight to perceive how powerfully self-interest would bind the Colonies to the mother country, and the mother country to the Colonies. National pride would join with national interest to cement the Union. England would not be prouder of her vast dominions than these dominions of the Confederation to which they belong, and of the royal and imperial head of which they are the members. Full scope in every quarter of the globe would be given to Anglo-Saxon energy and enterprise. In no long time not only would the Colonial trade of the British Empire be ten times what the foreign trade is

now, but our external trade, instead of being on a sandy and precarious foundation, would repose on a solid and enduring one."

When Byles wrote Cobden was supreme. It was enough for him to say that our Colonies cost money for his followers to echo his belief that the best way to rid us of our debt was to rid us of our dominions. To-day the Cobdenites, supreme only in the councils of a party, are as mean-spirited as they were then. They take it to themselves as a virtue that they would not give a single slice of bread in exchange for the settled unity and wealth of the empire. It is not surprising, therefore, that as the Conference found the Government reluctant, it has left it ill-tempered. Where two or three Radicals are gathered together, there you will hear insult and vituperation. While they protest against any comment made by the Premiers as a breach of hospitality, while they charge the Tory party with lack of patriotism if they dare to confess an approval of Preference, the Pro-Boers allow their own tongues a perfect freedom. With a shameless effrontery they heap insults upon the strangers within our gates. They forget that hosts also have their duties, if hosts they be, and that those who openly range themselves on the side of their country's foes had better leave patriotism out of the question. But there is one Minister to whom all patriots owe a debt of profound gratitude. Mr Churchill, not know-

ing what he did, was amiable enough to reduce himself and his friends to a palpable absurdity. He delivered a speech at Edinburgh, which was a perfect masterpiece of ineptitude. Mr Churchill was never very clever nor very discreet. In a brief career he has held so many opinions that he has never had time to understand any of them. Sadly deficient in taste and humour, he has demolished at a blow the sacred edifice of satisfaction which his colleagues have been building up with pain and anguish. He openly professes a contemptuous hatred for the Colonies, which proves that he has learnt by heart the lesson of Cobdenism; and if Mr Asquith can spare a trifle from his Old Age Pensions, we would recommend him to lay it out in a gag for Mr Churchill. Not that we complain. The candour of vanity is always dangerous to those who possess it, and the more Mr Churchill speaks the better it is for his opponents.

In nothing did he display his innate tact more clearly than in his implied definition of Preference. "The Liberal party," said he magniloquently, "stood like a rock between the hardworking masses and all who would exploit their food-supply and squeeze some shameful little profit out of the scanty pittance of the weak and poor." It is splendid, no doubt. As you read the passage, you can hear the tremor of benevolence in the broken voice; you can see the glint of righteous indignation

in the flashing eye. But it is hardly civil. The Colonial Premiers will not be enchanted to hear that they are attempting to squeeze some shameful little profit out of somebody else's scanty pittance. They will not be disposed to carry back a message of sympathy to their friends, when they have been charged with a desire to rob the poor and needy. They will remember the sacred rights of hospitality; they will fiercely repudiate the vile imputation that they are the guests of the Government; and, not being bound in the triple brass that covers Mr Churchill, they might be forgiven if they hesitated again to approach the door—"the good, stout door of British oak"—that is not merely banged, but barred and bolted. Meanwhile we offer our thanks and felicitations to Mr Churchill, and would suggest that statues be set up everywhere to the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, who so wisely interprets his duties as to insult the whole body of Colonial Premiers, whose interests he is employed to protect, and who by an unfailing delicacy of behaviour has done his best to advance the cause of Toryism and Fiscal Reform.

In truth, the Colonial Conference has not been held in vain. It has proved to England that there are ideals and aspirations higher than the baker's shop. The question of Preference is now definitely posed, and it cannot be withdrawn without an intelligent answer. The Radicals, who always hate the Colonies, when

they are not in arms against the mother country, are kind enough to look upon General Botha's presence in London as the peculiar triumph of the Conference. They are pleased to regard it as an act of magnanimity that they have renewed their friendship with an ancient ally to whose campaign against England they gave their warmest support. This is not magnanimity,—it is the self-interest of partisans; and when General Botha prefers the welfare of the Transvaal to the party cry of "Chinese slavery," his Radical friends will take a less amiable view of his and their achievement. The peculiar triumph of the Conference is that the Colonies have announced their policy in the tone of friendly remonstrance, and that when they return in four years—for, forgetting the insults that have been put upon them, they will return—they will find the bars withdrawn, the bolts unlooked, the door open, and that eminent hall-porter, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, gone into an inglorious retirement.

We will take Mr Churchill's word for it that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is a first-rate hall-porter. He has shown a faculty of keeping men and things out of his House, which is beyond praise. He is not equally successful in bringing things in. His vain effort to settle the Education question is followed by a still vainer attempt to soothe the ruffled tempers of the Irish, and to make way, by an ingenious instalment, for "the larger

policy." Of course he has failed, as all men fail who esteem their actions not by their justice, but by their chance of acceptance. Mr Redmond, disposed at first to submit to the opportunism of Mr Birrell, was quickly brought to a better state of mind. Dublin soon convinced him that it would accept "the larger policy" or nothing, and he himself moved the rejection of the Bill which he had approved. As to Mr Redmond's loyalty to his new friends we have nothing to say. That problem he must solve as best he may; and if he still retains the respect of the Liberal Government, we can only deplore its venal subservience. But we do not pretend to hide our satisfaction at Mr Birrell's second failure. The fact that he did not think much of the Bill himself will afford little comfort to his followers. It is all very well to say that it was to take or to leave. The solid truth remains: he has proved once again that he is unable to understand the temper of his party, and that the boasted majority is a mob, not an army.

The mob is without order and without discipline. Its ambitions are high, its performance is insignificant. But, though it achieves nothing, it attempts to keep its spirits up by an outspoken arrogance. One of its many mouthpieces professes a keen delight in the rejection of the Irish Bill. There will be more chance of English legislation, says the mouthpiece, and the rebuff will act upon the majority

as a tonic! One would have thought that the biggest majority ever known stood in need of no tonic; but Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's friends seem to want all the support they can get, and doubtless the mouthpiece is inspired. Meanwhile the Irish are bent upon revenge. They have not got the bill they want. They have shown an incredible meanness in their treatment of the Radical Government which will increase their hatred of the Liberals tenfold. And we may look forward to a period of noisy agitation and threatened outrage. In other words, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Cabinet will be reduced to a nullity by Irish opposition, and every honest Tory will rejoice. There is nothing so effective as an irreconcilable Ireland to keep a majority of restless Liberals out of mischief.

In this democratic age there is a certain temerity in making an appeal for so ancient and respectable an institution as the University of Oxford, and Lord Curzon, the newly installed Chancellor, deserves all the praise which is offered to the unpopular virtues of courage and wisdom. There is an uneasy feeling abroad that a sound education is a privilege that none but the working-man deserves. Mr Keir Hardie complained not long since, with the exclusiveness of the new aristocracy, that the universities did not belong to his class. They soon will, when the habit of plunder has grown stronger. Even now, if a million of money were asked to instruct

the children of the "People" in that strange jargon which may be described as County Council French, or in the useless art of making photograph frames to adorn the cottage homes of England, it would be forthcoming at once. But Oxford and Cambridge are institutions of another kind. They do not deserve the sympathy of the omnipotent majority, and Lord Curzon, who described himself as "a sturdy beggar," interpreted his duty in the proper sense. He must be sturdy indeed who asks alms for anything better than a workhouse.

That Oxford is entitled to the nation's generosity goes without saying. For many centuries she has served England with a pious devotion, which her loyal sons have amply acknowledged. So long as humane letters are respected in our midst she will stand in need of no eulogy. Her praises resound in the accomplishment of her sons. But while she has worshipped letters with a constant heart, she has not forgotten the things of the world. The education which she affords has been perfectly adapted for the training of good citizens. What would the Government of England have been without the help of Oxford and Cambridge? How long is the list, from Pitt to Lord Salisbury, of those who learned in Academic shades the first lessons of service and patriotism?

The debt of gratitude, therefore, which we owe to Oxford is more than we can repay, and when she asks the help of her

sons she asks only what should be hers without question. If she be poor, she is poor because she has spent her wealth lavishly in the cause of learning. She has done her best to keep pace with the changing times; she has eagerly admitted within her doors the new sciences which a century since were still unknown; and if her income has not grown with her growing responsibilities, the fault is not hers. She escapes no burden; she shrinks from no task. The generosity of Cecil Rhodes, one among the greatest of her sons, has laid a load upon her back which she carries proudly and without complaint. And if she demand the nation's help in attacking these unexpected enterprises, the nation should respond without doubt or hesitation, marvelling only at her moderation.

The danger of asking for money is that those who give are sometimes indiscreet enough to make conditions in the spending of it. On either hand you will find the reluctant contributor. "One man," Lord Curzon told his audience at Burlington Gardens, "has said that he was not disposed to give much so long as it was necessary to study a dead language in order to take a degree at Oxford. Another man has said that he was not in favour of any movement which would tend to deprive Oxford of her ancient and historic character as the guardian of the humanities, or which would compel her to conform to purely utilitarian standards." Ob-

viously it is impossible to please everybody, and it will be enough if Oxford pleases herself. She will be disloyal to her history if, for the sake of money, she yields one inch of ground. It is not for her to sell her principles for a cheque. Those who give must give in trust and ask no questions. The humanities will never be expelled from Oxford at the bidding of a money-bag, and the University would more gladly endure the direst straits of poverty than accept so insolent an affront. Happily there is little risk of disaster. Lord Curzon spoke with a reassuring certainty. "We all of us cherish the atmosphere of broad and liberal culture which emanates from her halls and quadrangles," said he, "and which not even the fumes of a hundred laboratories ought ever to be allowed to extinguish. We all of us wish to retain Oxford as the stronghold and fortress of what is often described as the old learning." That is excellently said, and gives an efficient guarantee to those who believe that Oxford and Cambridge will not be bettered by being turned suddenly into technological colleges.

But while Oxford will loyally preserve her ancient traditions, she will not exclude the newer studies. Though much has been done in providing the machinery of modern education, much remains to do. We hear of laboratories wanted, and professors lacking. We are told that the study of spoken languages is neglected;

and though we cannot believe that Oxford and Cambridge will ever achieve so much as a sojourn abroad for those who wish to converse in strange tongues, they can effectively help the study of French and Spanish, of Italian and German, if only well qualified readers are provided. And lastly, Bodley's Library has a claim upon England's generosity which surely will not go unheeded. Never was there a claim which needed less eloquence for its support. A university without books is a garden without flowers, a wood without trees, a minster without windows, — whatever, in brief, is most dark and dismal.

That Lord Curzon will achieve his desire in the collection of the money we hope and believe. What, after all, will a poor £250,000 be but the poor *τροφέα* of grateful sons? Concerning the administration of the fund, it is impossible to feel a like confidence. The Archbishop of Canterbury moved "that a body of trustees of not less than nine, nor more than twelve, be appointed for the administration of the fund, composed of one-third resident and two-thirds non-resident members of the University." To this appointment there is an obvious objection. It is a poor compliment to Oxford to ask that of the trustees who shall administer the fund two-thirds shall be non-resident. The framers of the resolution, no doubt, desired to guard the subscribers against the University's extravagance or lack of commercial experience. But they

should trust their beneficiary completely or not at all. Oxford should be mistress in her own house, even though others subscribe to its adornment. If the money is to be given out by a committee of non-residents, it will carry with it a needless sense of obligation. It will come to the University always in the shape of a dole. As Oxford will have the responsibility of using the money, it should be hers to control without let or hindrance. There is no reason, of course, why the non-resident trustees should not understand intimately the needs of the University. But a gift that is made absolutely is more gracious to receive than a gift that is administered by other hands. How would the Chancellor of the Exchequer like it, if the vast sums paid in income-tax were vested in trustees, who were not members of the Government? Would it not make the conduct of his office impossible? And though it is not an amiable task to look a gift-horse in the mouth, we cannot but regret that even the shadow of a slur should be cast upon the pride of Oxford. The noblest generosity, exercised in perfect freedom, knows neither doubt nor reserve.

It is interesting to note that, at the moment when Oxford is anxiously considering the study of modern languages, France devotes herself with increasing energy to English literature. The monographs of M. Huchon have already found their place on the shelves of the historian. It was but yesterday that a

learned treatise upon Byron's influence on the Romantic movement was issued from a Paris press; and here is the erudite M. Castelain, who comes forward with the most scholarly edition of Ben Jonson's 'Discoveries'¹ that has yet appeared. M. Castelain is perfectly equipped for his task. His knowledge of Latin literature is wide and deep. He has as intimate knowledge of the books which Jonson read as Jonson himself, and he has been able to elucidate the English text with an array of notes as interesting as it is formidable.

The history of the book may be briefly recalled. It was a posthumous work, published four years after Jonson's death. Its title-page is characteristic in expression and modest in intent. Thus it runs: "Timber: or Discoveries; Made upon Men and Matter; As they have flowed out of his daily Readings; or had their reflux in his peculiar notion of the times. By Ben: Johnson." It will be noticed that Jonson does not claim originality for his book. He admits that his Discoveries flowed out of his daily readings, and his admission has been generally accepted. "It has sometimes been discovered with pride, or surprise, or even scorn," says Professor Saintsbury, "that Ben borrowed very largely in these from the ancients." M. Castelain has carried Professor Saintsbury's surmise to a certainty. With

a patient ingenuity he has traced almost every page of Jonson's book to its source. In his words, his "purpose in the present edition was 'to render unto Cæsar,' or other writers, what was in fact their own."

When Jonson went a-borrowing, he did it in the spirit of a king. He borrowed lavishly and with both hands. Sometimes he took a little essay whole; at others he found a line here and a line there, dovetailing them with so fine an ingenuity that they assume a new shape of their own. The authors for whom he proved his sincerest respect are Seneca and Quintilian. But he did not disdain Pliny, and he discovered in the works of Erasmus many phrases and many thoughts which were admirably suited to his taste and talent. Machiavelli, whom he rightly calls Saint Nicholas, was never far from his elbow, and he consulted Vives with tireless assiduity. And all this he did without disguise or denial. Again and again he gives in the margin a clue to the wise original. He cannot be charged with plagiarism, since plagiarism is the crime of the fool who secretly bombasts a poor intelligence with pilferings from the works of greater men. There was no secrecy in Ben Jonson's procedure. He did but make his daily readings his own, and transmute, by his fancy and coloured style, the prose of the rhetoricians. Indeed, it is

¹ Ben Jonson: Discoveries. A Critical Edition, with an Introduction and Notes on the True Purport and Genesis of the Book. Par Maurice Castelain. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

the paradox of this book that its freshness and originality never seemed so conspicuous to us as it does now that we have re-read it in M. Castelain's scholarly edition.

It is, in fact, a cento of other men's thoughts, which have become his own by right of adoption. It takes its place among the works of the Essayists, whom Jonson himself wofully depreciated. "Some turn over all books," said he, "and are equally searching in all papers; who write out of what they presently find or meet without choice. . . . Such are all the *Essayists*, even their master Montaigne. These, in all they write, confess still what books they have read last, and therein their own folly, — so much, that they bring it to the stake raw and undigested." The censure is not fair, if it be aimed at Montaigne and Burton, of whose tribe Ben Jonson was himself sealed when he composed his 'Discoveries.' For they, like him, set down nothing without choice, and digested everything that they brought to the stake. That there is an originality in borrowing is clear enough, and so much was conceded by Jonson in a passage which explains and justifies his own work. "Such as accustom themselves," he writes with perfect truth, "and are familiar with the best authors, shall ever and anon find somewhat of them in themselves; and in the expression of their minds, even when they feel it not, be able to utter something like theirs, which hath an authority above

their own. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a man's study, the praise of quoting another man fitly." To put it otherwise, the crime lies not in the process, but in the bungling of the process. A quick sympathy justifies the most audacious theft, and Jonson's book is stamped with his own image in every page, because he took nothing which he did not understand and assimilate. "Speak that I may see thee," says he after Apuleius; and if he speaks with a tongue that is not his own, he does not escape our vision.

Though he thinks with the brains of others, and does not disdain to use their words, he cannot be convicted of insincerity. When he describes the excellence of his own memory, he describes it in Seneca's terms; but the accuracy of the description need not be impugned. The fact that the immortal eulogy of Shakespeare is a thing of shreds and patches, impairs neither its beauty nor its truth. It merely proves Jonson the master of a strange and delicate art. And let it not be supposed that he adds nothing of himself. The expression is always his; the illustrations flash from his own vivid brain. When he bids the ancients discourse, it is of Spenser and the Water-Rimer that they speak. Translating literally from Plutarch, he brings you, with the true Elizabethan intimacy, to Black Lucy's door. If he presents Quintilian to censure the extravagance of an unnatural, antic style, the censure is

directed against "the Tamerlanes and Tamer-chams of the late Age, which had nothing in them but the scenical strutting and furious vociferation to warrant them to the ignorant gapers." And, being a poet, he adds to the phrase of another the touch which heightens prose into poetry. For instance, here is a passage which he entitles *Jactura vitæ*: "What a deal of cold business doth a man misspend the better part of his life in! In scattering compliments, tendering visits, gathering and venting news, following feasts and plays, making a little winter-love in a dark corner." As far as the word "plays" this is a liberal version of Quintilian. And then the poet speaks. "Making a little winter-love in a dark corner!" That is Jonson's own, and it justifies his claim to the whole passage. In brief, whatever he chose he turned to his will, changing the old to new and inspiring the dead with fresh life.

Yet so closely did he assimilate what he borrowed to what he owned that he would be a bold critic who on internal evidence alone would presume to separate them. Thus he writes in a passage which bears the true impress of originality: "Some words are to be called out for ornament and colour,"—he is discussing the never young, never old question of style,— "as we gather flowers to straw houses, or make garlands; but they are better when they grow to our style; as in a meadow where, though the mere grass and greenness de-

lights, yet the variety of flowers doth heighten and beautify." That, we should say, has the authentic imprint. But if M. Castelain tracked it to Vives or Quintilian, we could profess no surprise. On many a page, however, it is the easiest thing in the world to acknowledge defeat. "Such as torture their writings and go into council for every line." Could any phrase be more genuinely modern than that? And there it stands, textually exact in the Latin of Seneca: "Illi qui scripta sua torquent, qui de singulis verbis in consilium eunt." And again: "There cannot be one colour of the mind, another of the wit." It sounds like an Elizabethan commonplace, and it is Seneca's still: "Non potest alius esse ingenio, alius animo color." But the passage which takes you most suddenly aback is that in which Jonson describes the lovers of a broken, fantastic style. "These men err not by chance," he writes, "but knowingly and willingly; they are like men that affect a fashion by themselves; have some singularity in a ruff cloak or hat-band; or their beards specially cut to provoke beholders and set a mark upon themselves." Surely nothing could belong more intimately to his century than this comparison. Yet it also may be traced to the mighty father of all noble commonplace.

Ben Jonson's success in annexation is not remarkable. He holds an honoured place among the great translators. The poet who rescued the daintiest of songs—"Drink to

me only with thine eyes"—from the prose of Philostratus had nothing to learn in the art of interpretation. And the exquisite tact with which he made his selections matches the fidelity of his Englishing. To compare his essays with their originals is to see the perfect craftsman at work. He took no jewels which were not handsome in themselves and which were not wisely suited to their place. And the ground of his search was still untravelled. The continent of Latin literature had not yet swum into our ken. Though Lodge had already reclaimed the lost province of Seneca, though Holland had, so to say, colonised the treatises of Plutarch, the most of men looked upon the classics as upon a strange and distant country. Jonson, therefore, in his 'Discoveries,' was making known the unfamiliar; he was pointing the unaccustomed eye to lofty mountain-peaks. He was, in his modest fashion, a Hakluyt of Roman criticism, a Purchas whose pilgrimages led him in the remoter bypaths of literature. It is not for us, therefore, to brand him with the crime of the freebooter. Rather we would welcome him as one who, after a perilous voyage, has returned home laden with rare and precious spoils.

Whatever Ben Jonson discusses, be it morals or letters, he speaks with the voice of authority and tradition; and his 'Discoveries' cannot but magnify our respect for the wisdom of the ancients. The precepts of old have lost nothing

of their truth. Their application to modern history is precise and exact. The younger Pliny had already divined the dangers of democracy, and is thus interpreted by Ben Jonson: "Suffrages in Parliament are numbered, not weighed; nor can it be otherwise in these public councils, where nothing is so unequal as the equality; for there, how odd soever men's brains or wisdom are, their power is always even, and the same." Might not that have been thought and written by a Tory of to-day? And what could be more to our present purpose than this, which Jonson writes in Latin, and which M. Castelain has not tracked to its lair? "A Puritan," thus Jonson, "is an heretical hypocrite, whose pride in his own perspicacity, by which he thinks he has detected certain errors in the dogmas of the Church, has disturbed the balance of his mind. And so, excited by a sacred fury, he fights madly against the magistrates, and believes that, in doing this, he pays obedience to God." You would search the literature of all ages in vain for a better definition of the Passive Resister. That, indeed, is the supreme worth of this work: it is packed with criticisms of life and books, whose truth the passage of time can never destroy. Wherever Ben Jonson found his wisdom, he made it his own and ours; and we are grateful for M. Castelain, who has given us the best edition that we have of a rare masterpiece, and who has performed a pedant's task in the spirit of a man of letters.

THE WORKING OF AN AUSTRIAN GENERAL ELECTION.

THE grant of universal suffrage to Austria is one of the most peaceful, complete, and sudden revolutions of modern times. The whole principle of Parliamentary representation has been transformed, root and branch. It is no longer a question of classes or of interests electing delegates, but of the people choosing their own Members of Parliament. Under the Constitution of 1867 there was no direct representation of the people as such. There were four curias, to which various interests sent their own spokesmen. Thus the large landed proprietors chose 85, the Chambers of Commerce 21, the large towns 117, and the country districts 130 Members of Parliament—or 353 in all. In 1896 an advance was made in the direction of universal suffrage, and a fifth curia was added. In this case the people themselves proceeded to elect their own spokesmen, but this curia was limited to 72 members out of a chamber of 425 deputies; yet the suffrage was not necessarily direct. The electors chose “wahl männer” or intermediaries between them and Parliament, and these “wahl männer” elected the man who sat for them in the Lower House of Parliament. By the new Reform Act the old curias disappear, the “wahlmann” ceases to act as such, and, in words echoed from platform to plat-

form throughout the Empire of Austria, the new chamber of 516 members will be returned on the principle of “universal, equal, secret, and direct election.” We may well say with Mr Chamberlain, speaking of our own Reform Act of 1884, a very much smaller measure: “The change is a portentous one, and unparalleled in the history of Reform.”

This change does not proceed from any very violent pressure on the part of the people, for in Austria they are quiet and peaceable, without much political feeling, only asking for leave to live and to let live. The Social Democrats had been agitating; but their agitation was perhaps not the most important factor. The change comes from the Emperor himself, who was inspired by a multiplicity of motives. He saw that some kind of reform was bound to come, and thought it would prove better now than later on. It was not necessarily a dangerous one, or a “leap in the dark,” for the members chosen by the fifth curia had proved to be far more Conservative than was anticipated; but the most important factor was the desire to set the example to Hungary and force the hand of that Magyar majority in the Chamber of Deputies who have hitherto been the most ardent advocates of Hungarian independence—those who have proved the chief stumbling-

block in all attempts to secure an advantageous settlement for Austria, whenever the "Ausgleich" or compromise between the two countries came up for consideration, which must occur this year, and again in 1917. As it is, they represent 8,740,000 Magyars out of a population of 19,255,000, the residue consisting of 2,800,000 Roumanians, 2,135,000 Germans, 2,019,000 Slovaks, 1,679,000 Croats, 1,052,000 Serbs, and 815,000 Jews, besides other nationalities. Of these, some Germans and Jews vote with the Magyars, while the Croats have a Parliament of their own in Agram, which is at least nominally independent. They only send 40 delegates to the Chamber in Buda Pesth. The Magyars had, it is true, promised universal suffrage, but it was slow in coming; and it was hoped that the example set by Austria, coupled with the growing movement in its favour in Hungary itself, would go a long way towards inducing them to surrender their monopoly of the government, and to give what must secure proportional representation to the other nationalities in the sister kingdom. Besides this, the Reichsrat had itself declared in favour of the principle, and Count von Bylandt, one of the ablest members of the Austrian nobility, proposed that as the House had adopted a resolution in favour of universal suffrage they should be taken at their word. It

was better to take time by the forelock, and for the Government to introduce this great reform of its own free will, to shape its clauses in peace, and to bargain with each nationality on a well understood basis, than to be forced into an unprepared and abject surrender later on. Finally, there were some men who feared complications at the Emperor's death, and others who dreaded subsequent difficulties many years hence with regard to the succession. It was, therefore, deemed urgent to found Parliamentary representation on as broad and as comprehensive a basis as possible, so as to strengthen the Government against all eventualities, by making it the living embodiment of the popular will. Thus it was that, with little preparation, Austria, the most conservative of all European parliamentary communities, found itself suddenly endowed with a Constitution far more democratic than that of Great Britain and Ireland.

The general principle of the new Bill was that national distinctions should be considered first and before all others. This had been the case in the old curia Parliament, which was so divided that the Germans could depend upon 205, the Czechs on 87, the Poles on 72, the Southern Slavs on 28, the Italians on 18, the Ruthenians on 10, and the Roumanians on 5, seats. Provision was therefore made that in the new Parliament

the Germans should have allotted to them 233, the Czechs 107, the Poles 82, the Southern Slavs 37, the Ruthenes 33, the Italians 19, and the Roumanians 5, seats. This division was not based purely upon population. Taxation was considered simultaneously, and a rough mean struck between the two. It would be tedious to go into all the statistics that have been published upon the subject; but two nationalities, the Czechs and the Ruthenes, have been particularly loud in formulating their complaints. The Czechs urge that whilst 52,729 Czechs are required to make up a constituency, 37,377 Germans are sufficient for this purpose; but then each German pays on an average 22 kr. 60 h., whilst each Czech only pays 10 kr. 70 heller in direct taxation. In the same way, whilst 45,335 Poles send a Member to Parliament, a population of 94,748 Ruthenes is needed to secure this end; but then each Pole pays 5 kr. 40 h., whilst each Ruthene pays but 3 kr. 50 h. in direct taxation. Both Czechs and Ruthenes have certainly been unfairly treated; but then both nationalities, and especially the Ruthenes, have made a very substantial advance on what their privileges were under the old law. The Young Czechs were very anxious to get rid of the excessive influence of their landlords in the first curia, otherwise they would certainly have obstructed the Bill, which was necessarily a compromise be-

tween contending parties and peoples. The Czechs have also every right to complain that the Poles are far better off than they are, on whatever basis the principle of representation may have been founded. On the other hand, Austria can urge in her defence that no form of parliamentary voting is ideal, and that she has secured far more equality between her various nationalities than exists in the United Kingdom, or than the changes of population have produced in the German Empire; and the fact remains that these various peoples find far more fault with their representatives for giving way than with the central Government for not having given them their rights.

Many precautions have been taken in parcelling out these constituencies, and circumstances differ in every separate province of the empire. Thus, in Moravia, where the populations are very mixed, separate registers have been formed for Germans and for Czechs, who are each to return their own member; but in the province of Galicia exaggerated precautions have been taken to safeguard Polish interests. The Poles live in West Galicia and in the towns, whilst the Ruthenians predominate in the country districts of East Galicia. Everything has been done to secure Polish predominance. Each rural constituency returns two members, but each elector is only entitled to one vote. The Poles, therefore, not only monopolise the representation in the western,

but are able to secure far more than their proper share in the eastern, part of the province. The Ruthenians will be able to return a member wherever their population exceeds 50 per cent of the voters; but cases have occurred in which the Poles have secured the second seat where they number little more than 26 per cent of the population. Beyond this, whole groups of villages, where either Jews or Poles are in a majority, have been taken out of agricultural constituencies. With all these anomalies it will, however, be admitted that the Austrian scheme is a far fairer one than can be found in most civilised countries. The Government have also declared that no pressure of any kind is to be exercised by the properly constituted authorities, and there is reason to believe that this undertaking has been carried out by its direct subordinates, who boast of their absolute impartiality. On the other hand, local pressure is certainly being exercised by less responsible bodies. In Vienna, the town council, which is an overwhelmingly Christian Socialist body, is accused of exceeding its powers and of using its influence on behalf of its own candidates. The same accusations are being made against other representative bodies, and it is alleged that this pressure is being applied by local majorities, whether Catholic, Jewish, or Liberal. It is also stated that the leaders of the Christian Socialist party have sent out

to the rural clergy forms to be filled up, setting out the political opinions of their parishioners. In many cases these forms are only such as are used by political organisations to satisfy themselves as to the feeling of the district. Then accusations are made against the standing committees for different districts, the poor law officials, and the magistrates; but, on the whole, even Social Democrats themselves admit that a very substantial progress has been made in Austria, which has now become, largely owing to the easy-going character of its people—and especially of its Government—one of the freest countries in the world. In one respect, however, it is not free. The franchise was, according to the original scheme, to be not only universal but compulsory, and this precaution was taken to secure a full attendance at the polls of all those classes who are so difficult to move. It was feared, and justly feared, that the political enthusiasm of the Social Democrat would poll every man, whilst Liberals, Christian Socialists, and Conservatives would stop at home on the day of the poll. Power was eventually given to the provincial diets to determine whether the franchise should be compulsory or not, and five provincial diets resolved, on the same lines as the Provincial Diet of Upper Austria, that every man who, without good cause given, does not exercise the franchise, shall be fined from one to fifty kroners,

—that is to say, from tenpence to £2, 2s. Sickness and infirmity, absence on a journey outside the province, official duties or professional duties which cannot be postponed, illness in the family, or family business which cannot also be postponed, disorganisation of the traffic, or any other absolutely compulsory circumstances, may be alleged in defence when the matter comes up for trial. Provision has not, however, been made for every case. By some error the name of an elector appeared at the same time and for the same qualification on both the German and Czech registers in a Moravian constituency, where the two registers exist for each separate nationality; but the fact was not noticed at the time, nor was the necessary protest lodged before the expiration of the legal period. It was discovered a fortnight subsequently, and the elector appealed to the authorities to strike his name off the German register. They were in a great difficulty, as it was perfectly clear that they were powerless to interfere once their functions had ceased to operate. The situation is an interesting one. The elector must exercise both votes, or be liable to a fine: on the other hand, if he votes twice, he also breaks the law, for its fifth paragraph provides that each elector shall only have one vote.

A man's name can be struck off the register if he does not fulfil the necessary conditions. To vote he must have reached

twenty-four years of age, be an Austrian citizen, and have lived or possess a qualification in the district for more than twelve months. In addition, he must not be an officer, a military chaplain, or a private in permanent or temporary active service, nor must he have been disfranchised on any legal ground. The following are absolutely disfranchised: (1) Those who, for sundry reasons, are subject to the authority of others, such as their parents, their guardians, or curators; (2) Those who have received poor-law relief within the year preceding the election; (3) Those who have gone bankrupt and who have not yet obtained their discharge; (4) Those who have been punished for certain specified crimes; (5) Those who have evaded military service, either by flight abroad or by self-mutilation; (6) Those who have violated the law by interfering with the exercise of the franchise by others, who are under police supervision, have been legally deprived of the custody of their children, or who have been sentenced more than twice to imprisonment for either drunkenness or chronic intemperance, within three years from the expiration of their last sentence.

The registers, which are made up by the local authority, must be exposed for inspection in the local official centre for fourteen days, and no one is to be refused the right to inspect on the ground that he is not entitled to the franchise or does not possess the right to exer-

cise it in the particular district, Where there are more than five thousand of a population, the registers must be available for inspection at least eight hours during each one of these fourteen days. Only those who are entitled to vote in the district are authorised to make a claim or to lodge an objection before the presiding officer of the community, who is himself bound to deposit these claims and objections within three days with the presiding officer of the district. Where an objection has been lodged, the voter concerned is given twenty-four hours more to lodge his reply with the presiding officer of the community. The decision of the district authority is subject to an appeal to the Government of the province, whose decision is final. Before the day of the poll each voter must receive in his home a card showing that he is entitled to vote (*Legimations-Karte*), on which his name, address, and particulars of the date, place, and hours of the poll are set out, and he must produce this card to secure admission into the polling-booth. He must also take this card to the local authority any day before the opening of the poll and obtain from him his voting-paper, without which he loses his right to exercise the franchise. He must then present himself at the polling-booth, and having written the name of his candidate upon it, drop it himself into the ballot-box.

Each party is supposed to look after the organisation of its members; but they have

all been taken by surprise, and the whole business is very elementary. The Liberals, who have been longest at work,—for they governed Austria in the old days of the limited franchise,—have practically no political organisation, except a central committee in each constituency, which they hope to supplement with local committee-rooms on the day of the poll. The Christian Socialists have no political organisation of their own which is worthy of the name; but they receive the most valuable assistance from Catholic working-men's guilds, political artisans' associations, and co-operative societies. They have also some Catholic trade unions, chiefly formed by men who are opposed to indiscriminate strikes. In addition to these various organisations, they can rely upon the enthusiasm inspired by their leaders in the past, who have in their turn been assisted by the religious revival, which is largely due to the eloquence of Pater Abel, a Viennese Jesuit, who is a great power in the land. He knows how to get hold of the people and speak to them in that popular Viennese dialect which Austrians find so "*gemütlich*." He is a great organiser of pilgrimages, and often leads thousands of working men to such centres as Maria-Zell. His sermons are racy of the soil, and sometimes very broad in their language. They are meant for men, and for men only, and he will not allow women to be present. On one occasion he saw that some women had got in to

the benches beneath him, notwithstanding his instructions. He told them to leave, as he did not consider that what he was going to say was meant for their ears. When they declined to move, he came down from the pulpit himself and turned them by main force out of their places. Another story is told, which may or may not be true. He refuses, as a rule, to hear women's confessions, as this prevents his doing his duty by the men. On one occasion a lady asked to see him. "Are you not aware I have declined to hear any women?" "But, father," she replied, "I have not been to confession for twenty years." "Ah, your case is different. You are a man," and he made an exception in her favour. The popularity of his sermons, of his anecdotes and racy allusions, is such that he is often interrupted by loud laughter and rounds of applause, even when he is preaching in a church. His importance politically is derived from the fact that he has got hold of those working men who have not been enrolled in the Socialist trade unions or within the ranks of Social Democracy itself.

The Social Democrats have a good and efficient organisation of their own, which they know well how to use and apply, not only at election times but all the year round. Their superiority over the Christian Socialists arises from the fact that they have been organising the working men for thirty years, whilst the Christian Socialists have only set to work

within the last six. The latter had got hold of the small tradesman and skilled artisan in the days when they forced Karl Lueger on the Rathaus of Vienna, notwithstanding the opposition of the Emperor, the Ministry, and the whole force of the bourgeoisie; but the working men had not got the franchise, and did not receive the same attention. The Christian Socialists soon saw that universal suffrage was bound to come, and once they realised this, they began collecting those who had either not yet been enrolled or who were dissatisfied with Social Democracy. The Social Democrats have now perfected their system. In the towns, each group of three houses is in the hands of a confidential agent, who reports to the committee that looks after the street, which in its turn reports to the ward, which sends its representatives to the central executive of the constituency. In this way each man is brought indirectly into touch with the central executive, and can be traced at the shortest notice.

An Austrian political meeting is a casual sort of business. It is rarely punctual, for the Austrians are an easy-going people, to whom time is of no consideration. It sometimes does not begin for an hour or an hour and a half after the advertised time. In the meanwhile the audience, who nearly always meet at a restaurant or public-house, make themselves at home. Not only are drinks, but meals, served during the proceedings, and

the people, who may be eating their dinner or their supper, are in no great hurry for the speakers to start. Meetings out of election times are regulated by the law of November 15, 1867, which provides for the service on the local authority of a written notice, specifying the object, place, and time of meeting, three days in advance. This provision does not, however, apply to election meetings, which need not be notified to the authorities, except when they are to be held in the open air. Any one, however, who breaks the law relating to public or other meetings, either by hindering the entrance of those who have a right to be present, by forcing his way in when he is not authorised to attend, by creating a disturbance or otherwise violating the law, is liable to arrest and imprisonment for a period not exceeding three months. If his action or resistance to those calling the meeting is really serious, he may even be imprisoned for six months.

As a general rule, the meetings are far shorter in Austria than they are in Germany, rarely lasting more than one or two hours; but where political feeling runs high and there are many questions, they may last far longer. Thus, a short time ago, Dr Karel Kramář, the leader of the Young Czechs, attended two meetings, at which he spoke and was catechised, one in the afternoon and the other in the evening, and each meeting lasted four hours. When the

proceedings have once been started by the acting chairman ringing a bell, a man in the body of the hall reads out the names of the chairman, vice-chairman, and secretary, who take their places. The chairman makes a short speech, in which he describes the object of the meeting, and then calls upon the candidate or other speaker, who comes up from the body of the hall and delivers his address. Others may or may not follow, questions may be asked, and the proceedings are then dissolved by the chairman's declaration that he closes the meeting.

On May 12 the writer witnessed one of the most interesting meetings he ever attended, at Czernowitz, the capital of the Bukowina, the farthest limit of the Austrian empire. The town is very near the frontier, being but twenty miles from Russia and fifty-six miles from Roumania. It contains a strange mixture of Roumanians, Ruthenians, Germans, Armenians, Poles, and Jews, and presents a gay sight on market-day when all the peasantry turn up in their national costumes. There is perhaps not much to distinguish the Ruthenians from the Roumanians, for here the Ruthenians are quite differently dressed from their brethren in Poland. The Roumanians always wear their outer jackets of sheepskin, and can be told by the fuller skirts of their womankind. Otherwise the men wear the same white trousers and embroidered white tunic; the women the same embroidered petticoat and

bodice, — for here costume is more a question of locality than of race. Hungary is separated from the Bukowina by the splendid range of the Carpathians; and there are a few gipsies and Magyars scattered amongst the motley crowd. The meeting, however, showed no such variety. It was held in the courtyard of the old synagogue, with the object of stirring up the enthusiasm of the Jews in favour of their two candidates, Dr Wieder and Dr Straucher, the leader of the Zionists in the Austrian Reichsrat. These Jews, who in other districts are at loggerheads with many of their coreligionists who wish to be considered as part and parcel of the races amongst whom they live, are determined to uphold not only their creed but their separate national existence. They do not wish to be absorbed in either Polish, Czech, or Roumanian clubs, but to enter Parliament as representatives of their own race and people. Each one of these candidates was opposed by a Social Democrat and by an Anti-Semite, and the object of the meeting was to remind all the Jews present that it was their duty before everything to be loyal to their own faith—for they are not the majority, and have to depend upon the co-operation of the Poles, together with some of the Roumanians and Ruthenians. The speeches followed one another fast, many of the orators quoting from both the Old Testament and the Talmud in the original Hebrew, which they then translated for the

benefit of the uninitiated. At the end of the meeting Dr Straucher spoke with very great eloquence, carrying the whole audience with him.

It is impossible to give in a short article anything like a clear description of what is going on in Austria; but there can be no doubt that this is the most important election which the Austrian portion of the Dual Monarchy has had to face for many a day. The "Ausgleich" with Hungary must be settled for the next ten years before the 31st December 1907, and its provisions are being discussed at every meeting. The Hungarian Independence party, who have now captured the majority of the Chamber of Deputies and joined the Constitutional party in forming the present Coalition Government, profess to desire an absolute separation, in which the two countries would only be bound to one another by the golden link of the Crown. Austrians argue that the use of the different word of command in the Hungarian regiments must eventually involve a disruption of the common army, which remains the great guarantee of the strength of the Dual Monarchy. The possibilities that would ensue are infinite. If the army is broken into two, Austrians despair of the result, and many of them foresee national disruption in the near future. There are others who hope for better things, and anticipate the acceptance of a more Unionist policy if only Hungary adopts such a scheme of universal suffrage as will give her Slav,

Roumanian, and German subjects a full voice in the government of the land. The difficulties of the situation have been accentuated by those Austrians who are talking loudly of separation, and whose views may find an echo across the frontier. Words uttered in the heat of political controversy may have a much greater effect than speakers anticipate. On the other hand, many Hungarians, who wish to secure the best terms for themselves, dread the prospects of a separation whose consequences they foresee.

The results of the first ballots prove to what extent Social Democracy has grown in Austria; for it has triumphed over national prejudices, and turned out Czech and Polish members in their own strongholds. True, Social Democracy is at present far more moderate in its demands in Austria than in other countries. Its deputies, as a general rule, confine their speeches to an appeal for social reforms. They do not often denounce the army. They hardly ever say a word against the dynasty. They can now rely upon a united body of some seventy members, whose numbers will probably increase to more than eighty by June 7. They and the Christian Socialists will be the strongest parties in the new Parliament, and it remains to be seen which of these two antagonistic parties will advocate and secure the passage of the most beneficial reforms. At the same time, the old Liberals, who had got out of

touch with the people, have lost heavily; and the contending Nationalist parties, whose disputes and obstruction have wasted much time in the past, return to Parliament weaker than they were; whilst Pan-Germanism, once regarded as a serious danger to the integrity of the Empire, has been relegated to political obscurity. The people are sick of futile controversies, and want to see some real practical work done in Parliament. We may therefore hope that genuine reforms will receive more attention than the demands of individual Nationalities; and that Austrians will realise they belong to a great and a common Empire, whose material interests are more imperative than anything else. The existence of common problems, needs, and controversies concerning all Nationalities in an equal degree must promote that greater National unity which can alone give Austria its proper place in the comity of nations. More than a century and a half has elapsed since Frederick the Great prophesied the early collapse of the Habsburg monarchy, and it has weathered many storms since those days. No one can foresee the future of Central Europe; but those who wish for peace and the preservation of the actual conditions of political society agree with Dr Palacký, the great Czech leader, when he first uttered those words which have now become commonplace: "If Austria did not exist she would have to be invented."

NATIONAL DANGERS AND COMMERCIAL DOGMAS.

“ ‘Answer for thyself, Friar,’ said the king.”—‘Ivanhoe.’

OUR readers will remember that on the 3rd of May last Mr Balfour made a speech at the meeting of the Primrose League on the subject of Colonial Preference, in which he stated that after the assurances given by the Colonial Premiers he could speak on the subject with less reserve than he had previously judged it proper to maintain. The speech was followed by a letter published in ‘The Times’ on May 6, signed by two members of the Unionist party, on whom the assurances of the Colonial statesmen had made the same impression as they had done on Mr Balfour. These two gentlemen, Mr Hayes Fisher and Mr Yerburch, now came forward to declare that the section of the party to which they belonged were perfectly satisfied with Mr Balfour’s speech, and that the pledges given by our Colonial visitors removed the only objection to the Preferential policy which the Unionist Free Traders had entertained. There was, therefore, no longer any reason why the whole party should not close up their ranks and present a united front to both Parliament and the public. It is not necessary in this connection to discuss the value of the evidence supplied by the Colonial Conference. It seems to ourselves unanswerable. We have said so un-

equivocally in “Musings without Method.” Our principal object on this occasion is to hold up the mirror to those Unionist Free Traders who decline to follow in the steps of Messrs Yerburch and Hayes Fisher, and throw the whole blame of the dissension which they continue to foster on the shoulders of the Reformers.

The letter of May 6, above referred to, drew an answer from Lord Hugh Cecil a few days afterwards, which seems to combine the simplicity of the ostrich with the assurance of the schoolboy, who, with a pile of snowballs in his arms, declares to the old gentleman who has just been pelted that it was “the other boys.” He is apparently quite unconscious of the vulnerable part of his own argument which is exposed to attack, supposing it to be as invisible to others as it is to himself. And our readers shall now judge for themselves.

“I, for one, continue to think the imposition of a tax on corn in order to give a Preference to the Colonies an unjustifiable and a dangerous expedient. But I am more anxious to remind Unionists that the urgent question for us at this moment is not the merits or demerits of Colonial Preference, or any other fiscal change, but how we may best resist the attacks that are being threatened on the Union, the Constitution, the Established Church in Wales, and the rights of property.”

We heartily agree with every

word of this. We have said so ourselves repeatedly. The House of Lords is threatened with the loss of all power to arrest the progress of revolutionary legislation, by the introduction of an artificial ministerial majority whenever the Radicals are in power. The Union with Ireland has been threatened by what Government themselves allowed to be the first step towards Home Rule, and this Bill being rejected by the Irish party, leaves us face to face with Home Rule or nothing. The Church is threatened with disestablishment, religious education with extinction, and the rights of property with confiscation. Certainly we agree with Lord Hugh Cecil that this is no time for emphasising minor differences among Conservatives. We should have nothing but applause for so just an appreciation of conflicting obligations, but for the one awkward question which it immediately suggests. If Lord Hugh Cecil is really of opinion that fiscal changes sink into insignificance by the side of the great constitutional and Imperial interests which are now menaced; if he thinks it the duty of every man who is alive to the true nature of the situation to set aside all fiscal considerations in face of the great organic changes which are even now approaching,—why doesn't he do so himself?

He need not change his own opinions. He has only to refrain from reviling those of others; he has only to show

some tolerance, and the same willingness to support the party as a whole which the Tariff Reformers display themselves. They have never said to the Free Traders, we shall oppose all your candidates at elections, even at the risk of letting in Radicals; they have never assumed an attitude of downright hostility towards those who differ from them on what Lord Hugh Cecil thinks a minor question. The Free Traders are not called upon to sacrifice anything, whereas the Tariff Reformers are required formally to renounce a principle in which they firmly believe, on pain of being deprived of all support from the dissentient section of the party. It is the Free Traders who are the real aggressors; it is the Free Traders who keep open the rent in the Unionist party, while they try with all their might to make Tariff Reformers the scapegoat. Lord Hugh Cecil, with the most amusing naïveté, gives some excellent advice to other people, without at all seeing how much he stands in need of it himself, or that every word he utters against the Tariff Reformers tells with double force against the Free Traders. We hoist him with his own petard.

There is, however, one point of his letter which deserves more attention. He asks, How are the Conservative party to regain their majority?

"The true path lies in a different direction. It is, by every means to conciliate moderate Liberal opinion,

and so to detach a great body of support from the present Government: but moderate Liberal opinion is at present (whether wisely or foolishly matters not) resolutely opposed to Tariff Reform. Tariff Reform, therefore, tends not only to divide our own ranks, but not less disastrously to unite the enemy's."

But how is this great body of support to be detached from the present Government? We can only suppose Lord Hugh Cecil to mean, by dislike of the revolutionary measures to which the present Government stand committed. This is what happened in 1834, when a great body of support was detached from the Liberal Government in consequence of its inability to resist the pressure upon it by the advanced Radical party — by Lord Durham, Sir William Molesworth, Mr Ward, and Mr O'Connell. Some similar secession is by no means to be despaired of in no distant future. The two situations are very much alike. Lord Grey's Government, indeed, was a stronger and better one than Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's. Lord Grey himself had been the recognised leader of the great Whig party for twenty years, and occupied a position altogether above and unlike anything which the present Prime Minister could boast. Yet the discordant groups of which his large majority consisted were so unmanageable that he was always in danger. The state of parties in the House of Commons has not come to that pass at present, but there is no saying how soon it may.

The symptoms are ominous, and therefore we are by no means inclined to think lightly of the suggestion above mentioned, though coupled with a condition which, if insisted on, would destroy all its practical value. For let us consider. It is evident that those "moderate Liberals" who are to be detached from the main body — as Stanley, Graham, Richmond, and others were detached in another generation — must be brought under the influence of the same apprehensions which actuate Lord Hugh Cecil, and must be led to think more of the security of great institutions than of second-rate shibboleths. But supposing them to have come so far as to acknowledge to themselves that something must be done to protect the Church and the House of Lords — on which we are now mainly dependent for our civil and religious liberty; to prevent the pillage of the landed aristocracy; and, last but not least, the dissolution of the British Empire, — they are still, by the terms of our argument, bound to think more of preventing the imposition of a two-shilling duty upon corn! This reminds us of the lady who, on the point of eloping with her lover, to whom she was fondly attached, ran back from the spot where he was waiting for her, because she had forgotten her poodle, and was, of course, caught and detained by her incensed parents. If the moderate Liberals will not give up their poodle for the

sake of objects so dear to them, it is hardly likely that they would give up old party ties and family traditions for the same object.

We cannot believe that British common-sense and British patriotism have fallen to so low an ebb as Lord Hugh Cecil would have us think. If the ancient fabric of the Constitution is worth preserving at all, surely it is worth preserving at the comparatively trifling cost which, nevertheless, in his lordship's opinion, the moderate Liberal would refuse to pay! We cannot believe this of him. We cannot believe that, when he sees before him the impending ruin described by the writer of the Letter, he will be deterred from doing his duty by any purely commercial consideration. Commerce was made for Great Britain, and not Great Britain for commerce. We doubt, even as it is, whether he will long go on "mumbling the dry bones of an effete political economy." He has witnessed several violations of it with great equanimity. The Crofters Act for Scotland and the coming Land Act for England should not be very welcome to Free Trade stomachs. Our own conviction is that, in the long-run, "moderate Liberals" will be found combining with Conservatives, as they did seventy years ago, without demanding any price for their support, to resist the motley forces arrayed for the most part by social jealousy and venal agitation against the existing order.

Let us take the Free Traders from their own point of view. Let us suppose Tariff Reformers to be wrong. What is the danger with which they threaten us, compared to that with which the Radical conspiracy is pregnant? In point of magnitude there is no comparison at all. In point of urgency the difference is nearly as great. The one foe is at our gates, the other is only hovering on the horizon; and though we are firmly convinced that the Colonial and Imperial policy will prevail in the long-run, the Free Traders could afford to disregard it, if called upon to join in the immediate defence of principles of far deeper interest.

Shortly, then, to secure the support of moderate Liberals against the impending revolution, we do not believe it to be necessary to abandon the cause of Tariff Reform. We are taking the question at issue between Tariff Reformers and Free Traders at Lord Hugh Cecil's own valuation. It is enough for the present argument that he regards it as a wholly subordinate issue. Others, of course, may think differently.

Messrs Hayes Fisher and Yerburch contend that while to conciliate the moderate Liberals, and to keep in view such an accession of strength as they may bring to the Conservative party, is well worth while, and may help greatly to promote the objects on which all Unionists are agreed, it is not necessary to *rely* on their sup-

port. We must distinguish, they think, between Liberals who have been brought up in the Cobdenite creed, and accept it without thought as an established principle which nobody cared to question, and those who conscientiously believe in it as an article *de fide* of political religion. Economic dogmas, we must remember, sit very lightly on the majority of mankind. No human feeling or passion is roused on their behalf as they are by theological or constitutional issues. The argument *ad crumenam* will of course always have its weight. But in the present case it hardly touches the class to which the moderate Liberals belong. A great number of Conservatives who had been brought up as Protectionists, and believed in Protection as moderate Liberals now believe in Free Trade, passed very easily from one camp into the other, and were converted to Free Trade without being conscious of any great revulsion of feeling. So may Free Traders of the present day be reconciled to another change by the same gradual process and without any violent shock, as soon as they find that Cobdenism *can* be questioned, and *is* questioned. On each side, of course, in such cases there are the intractables. Protection, pure and simple, still found many constant adherents after 1845. And Cobdenism would still find many obstinate devotees of a worn-out creed, after the "moderate Liberals" had recognised its futility.

"It is, no doubt, true that in supporting the development of preferential trade with the Colonies the Unionist party will not command the support of the devotees of Cobdenism, but they will, in our opinion, rally to their ranks the 'average' man, who, on the one hand, is opposed to raising prices for the benefit of the producer by protective duties, and, on the other hand, is not prepared to offer up the Empire as a sacrifice on the altar of an out-of-date creed."—*'Times,'* May 13.

At the same time, we have two strings to our bow, and something else to look forward to besides a possible secession from the Liberal ranks. This, we repeat, does not depend on the fiscal controversy. It depends on the revolutionary programme of the present Government. But what does depend on the Tariff Reform question is the reunion of the working classes under the Conservative banner,—a surer way to the recovery of its former strength by the Unionist party than through the Liberal reinforcements contemplated by Lord Hugh Cecil. Of these, though we may be tolerably safe in expecting them, no one can foretell the extent, or the time it would take even with their assistance to put a strong fighting army in the field again. We fear, indeed, that by either process the end will be gained only slowly. But at all events the conversion of the working man has this advantage over the conversion of the "moderate Liberal,"—regarded as an alternative,—that the one, besides saving our Constitution, would also effect that Colonial federation which

would save the Empire as well. There is, however, no reason why we should regard the two processes as alternatives. The greater probability is that with the one we should have the other. If the Liberal party saw that Tariff Reform was gaining the working man's vote, and winning elections, not a few of them would soon take a leaf out of the same book. And if the working class saw that the Liberal defenders of the faith were falling away one by one from a Liberal Government, and working side by side with Tariff Reformers, they would soon begin to inquire into the matter,—and that is all that we need ask. It would be a short step from inquiry to conviction. All that is wanted is to rouse the people of this country to a sense of their real interests, and to free their minds from the yoke of a pedantic superstition. Even

those who invoke the sacred name of political economy to crush the pioneers of a new empire and a consolidated Anglo-Saxon race have shown themselves false to their goddess, and obliged to bow down to agrarian idols in open defiance of her laws. It does not lie with these statesmen to cast a stone at the Tariff Reformers. They do not come into court with clean hands. But even more culpable than these are those members of the Unionist party who, while fully awake to the mischief caused by its dissensions, do their best to foment them, and to damp the united action of the whole body on constitutional questions of the highest rank, out of deference to a purely trade dogma to which no people in the world are enslaved except ourselves, and the sanctity of which resides only in the necessity felt by its disciples of saving their own *amour propre*.

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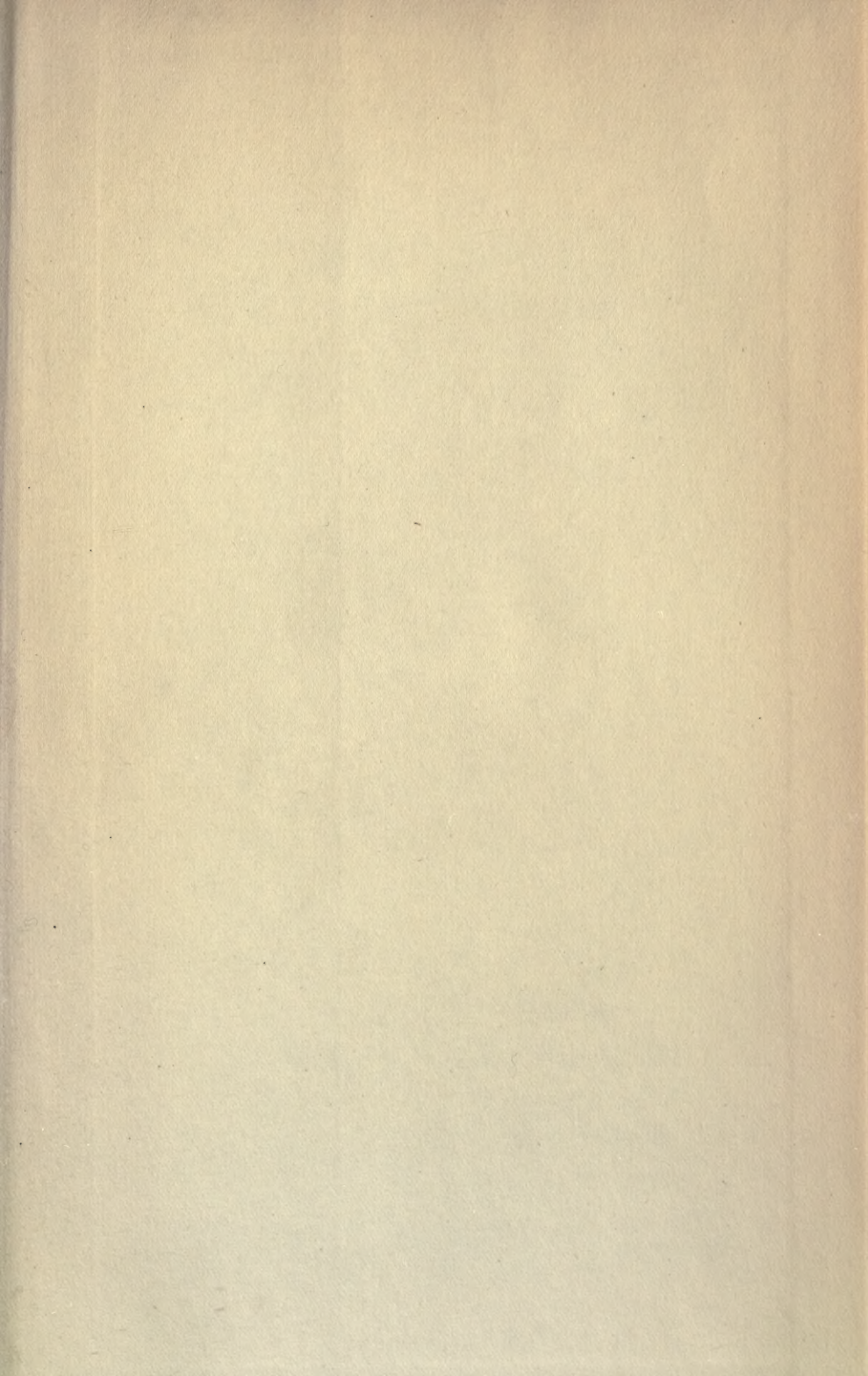
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